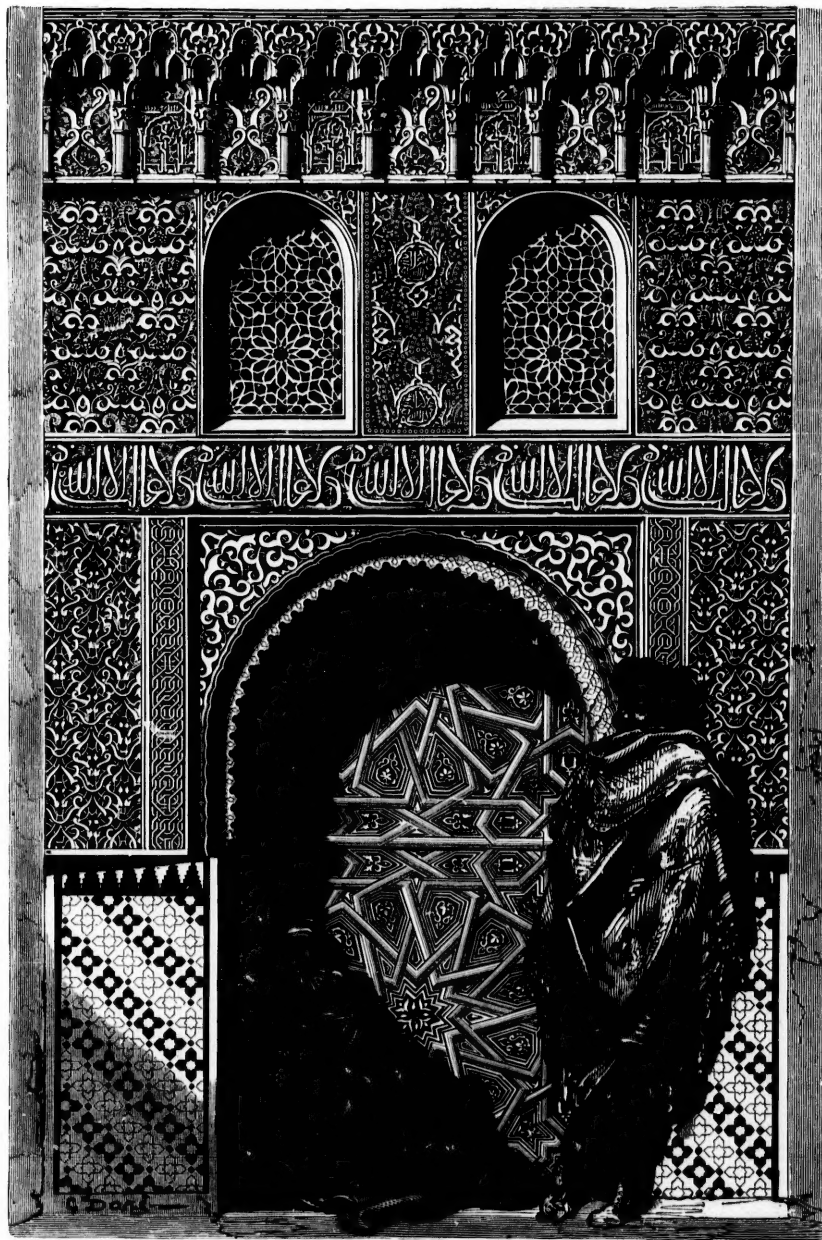




ENTRANCE TO THE TOWER DE LAS INFANTAS, IN THE ALHAMBRA.

ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS:

A RECORD OF

Discovery, Geography, and Adventure.

EDITED BY

H. W. BATES,

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

WITH

ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.

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ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

A RECORD OF

DISCOVERY, GEOGRAPHY, AND ADVENTURE.



SANHAR PEASANT AT A WELL.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

THE story of the late Abyssinian expedition, and of the ever's which led to it, fulfils, in its thorough completeness, all the conditions of the ancient Greek *epos*. Moreover, around the country itself there was a kind of romantic halo, which was heightened, rather than dispelled, by the few accounts we had had of it from modern travellers. At the beginning of the present century people looked upon the narrative of Bruce as if it had been composed of pages torn out of Sinbad the Sailor or Gulliver; and yet there is scarcely a statement in his work which cannot be corroborated by the evidence of later writers. The best and most trustworthy of these, such as Rüppell and Lefebvre, in consequence of no translation having been made

of their works, are scarcely known in England. Had they been, there would certainly not have been shown the amount of ignorance concerning the country that was exhibited when the subject of the expedition was first seriously mooted. Whatever twaddle, however, may have been talked in the newspapers, it is due to the War Office authorities to allow that by the evidence of their published report on the routes in Abyssinia, they had thoroughly sifted the subject, and from varying and often contradictory statements were able to arrive at just conclusions, or, at all events, to afford the Commander-in-Chief the opportunity of doing so. There is no doubt that the route taken by the army under Lord Napier was not merely the most practicable, but the only one which could have

been followed with a view to a successful issue. All available scientific means have been taken to map this route correctly, and thus a great step has been made in the progress of Abyssinian geography, though it is much to be regretted that owing to political reasons, it was impossible to pursue the investigations into the western part of the country, and make some attempt at determining that geographical desideratum, the shape and area of the Tsāna Sea, and at the exploration of the beautiful and fertile districts surrounding it.

The route which was followed by Mr. Rassam and his party, and of which an attempt at description will be made in the following pages, is still less known to the ordinary reader. The desolate wastes of the Samhār, the oasis of the Anseba, the plains of Bāraka and Tāka, and the savannas which stretch for many a league around Kedāref, are little else than *terre incognite*. The same may be said of all the country to the westward of Tsāna, of which Bruce has given the most graphic, if not the only description. Since Burckhardt's time these regions have been visited but by few. Among the travellers in the Egyptian Soudan have been Didier, Lejean, and Munzinger, all men of talent. The narrative of the former is almost as readable as *Edithen*.

The causes which led to the dispatch of Mr. Rassam's mission are so well known that it is almost needless to recapitulate them here. The barbarous monarch of a far-distant country had ventured to ill-treat and imprison a Consul, and, in the person of her representative, to insult the Queen of England. So much was certain, but the course which Her Majesty's Government had to pursue under these embarrassing circumstances was not equally clear. A line in a short note, which the Consul contrived to send to Massāwa, affirmed, by implication, that it was on account of the non-arrival of an answer to a letter which King Theodore had, some fifteen months before, forwarded to the Queen, that the present *contretemps* had occurred. The line ran, "No release till civil answer to King's letter comes." Acting on this hint, after due deliberation, the Foreign Office determined to dispatch an accredited envoy to the court of King Theodore, with an autograph letter from Her Majesty, and for this duty they selected Mr. Rassam.

Mr. Hormuzd Rassam is a native of Mosul, in Mesopotamia, where he was born about the year 1826. His brother, Mr. Christian Rassam, had filled the post of interpreter to Colonel Chesney during the Euphrates expedition, and, in reward for his valuable services, had been appointed British Vice-Consul at his native town. During Mr. Layard's explorations in the neighbouring ruins of Nineveh, he found the services of Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, then quite a young man, so useful that on his return to England he had no hesitation in recommending him to the authorities at the British Museum as entirely fit to take charge of the works during his absence. Mr. Rassam subsequently visited England, and through the influence of Sir James Outram and Captain W. J. Eastwick, of the Board of Directors, he was appointed interpreter at Aden, where, in the course of a few years, he had shown such zeal and ability in various negotiations, and had so far gained the confidence of his superiors, that at the beginning of 1863 he had risen to the post of First Assistant to the Political Resident.

Mr. Rassam, accompanied by Dr. Blanc, of the Bombay Medical Service, arrived at Massāwa in July, 1864. He lost no time in dispatching a messenger to King Theodore, who was then at Gondar, with a note in which he requested per-

mission to enter the country and present to His Majesty the letter of which he was the bearer. The two months which were considered sufficient time for the receipt of the note and its acknowledgment elapsed, and yet no answer arrived. The same result attended the dispatch of another letter, which was forwarded some time later. At length Earl Russell, who attributed Mr. Rassam's ill success to the mission not being on a sufficient scale, directed that a military officer should be associated with the envoy, and the present writer was selected by Colonel Merewether, the Political Resident at Aden, for this duty.

I arrived at Massāwa on the evening of the 29th of March, 1865, and immediately proceeded to Monküllü, where Mr. Rassam was then staying. Monküllü, or more correctly, 'M-küllü, "the mother of all," is a hamlet about four miles to the N.W. of Massāwa, and is apparently the mother-village of a cluster of kraals which lie within an area of about one square mile. The other hamlets are called Haitümlü and Zaga; the houses are simply built of dried grass bound with withs, and are generally of a bee-hive shape, square houses being very rare, and the possession of one an evidence of great respectability. I only saw one stone-built house on shore. The house in which Mr. Rassam had taken up his quarters was built by Consul Plowden as a kind of country residence, and being in possession of a well of tolerable water, he had been able to plant a grove of trees around it, which gave it quite a rural appearance in the surrounding expanse of land, in which merely a few mimosæ and cacti had a bare struggle for existence. The inhabitants of these villages are half-reclaimed Bedaween from the interior, and differ little, physically, from the "Oulād Bâzé," or inhabitants of the island. The men are tall, wiry fellows, inoffensive and harmless in disposition, and gain a scanty livelihood by acting as camel-drivers or porters. Their dress consists merely of a ragged cloth thrown loosely about their persons. The women, like all Africans, in old age are hideous, but the young girls are often extremely pretty, with an expression of great softness in their brown eyes, and with beautiful figures, until age and toil have destroyed their rounded contours. They are especially careful about their hair, which is dressed in an infinite number of small plaits, with tiny ringlets hanging round their faces; and every one adheres to the singular custom of piercing the right nostril, and inserting a plug of wood, or dearer prize still, a mother-of-pearl shirt-button; amongst the married women of the better class this is usually replaced by a silver stud. A white cotton petticoat or "fota," and a checked cloth thrown over the head like a veil when out of doors, complete their costume. Although unsophisticated as the gazelles which share the desert with them, they are rarely or never immodest in their behaviour, and the open and degraded licentiousness in which their Christian sisters of Abyssinia indulge is quite unheard of here.

I suppose that, considering its size and importance, scarcely an island in the world has been so often described as Massāwa. It is simply a low level rock, two-thirds covered with houses, those of the better sort built of stone or madreporé coral, while the humbler classes are content to dwell in huts of bent-grass; consequently fires occur often enough, and as the inhabitants possess no means of putting them out beyond pulling down a few of the adjacent houses, they usually commit great depredations. Happily, the actual loss of property is small, and, in a hygienic point of view, doubtless these conflagrations act a

highly desirable part. The northern portion of the island is used as a cemetery, and amongst the tombs are found various cisterns which serve as receptacles for the rain which so seldom falls in these arid spots. As a rule, Massáwa is usually supplied with water either by the girls of Monküllü and Haitümlü, who daily convey it in "girbas" or leathern skins, or by boat from Harkeeko, at the other end of the bay; that of the latter place is brackish, and proportionately cheap. At the extreme end of the island stands, or stood, a small dilapidated fort, with a few rusty honeycombed guns, which look as if they were warranted to burst at the first discharge, and the Roman Catholic chapel and mission-house, at that time presided over by Father Delmonte, a Lazarist priest, who had for many years resided at Massáwa and its vicinity. This gentleman, and M. Werner Munzinger, since so favourably known in connection with his services during the late campaign, but who was then acting as agent to an Egyptian mercantile house, and endeavouring to extend commerce amongst the tribes of the Soudan, were the only European inhabitants of the place.

The Government of Massáwa and the neighbouring mainland has been, since the days of Sultan Selim, in the hands of the Turks, with the exception of a few years, during which the late Mohammed Ali, of Egypt, ruled over the Pashalic of the Hedjaz, of which Massáwa, with, theoretically, all Abyssinia, is a dependency. But their rule was for centuries passive rather than active, and the real power lay in the hands of the Naibs of Harkeeko, a family of Tigré origin, whose tyrannical exactions, which used to place such obstacles in the way of travellers to Abyssinia, must be fresh in the memory of every reader of Bruce and Salt. But those days are long since past, and they are now a very harmless and easy-going set of people, whose principal function appears to be the collection of tribute from the surrounding Bedaween. Harkeeko, or Dohono, as the Abyssinians call it, is a village some few miles towards the southern extremity of the bay, and bears all the appearances of having once seen better days. The Naib's house is the only decent one in the place, and as the landing is so bad that, to avoid getting wet, it is necessary to be carried at least a hundred yards from the boat to the shore, it seems destined to be blotted out altogether from the map in a few years, especially as the Egyptians, who have again taken over the government of Massáwa, are likely to restrict the powers of the Naib more than ever.

Shortly after my arrival, Dr. Blanc, who was suffering much from ophthalmia, was obliged to return to Aden for a short time, and, as the thermometer began to average between 95° and 100° Fahr. at two P.M., in the shadiest and coolest part of the house, Mr. Rassam and I determined to try what a trip a few miles inland might effect for us. Mr. Rassam had had time to strike up an acquaintance with most of the neighbouring chiefs, which was fortunate, as it is always necessary to have their assistance and co-operation on occasions like this. The two principal were the Naib and the Mudeer. The former was at this time engaged in collecting taxes through his nominal territories, but the latter, who governs the lowland country between Harkeeko and the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, was at Massáwa. The reason of his visit was to convey to the Kaim-Makám, or Turkish governor, a rebel Dankali chief, who had been committing great atrocities in the neighbourhood of Zulla, especially in torturing and mutilating both men and women. This chief, whose arrival at Massáwa was welcomed with a

salute, so anxious had the Turks been to get hold of him, was kept in durance in the open air, in the large square before the Kaim-Makám's house, and was fastened to the ground by a very heavy chain round his neck, just like a wild beast. It was considered quite *en règle* for every man, woman, or child who passed that way to spit on the wretched captive. I do not know what became of him, as the final orders regarding his disposal had to come from Djidda, and must have arrived after our departure, but he fully deserved everything he was likely to get.

We started on our very pleasant little journey on the 1st of May, intending to make our first halt at Assous, a village about thirty miles to the westward. Our baggage had gone on an hour before we started. Every one knows what travelling in these regions is, and we found we could not manage with less than eight camels, and as we had with us three Turkish Irregular soldiers, who were natives of the country, and a lot of servants, we formed quite a large party. Our mules soon overtook the camels, and we journeyed on for five hours, from four in the afternoon till nine, when we arrived at a small watering-place called Gabza, where we determined to wait until our baggage should come up. The country over which we had passed for twenty miles did not vary much from that in the neighbourhood of Monküllü. There was, perhaps, a little more sand, a little more scrub, and a good deal more stone. Gabza, however, is situated in a *wadi*, or water-course, on each side of which are precipitous cliffs. We had not been there long before we discovered that we had not the right of prior occupation, and by the shadowy light of the new moon we could discern that the sides of the rock were covered with countless baboons,* and judging from those which stood in relief against the sky, they must have been from four to five feet in height. They evidently regarded us as intruders, and kept up a ceaseless jabbering, till I fired off a barrel of my revolver, when the fear and anger they felt was expressed by every note they were capable of giving vent to, from the deep roar of the patriarch of the herd, down to the tiny squeak of the baby in arms. However, with the exception of a few, they all scampered off, evidently considering us dangerous characters. Shortly afterwards, the camels came up, and as both they and their drivers were weary, we determined to go on a little further, to a spot called Allágemát, where the water was rather better, and there pass the night. After a cup of tea, we turned in *sub divo*. We had scarcely slept a couple of hours, when we were awakened by a great hubbub, and found that a leopard had had the presumption to walk into the midst of us, and was quietly feeding off one of the sheep, which for security we had placed in the centre of the circle we formed. Although driven off, he came again and again, until at last we were thoroughly roused up by his springing over a couple of our men who were lying nearest to the jungle, and then, frightened by the noise all the natives made, he dashed over the foot of my bed and got safely off. In the darkness it was impossible to send a bullet after him. It was then nearly three o'clock, and in another half-hour we resumed our march. We were now at the foot of the first range of hills, of which there are three to cross before arriving at the highland country of Abyssinia. Crossing this one was no joke. We were soon obliged to dismount from our mules, sure-footed as they are, and to pick our way on foot over the immense masses of stone and *débris* brought down by successive

* *Cynocephalus Hamadryas*.

rains, and this in the uncertain light was very difficult. After a still more toilsome descent, we arrived at the plain of Assous, when we were able to remount our mules. Scrub and sand formed the general characteristics of this plain also, but a clump of trees here and there betokened that we were approaching a more favoured district.

A couple of hours' ride brought us to the village of Assous, but we preferred turning off to the well which supplies the hamlet, and which is three miles distant. It is a curious cha-

till we returned to Assous. He is a tall, gaunt fellow, not bad-looking, taciturn in disposition, and a scrupulous Mussulman, but so dirty in his habits that a close intimacy with him is anything but desirable. We had, however, to spend that and many succeeding days with him. We thought ourselves fortunate in finding a grove of trees under which we could pitch our tents, but by noon the heat exceeded that of Monküllä. Assous is a great place for wild boars*; one magnificent fellow, with tusches about two feet long, walked up coolly to within a



DERVISH AND PEASANT WOMAN.

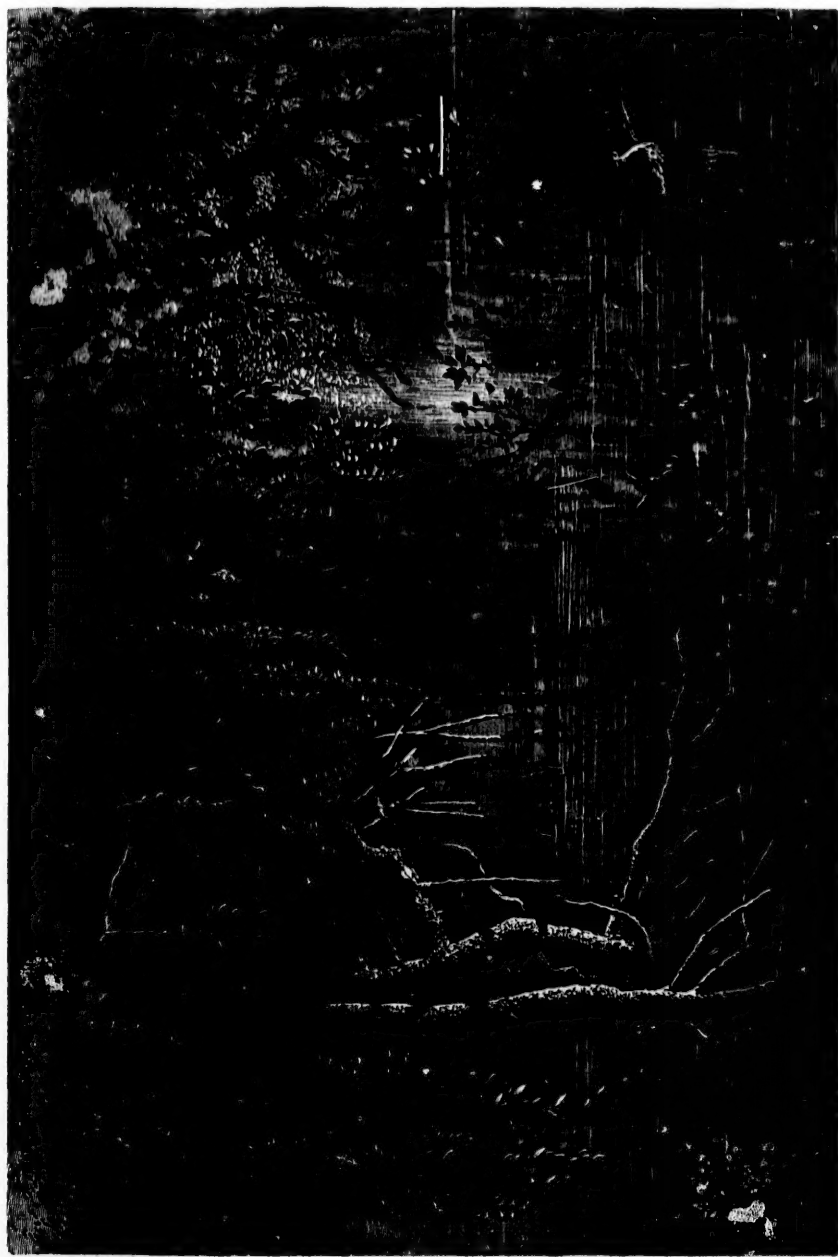
racteristic of these desert-folk that they almost invariably erect their villages at some distance from water, but whether they have some really good reason for it, or whether through natural perversity, I cannot say. Our ride over the plain was very pleasant; it was deliciously cool, the thermometer only showing 68°, and though vegetation was not abundant, still there was a little, while a herd of *agazén* antelopes* always hovering in the distance gave animation to the scene.

We arrived at Abhân, the place at which the well is situated, at six A.M., and were received by Abd-ul-Kereem, the brother of the Naib of Harkeeko, who was to be our fellow-traveller

hundred yards of our tents; but although attempts were made against his life, he got off scot-free. A little later, my companion was firing into a herd of five, by which he was surrounded, and mistook the direction in which the tents were situated, as they were concealed by a clump of trees; I was within mine, when I was disagreeably roused from my quiet by the whiz of a bullet close to my right ear. The night was again very cool, and we were able to start again before daybreak, quite refreshed. Abd-ul-Kereem had with him his nephew, eight or nine more Irregulars, and some servants, so we now formed quite an imposing cavalcade. Our road took a south-

* The Koodoo of South Africa.

* *Phacocheirus Africanus*.



MANGROVES NEAR CHERAR.

westerly direction, and on getting out of the plain we entered a dense jungle, composed, as is usually the case in Abyssinia, of the most thorny plants in existence. These rather retarded our progress, but at length we emerged into a water-course, and at about eight A.M. arrived at Dâgree, our halting-place for the day. This presented quite a different aspect from our camping-ground of the previous day; the sand and scrub had disappeared, and in their stead were green turf, and magnificent sycamores and other forest trees. It was delicious to throw oneself down under the shade of a splendid acacia, and listen to the murmur of a little spring, which bubbled from the *wadi* close at hand. We found, however, by mid-day that there was no coolness to be found even here. It was even hotter than at Assous, 109° being the register of the thermometer in the shade; but the coolness of the night and early morning counterbalances this disadvantage, and one awakes invigorated and prepared to bear the heat of the day. We did not start again till the afternoon of the following day, when we shaped our course to the north-east, and after a twelve miles' journey, and after crossing another range of hills, equally precipitous as the first, we arrived at Sheesharoo.

Sheesharoo possesses greater natural advantages than Dâgree. It is situated beside a running stream, and is surrounded by fine trees. Hills, clothed to the summit with thick foliage, look down on it from every side, and are infested with baboons of the same species as those of Gabza. I was, to my great regret, prevented from exploring the neighbourhood, having severely sprained my ankle in climbing the last range of mountains. Political reasons decided us not to extend our rambles further, and cross over the next range of hills into Hamasén, as we were ignorant how Hailu, surnamed the One-eyed, the Dedj-azmâtch of that province, and a devoted adherent of King Theodore, might be inclined to treat us. We therefore turned back, and crossing the mountains by a different route, arrived at Assous late on the evening of the 6th. The following day we regained our home at Monküllû.

The district through which we had been travelling is called Mensa, and is almost entirely inhabited by a nomad population of Bedaween, who in their general characteristics much resemble the Hibâb, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Assous was the only place we saw deserving the name of a settlement; it is simply composed of grass-built huts, but unlike those further inland, of a square or oblong shape. We often fell in with parties of the Bedaween, travelling like the Brinjâris of India, and driving heavily-laden bullocks before them. While, however, the cattle of the Brinjâris carry grain from one part of the country to another, those of the Bedaween are burdened with their masters' houses. These are merely roughly tanned hides, fastened on sticks, and when a convenient place is reached, they are stretched until they assume a semi-spheroidal appearance, like large bee-hives. Both sexes are equally dirty in dress and person, and appear to have retained all the ancient prejudices of their Christian ancestors against the use of water. Indeed, they appear to be but Muslims in name, for so recent is their conversion, that the old Sheykh, who was the principal instrument in bringing it about, is said to be still alive, an object of superstitious veneration to all the neighbouring tribes. While the churches, which were once numerous in these parts, have all fallen into ruins, and vestiges of them are becoming rarer every day, not a single mosque has been erected in their place, and I am doubtful whether

one Moolla can be found between Massâwa and Hamasén. The diet of these simple pastoral races consists chiefly of milk and its preparations; now and then a cow may be slaughtered with the orthodox Bismillah; but farinaceous food is seldom seen at their feasts, if such they may be called, an occasional cake of judri, a kind of millet (*Holcus sorghum*), being the only luxury they can indulge in of this description.

Dr. Blanc returned to Massâwa towards the end of May, and as it began to grow unbearably hot at Monküllû, we took up our quarters in tents at Djerâr, or Gherâr, as the Bedaween term it. This was on the brink of the sea, just opposite to the town of Massâwa, and close to the bunder, or landing-place. The natives told us that we should find it so hot in tents during the summer, that it would be impossible to remain in them; but the event falsified their prediction, as they formed our only residence during the rest of our stay on the coast. It is true we were often much put out by sand storms, which would sometimes sweep like a tornado over the plain, and render the air so dark that it was impossible to see more than a yard in front of one, but the sea-breeze, which usually set in about 10 A.M., made up for this, and, added to a little philosophy, enabled us to endure our monotonous existence with tolerable resignation. In the middle of June we took a trip to sea in the steamer *Victoria*, for the benefit of our health, and determined to have a look at all the remains of Adulis, which had been unvisited for several centuries, the expedition sent thither by Mr. Salt in 1810 being unable to reach the ruins. Nor were we much more successful. As intimation had been sent by the Kaïm-Makâm of Massâwa to the Sheykh of Zulla, the modern village, on landing we found a couple of mules awaiting our arrival, and the same number of wild-looking Shiho in attendance. We had scarcely gone a couple of miles, when we made the discovery that, through some oversight, we had only brought about a quart of water with us. The day was terribly hot, and the sand atrociously heavy, but although our enthusiasm was considerably slackened, we still tramped on with great determination. We could not all ride, as our party was about a dozen in number, including some sailors and Lascars. Our antiquarian ardour had almost evaporated when we arrived at the ruins, where we could only see a few plinths of columns, composed of a black volcanic stone, and after a very brief inspection, we directed all our energies towards getting back to the ship. Little did we think, as we trudged over that burning plain, that in scarcely two years and a half afterwards more than two hundred vessels would be riding at anchor in that harbour, and a busy colony have sprung up on that arid shore, with a railway stretching fifteen miles into the desert. We steamed to the eastern side of the bay on the following morning, in order to obtain some live-stock, which we found no difficulty in purchasing from the savage Danâkil of the coast, and towards evening shaped our course again to the south-west, and landed in order to examine a hot spring, called Asât, about half a mile from the shore. It bubbles into a small circular pool, with a bottom of black mud, but its exact depth we were unable to ascertain. The temperature of the water is only 112° Fahr., and as we had no means of making an analysis of it on the spot, some of it was sent to Bombay for that purpose. Myriads of wild birds flock to this spring to quench their thirst, and all around it were unmistakable signs of elephants, but, greatly to our regret, they would not "show" while we were there. This country formed

the stronghold of the robber-chief I have spoken of above, and within a stone's throw of Adulis we came across a village which had been lately sacked by him, and in which there is now not a single living soul.

We left the bay with some hopes of being able to pay a visit to Dhálak, the largest island in the Red Sea, but unfortunately, on approaching it, could find no anchorage. There is, however, I believe, nothing of any interest to be seen there.

return to the evening of my first arrival at Monküllá. I then found Mr. Rassam in conversation with a Shiho called Ibraheem, whose only claim to consideration appeared to consist in the fact that he was a cousin of Ayto Samuel, a person who was then attached to the King's Court as Chief Steward,* and was naturally supposed to have much influence with his Majesty. Mr. Rassam, therefore, considered himself fortunate in being able to secure the services of his relative, who, on his



YOUNG BEDAWEEEN GIRL.

Wild goats and antelopes form the majority of its inhabitants, and beyond these there are but a few fishermen, who speak no known language. On the following day we returned to Massáwa, having much enjoyed our trip, in spite of the great heat of the weather. In a trip which we shortly afterwards made to Af-Abad, in the Ad-Temárium country, we covered so much of the ground passed over in our subsequent journey, that I shall reserve my description of it till the following chapter.

It was, however, on the 8th of August, on our way back to Massáwa, that an event occurred which considerably influenced our future fortunes—I mean the receipt of a letter from King Theodore. In order to be fully understood, I must

part, volunteered to convey another letter to Theodore, and pledged himself to bring back an answer. His terms were acceded to, and after an interval of four months, a reply reached us, conveyed by Ibraheem, who so far had played his brief part in the drama well, and by another of the same family, named Mohammed. The letter was couched in anything but courteous terms; it bore no seal, that necessary evidence of authenticity in the East; and after a very brief preamble, directed Mr. Rassam to enter the country by way of Matemma, should he still wish to visit the Royal Court. To supplement

* Ayto Samuel's principal duty consisted in dispensing the bread and *teff*, or meal, to the King's household, and in superintending the pages and personal servants of his Majesty.

this Mohammed, the Shiho informed us, with every appearance of truth, that Consul Cameron had been released from his fetters, and was a prisoner at large, but that there was no doubt that when Mr. Rassam saw the king, all the captives, excepting, perhaps, the missionaries, would be freed, and all would go on their way rejoicing.

While this news was quite fresh, the *Victoria* arrived from Aden. She brought intelligence that Mr. W. G. Palgrave, the Arabian traveller, had been commissioned by Government to proceed to Abyssinia, and endeavour to effect the release of the prisoners. This news made Rassam eager to proceed to Egypt at once, as were the two missions to clash, disagreeable results might have been apprehended. We accordingly left Massáwa on the 25th of August, and after having been obliged, through scarcity of coal, to run into that most Oriental of all Oriental cities, Djidda, arrived at Suez on the 5th of the following month. Telegraphic instructions were received at Alexandria, to the effect that Mr. Rassam should proceed at once; and after having in a stock of provisions, and purchasing several articles as presents on the part of Her Majesty to the King of Abyssinia, we returned to Aden, to complete our preparations and outfit.

On arrival there, we found that we had been most egregiously duped by our doubtless well-meaning friend, Mohammed. It appeared from Cameron's letter, which had reached Colonel Merewether during our absence, that so far from being released, he was more a prisoner than before, having been chained by the hands in addition to the feet. He begged us earnestly to come up, as the only chance of saving their lives. It has never been ascertained who were the persons actually at the bottom of this deception, but there is strong presumption that his Abyssinian Majesty, aided by

Samuel, the relative of Mohammed, had a hand in it. At all events, it had the effect of bringing us into the country, to add to the list of Theodore's victims.

We returned to Massáwa on the 8th of October, and passed a week in collecting camels, packing up baggage, and the like. In order not to be dependent on the produce of the country, we had taken care to provide ourselves with a very large quantity—six months' supply, at the very least—of preserved meats and vegetables, and what are usually termed in India "Europe stores." As a hint to travellers, I may say that good living, a tolerable amount of brandy and beer, and a daily dose of quinine, ought to see any one safely through the most deadly countries. Many a night did we bivouac in spots which were the most favoured haunts of malaria, and, thanks to our precautions, passed onwards unscathed.

On the 15th we began our journey, a journey whose limits have been defined by Milton, our starting-place being close to that "utmost port, Ercoco,"* and, unforeseen then by us, never ending until we had reached the spot

"Where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara."†

And we began it in buoyant spirits, and in high hopes that ere the lapse of many months we should be retracing our steps in company with our countrymen, before in prison, now in freedom. *Dis aliter visum*. But, at all events, misgiving's shadow but very slightly obscured our way, as we commenced our wanderings over the rarely-trodden paths of the desert.

(To be continued.)

* Harkeeko, near Massáwa.—*Paradise Lost*, xi. 397.

† Milton (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 286) refers to Amba Geshen, in the Amhara country, when, after the restoration of the line of Solomon, it was the custom to immure descendants of the royal family. It is about six hours' journey from Magdala.

Passage of the Great Cañon of the Colorado.

BY MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN.

WHEN we consider the country through which flows the river Colorado, to the west of the Rocky Mountains in North America, we are not surprised that so little is known of its course, its wonderful cañons or precipitous chasms, and the 300,000 square miles of desert table-land which it drains. Yet when we read the marvellous accounts of the early Spanish explorers, who visited the Colorado a few years after the conquest of Mexico, we are astonished that the interest thus early excited has not resulted in a thorough exploration of this, the most wonderful river of which we have any knowledge.

The Rio Colorado of the west rises in Idaho territory, near the centre of the North American continent, and flows, with an irregular course, towards the south, finally discharging itself in the Gulf of California. It drains the great elevated plateau basin lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, south of latitude 40°. The mountain ranges east and west of the plains intercept all the moisture drifted towards them from the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, so that the peak-covered plateau is comparatively arid, save where the snow-fed streams cleave their way through it. As they cross this elevated region, the beds of the various rivers gradually deepen, and the water flows through cañons, or narrow

ravines, till they join that stupendous chasm, the Valley of the Colorado, where the river, for 600 miles, flows in a bed depressed on an average 3,000 feet below the general surface of the country. The plains stretching on either hand from the surface of the chasms show decided indications of erosion, leading to the belief that the waters of the Colorado and its tributaries once flowed, as most other rivers do, over the surface of the country, fertilising the now dry expanse, and that they have gradually worn their way down to the depth at which they now run. The Great Cañon of this river is a narrow winding part of the chasm, where the waters seem to disappear in the bowels of the earth, for a distance of more than 300 miles.

After leaving the Great Cañon, the Colorado flows south for nearly 600 miles, to the gulf, receiving during that distance but two small tributaries, the "Bill Williams" and the Gila. Occasionally the gravelly "mesas," or perpendicular worn walls of rock, devoid of vegetation, infringe on the river, leaving no bottom land; but for the greater part of the distance above stated, the alluvial bottom spreads out into valleys, varying from four to twenty miles in width, bordered by these precipices. These valleys are named after the tribes of Indians living in them, as the Mojaves (Mohavees), the Cheme-



THE EXULTANT INDIANS MUTILATE THE DEAD BODY.—A II.

huevis, and Yumas. In the month of May the valleys are inundated to a depth of two feet or more, after which the Indians plant maize, wheat, melons, beans, and onions, all of which grow well in the rich alluvial soil. The bed of the river, where not confined by rocky banks, is continually shifting, thus rendering navigation difficult, and frequently washing over, or through, the best portions of the valleys. The water, as the name "colorado" indicates, is red, owing to the large quantities of protoxide of iron which it holds in solution. The immense amount of *dbris* carried down annually to the Gulf of California, and deposited in the delta of the river, is having a perceptible effect in silting up the head of the gulf; indeed, there can be no doubt that at no very distant day the gulf extended to Fort Yuma, thirty miles inland. North of Fort Yuma the valley on either side of the river is bounded by serrated hills and moun-

tains, of the most fantastic shapes, devoid of vegetation, save an occasional cactus. The whole landscape has a wild, weird appearance, heightened by the clear, dry atmosphere, through which objects that would not be perceptible at such a distance in moister climates, here stand out with a wonderful distinctness.

Although so remote, and to a great extent barren, yet the valley of the Colorado was visited by the Spaniards before De Soto discovered the Mississippi, and long prior to the first English colonies on the Atlantic coast. Don Joseph de Basconzeles, early in the spring of 1526, crossed Central Arizona towards the Great Cañon; this was ninety-four years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England, and but thirty-four years after the shores of St. Salvador greeted the eyes of Columbus. The adventurous Spaniard and his fol-

lowers were no doubt in search of an El Dorado, but they never returned to tell of the mysterious land. They were slain by some of the fierce tribes that still infest that country, or, equally sad, may have perished amidst the labyrinth of chasms to the north, across which nought living but the bird can successfully pass. In 1539 the Viceroy of New Spain sent a priest, Father Marco de Neza, into the region now known as Arizona, to examine the country, and see what could be done to convert the natives. Father Neza has left a curious narrative of his expedition, and a highly-coloured picture of the country he traversed. His companions were Friar Honoratus, a negro named Stephen, and a few Indians from the province of Culiacan. This strange party passed up the Gila, and relate wonderful stories of the wealth and liberality of the "kingdoms" they travelled through. Friar Honoratus went west as far as the Colorado Chiquito, and Father Neza went to the Indian settlements of Zuni, 200 miles to the east. The good father beat a hasty retreat from what he termed "the chief city in the kingdom of Cebola." He says, quaintly, "I left it with more fear than victuals, though it be a good city, and the houses builded in order, and the people somewhat white, all of whom do lie in beds. Their weapons are bows. They have emeralds and other jewels. Their apparel is of cotton and ox-hides, and they have vessels of gold and silver." The Spaniards liked to Christianise people who had "jewels" and "silver and gold." So excited were they by the wonderful stories of the priest, that the Captain-General of New Spain sent to Arizona, in the following year, 1540, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. He visited Zuni and the Colorado Chiquito (little Colorado), but was, of course, disappointed. He had a fight with the Indians, in which he was twice wounded, and afterwards returned to New Spain.

While Coronado went to Zuni, two of his captains, Diaz and Cardinas, each with twenty-five men, separated, and according to the order they had received, travelled, the first due west, the other north-west. Diaz discovered the Great Colorado and followed it to its mouth, and his description would be applicable to the river in the present day. Cardinas reached the pueblas or hill-villages of the Moquis Indians, and obtaining guides he marched for many days across a desert furrowed by deep chasms, finally reaching a river, the banks of which were so high, that "they seemed to be three or four leagues in the air." Some of the party attempted to descend to the water, but after a day spent in clambering down the rocks they returned, saying that "great difficulties stopped them." This was the first, and, for three hundred years, nearly all the information we had about the great Cañon of the Colorado.

After the purchase and annexation of Arizona and New Mexico by the United States, and the subsequent discovery of gold in California, a wagon-road was opened up through southern Arizona, hundreds of miles below the Cañon country. Lieutenants Whipple and Sitgreaves, of the Topographical Engineers, who commanded expeditions sent out by the Government in 1851 and 1854 to examine the region between the Mississippi and Pacific, on certain latitudes, threw much light on this country. Subsequently, in 1857, Lieutenant Ives made a careful examination of the Colorado below the Cañon, in a small steamer, and since then light-draught boats have been successfully navigating its lower portion. The upper source of the river and its tributaries were also carefully examined, still there was a *terra incognita* of hundreds of miles, about which we could

only surmise. The Great Cañon remained a myth; its actual length, the character of the stream, the nature of its banks, and the depth of its vertical walls were subjects for speculation, and afforded a fine field for exaggerated description, in which writers called on their imaginations to supply natural bridges, cavernous tunnels, and fearful cataracts, as the prominent and natural adjuncts of this mysterious region.

In 1867-8 the present writer was a member of an exploring expedition sent by the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company to survey a feasible route from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, along the 35th parallel. His connection with this expedition afforded him many opportunities for acquiring geographical knowledge of the unexplored regions of the far West, from original sources not accessible to ordinary map-compilers.

Twenty years ago the trapper and the hunter were the romantic characters of the far West. They still figure in fiction, and there is a fascination about their daring deeds which, in America, makes "Boone" a household name, and throws an air of chivalry around the exploits of such men as Carson, Crockett, and Williams. Nor is the admiration for these hardy men undeserved; they have trapped on every western stream and hunted on every mountain side, despite the opposition of the Indian and the barrier of winter snows. They have formed the skirmish line of the great army of occupation which is daily pushing westward, and they have taught the savage to respect the white man's courage and to fear the white man's power.

While the field for the trapper and hunter has been gradually growing less, another class of adventurers has come into existence—the "prospectors" in search of precious metals. Within the last nineteen years these men have traversed every mountain slope, from the rugged peaks of British Columbia to the rich plateaus of Old Mexico, and have searched the sands of every stream from the Mississippi to the shores of the Pacific, stimulated by the same hope of reward that led the early Spaniards to explore inhospitable wilds in their search for an "El Dorado." Could the varied and adventurous experience of these searchers for gold be written, we should have a record of daring and peril that no fiction could approach, and the very sight of gold would suggest to our minds some story of hair-breadth escape. Could we but gather and set down in proper form the geographical knowledge possessed by these men, we should know as much of the Western wilds, as we now do of the long-settled portions of the American continent.

It has fallen to the lot of one of these "prospectors" to be the hero of an adventure more thrilling than any heretofore recorded, while at the same time he has solved a geographical problem which has long attracted the attention of the learned at home and abroad, who could but theorise, before his journey, as to the length and nature of the stupendous chasms or cañons through which the Colorado cleaves its central course. While on the survey before referred to, and while stopping for a few days at Fort Mojave, Dr. W. A. Bell, Dr. C. C. Parry, and myself, met this man, whose name is James White, and from his lips, the only living man who had actually traversed its formidable depths, we learned the story of the Great Cañon.

James White now lives at Callville, Arizona territory, the present head of navigation on the Colorado River. He is thirty-two years of age, and in person is a good type of the Saxon, being of medium height and heavy build, with light hair and blue eyes. He is a man of average intelligence,

simple and unassuming in his manner and address, and without any of the swagger or bravado peculiar to the majority of frontier men. Like thousands of our young men, well enough off at home, he grew weary of the slow but certain method of earning his bread by regular employment at a stated salary. He had heard of men leaping into wealth at a single bound in the Western gold fields, and for years he yearned to go to the land where Fortune was so lavish of her favours. He readily consented then to be one of a party from his neighbourhood who, in the spring of 1867, started for the plains and the gold fields beyond. When they left Fort Dodge, on the Arkansas River, April 13th, 1867, the party consisted of four men, of whom Captain Baker, an old miner and ex-officer in the Confederate army, was the acknowledged leader. The destination of this little party was the San Juan Valley, west of the Rocky Mountains, about the gold fields of which prospectors spoke in the most extravagant terms, stating that they were deterred from working the rich *placers* of the San Juan only by fear of the Indians. Baker and his companions reached Colorado "city," at the foot of Pike's Peak, in safety. This place was, and is still, the *dépôt* for supplying the miners who work the diggings scattered through the South Park, and is the more important from being situated at the entrance to the Ute Pass, through which there is a wagon-road crossing the Rocky Mountains, and descending to the plateau beyond. The people of Colorado "city" tried to dissuade Baker from what they considered a rash project, but he was determined to carry out his original plan. These representations, however, affected one of the party so much that he left, and the others, Captain Baker, James White, and Henry Strole, completed their outfit for the prospecting tour.

The journey was undertaken on foot, with two pack mules to carry the provisions, mining tools, and the blankets they considered necessary for the expedition. On the 25th of May they left Colorado city, and crossing the Rocky Mountains, through the Ute pass, entered South Park, being still on the Atlantic slope of the continent. After travelling ninety miles across the Park they reached the Upper Arkansas, near the Twin Lakes. They then crossed the Snowy Range, or Sierra Madre, and descended towards the west. Turning southerly, they passed around the head waters of the Rio Grande del Norte, and after a journey of 400 miles from Colorado "city," they reached the "Animas" branch of the San Juan River, which flows into the Great Colorado from the east.

They were now in the land where their hopes centred, and to reach which they had crossed plains and mountains, and forded rapid streams, leaving the nearest abodes of the white man hundreds of miles to the east. Their work of prospecting for gold began in the Animas, and though they were partially successful, the result did not by any means answer their expectations. They therefore moved still further to the west, crossing the Dolores branch of Grand River to the Mancos branch of the San Juan. Following the Mancos to its mouth, they crossed to the left bank of the San Juan, and began their search in the sands. There was gold there, but not in the quantity they expected; so they gradually moved west, along the beautiful valley for 200 miles, when they found the San Juan disappeared between the lofty walls of a deep and gloomy cañon. To avoid this, they again forded the river to the right bank, and

struck across a rough, timbered country, directing their course towards the Great Colorado. Having travelled through this rough country for a distance estimated at fifty miles, they reached Grand River, being still above the junction of Green River, the united waters of which two streams form the Colorado proper. At the point where they struck the river, the banks were masses of perpendicular rock, down which they could gaze at the coveted water, dashing and foaming like an agitated white band, 2,000 feet below. Men and animals were now suffering for water; so they pushed up the stream, along the uneven edge of the chasm, hoping to find a place where they could descend to the river. After a day spent in clambering over and around the huge rocks that impeded their advance, they came upon a side cañon, where a tributary joined the main stream, to which they succeeded in descending with their animals, and thus obtained the water of which all stood so much in need.

The night of the 23rd of August they encamped at the bottom of the cañon, where they found plenty of fuel, and grass in abundance for their animals. So they sat around the camp fire, lamenting their failure in the San Juan country, and Strole began to regret that they had undertaken the expedition. But Baker, who was a brave, sanguine fellow, spoke of *placers* up the river about which he had heard, and promised his companions that all their hopes should be realised, and that they would return to their homes to enjoy the gains and laugh at the trials of their trip. So glowingly did he picture the future, that his companions even speculated as to how they should spend their princely fortunes when they returned to the "States." Baker sang songs of home and hope, and the others lent their voices to the chorus, till far in the night, when, unguarded, they sank to sleep, to dream of coming opulence and to rise refreshed for the morrow's journey.

Early next morning they breakfasted, and began the ascent of the side cañon, up the bank opposite to that by which they had entered it. Baker was in advance, with his rifle slung at his back, gaily springing up the rocks, towards the table land above. Behind him came White, and Strole with the mules brought up the rear. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the beautiful summer morning, but the tramping of the mules, and the short, heavy breathing of the climbers. They had ascended about half the distance to the top, when stopping for a moment to rest, suddenly the war-whoop of a band of savages rang out, sounding as if every rock had a demon's voice. Simultaneously, with the first whoop, a shower of arrows and bullets was poured into the little party. With the first fire Baker fell against a rock, but, rallying for a moment, he unslung his rifle and fired at the Indians, who now began to show themselves in large numbers, and then, with the blood flowing from his mouth, he fell to the ground. White, firing at the Indians as he advanced, and followed by Strole, hurried to the aid of his wounded leader. Baker, with an effort, turned to his comrades, and in a voice still strong, said, "Back, boys, back! save yourselves, I am dying." To the credit of White and Strole, be it said, they faced the savages and fought, till the last tremor of the powerful frame told that the gallant Baker was dead. Then slowly they began to retreat, followed by the exultant Indians, who stopping to strip and mutilate the dead body in their path, gave the white men a chance to secure their animals, and retrace their steps into the side cañon, beyond the immediate reach of the

Indians' arrows. Here they held a hurried consultation as to the best course they could pursue. To the east for three hundred miles stretched an uninhabited country, over which, if they attempted escape in that direction, the Indians, like bloodhounds, would follow their track. North, south, and west was the Colorado, with its tributaries, all flowing at the bottom of deep chasms, across which it would be impossible for men or animals to travel. Their deliberations were necessarily short, and resulted in their deciding to abandon their animals, first securing their arms and a small stock of provisions, and the ropes of the mules. Through the side cañon they travelled, due west, for four hours, and emerged at last on a low strip of bottom land on Grand River, above which, for 2,000 feet on either bank, the cold, grey walls rose to block their path, leaving to them but one avenue for escape—the foaming current of the river, flowing along the dark channel through unknown dangers.

They found considerable quantities of drift wood along the banks, from which they collected enough to enable them to construct a raft capable of floating themselves, with their arms and provisions. The raft, when finished, consisted of three sticks of cotton-wood, about ten feet in length and eight inches in diameter, lashed firmly together with the mule ropes. Procuring two stout poles with which to guide the raft, and fastening the bag of provisions to the logs, they waited for midnight and the waning moon, so as to drift off unnoticed by the Indians. They did not consider that even the sun looked down into that chasm for but one short hour in the twenty-four, leaving it for the rest of the day to the angry waters and blackening shadows, and that the faint moonlight reaching the bottom of the cañon would hardly serve to reveal the horror of their situation. Midnight came, according to their calculation of the dark, dreary hours; and then, seizing the poles, they untied the rope that held the raft, which, tossed about by the current, rushed through the yawning cañon, on the adventurous voyage to an unknown landing. Through the long night they clung to the raft, as it dashed against half-concealed rocks, or whirled about like a plaything in some eddy, whose white foam was perceptible even in the intense darkness.

They prayed for the daylight, which came at last, and with it a smoother current and less rugged banks, though the cañon walls appeared to have increased in height. Early in the morning (August 25th) they found a spot where they could make a landing, and went ashore. After eating a little of their water-soaked provisions, they returned, and strengthened their raft by the addition of some light pieces of cedar, which had been lodged in clefts of the rock by recent floods. White estimates the width of the river where they landed at 200 yards, and the current at three miles per hour. After a short stay at this place they again embarked, and during the rest of the day they had no difficulty in avoiding the rocks and whirlpools that met them at every bend of the river.

In the afternoon, and after having floated over a distance estimated at thirty miles from the point of starting, they reached the mouth of Green River, or rather where the Green and the Grand unite to form the Colorado proper. Here the cañons of both streams combined into one of but little greater width, but far surpassing either in the height and grandeur of its walls. At the junction the walls were estimated at 4,000 feet in height, but detached pinnacles rose a thousand feet higher, from amidst huge masses of rock confusedly piled, like grand

monuments to commemorate this meeting of the waters. The fugitives felt the sublimity of the scene, and in contemplating its stupendous and unearthly grandeur, they forgot for the time their own sorrows.

The night of the day upon which they entered the great cañon, and indeed on nearly all the subsequent nights of the voyage, the raft was fastened to a loose rock, or hauled up on some narrow strip of beach, where they rested till the daylight of next morning.

As they floated down the cañon, the grey sandstone walls increased in height, the lower section being smooth from the action of floods, and the rugged perpendicular walls rising towards the far-off sky, which seemed to rest on the rugged glistening summits. Here and there a stunted cedar clung to the cliff-side, 2,000 feet overhead, far beyond which the narrow blue streak of sky was perceptible. No living thing was in sight, for even the wing of bird which could pass the chasms above never fanned the dark air in those subterranean depths. Nought to gaze on but their own pale faces, and the cold grey walls that hemmed them in and mocked at their escape. Here and there the raft shot past side cañons, black and forbidding, like cells set in the walls of a mighty prison. Baker had informed his comrades as to the geography of the country, and while floating down they remembered that Callville was at the mouth of the cañon, which could not be far off—"such wonderful walls could not continue much further." Then Hope came, with the prospect of deliverance from their frightful position. A few days would take them to Callville; their provisions could be made to last five days. So these two men, thus shut in from the world, buried as it were in the very bowels of the earth, in the midst of great unknown deserts, began to console themselves, and even to jest at their situation.

Forty miles below their entrance into the great cañon, they reached the mouth of the San Juan River. They attempted to enter it, but its swift current cast them back. The perpendicular walls, high as those of the Colorado, with the water flowing from bank to bank, forbade their abandoning their raft to attempt escape in that direction. So they floated away. At every bend of the river it seemed as if they were descending deeper into the earth; the walls came closer together above them, thickening the black shadows and redoubling the echoes that went up from the foaming waters.

Four days had elapsed since they embarked on the frail raft; it was now August 28th. So far they had been constantly wet, but the water was comparatively warm, and the current more regular than they could have expected. Strole had taken upon himself to steer the raft, and, against the advice of White, he often set one end of the pole against the bank, or some opposing rock, and then leaned, with the other end against his shoulder, to push the raft away. As yet they had seen no natural bridge spanning the chasm above them, nor had fall or cataract prevented their safe advance. But about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th, they heard the deep roar, as of a waterfall in front. They felt the raft agitated, then whirled along with frightful rapidity towards a wall that seemed to bar all further progress. As they approached the cliff, the river made a sharp bend, around which the raft swept, disclosing to them, in a long vista, the water lashed into foam, as it poured through a narrow precipitous gorge, caused by huge masses of rock detached from the main wall. There was no time to

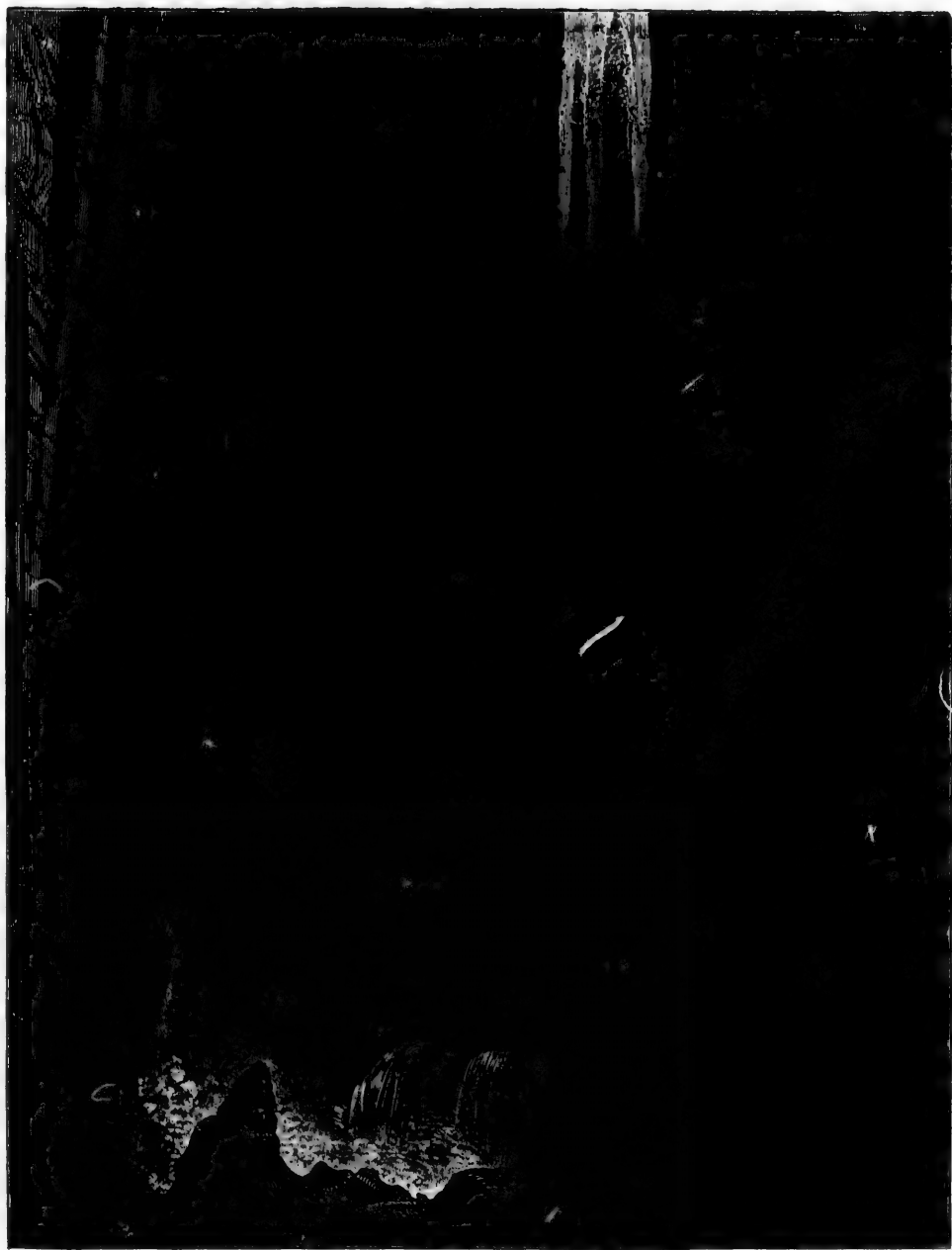
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THE RAFT PRECIPITATED OVER A CATARACT IN THE GREAT CANON.

think. The logs strained as if they would break their fastenings. The waves dashed around the men, and the raft was buried in the seething waters. White clung to the logs with the grip of death. His comrade stood up for an instant with the pole in his hands, as if to guide the raft from the rocks against which it was plunging; but he had scarcely straightened himself, before the raft seemed to leap down a chasm, and amid the horrible sounds White heard a shriek that thrilled him. Turning his head, he saw through the mist and spray the form of his comrade tossed for an instant on the water, then sinking out of sight in the whirlpool.

White still clung to the logs, and it was only when the raft seemed to be floating smoothly, and the sound of the rapids was behind, that he dared to look up; then it was to find himself alone, the provisions lost, and the shadows of the black cañon warning him of the approaching night. A feeling of despair seized him, and clasping his hands he prayed for the death he was fleeing from. He was made cognisant of more immediate danger by the shaking of his raft—the logs were separating; then he worked, and succeeded in effecting a landing near some flat rocks, where he made his raft fast for the night. After this he sat down, to spend the long gloomy hours in contemplating the horror of his situation, and the small chance of completing the adventurous voyage he had undertaken. He blamed himself for not having fought the Indians till he had fallen by the side of Baker. He might have escaped through the San Juan valley, and the mountains beyond, to the settlements. Had he done so, he would have returned to his home, and rested satisfied with his experience as a prospector. But when he thought of "home," it called up the strongest inducements for life, and he resolved "to die hard, and like a man."

Gradually the dawn, long perceptible in the upper world, began to creep down into the depths of the chasm, and gave him light to strengthen his raft and launch it again into the treacherous river. As he floated down he remembered the sad fate of Strole, and took the precaution to lash himself firmly to the raft, so as to preclude the possibility of his being separated from it. This forethought subsequently saved his life. His course through the cañon was now down a succession of rapids blocked up by masses of rock, over which his frail raft thumped and whirled, at times wholly submerged in the foaming water. At one of these rapids, in the distance of about a hundred yards he thinks, the river must have fallen between thirty and forty feet. In going over this place the logs composing the raft became separated at the upper end, and, spreading out like a fan, White was thrown into the water. He struggled to the side by means of his rope, and with a desperate strength held the logs together till they floated into calmer water, when he succeeded in re-fastening them.

White's trials were not yet at an end, and in relating the following incident he showed the only sign of emotion exhibited during his long narrative. About four miles below where the raft separated he reached the mouth of a large stream, which he has since learned was the Colorado Chiquito. The cañon, through which it enters the main river, is very much like that of the San Juan, and though it does not discharge so large a body of water, the current is much more rapid and sweeps across the great Colorado, causing, in a deep indentation on the opposite bank, a large and dangerous whirlpool. White saw this and tried to avoid it, but he was too weak for the task. His raft, borne by the current of the Colorado proper, rushed down

with such force, that aided by his paddle he hoped to pass the waters that appeared to sweep at right angles across his course from the Chiquito. When he reached the mouth of the latter stream the raft suddenly stopped, and swinging round for an instant as if balanced on a point, it yielded to the current of the Chiquito, and was swept into the whirlpool. White felt now that all further exertion was useless, and dropping his paddle, he clasped his hands and fell upon the raft. He heard the gurgling waters around him, and every moment he felt that he must be plunged into the boiling vortex. He waited, he thinks, for some minutes, when feeling a strange swinging sensation, he looked up to find that he was circling round the whirlpool, some feet close to the vortex and again thrown back by some invisible cause to the outer edge, only to whirl again towards the centre. Thus borne by the circling waters, he looked up, up, up through the mighty chasm that seemed bending over him as if about to fall in. He saw in the blue belt of sky that hung above him like an ethereal river, the red-tinged clouds floating, and he knew the sun was setting in the upper world. Still around the whirlpool the raft swung like a circular pendulum, measuring the long moments before expected death. He felt a dizzy sensation, and thinks he must have fainted; he knows he was unconscious for a time, for when again he looked up the walls, whose rugged summits towered 3,000 feet above him, the red clouds had changed to black, and the heavy shadows of night had crept down the cañon. Then, for the first time, he remembered that there was a strength greater than that of man, a power that "holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand." "I fell on my knees," he said, "and as the raft swept round in the current, I asked God to aid me. I spoke as if from my very soul, and said, 'O God! if there is a way out of this fearful place, guide me to it.'" Here White's voice became husky, as he narrated the circumstance, and his somewhat heavy features quivered, as he related that he presently felt a different movement in the raft, and turning to look at the whirlpool, saw it was some distance behind, and that he was floating down the smoothest current he had yet seen in the cañon.

Below the mouth of the Colorado Chiquito the current was very slow, and White felt what he subsequently found to be the case—viz., that the rapids were passed, though he was not equally fortunate in guessing his proximity to Callville. The course of the river below this he describes as exceedingly "crooked, with short sharp turns," the view on every side being shut in by flat precipitous walls of "white sand-rock." These walls presented smooth perpendicular surfaces as far as the high-water level, which left a distinct mark about forty feet above the stage of the month of August. The highest part of the cañon, White thinks, is between the San Juan and the Colorado Chiquito, where he thinks the wall is more than 5,000 feet in perpendicular height, and at a few points far exceeding this. Dr. Newberry, the geologist of Lieutenant Ives' expedition, thinks that for a long distance the altitude is near 7,000 feet. Correct altitudes, however, can only be obtained by a careful instrumental examination.

The current bore White from the Colorado Chiquito slowly down the main river. One, two, three, four days had slowly passed since he tasted food, and still the current bore him through the towering walls of the Cañon. Hunger maddened him. His thoughts were of food, food, food; and his sleeping moments were filled with Tantalus-like dreams. Once he

raised his arm to open some vein and draw nutriment from his own blood, but its shrivelled, blistered condition frightened him. For hours, as he floated down, he would sit looking into the water, yet lacking courage to make the contemplated plunge that would rid him of all earthly pain. The morning of the fifth day since he had tasted food he saw a flat strip of shore with bushes growing on it, and by a superhuman effort he succeeded in reaching it with his raft. He devoured the few green pods and the leaves of the bushes, but they only increased his desire for more. The journey was resumed, and he remembers two more days of unbroken cañon wall.

On the afternoon of the eleventh day of his extraordinary voyage he was roused by hearing the sound of human voices, and, looking towards the shore, he saw men beckoning to him. A momentary strength came to his arms, and, grasping the paddle, he urged the raft to the bank. On reaching it he found himself surrounded by a band of Yampais Indians, who for many years have lived on a low strip of alluvial land along the bottom of the cañon, and the trail to which from the summit of the plateau is only known to themselves. One of the Indians made fast the raft, while another seized White roughly and dragged him up the bank. He could not remonstrate; his tongue refused to give a sound, so he pointed to his mouth and made signs for food. The fiend that pulled him up the bank, tore from his blistered shoulders the shreds that had once been a shirt, and was proceeding to strip him

entirely, when, to the credit of the savage be it said, one of the Indians interfered, and pushed back his companion. He gave White some meat, and roasted mesquite beans to eat, which the famished man devoured, and after a little rest he made signs that he wanted to go to the nearest dwellings of the white men. The Indians told him he could reach them in "two suns" in his raft. Early the next morning he tottered to the bank, and again pushed into the current. Three more long days of hope and dread passed slowly by, and still no sign of friends. Reason tottered, and White stretched himself on the raft, all his energies exhausted; life and death were to him alike indifferent.

Late in the evening of the third day after leaving the Indians, and fourteen days from the time of starting on this perilous voyage, White again heard voices, accompanied by the rapid dash of oars. He understood the words, but could make no reply. He felt a strong arm thrown around him, and he was lifted into a boat, to see manly bearded faces looking down upon him with pity.

In short, Callville was reached at last. The people of this Mormon settlement had warm, generous hearts, and, like good Samaritans, lavishly bestowed every care on the unfortunate man so miraculously thrown into their midst from the bowels of the unknown cañon. His constitution, naturally strong, soon recovered its terrible shock, and he told his new-found friends his wonderful story, the first recital of which led them to doubt his sanity.

Notes on Spain.—I.

LAS ESPAÑAS—INFLUENCE OF FRENCH CUSTOMS IN SPAIN—MODERN CHANGES OF NATIONAL COSTUME—RAILWAYS—HIGHWAYS AND CROSSE-ROADS—SPANISH VEHICLES—THE DILIGENCIA—EFFECTS OF RAILWAYS ON SPANISH LIFE AND HABITS—THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS.

THE first scrap of Spanish that usually meets the eye of the traveller bound for Spain is very significant of the country with which he is about to form an acquaintance. As he changes his money, or receives his change after his first pecuniary transaction on Spanish soil, he naturally inspects the coinage in which his future payments are to be made, and on it he reads—and for some time, no doubt, will read—"Isabel II. por la gracia de Dios y la Const. Reina de las Españas." In the last three words he has a hint which he will do well to perpend. The country he is in is not Spain; it is "the Spains;" and the fact is one which should be always borne in mind. Historically and politically there is a deep significance in the phrase "Las Españas," and perhaps at no period of Spanish history or politics was it more significant than just now. What amount of cohesion does it imply, and how long will that cohesion bear the strain now thrown upon it? Will Castile and Andalusia accommodate their paces to one another? Will Catalan republicanism effect a compromise with Biscayan legitimism? These, and a few more of the same sort, are in the very front rank of that formidable army of questions which those sorely-perplexed men, the Spanish statesmen of 1868, have now to face. But, apart from politics, the title "Las Españas" is very instructive to the traveller. It suggests, or ought to suggest, that here, rolled into one, are several countries differing widely in climate, character, productions, ethnology, and even language, and that he

is not to say in his haste that all men are liars because he cannot recognise in Arragon any one of the features usually attributed to Andalusia. Besides this, from another point of view, there is a plurality of Spains. Probably no two travellers ever enter the country with precisely the same preconceived notions, or with their attention fixed on precisely the same set of objects. Spain is a land fertile in its claims on the interest of the pilgrim. To one it will be the "renowned, romantic land," the Spain of the ballads, the Cid, and the Moors. To another it will have that kind of half-melancholy interest which attaches to a richly-chased and rust-eaten suit of knightly armour hanging up among the implements of modern warfare. Then there is picturesque Spain; artistic Spain; architectural Spain; hidalgo Spain, and giano Spain; the Spain of Don Quixote, and the Spain of George Borrow; old Spain, "viejo y rancio;" young Spain, somewhat French-polished; primitive and unneuropanised Spain; cigarette-smoking, guitar-twanging, lounging Spain; religious and irreligious Spain; Spain "with its vast internal resources;"—these and their sub-divisions are some of the "Españas" which, under the general head of Spain, are before the traveller as he crosses the frontier, and which, jointly and severally, may present themselves to him as he proceeds, and as he uses his powers of observation.

It is true that the mosaic character—as it may be called—of Spain is not, at the outset, very apparent to the traveller of

these later days, and if perceived at all it is probably only dimly perceived by the mere tourist who follows in the wake of other tourists—halting where they halt, rushing where they rush, and in all things conforming to the strict letter of tourist tradition. To such a traveller there will naturally appear but little change in passing from one end of Spain to the other. From the railway carriage window he may, indeed, remark pines in one part and palms in another; and he may observe, perhaps, that whereas the children in Castile, who persecuted him with the monotonous chant of "Un cuartito, señorito," wore rags, more or less abundant, the small brown urchins of Cadiz frequently transact that business of life, in entire comfort to themselves, with nothing but a string round their loins. But with the exception of a few differences of that sort, he will not see much to distinguish north from south. Nay, more than this, at the end of his month in the Peninsula he may possibly be heard to complain that really, after all, in spite of all the fuss that has been made about it, Spain, on the whole, is wonderfully like other countries, and that it is doubtful whether it is worth while going so far to see so little that is new, or striking, or that cannot be seen just as well elsewhere. And it is very likely he *has* had no experiences that at all tally with his expectations. All through, perhaps, he has been steadily disappointed. At Irun, being then a couple of hundred yards deep in the country, he proceeds to make his first experiment in Spanish cookery, the Spanish language, Spanish ways—Spanish life, in fact—at the Fonda (as he is pleased to observe it is called) at the railway station. He has vague visions before him of *ollas*, *guisados*, *gazpacho*, and other things he has read of in "Ford." Bringing into actual service one of the phrases he has been studying all the way down from Bordeaux, he asks of a waiter—who is by no means as like a Spaniard as he could have wished—"Que hay para comer?" and the waiter promptly replies, "Pardon, m'sieu, vot' chapeau: il y a du—" and then treats him to a burst of unpunctuated gastronomy quite in the style of the Palais Royal. At Burgos, where, according to routine, he makes his next halt, things look rather better, though, as far as his inn is concerned, they are much cleaner, and more comfortable and commonplace, than is consistent with his idea of Spain. But it is something to perceive that the people do not understand French—for that matter they don't appear always to understand his Spanish, but that, probably, is their provincialism—and certainly the town and its inhabitants are, in many respects, unlike anything in Italy, Germany, or France. But Madrid is a sad blow. There, for one object, sight, or sound to remind him he is in Spain, there are ten to make him fancy himself back in France: French costumes in the streets, French goods in the shops, French books—not many, to be sure—in the windows, and the Hôtel de Paris lordling it over the Puerta del Sol, the very heart of modern Spain, and stronghold of Spanish opinion. It is perhaps some hours before he comes across a fan or a mantilla, and he leaves without having seen a *capa*. To be sure, he does see some things peculiar to Spain. Following his instructions, he religiously "does" his bull-fight at Madrid or Seville, according as he spends his Sabbath in one or other of those cities, and thereby qualifies himself to lay down the law on all occasions about the character and taste of the nation, and the tardy progress of civilisation in a country which can tolerate, nay, enjoy, &c. &c.; and at Seville or Granada he has, for a consideration, the good fortune to see those samples of the

gipsy race that are kept on view for the improvement of strangers. But in respect of other *cosas de España* which cannot so easily be got at through the medium of the hotel commissionaire, he has been curiously unlucky. He has never seen a genuine *majo* got up in that style in which painters and other fortunate people see him, nor has he ever encountered that well-known group of the young Andalusian peasant with his *querida* behind him, trotting into town on an exceedingly plump horse, though it must be a pretty common one, for they have it modelled in coloured terra-cotta in every second shop-window in the Calle de las Serpientes at Seville. Brigands he hardly counted on, but *contrabandistas* seem to be much more scarce, or more undistinguishable from the rest of the population, than he had been led to believe. The only one he has seen, to know him, was the waiter of his hotel, who offered him a rare chance of genuine Gibraltar cigars at two reals a-piece. And, above all, though he has been constantly on the look-out for it, he has never once seen an instance of the original use of the *cuchillo* or *navaja*, or observed that national weapon employed for any purpose except slitting up melons, or slicing bread and sausages; and therefore he feels he has been, to some extent, taken in by the hawk who induced him to buy one of those knives when the train stopped at Albacete.

This kind of disappointment may be easily accounted for. The fact is, Spain is now in a transition state. We do not, of course, allude to the events which have recently made Spanish news one of our regular items of daily intelligence, though there is a close connection between those events and the transition in question. But that change which Ford foresaw, and over which he used to grow half pathetic at times as he foresaw it, has already commenced. The old saying that Africa began at the Pyrenees is no longer true, except in a physico-geographical sense. Spain is becoming Europeanised, and, all things considered, the process is going on with remarkable rapidity. The national peculiarities and characteristics are every day losing their sharpness of definition and outline; and "españolismo" of every sort is growing less decided and pronounced. As straws will show which way the wind sets, so a matter as trifling as costume may serve to indicate the direction of a movement of this kind. The disappearance of the mantilla has been of late frequently deplored by writers of travels in Spain, but the mantilla is an article of dress, the preservation of which depends on a portion of the community, in dress matters always the reverse of conservative, the women—that is to say, the ladies—of the middle and upper classes. It would ere this have disappeared *in toto*, to make way for bonnets of the newest Paris mode, but for Church protection, which made it an essential part of the "go-to-meetin's" of decorous Spanish dames, helped, it may be, in some degree by an instinctive feeling that it was rather becoming. A fairer case is that of the original *sombrero*, the black velvet hat with the turned-up brim, of which our once fashionable "pork-pie" was a feeble and cockney imitation—the hat which, with certain variations of crown and brim, was the ordinary hat of central and southern Spain. It is everywhere rapidly giving way to the cosmopolitan felt wide-awake. Even within the last twelve months any one studying the heads of the people might have remarked a decided change in this respect. Not long ago, at a fair in a remote village of Andalusia, we noticed the booth of an itinerant *sombrerero*. For one of the old-fashioned hats he seemed to have at least two of the wide-awake species in stock. The wide-awake is found to be far cheaper, more

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A DILIGENCE ON THE ROAD TO GRANADA.

durable, and probably more comfortable, and so—alas! for the picturesque—it takes the place of the distinctive national head-dress.

It would be difficult to overrate railways as agents in effecting changes of this sort. Their action is illustrated in this case of the wide-awake; not only do they introduce the new article itself, but they introduce also the wearers of it, practical illustrations of its use, and, by familiarising the eye with the new fashion, sap the prejudice in favour of the old. The traveller, therefore, who follows the railway lines in quest of the Spain he has so often read of, seen painted, and heard described, does very much the same thing as one who wanted to see forest scenery and followed in the track of a tornado. The storm has smoothed the way for him admirably; thanks to it, he gets on much more quickly and easily than he otherwise could have done; but the worst of it is, it has swept away the very things he came to see. In no country of Europe could the operation of railways in this way be more decisive and unmistakable than in Spain. It is not merely that they have, in effect, done away with the Pyrenees: for now there is some truth in the saying, "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées." Spain is seamed all over with internal chains of Pyrenees, natural and artificial, and these the ruthless railway is tunnelling and levelling in every direction, with its usual disregard of the picturesque and the æsthetic, of sentiment and artistic feeling. A glance at the conditions under which traffic and locomotion flourished in Spain before railways came into operation, may help to convey some idea of the revolution which must necessarily be effected by them. In the first place, as to the roads. Of these there are several grades in Spain, beginning with the Caminos Reales, or great arterial highways, which, for the most part, branch from Madrid as from a centre. These, as far as they go, are generally excellent roads; no expense has been spared upon them, in construction at least, for they are well engineered and well made, and wherever they fail it is from parsimony in the matter of repairs. But though they go far in one sense, they are so few in number that they go a very little way towards opening up so vast a country as Spain. The cross-roads are generally infamous. Most of them are what may be called self-made roads, whose only merit is that they present no insuperable obstacle to the passage of a stoutly-made country cart. Of late years, in the south especially, a few good cross-roads have been laid down, and some finished in as good style as the Caminos Reales, but many a one that begins fairly ends foully, and, *formosa superne*, tails off somewhat in the manner described by the poet. These are the roads proper, distinguished by the Spaniards by the general title of *carretera*, a track that may, can, or might be followed by things on wheels. For the rest, and by a good deal the larger portion of the surface of the Peninsula, mere mule-paths are the connecting links between point and point, and when a Spanish peasant, in answer to a question about the way, says there is a camino, "*pero no carretera*," the traveller of any experience in the ways of Spain knows that, in all probability, it will tax his eyesight to distinguish his road from the bare plain or the rough mountain-side which it crosses. The vehicles, of course, are governed by the roads. In pre-locomotive Spain, the greater part of the transport of person and property was done on horse or mule-back, as a considerable part still is, particularly in the south, for the arriero has not yet gone the way of the stage-coachman and waggoner, and he, and his long gun, and his string of mules, with towering packs

that make them look like camels in the twilight, are still common objects on the byways of Andalusia. On the *carretera* there is the carro, a clumsy country cart, with a tilt of reeds, which conveys goods of all kinds, and frequently a traveller or two of the poorer sort. For the better class of travellers, where the demand is sufficient, there are galeras and gondolas, vehicles which are generally something like a cross-breed between an omnibus and a waggon, the features of one parent or the other predominating, according to circumstances, and which in some instances ply regularly, in others, start, "God willing," like the Hawes Fly in "The Antiquary," or as soon as a sufficient load of passengers has turned up. These prevail rather in Andalusia and the south generally. In Estremadura, Leon, and Galicia, their place is supplied by public conveyances of various builds, vaguely called "*coches*;" but *coches*, gondolas, or galeras all agree in going at the slowest rate that can be called a pace, and doing all that in them lies to keep those people at home who are not forced to travel by inexorable necessity.

But the vehicle, *par excellence*, of Spain is the Diligence, which answers to our stage coach and the French diligence. Answered, we ought to say, for, like its prototypes, it is now all but extinct. It lingers, indeed, in all its old form on some few roads, as, for instance, on the road between Oviedo and Leon, on the great north-western road between Astorga and Lugo and Coruña, and (somewhat modified and Gallicised) on the road between Gerona and Perpignan. But the railway is following hard upon its wheels, and it will have become a thing of the past long before the song of the arriero has died out among the hills of Spain. Peace go with it when it does go; of all public vehicles that ran upon wheels, it was the one that gave least peace to those who entrusted their persons to its conveyance. In build it is on the same principle as the French diligence, with a difference, however. The French diligence is not a carriage remarkable for comfort, but in all the particulars in which the French diligence makes an attempt in that direction, the Spanish is wholly inactive, besides being fertile in discomforts which are all its own. The windows either will not let down, or cannot be persuaded to stay up; wherever it is possible to insert a bolt, nut, screw, or other metal projection, in such a manner that it shall on every opportunity, at every jolt, and every time the passenger gets in or out, catch him on some tender portion of his frame, kneecap, shin, or elbow, and inflict sharp anguish, or, at least, tear his clothes—there the coachbuilder has unerringly inserted it. Where the human anatomy requires depressions there are knobs, and hollows where support is needed. The berlina, the coupé of the French diligence, has places for three, and is just endurable for two passengers, and the coupé, which corresponds to the banquette, and is the only place affording a chance of a view, fresh air, and freedom from dust, requires a special education to climb to, and get in or out of it. The apron in front is almost always a rigid and immovable structure, and the roof descends so low that the traveller has to slip himself in horizontally and edgeways, as if he were posting himself in a letter-box. When in, he can neither stretch out his legs nor yet bend them at any angle consistent with what is usually considered to be a sitting position, and his faculties are absorbed in the struggle to keep his skull from being dashed against the frame of the folding window, which hangs within about an inch of his forehead. It is under such circumstances that the scenery of Spain has been contemplated, *in transitu*, by many English travellers. As to the other companion

the *rotonda* and interior, travelling in them is simply a process of slow cookery, wherein you are baked, stewed, and plentifully dusted, as if for the table of some fanciful ogre. Being the popular portions, they are usually packed to the extreme "mit of packing, and indeed, as a general rule, the load of a Spanish diligence is like an honest measure of periwinkles, just as many as can be got into it and heaped on it without falling off. This, though it may seem disagreeable with the thermometer verging on ninety degrees, is really an advantage, as it counteracts the bumps, jolts, and bounds of the vehicle: especially when an incident happens which is not altogether uncommon in Spain. Among the many wise proverbs which Spaniards repeat, but do not always act upon, is one nearly equivalent to our "Stitch in time" saw: "Quien no adoba gotera adoba casa entera"—"He who won't repair the gutter will have to repair the whole house." Now and then, for the want of a little timely repair, ruts deepen into holes, and holes spread into quags, and the road becomes so hopelessly bad and impracticable that the diligence is forced to leave it altogether, and make to itself a provisional road at one side, along which it jogs as best it may, trusting to its strength of constitution and materials to escape being shaken to pieces. It will be observed that this kind of casualty is not confined to roads and diligences.

The Spanish diligence is on the whole a queer, wild, uncouth sort of conveyance, but not without certain elements of the picturesque about it. The team consists of from eight to a dozen horses and mules mixed, the latter generally predominating, with, perhaps, in the case of a steep ascent or stiff mountain pass, a yoke or so of oxen added on. The direction is in the hands of a *mayoral*, who sits on the box and holds the ribbons, which are in fact ropes, and of a postillion, the "*adelantero*," which title may be translated, and, in one sense, cannot be better translated than by "goer-ahead," for he does indeed go ahead. He is generally a boy, an imp of imp, and he has the faculty of eating, drinking, smoking, sleeping (if, indeed, he ever does sleep) in the saddle, at a hand-gallop, and all the while keeping up a steady flow of bad language. In the best-regulated diligences these two officers are assisted by a third, who is of the diligence rather than on it, and performs nine-tenths of the journey on foot. His business is to race alongside of the team and encourage, by oaths and blows, those animals whose middle position protects them from the whip of the *adelantero* at one end, and of the *mayoral* at the other. His qualifications are speed, wind, endurance, and agility, the last especially, for all diligence mules make a point of lashing out at his head the moment they catch sight of him; and he is called "*el zagal*," an Arabic term meaning "the active youth." When the administration is not able to afford the salary of this supernumerary, the *mayoral* has nothing for it but at every halt to form a small geological museum of broken stone, which he keeps on the foot-board, and out of which he deals, with unerring aim, stimulants at the heads and quarters of those animals that seem to require them. But these are not the only stimulants he relies on. From the time he takes his seat till he quits it he is never, not even for a second, silent. An unceasing stream of exhortation flows from his lips, and from those of his subordinates. Every horse or mule has a name, and by that name each is appealed to, from time to time, by each of the officials, in tones that range from mild remonstrance upwards, interspersed with ejaculations more or less intel-

ligible. Thus, from morning till night, or from night till morning—for much of the Spanish diligence-travelling is done by night—there goes on a continual cry, without stops or pauses, of "*Granadina Granadina Grana-deena anda anda anda an-daa idda idda idda idda*," with a good deal more which cannot be imitated, reproduced, or translated. For diligence language deals freely with the more recondite expletives of Spanish, and is in this respect only inferior to the language of the ordinary Spanish peasant, which, even in the bosom of his family, is often so curiously and grotesquely filthy, that it is but charitable to suppose that the real meaning has become obliterated by constant use, like the inscription on an old coin.

Such is—or, alas! we may now almost say was—the *diligencia* of Spain: to the lover of things wild, picturesque, bizarre, and semi-barbarous, a most charming vehicle, as it speeds along in its mad career over mountain and plain, now spinning giddily down the zigzags of the wild sierra road, now sending a gleam from its one lamp over the bare, treeless, houseless steppes; now lighting up the sharp spears of the aloes and fantastic forms of the cactuses on the roadside, and presenting uncouth bandits to the imaginations of timid travellers; now tearing up the narrow street of the little town, with apparently not more than six inches to spare on each side, on to the plaza and the *parador*, where, with much congratulatory whinnying, the smoking team hurries in through the archway, and the drowsy muleteers, wrapped in their *mantas*, shake themselves together, and grumble something about the *coche* being in early to-night.

But to persons devoid of a strong feeling for the picturesque, or an indomitable passion for travelling—and your Spaniard is of all men the least liable to these weaknesses—the *diligencia* is undeniably a conveyance that holds out slight inducements to gadding about; and when it is considered that until late years this was the best, most comfortable, and most civilised means of locomotion open to the inhabitants of the Peninsula, it is not difficult to understand why they saw but little of one another or of the rest of the world.

In any country the stride from road to rail is necessarily great, but from such a system as that we have been endeavouring to describe, to a railway system even as defective as that of Spain, it is immense. The Spanish railway system does not, indeed, make a very splendid show compared with those of England, France, Germany, or Belgium, but it is extensive, considering the disadvantages under which it labours, and it has made remarkable progress towards completeness within the last four or five years. Of all the towns of the first importance, Granada is now the only one which has not an unbroken railway communication with the capital and with Europe; and this it probably would have had, but for the ill-judged partiality of Narvaez, who supported the impracticable scheme of a line to pass through his native town of Loja, in preference to the natural and direct one through Jaén. Salamanca will soon be joined with the Great Northern line at Medina del Campo. Oviedo, cut off by the vast barriers of the Asturian Pyrenees, whose lowest passes are about 6,000 feet in height, may have to wait some years. But the railroad has already reached the foot of the western spurs that separate Leon from Galicia, and before long Lugo, Vigo, Pontevedra, and Coruña, at present about the most out-of-the-way places in Europe, will be on the great high road to anywhere, and perhaps the most fertile, thickly populated, and industrious

part of Spain will be thoroughly opened up, to its own advantage and that of the rest of the Peninsula.

It is notorious that, so far, Spanish railways are failures commercially, and, indeed, it would be strange if they were successes. What we have already said about the roads and means of communication in Spain will account for one of the difficulties with which they have to contend. They are starved for the want of feeders. This alone would be enough to

time is as little doubtful as that there are in the country the forces to make them pay. How long it may be before these forces are brought to bear is another matter. For the present the Spanish railway shareholder must content himself with the consolatory axiom of "Live horse and you'll get grass."

But here we have to do not so much with the prospects of railways in Spain as commercial speculations, as with their



POSTILLIONS.

explain the fact that they do not pay; but to this must be added a number of other considerations, such as the unsettled state of the country; the want of confidence; the slackness of business; the very novelty of such things as railways, and the want of preparation for them; so that, on the whole, it is wonderful, not that they cannot produce dividends, but that they can maintain an existence. Fortunately, however, for the interests of the travelling public, owners of railway property are like men on the treadmill—they must keep the thing going; and it is—for the present, at least—to this necessity that Spain is indebted for the keeping up of a tolerably effective railway system. That Spanish railways will pay in

effects on Spanish life, Spanish ways and habits. That these effects are already marked has been shown above; that they are not even more so is due to the causes to which we have just referred. Few of the lines can afford to run more than two trains daily each way, except on short lengths, such as between Madrid and Aranjuez, Barcelona and Martorell, or Valencia and Jativa. The small country stations in many places have already a semi-ruinous look, and the service is frequently on starvation allowance in way of an adequate staff of officials. The trains are, however, in general, tolerably regular; the pace, all things considered, reasonably good; and the carriages, though sometimes a trifle out of repair, are for

the most quite as comfortable as those on any continental railway, and, of course, twice as comfortable as English carriages. But, in truth, England always excepted, railways are much the same everywhere; and railway travellers partake in a considerable degree of the sameness of the conveyance. First class is simply first class all the world over, nor do the seconds of one country differ much from the seconds of another. In Spain, it is not till we come to the third class that there is anything very peculiar to be observed in the composition of the cargo of passengers carried by a railway train. The first thing that will strike the stranger is the large proportion, far larger than in any other country, of third class passengers. This is perhaps natural in a country of small incomes, but still it is remarkable that the Spanish peasant should, in so short

given to horse-play and making a row. Then, some of the third class ways are not conducive to comfort. The Spanish third class traveller always has the strongest possible objection to entrusting to the luggage-van any impedimenta he may carry, and may be seen sometimes, regardless of a frantic public behind him, trying to squeeze through the door of the carriage a bale which looks suspiciously like a bed. Thus, a quantity of miscellaneous property, and a number of incongruous articles, which form most undesirable travelling companions, find their way into a third class compartment. Then, whether to save time or to kill it, the third class, no matter how short the journey may be, treats it as a favourable opportunity for making a meal. No sooner is the train off than out comes the *fiambrera*—the round tin box



INTERIOR OF THIRD CLASS RAILWAY CARRIAGE IN SPAIN.

a time, have taken so kindly to the railway, and adapted himself so thoroughly to its ways. He has even caught up its peculiar language. He talks quite naturally now of "el misto," "el express," "el descendente," "el cinco cuarenta-cinco," &c., precisely in the style of an Iberian Bradshaw. This may, perhaps, argue an advance in the direction of cosmopolitanism, but the Spanish third class is still sufficiently Spanish and racy of the soil to make it worth the occasional study of the traveller. No tourist in Spain who wants to see the people should omit making a third class journey or two; that is, unless he has an insuperable objection to noise and crowding, for on these he may safely calculate. In Andalusia two out of every three of his travelling companions will be provided with guitars, and all will be addicted to singing, or rather droning the monotonous chant which passes for singing with the Spaniard of the south. There will be—no one ever saw a Spanish third class without it—a batch of soldiers on furlough; merry, good-tempered young fellows, no doubt, but very much

without which no Spanish peasant ever travels—and, with the courteous invitation of "gustan ustedes" to the company, an odour of stockfish, oil, and garlic is let out, so strong, that a score of cigarettes, all going together, can make no impression on it. These may be drawbacks, but still the experiment is worth making. To the tourist doing the beaten round of Spain—living in hotels, dining at table-d'hôtes, and taking his walks abroad under the guidance of a commissionaire—it is about the only chance he has of seeing the people *pur et simple*, and it will probably serve to correct some of his preconceived notions about them. One it will be pretty sure to modify. He has probably been told that the Spaniard is habitually staid and dignified, solemn and taciturn. The chances are that he will hear more merriment, more chatter, more jokes—some a trifle coarse, it may be—and, altogether, more noise in a Spanish third class railway carriage in half an hour, than he would have heard in a week's travelling on the other side of the Pyrenees.



TRAVELLING IN MADAGASCAR: THE TACON.

A Bird's-eye View of Madagascar.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. D. CHARNAY.

CHAPTER I.

MADAGASCAR—TAMATAVE—HOVAS AND MADEGASSES—HISTORICAL RETROSPECT—RAMAR AND RASOLO—JULIETTE FICHE—WALK THROUGH TAMATAVE—MARMITES—MADAGASCAR HOUSES.

THE traveller who has passed along the beautiful shores of Mauritius and Bourbon, shadowed by the basaltic rocks of the Peter-Botte mountain and the lofty summits of the Sallazes, is but slightly impressed by the aspect of Madagascar at Tamatave. Seen from a distance, the coast presents the appearance of a flat expanse of white sand, dotted here and there with the peculiar vegetation of the *Pandani*, or screw pines. Driven by the east winds, the sea breaks with loud roar on the beach, and the blue line of the Tananarivo mountains is scarcely visible on the horizon.

On a nearer approach the panorama opens out; the tops of palm trees waving in the breeze and the roofs of the taller houses emerge into view, and at last the numerous cottages which compose the city of Tamatave stand out clearly before the gaze of the traveller.

Situated to the south-east of the continent of Africa, from which it is separated by the Mozambique Channel, Madagascar stretches from the 13th to the 26th degrees of south latitude, and from the 44th to the 51st degrees of east

longitude, extending about 900 miles in length, with a maximum breadth of 280 miles. Its superficial area is at least equal to that of France, while its population appears, from recent computations, not to exceed 2,000,000—it is, in fact, almost a desert.

The history of the island may be dismissed in a few words. Madagascar was discovered by the Portuguese in 1506, but immediately abandoned. Subsequently the French visited it, and since the time when Louis XIII. granted a charter to the Indian company, the great African island has been the object of many French expeditions. Attempts were made under successive monarchs to colonise it; the Republic pursued the same course; the First Empire was equally interested in this project; during the Restoration, and in the reign of Louis-Philippe, governors, soldiers, and sailors were sent out; there was, in short, a continual occupation by the French, which seems to leave no doubt in their minds as to their right of possession. Madagascar, however, never entirely passed under French dominion; and though the names of Saint Laurent, Dauphine, and Eastern France were successively bestowed upon the island, it has finally resumed that of Madagascar. Its first explorers described its inhabitants as a gay and happy people, delighting in games and dances, and every village resounding with songs and laughter. The native was *then* free; he rejoiced in the

fact of existence, and in the simple and easy condition of life in which he was placed. Even now, in spite of forty years of oppression, he endeavours to smile—he still sings and dances in his brief intervals of respite from the persecution of the conquering race, the Hovas.

We must devote a few lines to an account of these conquerors. Madagascar is peopled by two distinct races, the Madegasses or natives, and the Hovas. The former, whether Sakalave, Betsimsaraka, or Antankara, are black, more or less modified by mixture with Caffres, the natives of the Mozambique, and the immigrant Arabs. Tall, strong, and savage, they have been able in the south and south-east to preserve their independence. On the east coast the Betsimsaraka, gentler, more devoted to pleasure, and slighter in form, were the first to lose their liberty. In the north the Antankara, robust, strongly built, and more resembling the natives of Mozambique, still continue the struggle for liberty, and seek in inaccessible parts of the interior, or in the islands on the coast, a refuge from the tyranny of the Hovas. The latter, who are of Malay origin, arrived on the eastern coast of the island at a very early period, and having been driven into the interior by the natives, established themselves on the central plateau of Emerina. The fate of this colony was remarkable. At first, regarded by the Madegasses as an outcast race, everything they touched was considered impure, and the cottage which a Hova had slept in was burned. Isolated in their wild retreat, the outcasts transformed the magnificent plain of Emerina into a desert, fired the forests which might otherwise have afforded concealment to an enemy, and to be secure from surprise, erected their villages on hillocks in the plain. Subsequently, however, as an overture to a peace which they so much required, and as a tribute to the Madegasses, whom they acknowledged as masters, the Hovas brought rice, maize, and other products of their industry to the boundary of the forests, whither the others came to receive them. These years of oppression had an injurious effect upon the character of the Hova; he became sullen, suspicious, cunning, cruel, and treacherous, and when, towards the end of the last century, a man named Andrianampoinine invited them to shake off the yoke, he found it only necessary to collect the various tribes into an army. The desire of power and thirst for revenge had made them already soldiers in heart. It is now thirty years since the Hovas became masters of a portion of Madagascar. During these thirty years they have decimated the unfortunate natives, and exercised without pity the rights of conquest. Tamatave is the chief seat of their power on the east coast; there they exercise unlimited authority over the black population, but are less overbearing towards the whites with whom they come in contact.

Immediately on our arrival a canoe paddled by blacks came alongside our vessel, containing the official visitors, namely, Ramar, the chief of police, accompanied by two subordinates. This personage presented a most absurd appearance; his costume was composed of an old fireman's coat, surmounted by a pair of enormous naval epaulettes, dark-coloured pantaloons with gold stripes, and on his head a general's plumed hat. From the fit of the garments we easily perceived that they had been purchased at some second-hand dealer's in Tamatave. The Hova chief carried, moreover, in one hand an old curved sabre, and in the

other flourished a rather dirty checked handkerchief, evidently intended rather for ornament than use. His aides-de-camp were distinguished by immense gold epaulettes and caps which had belonged to officers in the English navy. The visit was of short duration. Ramar, left alone on deck, became quite furious at the laughter excited by his extraordinary appearance, and hastily re-embarked in his canoe. Rasolo, aide-de-camp of the governor of Tamatave, also paid us a visit dressed in similar grotesque costume.

On the afternoon of the same day, August 2nd, 1863, we landed, and went to pay our respects to Juliette Fiche, a Madegasse by birth, and lately become a Hova princess. She was then about fifty years of age, tall, and proportionally stout, with intelligent and expressive eyes, and a pleasing smile, which disclosed a set of teeth of pearly whiteness. Regarded as the special patroness of the French at Tamatave, her benevolence and charity obtained her the honour of a medal from the French Emperor. She received us in her cottage with much kindness. It is the nearest house to the shore, and is visited by all new comers. Her conversation is even more striking than her appearance, and it is truly surprising to meet, so far from all literary circles, with a coloured lady capable of conversing with ease and intelligence, in remarkably correct language, on literary as well as political subjects.

Tamatave has the appearance of a large village, and consisting merely of an agglomeration of huts, is quite unworthy to be called a town. We commenced by exploring the principal street, which is a long and narrow avenue, bordered with slight wooden stakes, forming enclosures round the houses scattered along each side. We were sheltered at intervals from the heat of the sun by the large leaves of the palm tree, or by mulberry trees laden with ripe fruit. On the right the English flag waves over the Consulate, and a little further, on the same side, we come to a high wooden building, the residence of the Madegasse Rothschild, the agent of the Hovas for the sale of cattle. Passing several eating houses, we arrived at the Madegasse quarter, where the style of the houses is quite different from that of the rest of the town. The buildings, which all appear neat and clean, are entirely constructed of the bark and leaves of the Ravenal (*Urانيا speciosa*). A number of pretty girls were smiling and showing their beautiful teeth, while the men uttered cries of "Marmites, marmites," which means in English, "Do you want a porter?" Now and then a Hova, passing with uncertain steps, sidelong glance, and sinister smile, wished us a good morning. The heterogeneous contents of the modest shops were displayed upon the thresholds. They consisted of large baskets of dried locusts, empty bottles, a few English printed cottons, some diminutive fish, blue-headed parrots, black, white, and ringtailed lemur monkeys, large black paroquets, immense bundles of leaves used as table-cloths, fruits, sweet potatoes, yams and bananas, mats, and finally the eternal casks of *betsabetsa*, which is a liquor made of the fermented juice of the sugar-cane, mixed with bitter herbs. We thought it detestable, but the Madegasses consider it delicious. The increasing animation of the streets showed us that we were gradually approaching the market or bazaar.

A hideous Chinaman, addressing us in barbarous French, enticed us into his shop, which was a perfect chaos, and of which the owner himself was the most remarkable object. He was much astonished at our not purchasing any of his

wares; we exchanged, however, several piastres for small silver pieces. The only coins of the country are small portions of five-franc pieces, which they weigh with extraordinary accuracy. We then went on to the bazaar, where, under sheds of a very dirty appearance and only a few feet raised from the ground, were collected the aristocratic shops of the conquerors—in fact nearly all the shopkeepers were Hovas. They sit cross-legged, like Turks, and conduct the sale of the various articles spread out before them, weights and scales, salt, stuffs, old cutlery, meat, &c. The atmosphere is tainted by the carcasses of animals slaughtered upon the spot, which, becoming putrefied by the heat, attract clouds of flies. We continued our way along the street which opened into the country, passing the modest establishment of the Jesuit fathers, which on this side marks the boundary of Tamatave. Opposite is the battery or fortress, with its flagstaff, from which floats the white pennant of the reigning monarch, bearing the inscription, "Rasuaheina, panjaka ny Madagascara" (Rasuaheina, Queen of Madagascar). Below it is the residence of the commandant, his Excellency Andrian-Mandrosso, formerly cowerd, and now a Hova prince.

The country around seems a perfect desert, interspersed with swamps, and even in the centre of the town there are large pools of stagnant water, which spread a poisonous miasma through the neighbourhood. We now thought it time to return, and turning to the left, traversed the entire town, passing along a sort of suburb in which the houses were smaller and meaner in appearance than those we had hitherto seen, and so placed as to form a labyrinth, from which we had some difficulty in extricating ourselves. We were anxious to leave this quarter as quickly as possible, on account of the equivocal appearance of its inhabitants, and at about three o'clock we reached the residence of one of our new friends.

The house inhabited by Mr. B. is one of the most elegant in Tamatave. Built in the Madegasse style, of which it is an excellent specimen, it is situated in the middle of a court covered with fine sand, and shaded by evergreen mangoes, and a number of orange trees fill the air with their delightful perfume. Around the enclosure there are some smaller cottages for the use of friends, besides the kitchen and sleeping-rooms for the servants and slaves. The house itself is built on posts, which raise it about twelve inches from the ground; the walls are composed of bamboos lashed together, the floor and roof of planks of *rafia* tree, and the latter is covered with a light thatch of ravenel leaves. The interior, like most Madegasse houses, is divided into two compartments, each of which is hung with leaves for tapestry, while the floor is covered with rush mats, always clean and fresh. It is altogether a charming retreat, and we fully enjoyed the rest it afforded us after our long and fatiguing walk.

CHAPTER II.

THE TACON—THE BAY OF YVONDROU—THE SEA COAST—A STORM—THE FORESTS—VISIT TO CLEMENT LABORDE—A MADEGASSE BREAKFAST—APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY—NATIVE DANCES.

The following day we were to visit M. Clement Laborde, whose house is situated on a range of hills running along the coast, about eight miles from Tamatave. Rising at an early hour, we found the sky black with clouds; the rain was falling

in torrents, and the hut shook under the gusts of wind. In spite of these obstacles, we determined to set out, and distributed our luggage amongst the marmites (porters) who were to convey it. There is only one vehicle, called a *tacón*, used in Madagascar. It consists of a chair placed on a litter, and is so light that four men can easily carry it on their shoulders, unless the traveller be unusually heavy. As there are no roads in Madagascar, it would be impossible for a carriage to penetrate into the interior—in fact, the Madegasses have no quadrupeds except oxen, and look on a horse as a curiosity. For a long journey one requires quite an army of porters. Twelve are allowed to each *tacón*, and twenty-five or thirty more to carry the traveller's luggage and provisions, so that a party of ten would have at least four hundred natives in their train. Our excursion being a short one, we had only eight men each.

We set out, wrapped in mackintosh cloaks, and with our hats drawn down over our eyes, to keep out the blinding rain. Our porters trotted along without minding it in the least, beating time with their steps, and at intervals uttering strange cries, which were answered by the others. We soon came on the shore of the little bay of Yvondrou. Here the wind redoubled its violence, and the sea was magnificent, rolling in mountain-high, breaking furiously on the coral rocks of Point Hastie, and finally spending itself in white foam. Its fearful roar drowned our voices, while our bearers were covered with spray and sand. Leaving with regret this splendid sight, which made us forget for a moment the discomforts of our position, we turned to the right, and went towards the interior, passing over downs covered with the curious vegetation of the *vacoas* (*Pandanus utilis*), a plant belonging to the palm family, and known by the English term of "screw-pine." Its appearance is peculiar. The trunk, which is covered with a smooth bark, generally divides into three branches at a height of about six to seven feet, and each branch dividing again near the top forms a large head, from which hangs, like dishevelled hair, huge fleshy leaves split down the middle. These leaves supply a strong thread, and are used, when split, for making bags. The *vacoa* does not exceed thirty feet in height.

The storm now ceased, the rain cleared off, and was succeeded by bright sunshine, and we exemplified the truth of the fable of "the sun and the wind," by raising our battered hats, throwing off our heavy cloaks, and enjoying the genial warmth of the sun. Nature awoke fresh and beautiful, the grass and shrubs threw off the wet which weighed down their leaves, numberless flowers opened their petals to the sun, and the lemon trees shed a delightful perfume around our path.

An undulating plain spread out before us, intersected by streams and marshes, through which our bearers waded, splashing the water and uttering wild cries. They scarcely seemed to feel the weight of our light *tacóns*, and hastened along at a rapid pace in hopes of receiving a reward in the shape of rum or betza-betza. We soon reached the commencement of the woods through which our path lay, and had some difficulty in forcing our way through the luxuriant vegetation. The *vacoa* raises its conical head above the dwarf palms; the mahogany-coloured *Nath* mingles its branches with those of the white-barked copal-tree and the red-wooded *Indramena*. The plaintive note of a species of cuckoo was the only sound which

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RAVENAL TREES.

disturbed the silence. Presently we emerged again upon the plain, which in this part is covered with long thick grass that nearly covered our bearers. As we advanced, the swamps became wider and deeper, and we felt far from comfortable on our unsteady seats, which were sometimes raised above the heads of our bearers, as they sank up to the shoulders in the muddy liquid, and it was only by great care and skillfulness that they succeeded in bringing us safely through. We reached at last the commencement of the hills, and about 12 o'clock we came to M. Laborde's house, which is on a plateau commanding an extensive view of the country. In front was a wide belt of forest, beyond which lay the sandy plain of Tamatave, with the sea in the distance. Towards the interior a succession of hills and mounds, not unlike monstrous beaver-huts, separated from each other by ponds or marshes, gradually rise till they join the central chain. A few blackened trunks, which have escaped the conflagrations, give a melancholy air to the country. We noticed the same appearance of silence and desolation in every part of the island under the rule of the Hovas. Near the house, however, all was life and movement; slaves were pounding and winnowing rice, bright fires were burning in the kitchen, and a number of pretty servant-girls in gay-coloured dresses were running about laughing and shouting while they prepared the dishes.

Our host conducted us into the principal room in the house, where breakfast was prepared in the Madagascar fashion. Large round leaves of a bright green were arranged in the shape of a square, round which we seated ourselves. In the middle of the table, on a plateau also covered with ravenel leaves, there was a smoking pyramid of snow-white rice, which the Madagassians use as bread. We had square pieces of leaves for plates, and other leaves did duty for forks and glasses. It would be difficult to explain how a leaf can be applied to so many different purposes, but the natives make use of them in these and many other ways besides.

The Ravenel, or "traveller's tree," is one of the most valuable vegetable productions of Madagascar. Its leaves, as we have just observed, are used for table-cloths on which to serve the rice, for spoons to eat it with, and for cups to contain liquids; in addition to which they also use them for scoops to bale out their canoes. When split, the leaves make an excellent thatch, the walls of the huts are composed of the bark, and the trunk of the tree furnishes the posts which support the building. The name of "traveller's tree" is given to it on the supposition that it is an invaluable resource to the thirsty wayfarer; but as it generally grows close to the water, where the traveller can find an ample supply to quench his thirst, this epithet appears to me somewhat misplaced. But to return to the breakfast, the second course was served in European fashion, and we exchanged our primitive cups and plates for English china and champagne glasses, which our native cup-bearer filled with the sparkling beverage of Moët.

There was a general holiday in honour of our arrival. An allowance of rum was distributed amongst the slaves, domestics, and bearers, who impatiently awaited the signal to commence their dances, striking the bamboo instruments which they carried in their hands. At a sign from their master, they entered the hall where we were seated, and squatted down in a circle, leaving a space clear for the dancers. First came a woman, neither fair nor pretty, but her black eyes sparkled with joyous

animation, and a broad smile covered her face with dimples and displayed a row of pearly teeth. Her robust but not inelegant figure was well displayed by her costume, which consisted of a blue bodice and a full white skirt with showy yellow flowers; between the two a strip of her bronze skin was visible. The Madagassians began by singing in chorus; some accompanied themselves on bamboos, and others beat time with their hands, and the dancer commenced a "bird dance." She first advanced with her body bent forward and her arms extended like an ancient sibyl, and striking the ground with her feet. Then she waved her arms backwards and forwards, up and down, and seemed to make an attempt to fly. The accompaniment now became louder, the voices rose, and the hands were beaten more vigorously. The dancer redoubled her efforts, her body remained quiet while she waved her arms like wings; then, apparently in a fit of impatience, she ran panting round the circle, stamping violently, and her arms, hands, and fingers seeming to twist convulsively. At last she stopped, overcome, amid our loud applause. A male performer now rose to exhibit the rice dance, but as this required more space, we enlarged the circle. The dancer was almost naked; a long strip of white calico artistically wound round his loins was his only clothing. He was a handsome, vigorous-looking man, with an elegant and muscular frame, full of natural grace. He was accompanied in the same primitive manner by the hands and voices of his companions.

We must remind our readers that in Madagascar, as well as in some parts of America, the natives burn down the forests in order to plant rice or maize, which they do not scatter, but drop into holes in the ground, and there leave them till harvest.

In Madagascar they finish the seed-sowing by an invocation, which we will now describe. In the middle of the piece of ground which has been sown they place a portion of cooked meat on a round leaf, also a little money, and some bamboos filled with betza-betza. The head of the family, surrounded by his relations, then advances and invokes, one by one, the spirits of their deceased relatives (who have died a natural death), often to the number of five or six hundred, and finishes his prayer in these words: "If I have made any omission, I pray those whom I have forgotten to pardon me, and I beg them to come and partake of the offering which I have made to the good spirits, for I call only on them; and I trust in the support of Zanahar-be (the great spirit) to assist me and mine, for he only is our master."

The dancer commenced his performance by representing the cutting down of the woods—the crash of the hatchet and the falling of the trees—in a pantomime which we understood perfectly. Next came the burning of the fallen forest—the crackling of the wood, the roaring of the flame, while the dancer kept time with the music. He then proceeded to the planting of the rice, running round the circle with regular bounds, equal to the distance which the sower leaves between each hole. He afterwards appeared to bury the grain, and cover it up, and, returning to the middle of the circle, addressed his invocation to the spirits. The performer was applauded during the progress of the dance, and at its conclusion there was another distribution of rum, and M. Clement Laborde brought the day's entertainment to a close by a *pas seul* of his own, which he had performed at Tananarivo before poor Radama II.

CHAPTER III.

YVONDROU—FERDINAND FICHE—THE BETSIMSARAKAS AND BETANIMENES—THE LAKES—AMBAVARANO—THE KABAR—MADAGASCAR HOSPITALITY—THE YOUNG GIRLS.

OUR second expedition was to Yvondrou, a village which was formerly of some importance, situated about ten miles south of Tamatave, and on the river of the same name. It was the ancient residence of a Madagascar prince, and commands the entrance of the lakes, which extend upwards of 200 miles to the south, as well as the road to the capital, Tananarivo, on which it forms the first stage. Our host and guide, Ferdinand Fiche, is the son of Prince Fiche and Juliette, of whom we have already spoken. He was educated at Paris, and is, undoubtedly, the best educated man in Madagascar. His manner is rather sombre, and it is necessary to know him in order to appreciate the amiability of his character. Mme. Ida Pfeiffer has represented him as an ill-bred bear, but she did not understand the peculiarities of his disposition, nor make allowance for the sufferings endured by a man of education humiliated by the vile tyranny of the Hovas. In fact, the only fault I found in Ferdinand Fiche, was the very rare one of too great modesty, which made him appear to disadvantage before strangers, often much his inferiors.

Our tacons had brought us to the edge of the little bay on which the village stands, and having breakfasted there, we embarked in canoes, which Ferdinand had placed at our disposal, intending to explore the lakes, and, if time permitted, to push on as far as Andevorande. Our three beautiful canoes had each sixteen paddlers, and were supplied in princely style with every requisite for a voyage of several days. We had all kinds of provisions, champagne, French wines, English beer, &c. We were also provided with guns, and the canoes were covered with awnings, in case of bad weather. Our departure was very gay, and we set out delighted with the appearance of the country and the kindness of our host's reception, and hoping at every step to gain information about this strange and interesting country, almost new to the eyes of European travellers. It requires a certain amount of skill to navigate a canoe. It is so light that it is necessary for every one to be careful in maintaining an equilibrium, and at first we felt a little uneasy as the wind agitated the surface of the water; but our rowers moved in perfect unison, and we flew along like the wind. We soon reached the middle of the river, where Ferdinand pointed out to us a tongue of reddish earth, which had been the scene of one of the little dramas of their modern history. "You know," said he, "that the inhabitants of Madagascar bear the general name of Sakalaves; as to the appellation of Betsimsaraka, which belongs to us who live on the coast, it is a compound word, signifying a vast union of tribes, *be* meaning much, *tri*, not, *msarak*, divided. The natives who live in the country and till the ground, we call Ambanvoulas, and we have, besides, the Betanimenes, a revolted tribe, who gained this epithet from a disgraceful defeat upon this tongue of land which we have just passed. The word Betanimene is derived from *be*, much; *tani*, earth; *mene*, red. For this tribe having been driven to this promontory, were pelted by their enemies with balls of red earth, and made objects of derision." This little anecdote explained to me why so many call themselves Betsimsarakas, and so few Betanimenes.

We now left the river Yvondrou, and entered the canal which joins it to the lakes. The vegetation of these marshy regions consists of the ravenal and rafia palm trees, and a species of gigantic salvia, which forms a line of dark verdure along the shore. On our right rose an elevated plain covered with magnificent forests. A number of ducks of all colours rose before our canoes, alarmed by the songs of the rowers; water-hens glided among the reeds; and noisy black parrots flew past in couples towards the forests. The scenery, however, is much less striking than that of the American lakes. There is nothing majestic about it, but the novelty of the peculiar vegetation, almost entirely herbaceous, excites a certain degree of admiration. The gay songs of our rowers, the sound of the canoe rustling through masses of nenufar (water-lilies), the large white and yellow flowers which enamelled the surface of the water, the joyful note of the vorontsaranony (a kind of king-fisher about the size of a humming bird, and of the same beautiful emerald and sapphire hues), all united to throw a veil of poetry over the scene.

When we were near Ambavarano, a little village built on a hill at the entrance of the lake Nossi-be (the lake of the islands), we sent onward one of the canoes to make preparations for us. On our arrival we found the place in a state of excitement, and one of the houses was being hastily cleared out for our reception. As soon as we were installed in it the chief men of the village came to welcome us, accompanied by several women, each carrying heaps of snow-white rice on ravenal leaves, and some dozens of fish. As they all seated themselves the little cottage was soon full, and we took part for the first time in a "kabar" (every kind of assembly is called a kabar, whether for the purposes of conversation or deliberation, or merely a reception, and nothing is done in Madagascar without this preliminary meeting). When all were arranged there was a minute's pause, and then the chief, mixing the rice and fish which the women had placed before him, addressed us in the following words:—"O Vasas (white men), you are welcome to our village. The cottage which shelters you is yours, and we are at your disposal. We are poor, O Vasas, but our offerings are from the heart; accept then, willingly, this rice which we have planted, and these fishes, which come from our lakes, they are all we have to offer." Ferdinand, who had interpreted this little harangue, translated our answer also. He told them that we were much gratified by their generous hospitality, and presenting them with a dollar, some fish-hooks, and a few other trifles on a ravenal leaf, he added that we did not intend them as a return for their offerings, but begged them to accept these trifles in remembrance of our visit. We also gave them some glasses of arrack, in which they drank our health. Then recovering their gravity, one of them said—"We thank the noble strangers for their courtesy and for these presents they have made us. We are not accustomed to see either our masters, the Hovas, or the Vasa travellers treat us with so much kindness. We thank them, therefore, with all our hearts. When they leave the cottage which they have consecrated by their presence we will show their munificent gifts to our wives and children. Their kindness will never be forgotten by us, and tradition will hand down the remembrance of it to our descendants." We were really touched by the kindness and amiability of these poor people. The Hovas must have had easy work in subduing such a docile population, and the ferocity which they display on the slightest suspicion of rebellion can only be attributed to pure barbarity.

While Ferdinand's slaves were preparing supper we separated, some of our party going to explore the woods, while the others beat the reed-brakes on the shores of the lakes in search of ducks. We were not very successful, however. We found that the pintado, which we had heard was very common, is

by immense parasitical plants, many of which are exceedingly beautiful in form and colour. On our way back to the village we joined a party of young girls returning from the fountain. They were laden with enormous bamboos which contained a supply of fresh pure water; but the manner in which they



A MADEGASSE WIDOW.

only to be found in the more remote forests, and we brought back nothing but some black parrots about the size of a fowl, which make an excellent stew, a few thrushes, and plenty of small paroquets about the size of sparrows. As to the makis (or lemur monkeys), we could not find one. There are but few large trees in these woods, the arboreal vegetation being choked

carried them was very ungraceful. All in vain did we try to imagine a resemblance between the charming picture which antiquity presents to us of Rebecca and her companions with their graceful pitchers, and these Madegasse damsels carrying these reeds on their shoulders like a slave's burden. These women were dressed in coarse cloth, and looked poor and

miserable. This is to be attributed to the frequent visits which the Hovas pay this village, which is on the high road to Tananarivo. The inhabitants are kept in constant fear of being plundered by their masters, and are subject to all kinds of exactions. If they build pretty huts they are burned down,

fertility; nor does it, on the other hand, merit the terrible surname of the Europeans' tomb, with which timid travellers have stigmatised it. The climate is damp and rainy, and, by turns, cold and burning hot. As to the dreadful fever, represented as a pitiless minotaur devouring the enterprising



THE VACOA, OR SCREW-PINE, OF MADAGASCAR.

and their stores of clothing and provisions taken from them, so that at last they have given themselves up to a gloomy despair, and no longer attempt to provide themselves with anything beyond the necessities of life.

The climate of the coast of Madagascar near Tamatave is by no means pleasant. The country does not deserve the eulogiums which have been lavished on its temperature and

colcnist or tourist, we must confess that in our frequent excursions, alternately exposed to the sun and rain, and often wet to the skin, none of us ever experienced the least symptom of it. Even at Tamatave, where there are upwards of three hundred European inhabitants, we were assured there had not been a single fatal case within the last two years.

Gold-Fields of South Africa.

THE discovery, or rather the re-discovery, of gold-diggings in the interior of Southern Africa is likely to produce the effect of adding greatly to our knowledge of a part of the continent hitherto very little known. Already numerous parties have left England—adventurous young men, anxious to try their fortune, and ready to battle with the enormous difficulties of a long march, over mountain and desert, to the remote spot where the precious metal has been seen for miles glittering in the quartz rock. The locality of the gold is the interior region lying between the Zambesi, west of Tete, and the middle course of the Limpopo River; the distance of the nearest point, by road from Natal, being about 700 miles, and from the Portuguese settlement of Sofala about 350 miles. Port Elizabeth, in Cape Colony, is spoken of also as a good starting-point, but the distance from this place is about 900 miles, and the road lies through desert tracts scantily supplied with grass and water.

The discovery of gold was made on the 27th July, 1866, by Mr. Hartley, an elephant hunter, and Mr. Carl Mauch, a German scientific traveller, who was journeying in company with Mr. Hartley, and under his protection. These gentlemen, when hunting elephants a little beyond the north-western bend of the Limpopo, accidentally came upon a number of holes artificially excavated in a mass of quartz rock, and containing broken implements of a rude description, used by former unknown miners. Belts of glistening white quartz rock extended over the desolate table-land, and Mauch, with his geological hammer, detached pieces of stone from the mass, impregnated with the precious metal. The sandy margins of rivulets flowing through the region were also found to contain particles of gold. The journey was afterwards extended, in a north-easterly direction, to a point about 160 miles distant from the Portuguese settlement of Tete on the Zambesi, gold-bearing quartz being occasionally found cropping up from the surface along their line of march. The travellers then returned to Potchefstroom, in the territory of the Trans-Vaal Republic; and Mauch subsequently proceeded to Natal and exhibited his specimens.

The country in which the gold is found is an elevated table-land, rising in its highest part to the height of 7,000 feet above the sea-level; and is chiefly occupied by the Matabele section of the Caffres, a warlike tribe, governed by the redoubtable chief Mosilikatse; but the most southern gold-field lies out of his territory, and very near to the north-western frontier of the Trans-Vaal Republic. The high land of the interior in south-eastern Africa ends for the most part abruptly, at a short distance from the shores of the Indian Ocean, leaving a tract of lower land clothed with rank vegetation, and having a humid climate. On this account it is doubtful if Sofala (the nearest point on the coast) can be made available as a starting-point to the gold-fields, owing to the unhealthiness of the coast-land and the difficulties of land-travel.

Some eminent authorities believe that the Ophir of Solomon has been at length found in the country of these re-discovered gold-mines; and the opinion is confirmed by accounts given by the natives of the unexplored tract along the lower Limpopo, of the ruins of an ancient city still existing near the banks of this river, with colossal stone walls, columns, and sphinxes. A tradition of a great city existed on the coast

when first visited by the Portuguese at the end of the fifteenth century.

It seems probable, however, that the mines discovered by Hartley and Mauch were those known to the Portuguese as long ago as the seventeenth century, and since abandoned. News has been lately received of the return, from the southern field, of the first party of pioneers, with a waggon-load of gold-bearing quartz.

Exploration of the Himalayas.

A PROJECT has been set on foot in India for the establishment of an association to be called the Himalayan Society, the objects of which are the exploration of the vast mountain chain stretching from Assam on the east, to the frontiers of Persia on the west. The society is to be something more than an Alpine club, for, besides the ascent of peaks, it proposes to investigate the geology, zoology, botany, and ethnology of the Himalayan region; enlisting in its service the hundreds of Indian officers who, with their rifles and sketch-books, visit every summer the upper valleys and passes of Kashmir and Thibet, bringing back their quotas of information, which, for want of facilities of publication, at present remain unknown to the world. The task before the society is a prodigious one, and the field of investigation its organisers have chosen may be said to be inexhaustible. The range of the Himalaya, with its parallel or branching chains of the Karakorum and the Kuen-lun, is 400 miles broad in its narrowest part, and the space includes every conceivable variety of mountain scenery—snowy peaks nearly twice the height of Mont Blanc; plateaus stretching for several days' journey, at an average elevation of 15,000 feet above the sea-level; and glaciers fifty miles in length, giving birth, from huge ice-caverns at their extremities, to the mountain torrents which flow through precipitous valleys on their course to the Indus and the Ganges. The prospectus of the society calls attention to the discoveries that may be expected to be made in ethnology and philology in this region, which contains, perhaps, the key to some of the most absorbing and difficult questions of the day. Here, in the extreme north-west of the Himalayas, the great Aryan race, the common ancestors of the nations of Western Europe, Greece, Persia, and India, had probably its origin; and among these valleys, where the Katoch Rajpoots recount the succession of 470 kings, may yet be found the remains of the primitive tongue from which Sanskrit and its sister languages have alike descended.

Manchuria.

THIS remote part of Asia, the original seat of the dynasty which at present rules the Chinese empire, has been recently traversed, for the first time, by an English traveller, an outline only of whose narrative has at present reached England. The traveller is the Rev. Alexander Williamson, who is stated to be an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and to be still occupied in China in prosecution of his mission. His account, which was read at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, and excited much interest, shows him to be an intelligent observer, intent on gaining information of various kinds, relating to the country he has had the courage and good fortune to explore, for the benefit of the world in general.

Manchuria is described as situated, with regard to China, in a similar way to Canada with regard to the United States of America. Its climate resembles that of Canada in the contrasts of temperature offered in the different seasons: the summer heat being almost tropical, varying from 70° to 80° of Fahrenheit, and the winter cold, generally severe, ranging from 45° above, to 10° below, zero. The country lies to the north-east of China Proper, between 39° and 49° of latitude; its position, therefore, coincides with that of the finest portions of Europe, from Southern Italy, or the centre of Spain, to the north of France; but being on the eastern side of the continent, and deprived of the moderating influence of warm currents from the south on its coasts, the climate is much more rigorous than its geographical position would indicate—the eastern coasts of Asia being similarly situated in this respect to the eastern coasts of North America, which, as is well known, have a much severer climate than the countries of western Europe, in corresponding latitudes. Grand mountain chains traverse the region from south to north, particularly the Shan-Alin range on its eastern side, whose peaks rise to a height of 12,000 feet, and are covered with perpetual snow. The hilly country is extremely picturesque—ever-changing views, bounding torrents, fountains bubbling forth from the mountainsides, and a luxuriant vegetation delight the eyes of the traveller. The slope of the country is towards the west and north; in this latter direction flow the two great navigable rivers of the region, the Usuri and the Sungari, both tributaries of the Amur, which latter stream forms the northern boundary of the country, separating it from Eastern Siberia. In the southern part there is also a tract of level country, round the head of the Gulf of Liau-tung. Here, at the mouth of the Liau-ho River, is a flourishing sea-port where there is a foreign settlement. The rivers and ports on the coast of the gulf, which forms the northern arm of the Gulf of Pechili, enjoy a milder climate, and are open to vessels all the year round. The whole country extends about 800 miles in length N.E. to S.W., and 500 miles in breadth. Notwithstanding the coldness of the winter, its climate, according to Mr. Williamson, is most enjoyable, especially in spring and autumn; a glorious, clear blue sky extends overhead; the valleys are well cultivated; and large villages, with their clusters of trees and busy population, everywhere enliven the scene. Under the genial summer sun the crops rapidly ripen, and by the end of October every kind of produce is safely housed. The population of the whole country is estimated at about 15,000,000.

So desirable a country, extending towards the sunny South from the bleak domain of Siberia, has not escaped the attention of the Russians, ever striving to extend their frontier in the direction of more genial climes. The possession of the Amur river, one of the great streams of the earth, having a course of upwards of 2,000 miles through a varied region, was of little advantage to them so long as they had no outlet to the seas of China and Japan. For the fact of its trending northward, after a long southern bend to the confines of Manchuria, and opening to the sea in a latitude so far north that the navigation is closed by ice for five months in the year, was fatal to its utility as a means of communication between the Russian empire and the outer world. The port of Nicolayevsk, at the mouth of the Amur, has made but very little progress since its establishment, chiefly on account of the severity of

the climate—all ships having to quit the harbour before the end of October, on pain of being frozen up until the following April. The diplomacy of the Russians, exercised during many years, was rewarded with success at the conclusion of the last Chinese war, when they obtained a slice of the Manchurian coast to the south of the Amur, and entered in possession of it after the treaty of Tien-Tsin, in 1858. The tract of country thus acquired extends just so far southward as to include a harbour that is open to vessels all the year round. This lies in latitude 42° 40', within a deep indentation of the coast now called Possiet Bay. A little further up the coast, in Victoria Bay, a second town has been built, named Vladivostok. Further north there are very few harbours on the coast, and none that is not frozen up for a longer or shorter period during the winter. The width of the strip of territory thus gained at the expense of Manchuria, is, on the average, a hundred and fifty miles—its western boundary being the river Usuri, which runs from south to north. It is creditable to the enterprise of the Russians that the electric telegraph has already been extended from the Siberian settlements to the southernmost point in their Manchurian possessions, and that they have established steamboat navigation on the Usuri, from the Amur to Lake Khinka—a large lake connected by another river, and a short portage, with the sea-port Vladivostok.

Mr. Williamson does not record that he met with any obstacles either from the government or natives during his many journeys in the country, and he appears to have freely disseminated copies of the Scriptures and other books, translated into Chinese, among the people. His first journey was in 1864, and his last and longest during the early part of the present year. In his first journey he travelled all round the shores of the Liau-tung Gulf, and along the coast as far as the frontier of Korea. In subsequent excursions he visited the city of Moukden, and in the present year set out on his more important and longer journey northward, in which he reached San-Sing, on the Sungari River, the last town of the Chinese towards the north, and on his way passed over the western frontier of Manchuria into Mongolia. He appears to have found no difficulty in getting along, wherever there were practicable roads and modes of conveyance. Most of the large towns he describes as well-built, and wearing an air of comfort and cleanliness which attract the traveller. Moukden, the capital, is a fine city, with streets full of good shops, and thronged with a well-to-do population. Fur shops, full of fine furs, were found in great numbers in "Great East Street" and "West Street." There were also several large booksellers' shops, speaking well for the literary tastes of the people. Kirin, the chief town of Central Manchuria, is most beautifully situated on the banks of the Sungari, here flowing as a majestic stream nearly 600 miles distant from its junction with the Amur. The town lies at the foot of a range of picturesque hills, forming a semicircle round it, and the river, 300 yards broad, and placid as a lake, with waters blue as the sky above them, sweeps past in its northerly course through the valley. The inhabitants would appear to be not wanting in refinement in this remote place; Mr. Williamson says that the frontages of the squares occupied by merchants' warehouses were tastefully ornamented, and in some places flowers from the south, such as roses, geraniums, and camellias, were ranged in tiers one above another on the sides of the houses.

The Manchus, or native inhabitants of this promising region, differ but little from the Chinese in features, dress, and manners. They are chiefly devoted to agriculture, and are fast losing their peculiarities, under the influence of the Chinese immigrants, who have of late years been encouraged to settle in the country, from the northern provinces of China, by liberal grants of land. The Manchus of pure descent are now in a minority. They are of a rather more robust build than the Chinese, and their language is more guttural. But it seems likely that the Manchu language will soon be superseded altogether; boys in all the public schools now acquire the rudiments of knowledge through Chinese books and the Chinese written characters. Nomadic Manchus Mr. Williamson neither saw nor heard anything of, and is inclined to think the migratory propensity has died out.

It is satisfactory to think that this magnificent country has a promising future before it. It is rich in coal and iron—coalbeds extending over vast districts, and being of good quality. In the eastern part gold is found, our traveller having passed over a district full of gold-diggings, forty miles in length by ten in breadth. It has a vast extent of fertile country along the valleys of its great streams, and, besides the produce of temperate countries, yields cotton, tobacco, indigo, and silk. Game abounds in the hilly districts, and in the meadows familiar European flowers, such as daisies, dandelions, bluebells, tulips, foxgloves, wild geraniums, the pimpernel, and many others, please the eye of the wanderer from the West. Mr. Williamson sums up his account of the country in the following words:—"Possessed of a good climate, fertile soil, and mineral resources, and good harbours, with a vast area of land as yet unoccupied, who can doubt that a great future is before it? One thing is evident—it is intended to receive and support the overflow of the population of the north of China for many years to come; and when it is properly opened up, and attention is directed to its minerals, it must rise into one of the most important districts of Asia, and play an important part in the history of the world."

Progress of Dr. Livingstone.

ACCORDING to a letter communicated to the public a few weeks ago by Sir Roderick Murchison, our great traveller has been heard of from the Cazembe country, in the interior of Africa, as late as the month of December, 1867. No letter had arrived from him direct to England, but he had sent despatches to Zanzibar by an Arab trader. He was in good health and spirits, and intended, on the termination of a native war in that district, to continue his journey northward to the town of Ujiji, which is situated on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, not very far from its northern end. Thus his course is steadily northward, towards the sources of the Nile, the settlement of which was one of the great objects of his present expedition.

Already his journey has been as long and as full of difficulties as the first great enterprise which rendered him so famous, when he marched from the missionary stations north of Cape Colony to St. Paulo de Loanda, and back again across the continent to the mouth of the Zambesi. Entering, in March, 1866, at Mikindany (on the east coast, a little north of Cape Delgado), he first advanced towards the

eastern side of Lake Nyassa; then, about September in the same year, he doubled the southern end of this lake, and commenced the ascent of the great interior table-lands, where, in a cool and humid climate, extensive forests cover the face of the country, and the negro tribes, out of the reach of the slave-trader, live in peace and independence, building substantial mud dwellings to keep out the cold. Advancing north-westwardly, and then northerly, he traversed an entirely new country, and reached a place called Bemba (10° 10' south latitude), whence, at the beginning of February, 1867, he found means to send letters to the coast. From Bemba, he appears to have marched straight to the southern shore of Lake Tanganyika, for he arrived there in the month of August or September, 1867, and continued exploring the rivers and lakes of this previously unknown region down to the end of the year. He found here the warmest hospitality among a party of Arab traders, who are not slavers, but carry on a legitimate commerce with the powerful chiefs of this remote part of Africa. With the help of these people, he anticipated no difficulty, when he should be ready, in continuing his journey northward to Ujiji, where a supply of stores, medicines, books, and so forth, had been sent to meet him by Dr. Kirk of Zanzibar.

According to a telegram from Trincomalee, in Ceylon, dated October 3rd, which appeared in the daily papers on the 5th of the same month, news had reached that place from East Africa, to the effect that Livingstone was within a week's march of Zanzibar, returning from Tanganyika. Allowing for the time occupied by a steamer between Zanzibar and Ceylon, this would convey the intelligence that our traveller was approaching the coast early in September. This would not have been at all impossible, if Livingstone had settled the problem of the Nile sources by navigating the great fresh-water sea of Tanganyika to its northern end, and discovering that it had no communication with the more northerly Albert Nyanza and the Nile. The lake is about 300 miles in length, and the Arabs who had proved such good friends to our traveller have several trading *Dhows* upon it. In the nine months from December, 1867, to September, 1868, he would have been able not only to visit its northern extremity, but also to discover in which direction it discharged its surplus waters, if not to the Nile; and thus, having fulfilled his mission, he would return to Zanzibar, a march of about 700 miles, along the arduous trade-route traversed twelve years ago by Captains Burton and Speke, in about the time indicated by the telegram. It now appears, however, that this news, like many others from Africa, was false. Letters have since been received from Dr. Kirk, of Zanzibar, and read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, written so recently as the 14th of October, in which no mention whatever is made of the near approach of Livingstone to the coast. On the contrary, he was still reported to be in the far interior, making his way to the northward along the great lakes. The hope that was at one time expressed of our seeing the greatest of our African explorers at home before Christmas, has thus not been fulfilled. It is satisfactory, however, to know that he was in good hands, travelling with the friendly Arab traders, who are so powerful among the interior tribes, and approaching the very core of the African mystery, where he cannot fail of making great discoveries.



LA RAMBLA, AT BARCELONA.

Notes on Spain.—II.

SPANISH COSTUMES—THE CAPA AND MANTILLA—CLEANLINESS—HEAD-DRESS—THE SOMBRERO—DISTINCT PEOPLES IN SPAIN
THE BASQUES, AND THE GITANOS OR GIPSIES—BEGGARS—THE BLIND WOMAN OF MANZANARES.

TOP.

A COMMON source of disappointment to travellers is their unreasonable expectation of finding a country peopled with painters' models. Nowhere are they so likely to be disappointed in this way as in Spain; for of no country in Europe are the preconceptions in the minds of foreigners to so great an extent based upon the labours of the artist. It is not by any means that the legion of painters who have dealt with things Spanish are untrue to the facts of Spain; it is simply because it is their happy privilege to deal with select facts only. The artist's world is one chosen, arranged, and posed by himself. His people are a picked people, and wear their holiday clothes, or their most picturesque garments; his buildings show themselves from their very best point of view, and even ugliness, poverty, rags, and ruins are so ordered, as to be charming in his pleasant dominions. He is bound by no necessity to admit anything mean, commonplace, uninteresting, or vulgar; whereas the traveller has to take the world as he finds it, and while he enjoys its beauties and varieties, he has to endure a certain amount of dead levels and monotonies, which the more fortunate painter turns his back upon. Even in central China there is no doubt many a tract of very ordinary landscape where there are no perpendicular lakes, hanging islands, steep bridges, curly-tailed birds making love in mid-air, trees with a foliage of Dutch cheeses, or any other features to remind the tourist that he is in the land of the willow-pattern plate. Go where we may there is always a certain proportion of commonplace to dilute the elements of interest; and in Spain the percentage is by no means inconsiderable.

VOL. I.

Next to Switzerland, Spain is the most mountainous of European countries; but it is also, next to Russia, the country which has the greatest extent of deep, wearying flats; and as it is with the scenery, so it is with most other things. The apricot cheek and glossy black hair, the pencilled eyebrow and delicately pert nose, the thousand and one charms that have made the world in love with Phillips' pictures, are indeed to be seen in Spain, but they are no more the prevailing accompaniments of every mantilla, than the scenery of the Pyrenees or Sierra Nevada is the prevailing scenery of the Peninsula. It is the same with costume. The picturesque, characteristic, and distinctive, are not wanting, but a commonplace nondescript cosmopolitanism is the rule.

The preservation of costume in a country generally depends on isolation, or on some conservative sentiment in the inhabitants, or on some special adaptation to circumstances. The costumes of the Swiss cantons are illustrations of the second cause; those of the Tyrol of all three perhaps, but certainly of the last. It would be impossible to invent a better garb for a mountaineer than the loose jacket and belt, and short breeches leaving the knee entirely free and unconfined. In Spain these causes operate but feebly. Spain, as we have already said, is no longer the remote, outlying region it used to be, with but little communication internally, and, if possible, still less with the rest of the world. The upper and middle classes, so far from having any conservatism in matters of this sort, are remarkable for a positive

shyness of all things distinctively Spanish; and, as a sentiment, the feeling has no existence among the peasantry; while as to the third cause, but few of the peculiarities of Spanish dress depend upon it. The two most peculiar garments of the Peninsula are, indeed, in some degree the creatures of climate. The climate of Spain, except along the seaboard, is not, like ours, variable, but, owing to the elevation of the surface and the dryness of the atmosphere, it is one of great extremes, passing, in the course of twenty-four hours, from a burning heat, almost tropical in its intensity, to a searching cold that pierces in to the very bone. In England conversation is barometrical; in Spain it is the thermometer that gives the cue. "*Que frío! que calor!*" are the most frequently uttered exclamations. In such a climate a "wrap" of some sort—something that can be closely folded round the body, or quickly thrown aside, as the occasion demands—is an absolute necessity; and of this there are two forms in vogue, in Spain, the *capa* and the *manta*. The *capa* is essentially Castilian. It is the envelope of the Castiles, Leon, Estremadura—all that region, in fact, which is, and always has been the very core of Spain; and there is a certain special adaptation in the garment to the locality where it is the mode. It is simply an ample cloak with a cape, made of some dark cloth, brown being the most common colour, and its peculiarity as a piece of costume lies in the way in which it is worn. The right side is brought forward and thrown over the left shoulder, while the corresponding flap of the cape is drawn across the mouth and lower part of the face. It thus forms a mass of drapery which gives a peculiarly grave, reserved, *hidalgoish* air to the figure. It is the very thing for a people who hate to be hurried. A man so wrapped up cannot possibly commit himself by any undignified briskness or alertness of motion, but must be in all things slow and deliberate. When new, and handsomely trimmed with black velvet, as it ought to be, it is full of sober dignity; and be it ever so threadbare and shabby, there is still a certain severe respectability about it. To a gentleman in difficulties with his tailor, and desirous of keeping up appearances, it is an invaluable friend. It masks all shortcomings. The highest praise Sancho could give to sleep was to call it "the *capa* which covers all human thoughts." It is, moreover, an admirable protection against the cutting blasts that sweep over the bleak plains of Castile; and, for an embodiment and personification of mystery and chilliness combined, it would be difficult to find anything so perfect as the caballero, muffled to the eyes in his *capa*, that one encounters on a sharp autumn morning in the streets of one of the genuine old-fashioned towns of central Spain, such as Avila, Segovia, Valladolid, or Salamanca. The *manta* is altogether a different kind of garment. It is plebeian rather than aristocratic, and free and easy rather than dignified or stately. In form and use it is something like the Scotch plaid, the chief difference being that it is folded lengthwise and sewn together at one end, so as to make a sort of half-pocket, which serves on the road for stowing away odds and ends, or for a hood in case of rain. The *manta* is the wrapper of Celtiberian Spain, all that portion which lies to the east of the backbone of the Peninsula, comprising Arragon and the Mediterranean provinces, Catalonia, Valencia, and Murcia. In Andalusia, which is a kind of neutral ground, both *manta* and *capa* may be seen, but neither can be said to be in any way a part of the costume of the country. In mountainous

stormy Arragon, the *manta* is a sober, substantial article, in tint and texture closely resembling the *maud* of the Scottish shepherd; but towards the coast and the south, under the influence of sunny sky and laughing sea, it grows a lighter and brighter affair, breaking out in stripes of brilliant colour, and tags, tassels, and fringes of all sorts, until, at Valencia, it becomes as gay as the *Huerta* itself in its summer dress. No piece of Spanish costume shows the influence of Moorish taste so distinctly as the *manta* of Valencia. The colours are the favourite Moorish ones—red, white, and blue—and are arranged in simple transverse bands of various breadths, relieved here and there by narrow lines of black, and if any extra ornament is indulged in, it is in the form of bars of some zig-zag or diamond pattern. Nothing can be simpler, nothing more grateful to the eye, or effective as a piece of colour, and nothing, it need scarcely be said, in stronger contrast to an article turned out by an English manufacturer. The texture is generally coarse and rough, but the taste is always irreproachable. There are none of those signs of skill and mechanism so evident in an English piece of goods; but on the other hand, there is none of that sort of vulgarity which displays itself in tawdry sprawling roses and dahlias, and those misplaced attempts at imitating or improving upon nature, which Gothic taste seems to consider the highest efforts in decorative art. The contrast is one that may be observed on the spot for the irrepressible cotton prints of England have to a considerable extent found favour with the peasant women in Spain, and may be frequently seen competing with the *manta* in giving colour to a Valencian marketplace.

One use of the *manta* and *capa* there is which must not be passed over here, though it is one of which the ordinary traveller is by no means likely to see an illustration. In the case of a difference of opinion requiring to be settled by the knife, each disputant wraps his *manta* or *capa* round his left arm to serve as a shield against the thrusts or slashes of his adversary. It is to the credit of the Spaniards, however, that such encounters—if they ever were in truth at all common—are now at least very rare; and the tourist who finds himself assisting at such a debate as that depicted by M. Doré, must consider himself to be travelling under the guidance of some peculiarly quarrelsome star.

There is not much variety or singularity about the rest of the male costume. The short jacket—the national garb of Spain—is still the most usual wear, though the sensible and comfortable, but not remarkably picturesque, English shooting-coat, seems to be acquiring a certain degree of popularity with the middle classes; and the upper have long since taken to themselves tails, after the fashion of their kind all over Europe. Now and then, it is true, at Madrid or some of the fashionable watering-places on the Biscay coast, a member of the "upper ten thousand" may be seen got up in the true national style—black velvet jacket; dark trousers, accurately cut, and fitting tight; waistcoat buttoning low, so as to show as much as possible of the embroidered shirt front; black velvet *sombrero*, very much turned up at the brim; neatly-trimmed whiskers, of that order which used to be known as the "mutton-chop," and hair cropped short, except at the occiput, where it is plaited into a most charming little pigtail, the end of which is tucked in behind the collar of the jacket, so that it looks rather like the handle of a small black teapot. But

such an exhibition of severely conservative dandyism is not very common, and excites observation even among Spaniards themselves.

Sombre tints are the rule in Spanish costume. The peasants' jacket and trousers, all through the central and western provinces, are made of the *paño pardo*, the "vellorí" with which Don Quixote adorned himself on week-days—a dark, rusty-grey stuff, something like the Irish frieze. In Andalusia a black cloth with a long curly nap is much affected, perhaps as a cheap imitation of the dyed lambskin, which used to be a favourite material for the *zamarra* or jacket. Where trans-Pyrenean fashions have not asserted themselves, black is the prevailing hue in genteel life. Almost the only bits of bright colour about the ordinary costume of Spain are the *manta* above mentioned and the *faja*—the sash which nearly everyone wears in this land of sudden heats and chills. Like the *manta*, the *faja* is essentially Moorish. The usual colour is scarlet, with bars of blue, yellow, and white, and it is worn swathed loosely round the waist, so as to serve, besides its primary purpose, as a receptacle for purse, knife, or tobacco-pouch. The prevailing sobriety of tone of the Spaniard's dress is also somewhat relieved by his weakness for fine linen. Even in a third-class railway carriage the majority of the shirt-fronts are elaborately wrought and liberally displayed. Nor is the display so objectionable as the Englishman, with his preconceived notions about the unwashing habits of all who are not English, may imagine. Uncleanliness, either in dress or in person, is certainly not one of the sins of the Spaniard even of the lowest class. He does not perform his ablutions, perhaps, with altogether the zeal of an Oriental, but he has a decent and healthy appreciation of the virtues of water—when he can get it. In the interior it is far too scarce and valuable an article to be frittered away in mere personal purification; but where it is abundant it is always taken advantage of, and along the sea coast and the banks of the larger rivers bathing goes on pretty nearly from morning till night. Furthermore, it seems to be always washing-day in Spain; a large proportion of the female population appear to be constantly employed in getting up linen, and the first sight that meets the eye on approaching a town or village is that which the page in "Don Quixote" observed at the entrance to Argamassilla, "a bevy of women washing in a brook." This, perhaps, may account for the very distinguished place which soap holds among the manufactures of Spain. Even in the very poorest posada, too, the sheets, if there are any, are snowy white, however coarse they may be. But—"nimum ne crede colori"—let not the traveller build his hopes of an untroubled night too confidently upon their spotless purity.

The painters of embroidered yellow leather, made familiar to us by painters of Spanish scenes, are peculiar to lower Andalusia, and are almost the only relics of the handicraft of the former cordwainers of Cordova. The white kilt-like garment and the short loose linen drawers are also purely local, belonging to the peasants and fishermen of Murcia and Valencia. The national chaussure of Spain is the *alpargata*, a stout canvas shoe with a hempen sole—for a hot and dry climate the coolest, lightest, and pleasantest covering for the foot ever invented. It varies, however, in form; for, while in the south it preserves the ordinary shoe shape more or less, in Catalonia and Arragon it becomes a simple sandal, a mere sole

with a toe-cap, secured by broad blue tapes across the instep and round the ankle in classical fashion.

Of the head-dresses worn in Spain we have already alluded to that which is the most common, the "*sombrero*"—*par excellence*, the regular Spanish hat—the general appearance of which every exhibition-goer must know well. It also varies somewhat according to circumstances. No doubt the parent form was the hat in which Vandyke's cavaliers sat to him—a form which, like the bars in the tail of the domestic pigeon, breaks out occasionally in the hats of Andalusia, where shade is the chief consideration. But on the windy plains of the Castile, the struggle for existence would naturally be severe to a broad spreading brim, and frequently, we may imagine, it was found necessary to turn it up, the better to encounter the blasts sweeping down from the Guadarrama mountains. This is probably the origin of the peculiar shape which the *sombrero* of Spain has taken—a shape full of a kind of picturesque sauciness, but not easy to account for on any utilitarian theory; unless, indeed, it be that the deep groove between brim and crown was meant to serve, as in fact it does sometimes, for a supplemental pocket in which light articles, such as cigarettes, or books of cigarette paper, might be carried. It is curious that a hat of this construction could only flourish in a dry climate. In a wet country a man might as well carry a small tank on his head as an article so admirably adapted for collecting rain water as the *sombrero*. It is therefore confined almost exclusively to Andalusia, the high and dry plateaus of central Spain, the Castiles, Leon, and Estremadura. In the moist regions bordering on the Atlantic—the Asturias and Galicia—the most common head covering is that ugliest of caps, the *montera*, a clumsy, conical affair, of dark cloth, with ear flaps, which give it a certain resemblance to the cap worn by the Fool of the middle ages. The simplest but most singular head-dress of Spain is that of the Arragonese peasant, consisting merely of a small silk handkerchief bound round the head like a fillet, which makes the wearer look as if he had slipped through his neckerchief as far as the ears. In Catalonia the lower orders wear the *gorro*, a long scarlet or purple jelly bag, which, folded on the top of the head, gives the Catalan a peculiarly rakish air. In Valencia the coloured handkerchief appears again, but it is worn in a more rational way than in Arragon, and makes some pretence of being a covering for the head.

Of the female costume in Spain there is not much to be said. The only really distinctive article of dress is the *mantilla*, with the appearance of which most of our readers are probably familiar. In its simplest form, it is merely a black silk scarf edged with velvet, worn hitched on to the top of the head, and falling down over the shoulders, the ends being brought forward and crossed over the bosom. The high tortoise-shell comb, from which the *mantilla* used to depend, is now almost obsolete, and consequently a good deal of that peculiarly piquant air, which was one of its charms, is now lost to the costume of the Spanish lady. The more showy variety has a deep black-lace border. The white *mantilla* is now scarcely ever seen; indeed, the *mantilla* altogether would no doubt have been extinct by this time—belonging, as it does, exclusively to the upper and middle classes, who are much more given to introducing French than to preserving Spanish fashions—were it not that it is part of the regulation dress for church, and that church-going is one of the principal occupations of the ladies of Spain.

Owing to the spread of cottons and calicoes, and cheap shawls and handkerchiefs, a commonplace sameness has infected the dress of the Spanish peasant women nearly everywhere. It is only in the remoter regions, such as Estremadura, that the native stuffs hold their own, and the peasant girls still wear the national saya—the bright red, green, or yellow petticoat—which is their proper and becoming costume. For head-dress, when any is worn, the most common is simply a gay handkerchief, or pañuelo, artfully and coquettishly tied round the head or twined with the hair. Bonnets, of course, are to be seen wherever French fashions have taken root; but it is a mistake to suppose this article wholly un-Spanish and exotic; strange varieties of it may sometimes be observed in out-of-the-way parts of the country. A very curious thing in bonnets, for instance, prevails about Placencia—a scuttle-shaped structure in straw, with a small looking-glass attached to the front of the crown the most naively feminine article of apparel it is possible to conceive. But the true head-dress of the women of Spain is of Nature's providing. To the Spanish woman, above all others, her hair is a covering and a glory; plaited, rolled, or twisted in thick coils, and secured by all manner of pins and skewers, and bodkins of barbaric mould, it forms in most cases her sole head-gear, and the dressing of it is a part of the business of her life, and occupies apparently a large portion of her time. No one, probably, ever passed up a street in a Spanish provincial town without seeing at least one instance of what M. Doré's pencil has here sketched for us.

We ought, perhaps, to include the fan as an essential part, if not of the dress, at least of the paraphernalia of the Spanish woman. But, in truth, the whole virtue of the fan lies in the handling of it. *Per se*, it has nothing characteristic about it, being for the most part a Brummagem, tawdry, gingerbread article, ornamented in the lowest and most debased style of art. No traveller who wishes to convey a favourable idea of the taste of the Spanish ladies ought to bring home one of their fans as a specimen.

Spain, more than any European country perhaps, is remarkable for the number of distinct peoples to be found within its limits, living apart, neither marrying nor mixing to any extent

with their neighbours, and preserving, in many cases, a peculiar dialect and peculiar customs. Such are the Maragatos, the Vaqueros of the Asturian Pyrenees, the Basques, the Gitanos, and the Patones. Here one might expect to find a source of distinctive costume. But in general it is not so. In most cases there is little or nothing in the way of dress to distinguish these people from their immediate neighbours. The Gitanos, common enough in Andalusia and in the Sierra Morena, are only to be recognised as such by the peculiar gipsy features and expression, which are sufficiently unmistakable to any one who has seen them, or, what amounts to the same thing, who has

read Borrow. Nor do the Basques differ much to the eye from the other inhabitants of the northern seaboard of the peninsula. The exception is that of the Maragatos. Who or what the Maragatos are, is perhaps the greatest puzzle in Spanish ethnology, an ethnology rich in puzzles. Whether they are the descendants of "Mauri capti," Moors taken in battle, according to one explanation; or of Gothic Moors, *i.e.*, Goths who became naturalised, or rather adopted, Moorish subjects, according to another—this much at least is certain that as far as they can be traced backward, they seem to have been, as they are now, a people strenuously keeping themselves distinct from the surrounding population, by every contrivance of exclusive marriage, custom, and ceremonial. If they have among them any tradition as to their origin, they keep it, like everything else, strictly to themselves. They are localised in the valley of Asorga in Leon, and in its immediate neighbourhood; but, as a large



PEASANT OF ORIHUELA.

portion of the carrying business of that part of Spain is in their hands, they are to be met with almost everywhere through the north-western provinces, and even in Madrid they may be occasionally seen about those busy, old-fashioned streets in the neighbourhood of the Plaza Mayor. They are obviously, on the whole, a well-to-do people. In some instances they attain to very considerable wealth; and they probably stand by one another in distress, as members of small and distinct communities do, for no one ever saw a Maragato in rags or begging. In appearance the Maragatos certainly encourage the Gothic theory as to their origin. Of all the peoples of Spain, they are the most intensely

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TOILET OF GIPSY GIRL AT DIEZMA.

Teutonic in form and feature. They are generally tall, squarely and powerfully built, with broad, massive, and rather heavy features, and an expression that gives an idea of slowness, determination, and honesty. Their costume is in keeping with their general bearing. Borrow, indeed, detects in it many traces of Moorish influence; but to most eyes, we imagine, it would rather suggest ideas of northern Europe. Indeed, we venture to say that most people put before a faithful portrait of a Maragato in full costume, and called upon to specify the nationality of the original, would unhesitatingly say, "Dutch, of course." It consists of a black cloth jacket reaching to the hips; very wide, baggy black breeches gathered in at the knee; gaiters; a broad black leather belt, sometimes curiously ornamented with silver; and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, very much like that which appears in the portraits of the Puritan worthies of the seventeenth century. On the whole, however, a Maragato in full dress resembles more closely than anything else a Dutchman as he used to be represented in caricatures and in the old-fashioned geographies.

There is in Spain one other people to be noticed before we quit the subject of peculiar peoples and costumes. A people which, although having its own peculiar manners and customs, does not by any means keep aloof from or avoid the rest of society, but, on the contrary, always endeavours to cultivate the acquaintance of its neighbours, and is always most persevering in its efforts to encourage liberality of feeling; a people, moreover, whose claims to the possession of a distinctive costume, or indeed to any costume at all, are of the very slightest nature, but which, nevertheless, has always had the strongest attractions for the painter and lover of the picturesque. The beggars are indeed one of the peoples of Spain. Spain is perhaps the last stronghold in Europe of the regular old traditional beggar, the typical beggar of song, tale, and ballad; the beggar who is a beggar pure and simple, and stands upon unadulterated mendicancy, without a claim, prospective or retrospective, to any other position in society; who has not been reduced by any unmerited misfortunes, who has never had any "little all" to lose by any unforeseen calamity, and who makes no pretence whatever of desiring to earn his bread honestly by any other calling than that of begging; who begs without any explanation, excuse, or apology, but simply as one exercising his *métier*, and a member of an established, recognised, and on the whole honourable fraternity. Hitherto this sort of beggar has abounded and flourished in Spain. The church has always been distinctly on his side, and, as a matter of fact, he is always to be found on the side of the church—that side especially which is the sunniest, and in which the most frequented entrance is situated. He is also favoured by the climate, by the abundance of the common necessities of life, by the natural kindly disposition of the people—"El dar limosna nunca mengua la bolsa:" "To give alms never lightens the purse," says the proverb—but, more than all, by that peculiar species of social equality which is the offspring of the old-fashioned Spanish courtesy. Beggar as he is, he is none the less a recognised member of society, and his right to the common courtesies of life is as freely admitted as that of the most unmistakable *hidalgo*. Even railway porters, curtest and gruffest (when untipped) of mankind, do not call upon him to "get out of that." If he is blocking up the way he is requested to give place with

a "con su licencia, caballero," like any other gentleman. A good deal, no doubt, is owing to the broad and somewhat sympathetic view which is naturally taken of his calling. In a country like Spain, where the moral dignity of labour, however earnestly it may be preached in the press, is not much appreciated in practice, there is no necessary stigma attached to the profession of mendicancy. There is no wide gulf fixed between him and the industrial classes, as in countries where severer principles of political economy influence public opinion. Hence, in Spain, the regular professional beggar has a dignity and a bearing rarely seen elsewhere. He never whines or cringes, or condescends to such artifices as moaning or shivering. He simply begs—"Una limosnita, caballero, por Dios"—"A little alms, for the sake of God." If you put him off with the customary form, "Let your worship excuse me, for God's sake," his strong sense of professional etiquette, and the dignity of his calling, will not allow him to make a further application. If you bestow the alms, you will observe he does not thank you. "Dios lo te pagará"—"God will repay thee," is all he says. He gives you a quittance. You have met a claim, and you have your voucher—to be acknowledged in the proper quarter and at the proper time.

Not that there are not in Spain plenty of the more painful sort of beggars—the maimed, the halt, and the blind. Horrible objects, afflicted with every sort of sore and every kind of deformity; cripples crawling on their knees and elbows, mutilated trunks that roll along the pavement, creatures with limbs like the branches of withered trees, swarm in every marketplace, on every church-step, at every inn-door—wherever there is a chance of extracting a few *cuartos* from pity or loathing. Blindness, too, is sadly common in Spain. The fierce heats, the sharp winds, the dust, and the glare of a treeless, grassless landscape, naturally have their results in ophthalmia and other affections of the eye. It is wonderful the number of "tuertos"—one-eyed people—one meets in Spain; and of the totally blind the proportion certainly seems to be far in excess of that in most other populations. Spain is not rich in blind asylums, or industrial refuges for the blind, and all that is left to them—the sole resource open to them—

"Is only for to beg."

On all these poor creatures Progress, the rapid improvement of the country, the development of her internal resources, and all the other favourable phenomena observable in modern Spain, bear hardly. No member of the guild, probably, is so well known in Spain and out of it as "The blind woman of Manzanares." She is that "Manchegan prophetess" met just thirty years ago by Borrow, who, in "The Bible in Spain," gives one of his own peculiarly graphic descriptions of her appearance, and his conversation with her, first in Gitano and then in Latin—"truly excellent Latin." Another accomplishment she has, of which she does not appear to have given him a sample, but to which Mr. Clark, the author of "Gazpacho," and M. Théophile Gautier bear testimony. She is an improvisatrice of no mean ability, and can carry on, on any topic, and apparently to any length, in a strain which is not exactly poetry perhaps, but which, with the facilities afforded by Spanish assonance, is something better than mere doggerel. In the old diligence days she was a well-known character on the Great South Road. La Ciega de Manzanares was an institution, and at the coach-door or in the eating-room of the *parador*, she spouted her Latin, or strung her verses,

sure of a response in applause and reals. But the railway came, and the diligence went, and since then, La Ciega, poor soul, has been driven from post to pillar. For some time the rail stopped short at Venta de Cardenas, at the foot of the Sierra Morena, and travellers bound to Andalusia took diligence there for Cordova or Granada. To meet their requirements an hotel and restaurant of shingle, and of that order of architecture which seems to have prevailed at Ballarat and San

through the Despeña-perros pass was opened, and the train took to passing Venta de Cardenas with no further recognition than a snort, a minute's halt, and a whistle. The last time we saw the blind woman of Manzanares it was on the platform at Manzanares station. All places had become alike to her now, as far as concerned her poor vocation, and she had come home. The train was late, the whole station was in a fuss, and she was in everybody's way. Hurried porters, with trucks and trunks,



AT ALICANTE.

Francisco in the early digging days, was erected on a bank adjoining the railway-station. The hostelry and its accommodations are mentioned in the book of the Lamentations of Miss Eyre. Here, for a while, the blind woman tried to set up her Latin and her rhymes; but the house, though friendly, was not like the honest old coaching-house up the road, nor were the customers altogether the same as the diligence passengers of yore, who never were so pressed for time that they could not find a couple of reals more for another couplet. But even this, makeshift as it was, did not last. In the autumn of 1866, the bridges and tunnels being at last finished, the long-expected line

ran against her; thirsty passengers, rushing after refreshments, jostled her; nervous passengers, fearful of losing their seats, ran foul of her. She might just as well have tried to address recitations to a storming-party mounting a breach. Her little guide—a girl of nine or ten—was just as much stupefied by the bustle and confusion as she was. What a mystery it must be to her—that engine, that inexplicable enemy of hers that has come shrieking and thundering across her life and broken it up, scattering her old friends, sweeping away the friendly old inn and its kindly ways, and leaving all behind it a muddle!



BEGGARS IN CATHEDRAL OF BARCELONA

A Visit to Paraguay during the War.

BY THOMAS J. HUTCHINSON, F.R.G.S., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE RIO DE LA PLATA—THE PARANÁ—SEASONS AT ROSARIO—
MOSQUITOES—SANTA FE—THE GRAN CHACO—ARRIVAL AT COR-
RIENTES.

THE voyage to South America can be so easily accomplished now-a-days on board any of the fast and commodious steamers plying thither from many parts of Europe, that such a journey necessarily loses much of the romance which accompanied the explorations of our early geographers.

When Don Juan de Solis, in A.D. 1515, entered a large basin of muddy water on the south-eastern coast of this continent, he gave to it his own name, and ordered the anchors of his three caravels to be cast contiguous to the northern point of what is now known as Maldonado. Down to the bank came the Churrua Indians in thousands, no doubt surprised at the sight of his ships. The savages coaxed him ashore by leaving their presents on the beach and returning to the woods. To reciprocate the confidence, De Solis proceeded to land with a single boat, and unarmed. He had not been many minutes on the newly-discovered territory when he was fallen upon by the Indians, in sight of his companions on board the vessels, murdered, and, as some historians say, eaten.

Twelve years afterwards, or in A.D. 1527, came Sebastian Cabot to the bay of fresh water discovered by De Solis. He proceeded up the river, and met with some Guarani Indians, to whom he administered a sound thrashing. On account of the massive silver ornaments worn by several of these people was given the name, which the river basin holds to the present day, the Rio de la Plata—river of silver, or river Plate.

It is very difficult for the stranger, who enters these waters for the first time, to realise the idea of a river at the estuary of La Plata. From the northern shore at this point, called Santa Maria, to the southern, at San Antonio, the breadth of the stream is 150 miles. Land is rarely visible in the usual channel until you approach Maldonado, distant thirty miles from the proper embouchure, the first tract of *terra firma* which is sighted being the island of Lobos, at a distance of fourteen miles from the mainland. On this island stood a lighthouse until 1849, when it was removed to Maldonado Point by a decree of the Government, in consequence of its being supposed to have done material injury to a valuable seal fishery in the neighbourhood.

In the vicinity of Lobos the pilot comes on board the inward bound vessel. The channel hence to Monte Video—a course of 100 miles—lies within sight of the Banda Oriental, the eastern or Uruguayan shore, which stretches to the right, as the vessel proceeds; but in all this passage no land is to be seen on the opposite or western side. The Oriental coast appears as a series of bluff headlands, alternating with large patches of sandy beach, and this appearance it preserves as far as Monte Video. From this city, a voyage up the river and to the opposite side brings you, after eighty miles steaming, to Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic. When anchored in this port, the view across the river towards the

Uruguayan territory is an apparently boundless expanse of water.

Eighteen miles above Buenos Ayres, when bound for the interior and the inland state of Paraguay, you enter the delta of the Paraná, described by Captain Page, the American naval surveyor, as extending to an apex at Diamante, which gives a length of 178 miles, and by river course 244 miles. The breadth of its base is fifty miles. The delta is, therefore, one of the largest in the world, the length of the Nile delta being about 80 geographical miles, and that of the Mississippi 180.

Ascending by either of three mouths—the Paraná Guazu, Paraná de las Palmas, or the Lujan—the traveller finds himself amid a labyrinth of islands and channels. These were all inhabited by the Guarani Indians in ancient times, and were subsequently cultivated by the Jesuits. Several of the islands are of recent formation—accumulations of the detritus washed down by the great stream. To the present day the market gardeners of Buenos Ayres, who have their establishments in these fertile spots, make use of Guarani words to designate the plants and animals of the neighbourhood. Not a few islands have little or no vegetation save rushes or sedgy grass, and many of them are overflowed at high tides; but the greater number, to a distance of forty miles above Buenos Ayres, support groves of orange, pear, apple, pomegranate, and acacia trees.

Skirting along the province of Buenos Ayres, if the steamer ascends by the Palmas channel, or keeping near the centre of the delta, if the Guazu be chosen, there is little or no variety noticed in the landscape. In the voyage upwards, past Zarate, San Pedro, Los Dos Hermanos, San Nicholas, and Puerto de las Piedras, to the city of Rosario, two classes of scenery present themselves: One, characteristic of the shores of the mainland, along the western channel, where a cliff about 150 feet high extends for miles, presenting an escarped face of red clay to the river; the other peculiar to the low islands of the delta, where alluvial land, generally wooded, accompanies the tedious journey along the winding channels. Approaching Rosario the trees on the islands become scarcer, and the traveller is conscious of a change in the climate from the cooler latitude of the La Plata estuary. The temperature indeed at Rosario may be said to vary only from cool to warm in the winter time, and from hot to stifling in summer. If the traveller arrive here in the last-mentioned season, it is more than probable his first acquaintance will be with the mosquitoes—the great drawback to the pleasure of a cruise on the Paraná. The width of the bed occupied by channels and alluvial islands between Rosario and Entre Rios is not less than thirty miles—a capacious nursery for these terrible pests.

Sydney Smith, in one of his essays—namely, the "Review of Waterton's Wanderings in South America," thus writes:—"Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The *déte rouge* lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks; chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few minutes. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate

ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into the bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you in the foot. Everything bites, stings, or bruises. Every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam or Merian. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup; a caterpillar, with several dozen eyes in his belly, is hastening over your bread and butter. All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, vapours, and drizzles; to our apothecaries rushing about with tinctures and gargles; to our old British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces."

Now, although we in the Argentine Republic are from eight to ten degrees outside the Tropic of Capricorn, and, therefore, in a temperate climate, we have *satis superque* of such delectabilities as the foregoing. But they are all cast in the shade by mosquitoes, of which, by the way, the satirist says nothing.

I suffered most severely from this plague on the first night of my voyage to the seat of war in Paraguay, on board the fast and commodious steamer, *Whiteinch*, of Glasgow, on which I embarked, at Rosario, on the 23rd of March, 1866. We had before us a river voyage of more than 600 miles, nearly due north, from the temperate towards the tropical zone, to reach the head-quarters of the allied armies, at the junction of the Paraguay river.

At our first halting-place the steamer was anchored near the convent of San Lorenzo, and the whole night was spent by crew and passengers in walking to and fro on the deck; for sleep was impossible. A pig, which lay in a small house forward, passed the hours grunting most piteously, from the torture of the insatiable blood-suckers; a young dog belonging to the wife of the commander kept up one dismal howl the night long; whilst the fowls in the coops betrayed, by clattering and incessant fidgets, a like consciousness of their proper roosting-time being intruded on by a remorseless enemy.

But in justice to the Paraná and its pretty river scenery I must acknowledge that mosquito monster meetings of this kind do not take place here oftener than from about twelve to fifteen nights during the year. From the end of April to September—being our winter months—we have little or none of them.

In the course of our voyage up the river we made a short stay at each of the two cities of Paraná and Santa Fé. The former, in the province of Entre Rios, on the left side of the river, from which it takes its name, enjoyed the honour, from 1854 to 1861, of being the capital of the Argentine Confederation. Santa Fé is the chief town and seat of Government of the province of the same name, and is situated at a distance of about five leagues from Paraná, but on the opposite side of the stream.

The bank of the river near Paraná is formed by a line of calcareous cliffs, composed of masses of oyster shells, along which we sail in passing into the roadstead. From these cliffs lime is made for domestic purposes, and this is the only manufacture the place boasts of. The cliffs are a marine

formation of probably recent geological age. On entering the city the want of animation and absence of all signs of a busy community at once strike the observer. The road leading up to the city is as rugged as an Alpine pass, being traversed by large gullies, and encumbered with huge paving-stones, lying all loose in admirable disorder. About midway on the road, or say half a mile from the beach, stands a great square pile of walls, with a dome at one end, but no roof save the covering of a small cupola, and vacant spaces for about thirty large windows; the unfinished edifice was intended at some former period for the church of San Pablo (St. Paul). In the city another monument of former greatness and present decline is seen in the theatre, a large edifice in which there has been no performance for

many years past. A really elegant suite of buildings, in the principal square, constitutes the Government house, having the melancholy aspect of a deserted mansion; a well-constructed and neatly-fitted "Camara," or Parliament Hall, wherein the Senators and Deputies held alternate sittings whilst the National Government was here; a president's palace, opposite the Government house, now occupied by the bishop of the diocese; three churches, a well-kept cemetery in the suburbs; these constitute the principal features of the place. I must, however, not forget that there is a market-place, in which excellent beef and mutton can be bought at from three-farthings to a penny per pound. The few people whom one meets have on their faces a lack of expression, and a lazy sauntering manner which betoken the inanity of existence in this dreary place.

By law all the offices in Santa Fé, as well as shops for the sale of merchandise, are ordered to be opened from eleven A.M. to three P.M., yet from half-past eleven to one o'clock is,



INDIAN GIRL—PARAGUAY.

in fact, the only time of day in which access to them is other than problematical. If your business be with a notary public, and nothing more than his signature is required, ten chances to one he will gaze at you over his *Maté* cup, from which he is sucking Yerba tea, and tell you to call "mānāna" (to-morrow). Stopping at an hotel, no surprise will be felt or expressed at your coming in during any hour of the night, or up to five o'clock in the morning. But if you leave your bed between six and seven A.M., with the intention of taking a morning walk, you are set down as a madman. And this, too, notwithstanding that the time of day just mentioned is the most salutary as well as agreeable for out-of-door exercise. As early as half-past seven o'clock the Indian and negro servants, with the washerwomen, go to mass to the Jesuits' chapel. A like ceremonial at nine, in the same place of worship, is attended by the more indolent and aristocratic, chiefly the female portion of the community. Breakfast continues from ten to eleven A.M., or a little after, when something almost too dreamy to be called business is begun. This is terminated at one o'clock, when, after a "Maté," every person takes siesta. During this period, which lasts from one till four P.M., no one is supposed to be out in the sun. Siesta time being over, in summer especially, nearly half the city's population go to bathe in a pellucid branch of the Paraná, having a sandy bottom, that flows at the distance of about 300 yards from the principal plaza. At five o'clock comes dinner-time, and at seven P.M. another service in the Jesuits' chapel. To this succeed lotteries, tertulias (dancing parties), more imbibing from a maté-cup, cigarrita smoking, with, perhaps, a little strolling about for visiting purposes. The dancing parties are often kept up until daybreak, and these may be said to constitute the chief features of Paraná liveliness. Even the clock of the matriz (parish) church partakes of the general somnolence, for when it comes to the meridian or midnight, from five to ten minutes seem to the unaccustomed ear as being occupied in striking out the hour.

Re-embarking in the steamer, and ascending the river, the appearance of San Pablo church, as viewed from the deck, is somewhat imposing—its pillared portico and dome having quite an attractive aspect. We coast along by high cliffs, pass the Saladero (beef-salting station) of Senor Carbo, and skirt the mouth of Las Conchas river, which falls into the Paraná at a distance of about five leagues above our starting point this morning. Then we pass more high cliffs, on the level ground adjacent to which I recognise some houses of the residents in the German colony of Villa de Urquiza.

A remarkable difference in the scenery of the river banks is observed as we go along. In Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé provinces, where we have lofty banks, they are invariably perpendicular; whereas in Entre Rios, by which we are now passing, they are bluff, sloping, and furrowed by ravines. As we proceed, the country, where visible behind the declivities, is glistening with verdant plains, alternating with luxuriant woods. But no sign of humanity, of cows, horses, sheep, or other living thing, biped or quadruped, is present anywhere.

Ten leagues above Paraná city we come to a small bight in the river, and hence can be seen the house (a large whitewashed one) on an estancia, called "El Cerrito (the little hill)." This is a farm of thirty-six leagues in extent, which belonged to some Englishman, of whose name I am ignorant, who died a few years ago in Monte Video. The district of Antonio

Thomas is passed at eighteen leagues from Paraná. Plenty of cattle are here seen on the plains; for we are now entering the milk and cheese districts. Washed clothes, drying on shrubs near the few houses, give evidence of our being still within the bounds of civilisation; for the institution of washing is not yet appreciated by the Indian or Gaucho population on the banks of the Paraná.

To-day (25th March) we met and passed one of the floating rafts of timber, called in Spanish *balsas*, and in the Guarani language *anguda*, with a family of men, women, children, and dogs on board. These rafts consist chiefly of timber destined for corrals, or cattle enclosures, and firewood—being sold at Paraná, Rosario, San Nicholas, and other towns lower down the river. At three leagues south of La Paz there is a small stream, Arroyo Seco (the dry rivulet), which at this point debouches into the Paraná. No variety of vegetation or of landscape features can be seen as we ascend; but autumn-tints are everywhere.

La Paz has the appearance of a good-sized comfortable town, as we approach. It is built on a slope, the summit of which, in the background, is about 200 feet above the level of the river. The first thing that attracts one's notice here, is a large, square, walled-in cemetery. As there were neither ships, steamers, nor boats in the roadstead when we passed, one must infer that the trade of this district is rather limited.

One league higher up is a small island, dotted over with crosses, that mark the graves of many Brazilian soldiers and sailors who died and were buried here about six months previously, when their squadron, then on its way to fight the Paraguayans, was anchored near it. Further on we pass many sailing vessels, the majority of them aground, laden with coals and other supplies for the allied armies at the seat of war. We found the river here unusually low for this season of the year.

Steaming along, we pass by the Espinillo, or Guaquiraro river, that separates the province of Entre Rios from that of Corrientes. At the mouth of this stream is an island named after Garibaldi, who, some thirty years ago, had a great fight near the spot, with the celebrated Admiral Brown. The Admiral, although an Irishman, was at the time in the service of Buenos Ayres. Garibaldi's schooner was aground, when he was attacked by Brown with three vessels, and although having but one ship against such unequal odds, he fought during the best part of a day, cutting up his chains for shot, when this latter was expended; but all his ammunition becoming exhausted, he could no longer continue the fight. As night came on, therefore, he, with all his crew, retreated to the town of Esquina, in Corrientes province, and about ten leagues above the embouchure of the Guaquiraro.

On the evening of the day that we passed Garibaldi's island, our steamer was anchored opposite Esquina. All communication from the Paraná to the town, a league distant, is made by the river Corrientes, which here enters the main stream, after a long course through the province from its fountain-head in the great lake Yberá. At the lower angle of the Corrientes there is a small wooden house, erected on wooden piles, which serves as a waiting-room for passengers bound to or from Esquina, and up or down the river by packet steamers.

Every night since we started the mosquito plague comes on as regularly as the sun goes down. I am told by Captain Lablache, the commander of the vessel, that up this river there

is a species of bat or nocturnal bird, called the mosquito hawk, which often comes in hundreds round a ship to feed on these tormenting insects. How I should welcome a countless army of those deliverers now! In several of the river craft, either at anchor or fastened to trees on the islands, I can see the sailors sleeping for protection in extemporised hammocks up in the rigging, tied by arms and legs to the cross-trees of their vessels, for in no other way can they escape the buzzing serenade and torment of these incurable plagues.

From La Paz to Goya, a distance of 135 miles, our voyage

at us from the bank of some islet, as the sound of our paddle-wheels disturbs his slumbers; whilst a screaming parrot, a crane, or a carancha,* is the only sign of bird life that is visible. And these few manifestations of life serve but to make the solitude more oppressive. The sun pours down its fiercest rays on the muddy waters, unruffled, save by the steamer's motion. On several of the islands are skeleton trees, stripped of their leaves, bark, and branches, by the fetid ejection of a bird called the bigma,† which roosts on them at night. Bunches of tall guinea-grass seem at a distance to resemble



MARKET PEOPLE—ON THE PARANÁ.

is continued amongst low marshy islands, on some of which, however, lofty trees abound. But the silence and desolation of these places are appalling. No noise of bird, or beast, or living thing; so that the war scream of a wild Indian, or the howl of a tiger, would be almost a relief to the oppressive listlessness of the long day. Bright yellow and scarlet flowers are frequently seen, glittering, as it were, on the vivid green network of climbing convolvuli that clothe the tree trunks.

Now and then a lazy carpincha,* a sort of colossal amphibious guinea-pig, with coarse bristly hair, casts a sleepy glance

white houses; but as we approach and recognise what they are, we have in the disappointment a culmination of the distressing influences which the whole scenery is calculated to produce.

On the night of the 27th of March our steamer anchored opposite the lower mouth of the San Geronimo branch of the Paraná, and close to the Yaguarate district of the Gran Chaco.

A few years ago I had occasion to travel some hundred miles through the solitudes of this vast unreclaimed tract of

* The carpincha or cahiai, is the *Hydrocharus copybara* of Linnæus.

* The vulture hawk, or *Falco Brasiliensis*.

† This is some kind of carrion crow, or turkey buzzard.

Argentine territory. The Gran Chaco lies to the west of the Paraná and Paraguay rivers, and is nearly twice the size of France. Its surface consists of woods, alternating with plains and dry river-beds, with occasional salt lakes. The Indian in his wild state is as yet its only human inhabitant, but so little able is he to profit by his splendid domain that his numbers have gradually decreased under the influence of wars and

the bravest cannot divest himself, that at any time in the day or night he may hear the Indian war-whoop, and be scalped by those merciless savages before he has time to defend himself. Everything speaks of the savagery of the place, and tends to scare one. The relics of toldas—Indian huts—seen here, there, and everywhere; the troops of wild horses; the frequent flitting by of flocks of American ostriches (*Rhea Americana*);



INDIANS OF THE GRAN CHACO.

famine, and several tribes have disappeared since the country has been known. I was told by General Don Antonio T-boada, that the fighting Indians of the Gran Chaco do not now exceed 300 in number, and that these are gradually sinking under misery and disease.

Although no striking scenes of picturesque beauty are to be met with in the Gran Chaco, still there are associations connected with my visit thereto that will make it live in my memory. First, is the feeling of being an intruder on the territory of wild Indians, and with it a consciousness, whereof

the screams of the parrot and the carancha; the nocturnal chirping of millions of insects; the glaring appearance of its large white plains of salt or saltpetre, deposited by water that has evaporated under long-continued drought, or the diversion of the river-beds; and the absence of anything like a purling stream—these are its chief noticeable characteristics.

One of the old Spanish writers, describing the Indians of the Gran Chaco, gives a very curious account of the marriage ceremonies and marriage laws observed by the Mocovi tribe, whose head-quarters are not far from Yaguarate.

The preliminary business in the important event of a wedding is very simple. The young Indian being smitten, proposes to the father of his charmer—for she has no voice or will in the matter. If he be accepted, the suitor is invited to stop during the night succeeding the asking at the house of his intended bride. Next morning he is sent off to kill or catch alive a deer, ostrich, or wild pig, which he is to bring to his lady love, as a proof that he is expert in the chase, and as an assurance that he is capable of providing for the material wants of his future household. On his return with the game, the mother of his charmer takes the bridle and recado (saddle) from his horse, and deposits them on the spot where he is expected to construct his rancho (dwelling), and the marriage settlement is concluded.

On the first night the newly-wedded pair sleep on a horse's or mare's skin, with their heads towards the west; and the marriage is not considered as perfectly ratified until the sun shines on their feet the following morning.

Cases, however, will present themselves, even in unsophisticated Indian life, where the marriage tie becomes irksome. After regrets, incompatibility of temper, and other causes, lead to coolness and inconstancy, and the faithless husband goes wooing elsewhere. Hence arises the necessity of a divorce court and laws to meet the contingency. The problem is solved by the Indian with originality and extreme simplicity. The restoration of nuptial harmony with the original wife being difficult, the peccant swain is admitted as a member of his new father-in-law's family, and security is required that he abandons his first wife altogether, to obviate the continuance of the double bond. This proposal is looked upon as a declaration of war between the families of the two ladies. A council of *Caçiques* is summoned, but only to legalise the form of giving

their august sanction to a single combat between the two women. The truant who is the cause of all stands by as a spectator, with folded arms, and is obliged, according to the established law, to take for his wife ever after whomsoever becomes the victor.

All the women amongst the Chaco Indians ride horses straddle-leg fashion as men do, and carry behind them a large plume of ostrich feathers, fastened round the loins. This presents a curious appearance when their horses are at full gallop over the breezy plains.

Some of the islands past which we steam on the fifth day of our voyage (March 28th) are perfect masses of arborescence. As we are now rapidly approaching the tropic of Capricorn vegetation becomes more luxuriant, and palm trees are noticeable amongst the rounded outlines of the forest. The mosquitoes have been entirely absent for the last two nights, but in their stead we have in abundance a species of fly with dark green body and small black head, which settles upon any exposed part of the body, and if undisturbed, drives its sucking apparatus into the flesh and imbibes its fill. Their heads are bent down to the task, whilst their tails are elevated, and they are thoroughly absorbed in their work. They have no further resemblance to mosquitoes, and belong to the species classed by naturalists under the genus *Simulium*.

On one of the islands in this passage the trees are filled with the nests of a species of troupial, a gregarious bird, which resembles in its habits our familiar rooks at home. As we sailed past I fancied myself back again amongst boyhood's scenes, with crows cawing and caracolling over some old rookery. Thus, reminiscences and associations connected with the distant northern land are unexpectedly stirred up in one's mind in the remote streams of South America!

A Journey in Alaska, formerly Russian America.

BY FREDERICK WHYMPER.

THE rapid progress of the Pacific coasts of America is one of the events of our time. Only the other day the United States Government purchased from the Russians a semi-arctic country, for which it would have been nearly impossible to obtain a bid ten years ago. Yet "Alaska"—as Russian America is in future to be entitled—will, in the hands of its new and more energetic owners, add one more resource of importance to the many which are fast building up San Francisco as the "metropolis of the Pacific."

Less than a hundred years ago, so little was known of the coast of Alaska that the long peninsula (Alaska) from which it derives its name was laid down on published maps as an island. Yet its history goes back earlier in some respects than does that of the neighbouring British and American territories. There was a Russian settlement on Kodiak four years before there were any whites on Vancouver Island; and Sitka, the present capital, was founded nearly a dozen years before Astoria. Immediately after the voyages of the unfortunate Behring and his companions—who, by-the-by, showed no great desire to remain in Russian America—many Russian merchants of Siberia fitted out

trading expeditions, and, in "ten years," says Coxe, their historian, "more important discoveries were made by these individuals, at their own private cost, than had been hitherto effected by all the expensive efforts of the Crown." Our naval explorers—from Cook and Vancouver to Moore, Kellet, Collinson, and McClure—have all done more or less towards the exploration of its coasts; while Zagoskin, of the Russian Imperial navy, Lisiansky, Kotzebue, and Lütke, have all assisted in clearing away the mists which encompassed the country. Russia, in fact, cared little for her colony, and virtually gave it into the hands of the Russian American Fur Company, who held it precisely as our Hudson's Bay Company held their vast territories.

The announcement of the recent transfer of Alaska to the United States Government gave rise to almost as much surprise among the American people as it did in Europe, and it met with much opposition and ridicule. Still, there is a large and growing belief in the United States that, sooner or later, the northern continent must become one vast republic, and the purchase eventually acquired some favour as seen from that point of view. The comic journals,

and, indeed, the daily newspapers, would not for a long time let it alone. Such illustrations as Mr. "Excelsior," with the national banner

"Still clinging to his hand of ice,"

and mounting the North Pole, a white bear waiting at the bottom of it for that enthusiastic explorer; allusions to the possibility of deriving some benefit from the purchase, by towing ice-bergs to San Francisco! mock advertisements, purporting to come from the Secretary of State, offering the highest price for "waste lands and worn-out colonies," "submerged and undiscovered islands," "polar bears, volcanoes, and earthquakes—provided they should not shake the confidence of the State Department"—were common enough for some time. The country was often styled "Walrus-sia—the Fur Nor-West." But much of this has passed away; and the Americans have already commenced to develop the resources of the country. The fur trade, of course, falls into their hands; and, as the purchase includes all the Aleutian Islands, and particularly the Island of St. Paul's, in Behring Sea, which, latterly, was more profitable to the Fur Company than any other part of their possessions, they have at once something definite for their money. Kodiak, to the south-east of the Peninsula of Alaska, which yields the ice used in California and adjacent coasts, is a part of the acquisition. The cod fishery banks off the Aleutian Isles, the salmon of all its rivers, and the coal known to exist, are all thrown into the bargain.

Sitka, or New Archangel—formerly the head-quarters of the Russian American Fur Company—is the present capital, and in truth is the only town in the country. It is situated on the thickly-wooded, mountainous Baranoff Island, and has a fairly sheltered harbour. The (late) governor's house is on a rocky height overlooking the town, and the antiquated wooden buildings, the oriental style of the Greek church, and the old hulks, used as magazines, propped up by the rocks on the bay, combine to give it an original and picturesque appearance. On an island facing Sitka is a large extinct volcano—Mount Edgecumbe—a prominent landmark for the port. Sitka has a terrible climate. "Rain ceases only when there is a good prospect of snow." But the thermometer rarely falls below 20° Fahrenheit at this southern part of the coast. The larger part of the territory boasts a truly arctic climate.

The grand natural highway—the main artery for the whole of Alaska—is the Yukon River, a stream upwards of 2,000 miles in length. If the reader will glance at any good recent map of North America, he will observe in its north-west corner a large river, indicated and known as the Kwichpak, which, by means of many straggling, wide-spread mouths, falls into Behring Sea. Further in the interior he will find a stream marked as the Pelly, or Yukon, one which, not so very long ago, was believed to fall into the Arctic Ocean; and again, between the former and the latter, he will probably discover, laid down in dotted lines, "Supposed course of the Yukon." The Russo-American Telegraph Expedition, on which the writer recently served, made some important explorations in that district, and he was enabled to travel over 1,200 miles of its course, besides visiting a part of the neighbouring territory. It is necessary to be thus particular in indicating its locality, as some have supposed the Yukon was, from its name, a Chinese river.

We were landed from our vessels on the 30th of September, 1866, at the Russian post of St. Michael's (situated on an island

of volcanic origin in Norton Sound, Behring Sea), and immediately proceeded by sea to a second post in the same locality, and about sixty miles north of the former. From the latter there is a land route direct to the Yukon. Over this we travelled with dog-sledges, walking ourselves on snow-shoes, and having much trouble with the sledges on the recently-fallen snow. Although the temperature was frequently below zero, we managed to make ourselves fairly comfortable in our evening camps, where, after clearing a space in the snow, we spread a layer of fragrant fir-brush, and raised an immense log fire. The whole of this portion of Alaska, excepting only the coasts, is more or less wooded with spruce, birch, or willow. On many occasions we camped in the natives' underground houses, and were several times glad of their shelter, in spite of their dirt, smoke, and unpleasant odours. We reached the Yukon on the 9th of November. About noon on that day we could see, from a slight eminence—where we had halted to give our dogs and selves breathing-time—a streak of blue over the forest, in advance of us. We travelled hard to reach it, and, just as the sun was sinking below the horizon—bathing even that frigid scene in a flood of glory—we emerged from the woods, shot down a bank, and found ourselves standing on an immense snow-clad field of ice—the mighty Yukon! Hardly a patch of clear ice was to be seen; all was covered by a spotless wintry mantle, and only an occasional short space of water still open showed us that it was a river at all. Here and there fields of hummocks, forced on the surface before the stream had become so fixedly frozen, were strewn wildly and irregularly around. So large a river is the Yukon that we instinctively compared it with the Mississippi. At that moment it was a great, unbroken highway of ice and snow for 2,000 miles. At the point where we first saw it it was not less than a mile wide from bank to bank; while, as we afterwards discovered, it opens out into lagoons four or five miles in width. Its tributaries would be large rivers in Europe; and there is some excuse for the proud boast of a native of its banks, speaking of his people—"We are not savages, we are Yukon Indians."

At Nulato, the most northern and interior of all the Russian posts, we spent the remainder of the winter. During our stay there the thermometer registered as low as *minus* 58° Fahr., or *ninety degrees below* freezing. Yet at that time nature was in perfect repose; no wind blew nor snow fell. We did not feel the cold so much as on other occasions. The wind, when accompanied by great cold, is man's worst enemy in all arctic climates. The Russians at St. Michael's, once, during the prevalence of a terrible wind storm, were horrified at the arrival of a dead Indian sitting erect on his sledge. Unable to stop his dogs, the poor fellow had evidently jumped on, and had probably become frozen to death in a few minutes. Such incidents are rare, though we met many Indians with faces badly seared, and minus parts of their ears and noses.

An ingenious mode of fishing is adopted on the Yukon. Fish-traps are let down under the ice, through holes in the frozen surface of the river, kept open by frequent breaking. It is also a common thing to see the Indians, early in the season, seated by a small hole on the ice, pulling up the fish by dozens with a line and hook.

The duration of winter in Northern Alaska is about two-thirds of the year, if one counts the period during which the rivers are frozen up and the ground is snow-covered. Yet,

early in April, the thermometer rose above freezing-point, and, of course, the snow commenced to thaw. Later, it again got colder. The Yukon did not break up till late in May. Its smaller tributaries were the first to move, and some of them ran out on the icy surface of the greater river. On the 19th of May the first real break-up of the Yukon commenced, and for days afterwards we could see and hear from our station the ice grinding and crashing on its way; now piling up into mountains as it met with some obstacle; now breaking all bounds, carrying trees and banks before it, on its passage to the sea. The river rose some fourteen feet above its winter level.

On the 26th of May, Mr. Dall—my companion for this journey—and myself started, with some Indians, to ascend the stream. We were accompanied, for part of the trip, by the Russian traders of Nulato. Our crafts were two "baidarres," or skin canoes. The river was still full of floating ice and logs, and we soon found that we had embarked on a dangerous enterprise. It was specially difficult to get round the bends and angles of the river: great natural rafts, of trees, branches, ice, and *débris*, came whirling and sweeping along at six or seven knots an hour, nor could we ever reckon on their course. One man of our number always stood in the bows of the canoe, armed with a pole, to push off these floating masses. We saw large trees pass under the Russians' canoe, and lift it momentarily out of the water; we felt the same under our own. It was not "a plank" between us and destruction, but simply a piece of seal-skin. The Russians once gave in, completely beaten. We, however, steered through the cumbersome masses of ice and logs, now having to paddle for dear life, now stopping and drifting down, to let some floating tangle of trees, with their long roots sticking up in the air, pass on their way. But, though we had many a close shave, we were enabled to cross the stream, where it was at least a mile wide, and get into quieter water. Our Muscovite friends would not attempt it that day at all.

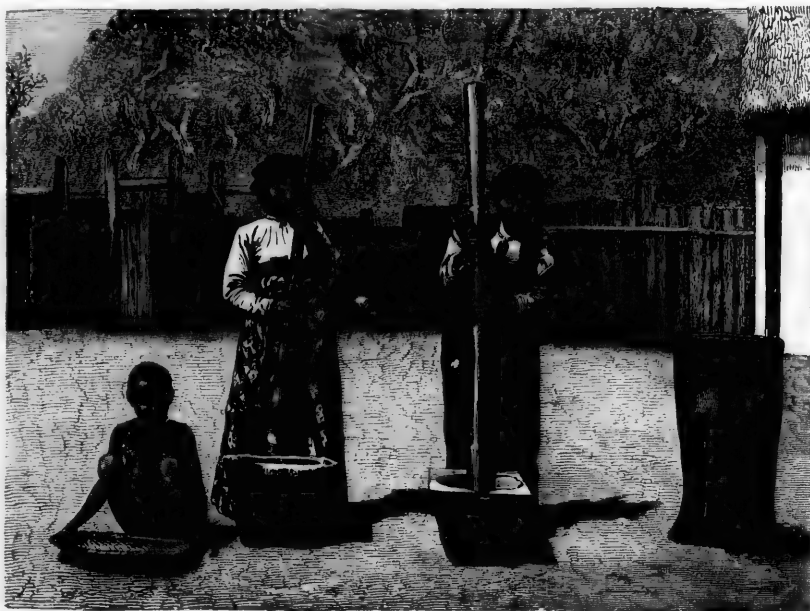
The Yukon might fairly be called the "River of a thousand islands." Some of the smaller ones were at this early season entirely submerged; we floated over some of the lesser tree-tops. The lower part of the river abounds in low islands, sand-banks, and long stretches of flat country; the upper Yukon passes through gorges with castellated crags and rocky bluffs. There the stream is much more narrow, is deeper, and more rapid. As soon as the water had fallen sufficiently, we "tracked" from the banks, or even from the shallow water, making our Indians act as tow-horses. Occasionally we were enabled to sail, but it took a decided breeze to give us any advantage against the strong downward current. Our journey from Nulato to Fort Yukon—a distance of 600 miles—occupied us twenty-six days, ascending the stream. We returned down the same part of the river in less than a fourth of that time; and our trip from Fort Yukon down the entire length of the river to its mouth, and round by the sea-coast to St. Michael's—a distance of nearly 1,300 miles—was made by us in fifteen days and a half.

The Indians of the Yukon are, perhaps, the most unsophisticated of any yet remaining on the globe. They paint their faces in stripes and patterns, wear elaborately worked belts, fire-bags, &c., and very commonly adopt a garment with a double tail, one hanging down in front of the belly, the other

—where a tail ought to be! Long ornaments, made of the "hya-qua" shell, worn running through the nose, are frequently seen. On the lower part of the river the women use such; on the Upper Yukon it is the men exclusively who follow the same mode. Among the natives of the Tanana (a tributary of the Yukon) it is very fashionable to wear large patches of clay covered with small fluffy feathers, at the back of their long matted hair, and a large feather is frequently stuck in the same. The larger part of the Yukon tribes differ very considerably from the coast peoples of North Alaska. The latter may be briefly described as "large Esquimaux." "Medicine-making" is practised among the former tribes. At Newicargut, an Indian village on the great river, we had an opportunity of seeing it performed over a sick man. A circle of natives surrounded the invalid, and kept up a monotonous chorus, while the operator himself, singing a kind of weird, unearthly recitative, attitudinised, gesticulated, groaned, and frothed at the mouth. Now he appeared to draw the evil spirit from the sick man, and wrestling with it throw it violently on a fire, which burnt on the ground in the centre of the group; now it had possession of him, and he ran wildly about, as though but recently escaped from a lunatic asylum. But he had chosen a good time for his exhibition; it was twilight; the overhanging eaves, the solemn chorus, the dim fire, and the fantastic forms of the savages thrown out into deep shade on one side, with the fitful reflections from the flames on their painted animal faces on the other, made a thoroughly sensational affair of what would, otherwise, have appeared a farce. At length the chorus grew louder and livelier, the performance generally assumed a gayer tinge; the man was supposed to be dispossessed, and he hobbled from the scene.

We found by experience that night and early morning were the best times to travel during the brief but very warm summer of these latitudes. We had the thermometer ranging as high as 80° Fahr. in the shade, on the Yukon, and mosquitoes—a greater curse than the cold of winter—were out in full force; even the natives have to keep small fires burning in all directions round their camps, and commonly take bowls full of smouldering ashes or smoking sticks in their canoes to keep them off. There is, however, one compensating advantage. The moose-deer, an animal abundant on the river, unable to stand the mosquitoes' inflictions, flies from the woods, plunges into the rivers, where it can keep little but its nose out of water—and not always that—and becomes consequently a prey to the first hunter who appears upon the scene. The natives often manage to stab moose in the water from their birch bark canoes. We shot several. The nose of a moose, when cleaned and gently stewed, is most delicious.

The limits of this article will not permit of any allusion to the Russian and Hudson's Bay Company's posts, the fur trade, and many kindred subjects. But this is of small consequence; any account of such would only appear a repetition of an oft-told tale. I live in hopes that the Yukon, and many other large rivers of Russian America, may receive a complete investigation at the hands of the United States Government. The interior of Russian America is a new and a fresh field for the geographer, naturalist, and ethnologist, and on thorough exploration it will very likely be found that the country is not inferior to the neighbouring territory of British Columbia in mineral wealth.



RICE-POUNDING.

A Bird's-eye View of Madagascar.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. D. CHARNAY.

CHAPTER IV.

LAKE NOSSI-BE—NOSSI-MALAZA—THE VILLAGE CHIEF AND HIS FAMILY
—A MADAGASCAN INTERIOR—MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS.

LAKE NOSSI-BE, which we had now to cross, is from six to eight miles in length, but somewhat less in breadth, so that both sides are in sight when travelling along it. The fresh south-east wind raises a heavy sea on its surface, and the passage in canoes is not without risk. The native often sees his light skiff, with its cargo of rice, sink to the bottom, while he is fortunate if he can escape the jaws of the crocodile, and swim safely to land. The size of our boats prevented our feeling any danger, but our journey across was most disagreeable, and we were drenched with rain, and in a miserable plight, when we reached the island of Nossi-Malaza (the Island of Delight).

This island is near the southern extremity of the lake, and at about equal distance from either bank. It is not far from twelve hundred yards in length, and several hundred feet in width. The village stands in the centre. To the north of it there is a large tract of meadow land, at the end of which lies the burial-place of the inhabitants. The south-east part of the island is beautifully wooded. Our reception here was similar to that at Ambavarano, the same simple ceremonies, the kabar, the interchange of presents, and the speeches. But

the huts are larger and better, the women much handsomer and more graceful, and the general appearance of comfort and ease formed an agreeable contrast to the wretched picture we had seen on the previous evening.

We will now give our readers some idea of the manners and mode of life of the natives. The Madegasse of the coast is of a gentle and timid disposition, faithful and devoted. As a matter of course, he acknowledges the superiority of the white man—the *Vasa* appears to him as a master who is entitled to obedience. Full of admiration as they are of our knowledge and power, we cannot but feel surprised that we have made so little progress amongst a people so well disposed to receive us. The Madegasse willingly accepts the yoke of servitude. The varied and light tasks of domestic life suit his tastes, and he is very grateful for the little favours which he receives from his master in their daily intercourse. Delighting in active life, and indefatigable in any employment that suits him, he will paddle a canoe the whole day, in sunshine or rain, without apparent fatigue; he particularly enjoys the motion of the tapon, and will carry you from daybreak till evening, and then, forgetting his fatigue, will join his companions in choruses, when the wild music of their bamboo instruments seems to invigorate his bronzed frame. But he cannot endure regular labour, accustomed as he is to supply his simple wants without forethought or difficulty. The Madegasse is gracefully and

almost femininely formed, his face is beardless, and he wears his long hair in braids, like the women, and when seated basking in the sun, clad in his *lamba*, it is difficult to distinguish him from a woman. The women, without possessing absolute beauty, which is rare everywhere, have a pleasing physiognomy, and are generally well-made. We give an illustration on page 52 of a woman of Tamatave with her children which may be considered a fair representation of the ladies of the place. The Madegasse women all dress in much the same way. The hair is divided into regular squares, and carefully plaited, which gives a very neat appearance to the head, very unlike its natural condition of a great tuft of frizzled hair. The petticoat or skirt worn by the rich is of muslin—amongst the poorer class it is of common cloth; the body, which is of different material, is called a *caneou*—a native term—and the loose drapery wrapped round the shoulders is called the *simbou*, which is of cotton or silk, according to the social position of the wearer. The older children wear trousers, in imitation of the European custom; the younger wear only the *lamba*, a kind of cotton shawl, with a coloured fringe, which is the usual dress of the men. When travelling, the native takes off this garment, which he carries in a bundle, and wears only the *langouti*, which is merely a small piece of stuff fastened round the loins. The manufactures of Madagascar are of a very simple character. The natives weave various kinds of stuffs from palm leaves; the coarsest is used for making bags, packages, &c.; the finest, which is really a superior material, is worn by the women, and makes excellent hats, but it is only to be seen in small quantities. They plait mats of rushes, with which they carpet their rooms. A few of these, ornamented with elegant patterns, are exported as curiosities.

With regard to agriculture, the Madegasse understands nothing but the cultivation of rice; and in spite of his laziness and the little encouragement which he meets with, the east coast, within a distance of a hundred leagues, from Mananzari in the south to Maranzet in the north, annually exports 4,300 tons of rice. When we come to the subject of the Hovas, we shall describe the native produce of Madagascar adapted to commerce.

As regards morals, the Madegasses have really none. Being under no civil regulations, and their religion being confined to a few peculiar superstitions, we can scarcely apply the name of marriage to their unions, which are unauthorised by either Church or State, and are formed and broken at pleasure. In the north there are some traces of Arab customs, and a more developed religious system. Amongst these islanders plurality of wives is a rule. Each chief has at least three—first, the *vadt-be*, the legitimate wife, whose children are his heirs; second, the *vadt-massaye*, whom the husband repudiates when she is past the prime of her youth and beauty; and the *vadt-sindrangnon*, a slave, who receives her freedom when she becomes a mother. The younger sisters of these three wives also belong to the husband until they are themselves married. When a woman passes to another home, she leaves her children, who are treated by her successor with the same affection as her own. This seems natural in a country where adoption often takes the place of paternity. Jealousy is unknown, and though they have not the same degree of paternal affection usual amongst us, still family ties are strongly felt by them. I have seen a woman in violent paroxysms of grief because her adopted daughter had been poisoned by *tanghin*

fruit, and attempt to seize some of it herself, exclaiming that she wished to die with her child.

If one of the members of a family fall ill, all work for the time is suspended. Every one busies himself—some in seeking for herbs, others in looking into the nature and cause of the malady, and endeavouring to effect a cure; and, in the meantime, the friends occupy themselves in attending to the household affairs. If the invalid becomes worse, the relatives and friends come to condole with the family. This display of affectionate grief extends even to the slaves, who consider themselves as children of the house. They eat at the same table, and are treated in every respect as members of the family; it is even difficult for a stranger to distinguish between them, as in their language they call the master and mistress of the house "father" and "mother."

Here, as in all other parts of the world, sterility in a woman is looked upon as a reproach to her, and it appears to me to be very common amongst the Madegasses, no doubt on account of the prevalence of polygamy. If a woman wishes for children, and is afraid of not having any, she consults sorcerers, invokes spirits, or has recourse to the following superstition:—She chooses a stone of a peculiar shape, which can be easily distinguished from others, and places it on the road to the village, in some spot favoured by the spirits. If this stone, after a fixed time, is found in the same spot and position in which it was placed by the inquirer, it is considered a sign that her wishes have been favourably answered. This innocent practice is constantly followed in Madagascar, and one sometimes meets with great piles of these stones.

The occasional cruel treatment of their offspring forms a frightful contrast to the quiet and gentle manners of the Madegasses, and, above all, to this craving after maternity. When children are born under a bad influence, they are abandoned; or, in order to redeem their lives, as it is thought, they must submit to such frightful ordeals as in nearly all cases prove fatal. Circumcision is practised at Madagascar, but was originally borrowed from the Arabs. The date of this important ceremony is perpetuated by the Madegasses by means of a wooden stake, surmounted by a number of ox-skulls, furnished with horns. Nearly every village possesses one of these monuments. Each skull commemorates a fête. It is the custom to kill an ox on the circumcision-day, and, as the people are poor, and an ox for each operation would be a heavy expense, they wait till several children have attained the necessary age, in order to circumcise a batch of young Madegasses.

The ox is considered the animal of animals in Madagascar. It is the most highly esteemed present amongst friends, and is the kind of property most easily turned into money. The flesh, at least by some persons, is considered sacred. The king and the nobles alone have the right to eat the tail. The hump, an equally choice morsel, enjoys a proverbial reputation, and is, in polite language, employed as one of the most earnest tokens of friendship. A Madegasse will often say, "I wish you may always have an ox-hump in your mouth." The ox forms a necessary part of all fêtes—on the occasion of a death as well as of a birth in the household; his head falls in sign of sorrowing or rejoicing, and if it be mourning for a noble, the sacrifices become hecatombs. It is said that at the death of M. Delastelle, a French merchant in favour at the Hova Court, eight hundred oxen were slaughtered; and at the death of one of the kings upwards of three thousand were immolated, the ground

from the palace to the queen's tomb being literally covered with carcasses, which it was impossible to avoid walking upon.

The worship of the dead appears to be the most characteristic trait in the Madegasse religion. When a man dies, the women make frightful lamentation. They shriek and tear their hair, and roll about as in an agony of despair, while the men remain calm. There is a funeral dance appropriate to the occasion, and the ceremony, begun in tears, soon degenerates (thanks to fermented liquors) into a sacrilegious orgie. The corpse, however, is carried with every sign of respect to its last home. At Nossi Malaza, the cemetery occupies the northern portion of the island. The sepulchre of the chiefs is separated from that of the common people. They all consist of the bark of a tree, in which the body of the deceased is enveloped, after which the whole is enclosed in a trunk of hard wood, cut in the form of a coffin. The pious affection of the survivors places before each tomb expiatory offerings, consisting of a plate of rice, a cup of betzabetza, chickens' feet, or the feathers of birds. It appears from this, that the Madegasses believe in the existence of the soul.

However, the grief of the Madegasses, though very violent, is not of long duration. They consider death as an inevitable fate, and therefore forget quickly, judging tears to be useless since the evil is without remedy. Relations, nevertheless, rigorously go into mourning for the dead, from which they can only be released by a public ceremony. This mourning lasts a month or more, according to the grief of the family. It consists in letting the hair grow. During the time of mourning, women neither dress nor comb their hair, while men abstain alike from shaving and washing themselves. Both sexes present in this state anything but an attractive appearance.

In the north, in the district of Vohemaro, the Antankaras add to a great respect for the dead a belief in metempsychosis. According to this creed, the souls of the chiefs pass into the bodies of crocodiles, while those of ordinary mortals are transferred to bats. This superstition explains the incredible number of crocodiles, which certainly multiply in the places where this belief is prevalent. In these localities the rivers swarm with them, and it is dangerous to frequent the banks towards evening. At night the inhabitants are frequently obliged to barricade their huts to guard against the attacks of these monsters. Like the Betsimarakas, they have a mixture of revelling and lamentation at their funerals, but they do not at once inter the corpse. Placing it upon a wooden bench, they preserve it by means of aromatics and charcoal, frequently renewed. After several days of this treatment, the decomposition of the flesh produces a putrescent liquid, which they carefully gather into vases placed beneath the bench; and each person present, in memory of the dead, rubs himself over with this liquid. When the body is dried up, the relatives wrap it round with bandages, and then carry it to the place of sepulture. This disgusting custom engenders terrible skin diseases, such as the itch, leprosy, and other filthy disorders. It is with difficulty, however, that the intervention of Europeans has in some measure induced them to give up this horrible practice.

The Madegasse is clever by nature, and has very remarkable literary instincts, or rather, I should say he had formerly, for the Hova conquest, like all tyrannies, has left nothing but debasement and desolation. The Betsimarakas

are passionately fond of talking, dancing, and singing. Their dances are wild, without fixed rule, and apparently guided by the inspiration of the moment; the rice dance, of which I have already spoken, being the only one of definite character. Their music is poor, and their instruments primitive. There is first the bamboo, which they strike with small sticks, and accompany with clapping of the hands. The *dsé-dsé* is an instrument which has but a single chord, and yields a monotonous sound, but the *valia*, in skilful hands, produces a pretty effect. The *valia* is made of bamboo, the outer fibres of the hard tube being separated from the wood, and stretched over bridges of bark; it is, in fact, a sort of circular guitar, ascending from the lowest to the highest notes. As for their songs, the first subject which enters their minds answers the purpose. They take a word or phrase, and repeat it to a wearisome extent, with an improvised chorus. Their chief delight is in chatting together. They will talk for ever so long on the most frivolous subject, and at a pinch utter the purest nonsense. An orator of any talent, however, is sure to find a delighted audience. When tired of this, they ungraciously start an enigma, or a charade. An example of one such will explain the nature of the performance better than any description. "Three men, one carrying white rice, another some fire-wood, and the third a porridge-pot, all coming from different directions, meet near a fountain in a barren spot, remote from any habitation. It is noon, and none of them having yet eaten anything, each is desirous of preparing a meal, but they know not how to accomplish it, since the owner of the rice is not owner of the wood, nor could he claim the use of the porridge-pot. However, they each contributed their share, and the rice was soon boiled. But, the moment the repast was ready, each claimed the entire breakfast for himself. Which of them had the best right to the boiled rice?" The Madegasse auditors are undecided, each of the three appearing to have an equal claim to the breakfast. Here then is a fine theme for talk. They call these discussions or disputes *faka-faka*, and each speaker has on such occasions a fair opportunity for displaying his oratorical talents.

The native traditions abound with fables, tales (*angano*), proverbs (*ohabolany*), charades and enigmas (*fa mantatra*), sonnets and love-songs (*rahamilahatra*). Their tales are generally intermingled with songs, and each successive narrator adds a little of his own. Children invariably commence with the following prologue:—"Tsikotoneniny, tsy saho nametsy fa olombé taloha nametsy, tanany mal' i, k'amba ftsiako kosa anao" ("I do not wish to tell lies, but surely grown persons have told lies to me, allow me also to tell lies to you.")

Some of these fables are connected with their religious beliefs. The following may serve as fair examples of the different kinds.

THE FIRST MAN AND THE FIRST WOMAN.

"God formed a man and a woman, and let them fall from heaven all complete. The woman tempted the man and brought forth a child.

"God then appeared to them, and said, 'Hitherto you have been fed only upon herbs and fruits, like the wild beasts; but, if you will let me kill your child, I will create with his blood a plant from which you will gain more strength.'

"The man and woman spent the night weeping and consulting. The woman said to her husband, 'I would rather



A MADEGASSE WOMAN AND HER CHILDREN.

God took my life than that of my child.' The man was gloomy and absorbed, and said nothing.

"When morning came, God appeared with a very sharp knife, and asked what was their decision.

"The woman, seeing this formidable weapon, sharp as a new *sagaité*, and brilliant as a flash of lightning, exclaimed, 'Oh, God, take my child.'

"But the man, on the contrary, pressed his child to his

heart, returned it to the mother, and, kneeling with his breast uncovered, said to God, 'Kill me, but let my child live.'

"Then God, to prove him, brandished the knife which he held in his hand, and said to the man, 'You are going to die. Reflect, then, before I strike.' 'Strike,' replied the man; and he neither murmured nor trembled while God flashed the poniard in his eyes; but he only gave him a slight wound on the neck, which drew a few drops of blood.



MADAGASCAR DWARF PALMS.

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"God took this blood, and scattered it on the ground, which caused rice to grow. He then told the man to weed it three times before it arrived at maturity, to gather only the ears, and to dry them in the sun and preserve them in granaries; to thresh them, in order to shake out the grains; to peel them, in order to get rid of the husks; and to eat only the grain, and give the husks to the domestic animals. He then further taught him how to cook and eat it.

"Then God said to the woman, 'The man shall be the master of the child, because he preferred the life of the child to his own, and thou must submit to him.'

"This is the way that the father became the head of the family, and men learned to eat rice."

We may probably recognise in this the Arab influence, and a remembrance of the sacrifice of Abraham. The name of Nossi-Ibrahim, or isle of Abraham, given to the little island of Sainte-Marie, affords some foundation for this hypothesis.

Here is another fable:

THE WILD BOAR AND THE CAYMAN.

"A wild boar was exploring the steep banks of a river, where an enormous alligator amused himself searching for prey. Warned by the grunting of the boar, the alligator moved quickly towards him.

"Good morning," said he to him.

"Finaritria! Finaritria!" answered the boar.

"Is it you of whom they speak so much on the land?" asked the alligator.

"I am he," replied the boar. "And is it you who devastate these peaceful shores?"

"It is I," said the alligator.

"I should like to try your strength."

"At your pleasure. Immediately, if you wish."

"You will not stand long against my tusks."

"Beware of my long teeth."

"But, tell me," said the alligator, "what is it they call you?"

"I call myself the father of those who strike without a hatchet and dig without spades; the prince of destruction. And you, can you tell me what is your name?"

"I am one who swells not in the water, eat if I am given anything, and, if not, eat all the same."

"Very well. But which of us is the elder?"

"I am," said the alligator, "because I am the biggest and the strongest."

"Wait; we shall see that." Saying these words, the boar, with a sudden stroke of his tusks, hurled an enormous piece of earth at the head of the alligator, who was stunned by the blow.

"You are strong," said he, as soon as he recovered. "But take that in return." And, flinging a water-spout at the wild boar, who was taken by surprise, sent him staggering far from the river.

"I admit you to be my senior," said the boar, getting up again; "and I burn with impatience to measure my strength with yours."

"Come down, then," said the alligator.

"Come up a little, and I will come down."

"Very well."

"By common consent, they proceeded to a promontory of land, where there was only water enough to cover half the alligator's body.

The wild boar then gave a bound, turned round opened his formidable jaws, and, seizing a favourable moment, opened his enemy's belly from head to tail. The alligator, gathering all his strength for one great effort, and profiting by the moment when the wild boar passed before his gaping mouth, seized him by the neck, held him fast by his teeth, and strangled him. So they both died, leaving undecided the question of their comparative strength. It was from a bat, who was present at the combat, that these details have been obtained."

Another story reminds one, in some degree, of "The Fox and the Crow." It is entitled—

THE ADDER AND THE FROG.

"A frog was surprised in his frolics by his enemy the adder, who seized him by the legs.

"Are you content?" asked the frog.

"Quite content," replied the adder, closing his teeth.

"But when one is content, one opens the mouth, thus, and says, 'Content'" (in Madegasse, *kavo*).

"Content," cried the adder, opening his mouth.

"The frog, finding himself free, took flight."

The moral is, that by presence of mind one can escape danger.

We have said that the village of Nossi-Malaza lies at some distance from the road to Tananarivo, and, being farther from the reach of the Hovas, enjoys a certain degree of prosperity. The men have a well-to-do air which delighted me, and when I visited the hut of the chief I was astonished at the abundance which reigned there. The hut contained a bed, furnished with fine mats. On one side of it were piles of clothes, and pieces of stuffs for mending them; and, on the other, a large store of rice for the use of the family. The hearth, and the various cooking utensils, were all in one corner.

I remained three days with these amiable people, surrounded by every care and attention. We were soon on the most affectionate terms, and when I left they all accompanied me to the shore. The oldest woman of the tribe, the wife of the old chief, blessed me, and, as the rising waves threatened my poor canoe, she extended her arms like a prophetess, praying Heaven to appease the winds, and to bring the *vasa* in safety to his country and his home. This was no got-up scene. It was an unrehearsed farewell. The touching invocation of the old woman, her prayers and vows, proved that she spoke from her heart; and mine responded. The recollection of that scene will never be effaced from my memory.

CHAPTER V.

THE MONEY-BOX OF THE GIANT ARAPIF—FERDINAND FICHE AND THE HOVA SUPPER—A NIGHT IN THE PLANTATION—THE SLAVES.

QUITTING Nossi-Malaza, we traversed several channels, some of which were so narrow that one could with difficulty pass through them, whilst others were as broad as a river; all were barred by hurdles composed of reeds, forming fish preserves for the sustenance of the inhabitants. We visited the islands dispersed here and there. Some of them were covered with evergreen mango-trees, surrounding the country-houses of the rich inhabitants of Tamatave. In one of these islands, Ferdinand showed us the money-box of the giant Arafi. This money-box is of a

round shape, thirty-six inches in diameter, furnished with a small opening, and was left (the legend says) in this place by the giant Aafif, a powerful king of the North, to whom is attributed a multitude of mighty deeds. It is very old, and was probably left on these shores by pirates. Be that as it may, the credulity of the natives has converted a venerable relic into an object of sanctity, and the spot where it lies has become a place of pilgrimage. Every person passing in the neighbourhood used to go out of his way in order to place an offering in the sacred money-box. The treasure thus gradually increased, and when the fetish contained within its sides a tolerable sum of money, the sacrilegious Hovas broke open the box and took possession of its contents. At the present day it lies disembowelled, like a dried pumpkin. The faithful still come, however, on pilgrimage, lavishing upon their violated fetish newer and more innocent offerings. The ground all around is strewn with the feet of fowls, the horns of oxen, little morsels of cloth, and joints of reeds full of betzabetza. These valueless offerings are not of sufficient worth to tempt the cupidity of unbelievers, and so lie scattered about near the money-box, imparting to the spot an air of desolation. We piously picked up one of these offerings, to keep as a remembrance of the inconstancy of man, and the frailty of their belief.

From the isle of Papay, where we found the money-box, we passed into the river Yvondrou, which we had quitted some days before, and which it was necessary to ascend again in order to reach Soamandrakisai. The banks of this river are flat, and devoid of vegetation. The heat was oppressive. A five days' journey quite exhausted us, and we arrived eager for rest. Soamandrakisai is a large establishment for the manufacture of aguardiente, originally established by M. Delastelle, and of which Ferdinand Fiche is now the director. As by the Hova laws, and the decree of Ranavalona, no stranger can possess any land in Madagascar, the business was made a sort of partnership between M. Delastelle and the Queen. The Queen found the ground, five hundred slaves, and the materials; M. Delastelle gave his time and labour. The manufactory is protected by a military station, commanded by a Hova officer styled a "twelfth honour," who keeps a watch over the sale of the products, and the conduct of the manager. The unfortunate Ferdinand, owing to the incessant interference with his smallest actions, is, in fact, more a slave than any of his own subordinates.

The establishment, situated at the foot of the first range of hills, extends from the high grounds to the banks of the river. It is composed of a steam distillery, with large sheds for making casks, carpenters' and locksmiths' workshops, and a beautiful house, with numerous smaller dependencies. The slaves inhabit a village near the distillery, and the huts of the Hovas are so close that nothing can escape their jealous eyes. Ferdinand conducted us to the neighbouring height, where we saw the tomb of M. Delastelle, which had been erected to his memory by his friend Juliette Fiche. He rests under the shade of orange and citron trees, on the soil of a country which he tried to civilise, and which he endowed with several commercial establishments and three prosperous manufactories. The scenery around us was wild and bold. On the east, the sea broke in white foam on the sands; to the south, the lakes shone like mirrors; and, following with the eye the winding course of the Yvondrou, we could discern on the

horizon the mountains of Tananarivo, far in the interior. On the north the hills, stripped by fire of their natural mantle of forests, allowed the eye to wander over an undulating country of a bright green hue, in the midst of which appeared, here and there a few skeletons of trees, blackened by the fire, the last traces of the vegetation which formerly covered its surface; whilst at our feet extended one of those immense morasses which are indescribably picturesque and sad.

The vegetation here is wonderfully luxuriant; gigantic salvias, ravenals, and dwarf palm-trees mingle their strange foliage, and the great crowns of the *Vacua*, resembling our funeral cypress, give to the place the appearance of a deserted burying-ground. These marshes are infested with serpents and crocodiles, to the great terror of the neighbouring inhabitants, who are obliged to cross the little streams of water, with which they are intersected. Domestic animals have a very remarkable instinct in guarding against the attacks of the crocodiles. Dogs, for instance, make use of a very successful stratagem, so ingenious that instinct is scarcely sufficient to explain it. When a dog wants to cross a river to look for his master, or in search of prey, he stops on the bank of the river, moans, barks, and howls with all his might. The reason is very simple; he thinks that on hearing this noise the crocodile will hasten towards the spot from which the sound proceeds, and that others at a great distance will leave their retreat, and endeavour to seize the silly animal. The dog continues to bark and howl, and the comedy lasts as long as he thinks it necessary to draw together his enemies; then, when they are all collected in the thickets close by, anticipating a delicious morsel, the dog darts off like an arrow, passes the river quite safely a quarter of a mile off, and goes on his way barking with joy and defiance.

On our arrival at the house, Ferdinand had prepared a surprise for us. He had arranged a dinner-party, to which two Hova chiefs of the place were invited. It was not for the honour of their company, but for the opportunity of studying their singular manners, that we thanked our host. The Hovas, whatever else they may be, are very fond of eating and drinking, so that our two chiefs did not require much pressing to accept Ferdinand's invitation. They kept us waiting, however, some time before they appeared; but this was excusable, in consideration of their having to dress themselves in the European style. They would not for the world have appeared at this dinner, to which our presence imparted in their eyes an official character, clothed in their national costume.

The wife of the Hova Commandant was to accompany her husband, and I suppose that there was in the household a great discussion on the subject of fashions and all the et-ceteras which, in Madagascar as well as in other parts of the world, constitute the toilette of a woman.

It was eight o'clock when the company arrived. They were preceded by his Excellency's band, consisting of a frightful trumpet and a tambourine—and accompanied by a squad of five privates and a corporal, the whole strength of the garrison. They all marched in military step, with a comic gravity which reminded one of the marching of mock soldiers on the stage. The corporal, who was very proud of his men, commanded in a loud voice their manœuvres; and, when at last they stopped, under the verandah, they all uttered the most hideous cries, which, we were told, formed some salutation in honour of us.

The Commandant and his aide-de-camp were tall, thin personages, but with intelligent faces. The Commandant endeavoured to look grave, as became a man of his importance. The other, less burdened by a sense of his honours, gave the rein to his fancy, and he and I soon became good friends. Both of them watched us with close attention, copying our manners and gestures, apparently in the belief that, if they followed our example, they would quite surpass in polite ceremonial all their acquaintances. They wore full-dress suits: black coats—rather old-fashioned, it is true—antediluvian waistcoats, and trousers of a wonderful greyish black, which betrayed their ancient origin. They managed their pocket-handkerchiefs with the skill of a dandy, at first flourishing them with a seductive grace, and then, quite at a loss to know what to do with them, sitting down upon them, being ignorant of the use of a pocket.

Madame la Commandante, who sat next to me, was a large woman, of the colour of a withered apple, and looking awkward in her ill-fitting dress. Her manners did not encourage me much, for she responded to my advances by a stupid look, which meant nothing, and contented herself with emptying her plate methodically, which I refilled at each course. Ferdinand explained that I had offended against Madegasse etiquette in helping madame first; and that it was my other neighbour to whom I should have first addressed myself, Madegasse politeness requiring the men to be helped first. Women are thought nothing of, being regarded as inferior creatures. Whereupon I devoted myself to the "twelfth honour," who sat on the other side, and who, on his part, spared no pains to make himself agreeable. He copied me with such persistence that his fork kept time with mine; when I ate, he ate, when I drank, he drank, and when I stopped, he stopped. Certainly, this man was endowed with a rare talent of imitation, and had it not been for the gravity of the occasion, I should have tried putting my fork to my ear, to see if he would do the same. My neighbour drank his wine undiluted, but he thought wine insipid, and preferred vermouth with a very strong flavour, which he took in glassfuls, so that in a few minutes he became on the most touchingly familiar terms with me. On the slightest occasion, he would slap me

on the stomach, which attention, I was assured, was highly flattering; he swore that he was my friend, as I well deserved to be; and finally plunged his hands into my plate, in the idea that two such friends ought to have everything in common. At this new mark of favour I coloured at first, and then took a fit of laughing, which delighted him. I then left him the remainder of the plateful he had touched, giving him to understand that so it would be done in the best society of Europe.

The gentlemen continued their pleasantries (which for some time had become rather tiresome) till a late hour. Although they bore the wine very well, they began to be rather incoherent in their conversation. We therefore rose, but as no Madegasse dinner ever terminates without toasts, we were obliged to re-seat ourselves. Their custom is to drink the health of each guest, beginning with the humblest in rank and finishing off with the Queen. Enthusiastic individuals drink also to the relatives of their hosts, their children, and grandchildren, &c. Fancy our position! We commenced. When it came to the Queen, a manoeuvre was executed under the verandah by the garrison, the voice of the corporal sounding like thunder. Our guests staggered to their feet, and, turning their faces in the direction of Tananarivo, the capital, drained their goblets to the incomparable glory of Rasua-herina pangaka ny Madagascar. When it came to our turn to propose the health of the Emperor, the anxiety of the Hovas was great. They gave the signal for the manoeuvre to be repeated outside; but, as they did not know where Paris lay, they hesitated as to the point of the horizon. They tried turning to the north; but the difficulty increased when they came to pronounce the name of Napoleon III., and it was only after numerous false starts that

they succeeded in drinking this last toast. We then dismissed them, and it was quite time to do so, for it may be well imagined that we were feeling rather the worse for drinking so many healths.

We had a horrible night, tormented with bugs, enormous rats, and mosquitoes. We had hardly closed our eyes, when the sound of a cracked bell, like a death knell, made us sit up in our beds. We were asking each other what meant these lugubrious sounds, when a noise of chains heavily dragged along increased our alarm. Were we, then, in some haunted



GOVERNOR OF TAMATAVE.

habitation? I could endure it no longer, and rushing out, witnessed a horrible spectacle. The doleful bell was an enormous old saucepan, which was struck with a steel bar, to call the slaves to work. In the middle of the court was a long column of slaves, chained in couples, their legs bound with heavy rings, causing them to move with pain. In walking they had to turn them, so that each step they took was only the length of their feet. These poor creatures were covered with hideous rags—some of them had nothing but a piece of matting, black with filth. Their faces, brutalised by suffering, had lost the appearance of human beings. I had often seen slaves, but never had I witnessed a spectacle of such abject misery and dejection. These, then, thought I, are the slaves belonging to the Queen! How different from the patriarchal form of servitude which I had witnessed in other parts of the island, in the houses of the wealthier natives! Ferdinand explained to me that these slaves were rebels and fugitives, and that this horrible cruelty was inflicted upon them as a punishment. Some of these wretches had been lingering in

this way for months, some of them for several years. We asked our host, as a favour, and as a remembrance of our sojourn in his house, to pardon one of them. He granted our request, and the poor creature, who was immediately set at liberty, came trembling to thank us. Towards noon we took leave of Ferdinand, and set out for Tamatave.

On our return to the coast we found a note, couched in the highest terms of Hova courtesy, addressed to us by the governor of the province, and inviting us to be present at the ceremony of the coronation of the new Queen, which was to take place in the interior of the fort of Tamatave. We were to share the honour of being present at the spectacle with the whole population of the sea-port, for they had all been invited. I cannot say that I anticipated any pleasure in taking part in more of these Hova festivities; for all I had seen in Madagascar had given me cause to dislike the dominant race for their acts of oppression, their cruelty, and their empty show of civilisation. We accepted, however, the invitation, in the hope of learning something more of the customs of the people.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

II.—FROM MASSÁWA TO KÁSSALA.

ON the 15th of October, 1865, we considered that we had completed all our preparations for our onward march. The farewell dinner was eaten on board the *Victoria*, the last adieux were spoken, and we leapt ashore from the boat, hoping to exchange, that night, the stifling atmosphere, the never-ceasing chaffering and huckstering, of the Massáwa pier, for the free and open air of the desert. Circumstances, however, decided differently, for we had no sooner landed, and made our way to the place where our camels were assembled, all kneeling and roaring at the prospect of being loaded, through every note of their pitiful gamut, than we discovered that the drivers had come totally unprovided with ropes to tie the baggage on their beasts, and we were consequently obliged to stop at Monküllü till the necessary gear was obtained. Cholera at this time was raging at Massáwa and its neighbourhood, and the next morning one of our muleteers was attacked with it in its severest form. Dr. Blanc used all his skill on behalf of the man, and although, at the time we left him, he was hovering between life and death, we heard that he subsequently recovered. While waiting till the cool of the evening will enable us to make our start, we have leisure to become acquainted with our *compagnons de voyage*.

M. Michael Marcopoli deserves the first place, I think. Sciote by birth, but cosmopolitan by tastes, he had come to Massáwa, a few months previously, as a kind of sub-agent to the mercantile house to which M. Munzinger was attached, and he proved a most valuable addition to our narrow circle of acquaintances. He boasted of Italian ancestry, and had such a contempt for the majority of his fellow-subjects, that beyond the epithet, "*un vrai Grec*," his force of vituperation could go

further go. He was a most pleasant and accommodating companion, and it was with much pleasure that we acceded to his request to be permitted to take advantage of our escort as far as Matamma, whither he was bound on high commercial emprise. We were fortunate in having with us two capital interpreters, who had been with Mr. Rassam nearly the whole of his stay at Massáwa. The eldest, Omar Ali, was but a mere youth, but, with the natural linguistic facility of the African, he had already acquired several languages, and had a fair knowledge of French, with the exception that he had never been able to master the intricacies of gender, and, with much lack of courtesy, invariably gave the preference to the masculine, whatever might be the object to which his remarks referred. As he had accompanied a French gentleman as far as Berber, on the Nile, he had some claim to be considered a traveller. The second lad, Dasta, was the son of a mighty hunter of Tigré, called Gabra Georgis, who was well known to many European travellers in the country, being able, unlike most of his compatriots, to handle a rifle with considerable skill. The boy, his son, was a marvel of pride and precocity, and a most acute and intelligent interpreter in at least four languages. The rest of the cavalcade was made up of our personal servants, muleteers, and camel-drivers, while our old friend, 'Abd-ul-Kereem, with his nephew, Ahmed, and a score of ruffianly fellows with worn-out matchlocks, considered it conducive either to his own dignity or to ours to accompany us—to what good end I cannot say.

At last everything was really ready. The camels had ceased their roaring, and the drivers their cursing, and the cry of "*Yallah! yallah!*" was no longer to be heard. At 4 p.m. the long train emerged finally from the compound of the house

we were so glad to get away from, and took a north-westerly course, we following at our leisure. The road as far as Dissyet, where we arrived after three hours' march, led us through a country exactly similar to that in the vicinity of Monküllü, almost a dead level of sand, with a stunted mimosa here and there, and occasionally a hillock of volcanic stone. Dissyet, which, in the Amharic language, signifies "an island," is a narrow strip lying between two *waddis*, and possesses a few trees of larger growth than we had hitherto met with. A stony plain brought us to Amba, where we arrived at half-past nine, in capital time to have a comfortable supper and rest. The first care of a traveller in these regions is about his water: we were fortunate enough to find a good supply in a stream which ran close to our encampment. I looked about everywhere for the conical, flat-topped hill from which Amba should derive its name, but, although it has been spoken of by a modern French traveller, could nowhere discover it. The *waddi* does, however, run through an amphitheatre of low hills, some of which have a castellated appearance; and as "Amba" signifies any fortified height, the derivation of its name may come from these. It is a scorching place; a hot, dry wind seems to blow from every direction, and at this and the next station we could only stave off its effects by keeping our heads constantly bound up in cloths, which we continually moistened in the water of the brook. At a quarter past four we resumed our march, and after passing another *waddi* four miles distant, called Kamfar, where, though water was obtainable by digging in the sandy bottom of the dried-up stream, it was found to be of an indifferent description, we entered the desert of Sha'ab, which extends as far as 'Ain. Until it became dark, nothing but a sea of sand was visible around us, without a sign of vegetation; and we travelled on till nightfall, when we bivouacked beneath Mount Ghehenab, which stands like a monument to solitude in the midst of the waste. There is nought of human interest here. Even the roving Bedaween fear this thirsty wilderness; and beyond the cry of the leopard, as he prowls amidst the brushwood at the foot of the hill, not a sound breaks the stillness of the night. We started refreshed, at half-past four the following morning, and came to a place called Noor Habebai, where the sand gives place to volcanic *débris*. The country was so flat, that we had a prospect for miles around us, and, turning round, we could see flashing, where two rocks parted like half-opened lips, the ἀνιρδομον γέλασμα (to use the words of old Æschylus, for I know none better) of the far-away Erythræan.

Shortly after passing a large cemetery called Zara, near which was encamped a kral of Bedaween shepherds, we arrived at the green and lovely valley of 'Ain, through which the Lebka runs. It was necessary to go a short way up the stream before a suitable halting-place could be found, as the banks are so thickly wooded that it is hard to find an open space. This is one of those oases that remain green as themselves in the mind of the traveller long accustomed, as we had been, to sand and sea alone. The Lebka, which waters this beautiful vale, debouches into the Red Sea, a little above the sixteenth degree of north latitude, and rises among the hills of Ad-Temâriam, although it appears to be connected by affluents with the much larger river Anseba. Up to this time we had been pursuing a north-westerly course, but on starting the following afternoon, we took the stream, which flows nearly due west and east, as our road, and travelled for three hours to

the westward, having found the predictions of our guides, with regard to the shifting nature of the sand so soon after the rainy season, perfectly fallacious. The Le'ka, when flooded, is a most picturesque stream. For a considerable part of its course it flows between tall rocks of columnar basalt, fringed with various shrubs, with here and there an acacia or tamarind-tree lending a richer green to the scene. At one part I went over a low hill by its side, where I found an ancient cemetery called Momba Arâd, where two sheikhs of distinguished piety repose within large stone-built tombs. At a quarter to nine in the evening, we arrived at a spot called Gadarait, where the main road to the Hibâb country branches off from the Lebka.

It may not be out of place here to give some notes of a very short trip made in the previous summer to this country, which is undoubtedly the seat of a most ancient Christian community, now utterly perverted through the apathy and indifference of their own proper teachers, and the proselytising zeal of their Muslim neighbours.

Leaving the Lebka, a north-westerly route was followed until, after crossing a low but precipitous hill, which severely taxed the strength and sure-footedness of our camels, we reached a valley called Maga Maiatât (*Between the Waters*)—a most palpable misnomer, as water, and that of a bad quality, is only found at one spring. We arrived here at noon on the 29th of July, and found already encamped a large clan of Bedaween, whose sheikh soon paid us a visit, and complained most bitterly of his Christian neighbours, who last year had appropriated three hundred out of his herd of cattle, which altogether only numbered five hundred head. The houses these people were living in were wonderful to behold. A cabin scarcely larger than a moderate-sized beehive, and averaging three feet in height and ten or twelve in circumference, sufficed for a whole family. Maga Maiatât is situated within a gorge of portentous darkness, and has a renown for lions. The very night we were there the whole camp was thrown into confusion by one of these animals, who made an onslaught, and almost walked off with our Portuguese cook, who had incautiously slept at too great a distance from the fires. The next morning (30th) we started at half-past five, and after crossing another hill, came to a beautiful valley abounding in guinea-fowl and bustard. We then passed another village called Aidé, and three hours after beginning our march, arrived at a shady spot called Râroo, where we halted and breakfasted, pic-nic fashion, under a tree. Resuming our progress at a quarter-past nine, half an hour brought us to the large village of Af-Abad, which we had decided on as the limit of our journey. According, however, to the incomprehensible custom of these people, no water was to be obtained near the village, and we had to go on three miles farther, to a watercourse called Hâuzat, which we found nearly dry. It was near eleven o'clock when we arrived, and we had scarcely selected a suitable place for encamping, and begun to pitch our tents, when down came the rain, the first that had fallen for many days. We remained at Af-Abad, the capital of the Ad-Temâriam district, for three days; and though the weather was certainly nice and cool, rain fell every day, and made the ground surrounding our tents marshy and malarious, and I believe it was only our daily dose of quinine and sherry that preserved us from bad fevers. Game is far from numerous in the neighbourhood, and consists of guinea-fowl, another sort of fowl (very gamey) called by the Arabs

"the cock of the valley," gazelles (*Beni Asraif*), antelopes (*Bohur*), and wild pig, but none in large numbers. Elephants are numerous here in the cold season, but had at this time of the year gone to the higher ranges of hills. The larger *feres* of course abound. I think only one night passed that we had not a visit from a lion, and we lost one of our camels in this way. Leopards and hyenas are found, of course, everywhere, and the latter are especially very annoying. I forgot to mention hares and bustards, which are found in small numbers. The latter bird is as good as turkey, and very similar to it.

Af-Abad was found, by barometric measurement, to be 2,529 feet above the sea-level; so, in December or January, it would doubtless be a delightful retreat, but in the summer we found the mercury rise even higher than at Monküllü. The country above 'Ain is called by the natives Sihé; it is bounded on the south by the Lebka, and on the east by the Red Sea: the other boundaries vary much, as the population are chiefly nomads. Tradition tells us that it was first colonised by a refugee Tigré chief, named Asgaddee, and that he pitched his tent on a hill further to the northward, which is called Asgaddee-Bakla, or "The Mule of Asgaddee," to this day. To this patriarch were born three sons, the *heroes eponyms* of the Hibáb tribes. The Ad-Temâriam,* within whose confines Af-Abad is situated, inhabit the southern district; the Ad-Teklès, the western; and the Ad-Hibbès, the northern. In outward appearance the three tribes are indistinguishable one from another; the same dress (or rather, want of it), the same heavy curls, and the same, generally speaking, handsome European features characterise them all. Like all the tribes to the north and west of Abyssinia, they are armed with a straight two-edged cross-handled sword—a singular contrast to the curved reaping-hooks of their Christian neighbours. Their language is the Lower Tigré, a kind of mixture of Arabic and Geéz, with a sprinkling of Amharic. I have heard that, with the exception of the dialect of Guarágúé, in the south of Abyssinia, it is more like the ancient Ethiopic than any other tongue spoken in those regions. The chief of the Ad-Temâriam, Sheikh Shookr, was at Af-Abad at the time of our visit. I cannot give him a good character. From his very limited knowledge of Europeans, he evidently placed us in the same category with the Turkish soldiers whom he is accustomed to see collecting revenue, and he was extremely averse to letting us have any sheep or provisions, evidently distrusting either our inclination or power to pay him. The only wealth of these people consists in their flocks and herds, and they are pillaged on one side by the Massáwa, or Harkeeko, authorities, under the name of revenue collections, and on the other by the neighbouring Abyssinians. Ever since they renounced Christianity (towards the end of last century) they have been subject to the Nayib of Harkeeko, who is answerable for the revenue to the Turkish Government, keeping ten per cent. for himself. Sheikh Shookr pays 2,000 dollars annually for Ad-Temâriam.

Resuming the route to Kássala, on the 20th of October, at half-past four in the morning, we had to follow the course of the Lebka, and after passing a most difficult defile, in which all the powers of our camels were put to the test, we arrived at Mahaber at a quarter-past nine. The Lebka had assumed, after the pass, quite a different appearance. Instead of the basaltic rocks with which it had been walled in lower

down, we saw on each side of us extensive plains, except in one spot, where, on a craggy eminence, legions of baboons seemed inclined to dispute the way with us. The bed of the river was nearly dry; in fact, only a pool here and there was to be found, the rest of the road being through heavy sand. We were obliged to stop three days at Mahaber, in consequence of finding no camels there. Sheikh Shookr, of the Ad-Temâriam, had, a fortnight before, been informed of our wish for a change of cattle at this place; but whether his influence was not commensurate with his wishes, or what not, we could not obtain them till after a deal of palavering. I can see the old fellow before me now, with his bushy locks floating behind him like a wig of the Charles II. era, brandishing his spear as he tramps down the road, and vows by his prophet that he has not another camel to spare, and when this is found, there is not another saddle, and so on *ad nauseam*. However, at length we did obtain everything we required, and at half-past three on the afternoon of the 23rd we started, and after a pleasant ride for three hours along the sandy course of the Lebka, arrived at Kelâmet. This, unfortunately, we found to be a marsh, and Dr. Blanc and I, since we had not time to pitch our tents, carried our bedsteads up to a neighbouring eminence, above, as we hoped, the reach of the miasmata. That, however, we had undesirable neighbours, was proved shortly before daybreak, for, our fire being out, and a pipe and a nip of brandy (to keep out the malaria) just finished, within a hundred yards or so a lion sung out in a way calculated to alarm the strongest nerves. This was doubtless the opportunity for displaying their prowess for which 'Abd-ul-Kereem and his brave soldiers had been waiting so long. Keeping at a safe distance down below, they fired off their pieces, and taking especial care to hit nothing, they managed to send off the unwelcome visitor, whose discontented grumbings at his extrusion from a valley of which he evidently considered himself sole proprietor, we heard for a long time in the distance.

At half-past seven we were off again, and passing along a tributary of the Lebka to the south-west, arrived at Kudbat at ten, where we took an *al fresco* breakfast amongst the tangled glades of a wood. Mounting again at four, we passed along watercourses, still offshoots of the Lebka, and fell in with numerous herds of large and beautiful antelopes at Kokai, where the surrounding hills are covered with thick foliage to their summits. Here we stopped for a few minutes, and after three hours' most difficult marching, up hill and down dale, arrived at a large meadow, with beautiful hay in it averaging a foot in height, and here we passed the night. The next morning we were early up, and after a longer time than usual passed in loading those troublesome beasts, camels, who are only too demonstrative in telling us their griefs, started off at seven.

We soon came to an 'akaba, or pass, the crossing of which occupied a good hour, and in which every moment I dreaded a disastrous end to some of our cherished packages. However, all crossed without an accident, except a few bottles broken. On arriving at the foot of this pass we left Ad-Temâriam, in which we had been journeying from 'Ain, and entered the district of Anseba, or Beit-Takue, as it is marked on some maps. For the first time in this country I saw fields of juwârri,* and other signs of a higher state of civilisation; but the fact is that this district is tributary to Hailu the One-eyed,

* *Ad* signifies "country," or "tribe," in Lower Tigré.

* *Holcus sorghum*.

Dedjazmâch of Hamasain, and is therefore a portion of Abyssinia. Passing the juwarri fields, which are at Mas-haleet, we arrived at the banks of the Anseba in good time for breakfast, and settled ourselves under a large mulberry-tree. A heavy shower of rain in the afternoon made it rather problematical if we should be able to proceed on our journey; but, fortunately, it cleared up, and at half-past four we were in our

the wet sand, which rendered the road so heavy that the mules sunk fetlock deep at every step they took. It enabled us, however, to see that we were in hot chase of a herd of elephants, who had passed a few hours back, but we were not fortunate enough to fall in with them. At half-past seven we arrived at our halting-place, Heboob, where we pitched our camp on a commanding spot, as far removed as possible from



BENI-AMIR ARAB.

saddles again, and down the Anseba, a beautiful river, though dry, or nearly so, at that time. Fringed on each side with spreading trees in full foliage, with here and there a stretch of greensward extending into the dark depths of the jungle beyond, in the general features of its scenery it bore a strong resemblance to the river Dart, in Devonshire. It is, however, not more than an eighth of the width, and was thus, perhaps, all the better adapted for gratifying us with those lovely peeps into natural beauty which a break in the foliage often displayed.

The great drawback to unalloyed pleasure was the depth of

the vapours of the Biyan, the tributary of the Anseba, near which we were.

Our friend, M. Marcopoli, had left us at Mahaber, to go to Keren, in Bogos, on some business, and as our own road was shorter, we were the first to arrive at Heboob. He returned the morning following our arrival, accompanied by an Abyssinian chief and his suite, who had caused him much trouble of mind by their antics on the road. From the chief we learnt that, had we gone to Keren, as was our first intention, we should have been received in style by the Abyssinian authorities. Two hundred soldiers were to meet us, and hecatombs

of beeves were to have been slain in our honour, while cattle were provided for us along the road. This, at all events, implied that, as guests of the king, it was the wish of his subjects to show us respect. The chief, after having succeeded in selling us an excessively bad mule, received some presents on his side, and went on his way rejoicing.

We left Heboob at 7.20 A.M., on the 27th, our road leading us for the first two hours through a sort of tangled brake, through which it was at times most difficult to force our way. At the expiration of that time we arrived at the top of the pass of Gebel Likoom, which separates the Anseba district from that of Báraka, or "Robber Land." The two hours and a half which the camels occupied in going down were passed by us in the discussion of our breakfast, until at noon news was brought that the descent had been safely accomplished, and we then began it ourselves. To us who followed after, it was matter of great wonderment that animals such as camels, formed by nature for travelling on soft sandy ground, should have achieved such a feat as descending in perfect safety, and without a single smash, such a precipitous pass as the one in question, which, at a rough guess, measures about 1,500 feet. We had then a long ride through the sun along a succession of stony *waddis* until we arrived at our halting-place, Medjlel, on a watercourse called Sheláb. We reached this spot at half-past four in the afternoon, having been on the march more than nine hours. The shrubs, grass, and underwood were so thick on all sides that we were obliged to pitch in the *waddi* itself. Our friends the elephants were of great service to us here. We had often availed ourselves of their skill in road-making, but on this occasion they saved us a great deal of trouble by providing us with quantities of water. Scarcity of this most necessary element is the great bane of African travelling, and when found it is often half composed of mineral or vegetable organic matter. At 'Ain, for instance, we placed a few grains of alum in a bottle of water, and the precipitate that it formed took up fully half of the vessel. In these *waddis*, generally speaking, it is necessary to dig a few feet beneath the sand for water, but here the elephants, by the exercise of their own sagacity, saved us a good deal of hard labour. By working their trunks round, in fact screwing into the sand, they manage to burrow a hole, and at the bottom beautifully clear water is found; for they are the daintiest animals alive, and will only drink of the best, spurning some running water a little further up. Two paid us a visit that evening, doubtless to receive our thanks.

At Medjlel we passed a terribly hot day, the mercury rising to 106 degrees (Fahr.) in our small tent. However, at 4 P.M., we were again on the move, and marched without ceasing (so far as the camels were concerned) for more than eight hours, till we arrived at a broad watercourse called Adertee. We were thoroughly worn out, and too tired even to pitch our tents. Our road, too, offered nothing to interest us. First of all the Sheláb, then an interminable plain, covered with dry, prickly grass and thorny shrubs, and then the Adertee, here about 150 yards in width. The country, at the time we passed through it, was overgrown with luxuriant grass, owing to a feud existing between the Abyssinians, the Hibáb and the Báraka tribes, to whom ordinarily it forms a common pasture ground. The Christians, so far as plundering is concerned, are not a whit better than their Muslim and barbarous neighbours. Every day we heard stories of young girls and women being

seized and sold into slavery, and the Christians seem to be quite as expert at this game as the others. This, of course, leads to retaliation, and the consequence is, that a country of the highest natural fertility is abandoned, and where there might be peaceful homesteads and smiling fields of corn, nothing is to be seen but a desolate jungle.

We left Ba'at, as our station on the River Adertee was called, at a quarter to four on the evening of the 29th, and pursued a road leading through the *waddi* till we arrived at Kâr-Obel. There was nothing interesting to note along the road, except that we found ourselves gradually leaving the hills behind us, and approaching a more level country. We got to Kâr-Obel at 9.10 P.M., and slept in the middle of the watercourse, which was perfectly dry, till dawn saw us again on our road.

It was just sunrise when we emerged from the *waddi* on to a broad and undulating savanna, covered with short grass, with an occasional dwarfish tree breaking the monotony of the scene. As we proceeded, however, these increased in size and number, and in some places we passed through thick groves, in which the doom-palm formed a graceful and prominent feature. Crossing another watercourse, we found ourselves at eight o'clock on the banks of a large sedgy lake, or rather marsh, as the water probably did not in any part exceed the depth of a foot or two. Surrounded with dense underwood, and with its surface covered with large water-lilies in full flower, this piece of water presented a picturesque appearance; but aware as we were of the danger of encamping too near these beautiful but treacherous spots, we pitched our tents at a considerable distance. The name of the place is Jágee, and here we stayed till evening, passing an intensely hot day. Five o'clock saw us on our way again, and we travelled across country, through a plain abounding in thorny shrubs and a terribly annoying species of barbed grass, till we came to another *waddi* at 9 P.M. All these watercourses formed part of a large river called the Báraka or Barka, but it is the custom to name every few miles of the stream differently, thereby perplexing travellers to no small extent. From the spot where we entered the nullah to our halting-place was called Soleeb; we then entered on the strip called Takrureet; here we slept.*

We were now in the territory occupied by a very large and powerful tribe, called the Beni 'Amir. They possess the whole of Báraka, and a considerable strip of country stretching towards Souakin. An encampment belonging to a subdivision of the tribe, the Ali Bakeet, was stationed close to us at Takrureet, and during the day two of the chiefs paid us a visit. They did not, however, seem inclined to afford us any assistance in the way of getting camels, a fresh supply of which we stood much in need of. In other respects they were courteous and obliging enough.

At 5.40 P.M. we started for Zaga, at the present time the head-quarters of the tribe. Hearing that there was a better route across country, we left the camels to follow the course of the nullah where the sand was too heavy for the mules, and pursued a path which led us through a beautiful country, very much resembling the scenery of an English park. An

* I only mention these names, which possess no interest, in case the reader should wish to follow our route upon a map. The only one which gives any idea of the country is by M. Werner Munzinger, in his *Ost-Africanische Studien: Schaffhausen, 1864*.

hour's ride brought us to a temporary village of the Ali Bakcet, where we stayed for some time, and refreshed ourselves with the milk that the hospitality of the sheikh provided for us. From this place, Aher, we travelled on through extensive and level plains covered with short grass scorched to a hay tint by the fervid rays of the sun, but grateful to the feet after the heavy sand of the watercourse. Beyond five or six villages, of a similar character to the first, we saw nothing and met no one, though the roars which resounded around us made an encounter with one of the lords of the forest no improbable occurrence. We did not reach our destination till a quarter to four the following morning, and finding our camels had not yet arrived, we spread out the dressed hides, with which we were never unprovided, on the ground, and with the growls of a couple of lions which were drinking at a pool a short distance off for our lullaby, we endeavoured to snatch sleep for an hour or two.

Day broke, but brought with it no signs of the camels. Having fixed on an eligible site for our camp, on an elevated spot within a reasonable distance from the river-bed, Blanc, Marcopoli, and myself took a stroll in the direction of the village. Passing by the well, where, by our doubtless uncanny aspect, we were the objects of mingled interest and alarm to several damsels who were employed in drawing water, we clambered over a slight eminence, and found ourselves close to the metropolis. We found it very extensive, and occupied by about 50,000 camels, but, unfortunately, nearly all of them females and young ones. Words cannot give an idea of the number of horned cattle in possession of this tribe, it being entirely a pastoral one, and, I believe, not cultivating an inch of the extensive territory which belongs to it. Nearly every house of the village was built of mats, and in the same beehive style of architecture as those of the Hibâb, to whom these people bear a considerable resemblance. All the tribes in these parts assert that they are descended from Arabs of the Hedjâz, disclaiming any connection in blood with the children of Ham; and their physiognomy does not belie their pretensions. The chiefs and upper classes shave their heads, and wear a skull-cap or turban, and generally rejoice in a gaudily-embroidered silk *sadareyyah*, or vest, of Egyptian manufacture; but the common people wear only a dirty rag, and delight in allowing their locks to fall in thick ringlets of considerable length, well smeared with mutton-tallow, and kept in order with a short, pointed, and often beautifully-carved stick, which is fastened at all times to the hair, and answers the purposes of a comb. The females, young and old, have usually little beyond a leathern petticoat and a necklace of beads to set off their dusky charms.

As we were passing one of the very few grass-built huts in the place, a person whom we judged, from his air, to be of some importance, came out to meet us, and invited us inside his dwelling, where we were regaled with the usual coffee, served in very tolerable style for the desert. We afterwards found out that this was Sheikh Ahmed, chief of the Beni 'Amir, and one of the most powerful vassals dependent on the Egyptian Government, as at any time he can bring 10,000 horsemen into the field. In the course of the day he returned our visit, with several of his relatives and retainers. We found him a very gentlemanly fellow, and more civilised than any of the chiefs we had fallen in with.

Together with all his following, he took the greatest interest in Blanc's small galvanic battery, and showed much pluck in enduring the unexpected shocks, which, of course, he set down to our having a most powerful Sheitân in our possession. He could, however, afford us no assistance towards solving the camel difficulty, and so we had to proceed as we were.

We found the day intensely hot, the thermometer showing 107 degrees at one time. The night, however, was pleasant and cool, and our slumbers were only broken by the lions, which insisted on thrusting their unwelcome presence everywhere. Two of the villagers had been carried off the previous night, when we had been sleeping outside, and the people here, with the hospitality of their forefathers, anxious that no harm should happen to us during our sojourn amongst them, wanted us all to pass the night in one tent, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers. This did not exactly meet our views, although I have no doubt that we were carefully looked after through the night.

We had intended leaving Zaga early in the afternoon the next day, but our camel-drivers had—purposely, as we were all convinced—allowed their charges to stray too far, and they were not loaded and ready to start till past eight o'clock. It was, fortunately, a lovely moonlight night, and our road lay through a tract of country exhibiting the same park-like scenery I have before noticed. As, with our large cavalcade, it was impossible for us to carry sufficient water for our requirements, we were forced to push on until we found some, and in doing so the whole night was consumed. It was not till past sunrise the following morning that we reached our halting-place, on the banks of a water-course called Howâshait, and here we selected a cool spot for encamping, beneath the shade of some fine trees. At 4 P.M. we were obliged to be off again, and marched on for nearly five hours, when we thought it advisable to rest for the night, men and beasts being both terribly fatigued. The moon, however, had not yet sunk the following morning when we were again on our journey, and we had to proceed for four hours before the stage was finished. Owing to a scarcity of water on the direct route, we had to make rather a *détour*, and halt at a place called Idrees-Dâr, at the time occupied by a party belonging to a large tribe called Hadendoa, which extends from here as far as Souakin. Of similar origin to the Beni 'Amir, they exhibit the same external characteristics, and are notorious for being great freebooters; but being armed with swords and spears only, they did not venture to molest us. Bad water and an intensely hot sun did not tempt us to remain here long, and towards evening we resumed our march. The country we now entered, Tâka, is of a more hilly character than Bdraka, but the general nature of the soil and vegetation undergoes little change. Nine hours' marching led us into a *waddi*, at the entrance of which the leading camels of the caravan were attacked by lions; but the matchlocks of the gallant escort were sufficient to drive off the invaders, who are anything but the noble, courageous beasts romance has pictured them. We ourselves had ridden some way ahead, up a gorge, situated between two precipitous cliffs, which, narrowing as we advanced, conducted us to several wells, dug deeply in the sand. On arrival here, we were saluted by the barking of hundreds of dogs, which seemed to issue forth from every part of the rugged heights by which we were surrounded; but it was two o'clock in the morning, and so dark, that it was impossible to discover

anything but a soft spot to lay our bedding on. On awaking, we found we were between a couple of villages, which clustered up the sides of the hills like cells in a beehive; in fact, there was not a projecting slab of rock which did not serve as the ground, or rather, only floor of a tiny cabin. Although small, the houses were of a much superior character to those we had hitherto fallen in with. They were all circular in shape, and built of rubble, with well-thatched roofs. As for ourselves, we found a pleasant grove of date-trees to rest under during the day, and in the cool of the evening climbed up to the eyries of the inhabitants, who received us hospitably.

The name of these people and their villages is Sabderât.

was seized and carried to Kássala, and after a trial, sentenced to death. Pardon could only be accorded on one condition. The daughter must forgive the murder of her father, and intercede for his assassin. This she refused to do, and he was hanged. The valley was split into two rival factions; the descendants of murdered and murderer rule each one side, and it is no matter of surprise if they are on something less than speaking terms with each other.

We left Sabderât at five o'clock in the evening, and arriving at a convenient spot in the desert, passed the night there. From our last halting-place Mr. Rassam had sent on Ahmed of Harkeeko with letters for the Mudeer, or Governor of



YOUNG GIRLS OF TAKA.

One hamlet is only a stone's-throw from the other, and yet there is a blood-feud between them. It appears that some years ago the whole valley was ruled by an ancient sheikh, who died leaving several sons, the eldest of whom succeeded in due course to the chieftom. These secluded spots, it seems, form no exception to the rest of the world, and the worst of human passions rage as strongly in them as in the most crowded haunts of men. Jealousy entered the heart of one of the younger brothers, who inveigled the sheikh to a lonely place, and then stabbed him to the heart. He did not, however, live to profit by his treachery long. Rumour, with its thousand tongues, soon brought the news of the assassination to the ears of the daughter of the murdered man, who denounced her uncle to the Egyptian authorities. He

Kássala, and for M. Yanni Kotzika, a well-known Greek merchant of the town, who had always shown much hospitality to Europeans journeying in these remote regions. We were up betimes the next morning, and soon found that the authorities of Kássala were determined to do us honour. A couple of hundred Bashi-Bazouks and a regiment of Nizam infantry met us at the distance of a mile from the town, and we entered the gates amid much flourish of trumpets and beating of kettle-drums. M. Yanni was absent, but we were received most kindly by his brother, M. Panayoti Kotzika, and his partner, Achilles Kassisoglou, and beneath their hospitable roof, in the enjoyment of a bath and a breakfast, soon forgot the hardships attendant on our long and tedious journey.

Lower California.

WHEN the United States obtained the cession of a large slice of North Mexican territory, after the conclusion of the Mexican war, the boundary line was drawn about fifty miles to the northward of the head of the Gulf of California, thus leaving the whole of that remarkable prolongation of land, the Californian peninsula, or Lower California, in the hands of its former owners. Since then, Upper California, as a State of the American Union, has risen to the position of one of the most prosperous countries in the world; whilst the contiguous southern territory, although so full of promise from its geographical position and climate, has remained in the same neglected condition in which the whole of this magnificent region had lain for centuries. The inhabitants of the peninsula are estimated at present to number not more than 6,000, the entire population of a tract of land 540 miles in length, by 50 in average breadth. They are chiefly half-castes, in whom Indian blood predominates. Mines of silver have long been worked near the southern end of the peninsula; but with regard to the resources, mineral or otherwise, of the remainder of the country, nothing was known until very recently.

The peninsula—at least, all except its northern and southern extremities—is now the property of a trading company, which has its central offices in New York. It was purchased of the republican chief, Juarez, in 1866, during the time the Mexican Empire was nominally under the sway of the unfortunate Maximilian; and the enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon has done more in a few months for the exploration of the country than Spanish-Americans accomplished during the centuries it was in their possession. On the completion of the bargain, the first step taken was the despatch of a scientific expedition to explore the territory throughout its whole length, to map its topographical features, and examine its geological structure and natural productions. The exploring party consisted of Mr. J. Ross Brown, Mr. W. M. Gabb, and Dr. Ferdinand Loehr—all men of reputation on the Pacific coast as mineralogists and geographers—and the work was commenced early in the year 1867.

One of the most interesting results of the investigations of these gentlemen, has been to modify the generally received notion as to the physical conformation of the peninsula. On all maps, a chain of hills or mountains is represented as running along the centre, forming, as it were, its back-bone, and appearing to be a continuation of the coast range of Upper California. Such a mountain range does not exist; the land gradually slopes, or forms a succession of plateaus, from the shores of the Pacific to within a few miles of the eastern coast, where it terminates in abrupt precipices, from 3,000 to 4,000 feet in height, facing the Gulf of California. This singular conformation suggests the idea that the peninsula forms only the half of a mountain range, divided longitudinally, of which the corresponding or eastern half has disappeared along the depression, where now roll the waters of the gulf. The narrow tract between the foot of the high escarpment and the shores of the gulf is broken into ridges and valleys, forming a kind of "undercliff," and clothed with a luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation. A fertile soil, yielding, with but little labour, most of the vegetable productions of warm climates, lies here at the service of the happy communities which will soon be established on the shores of the harbours and streams.

The rocks which form the slope of this long mountain ridge are of modern geological date, being of the tertiary period, here and there overlaid by thinner strata of still more recent formation. This is the condition of the central, and by far the greater part of the peninsula; the southern and northern portions are differently constituted, the slope and escarpment disappearing, and a chain of granitic mountains taking their place. In the south the Peak of St. Lazaro rises to an elevation of about 6,000 feet, being the highest point. Most of the central part is bare of trees; the fertile districts lying in the narrow valleys of the small rivers, which flow deep below the general surface of the land in their course to the Pacific. Towards the southern end of the territory belonging to the American Company, and on the Pacific coast, is a noble harbour, called Magdalena Bay, said to be equal to the bay of San Francisco in its accommodation for vessels. One half the population of the peninsula is concentrated in the picturesque valleys of the granitic range in the south, where the flourishing silver mines of Triunfo are situated. There are here three or four small towns; but in the rest of the territory only small scattered villages and mission stations are to be met with.

Survey of Sinai.

THE survey of the Sinaitic peninsula, which is now in operation, has been undertaken chiefly with a view to establish a firm basis—by mapping out the topography of the intricate mountain system and labyrinth of valleys—for setting at rest the much debated question of the route of the Israelites and the events of sacred history connected with it. The project was set on foot by the Rev. Pierce Butler, who intended to have accompanied the expedition, but died before his cherished object was realised. At his death the subject was taken up by Sir Henry James, Director of the Ordnance Survey, and other gentlemen, by whose exertions the necessary funds were obtained, the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society each contributing £50, on the ground of the scientific results expected to accrue from an accurate survey. The expenses being thus provided for, the authorities of the War Office granted permission for the detachment on this duty of a party of officers and men of the Royal Engineers, and they proceeded on their mission in October last. A valuable accession to the party was obtained in the Rev. F. W. Holland, a gentleman who had already made three journeys in Sinai, and travelled on foot over hill and valley for weeks together, accompanied by an Arab guide, endeavouring to clear up the difficulties of its history and topography. As an example of the uncertainties attaching to these points may be mentioned the fact that Mr. Holland has found reason for doubting the hitherto accepted identification of Mount Sinai itself; he finds another mountain, called Jebel Um Alowee, a few miles north-east of the present Mount Sinai, to meet the requirements of the biblical narrative much more satisfactorily. It may be added that whilst investigating the topography of the country other branches of science will not be neglected; archaeology, geology, natural history, and meteorology are entered on the programme of the expedition. According to the last accounts from Captain Palmer, the leader of the party, they were, on the 26th November, 1868, encamped at the foot of Jebel Musa, all in excellent health and spirits, and proceeding with their work.



DUEL WITH THE NAVAJA.

Notes on Spain.—III.

SPANISH INNS—THE POSADA AND VENTA—COOKERY—FUCHERO AND OLLA—THE NAVAJA.

THE "picturesque barbarisms" which pervade the land have always been a strong attraction and a favourite theme with travellers in Spain, and consequently they are the points on which the modern Spaniard—of the upper classes, at least—is sorest, for his highest ambition is to be undistinguishable from the rest of the civilised world. They are therefore assailed at once from within and from without, by native sensitiveness and by the importation of foreign ideas. Some there are, however, which promise to die hard. The inns of Spain have from time immemorial served as illustrations of the primitive simplicity which is the rule in the Peninsula, and they serve now equally well as illustrations of the mode in which the assimilating process works. Inns have always held a prominent place in Spanish literature and books relating to Spain. Every reader of "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas" knows what capital the authors make of the ways and humours, and motley company of the road-side inn; and from the days of William Lithgow downwards, there is hardly a trans-Pyrenean traveller who has not had his fling at the discomforts and the deficiencies, the shortcomings and the short commons of the hostleries of Spain. Nor are these aspersions merely the *ex-officio* complaints of a class which always makes the most of its sufferings abroad in order to impress friends at home. Even Ford, with all his affection for and sympathy with everything Spanish, cannot bring himself to say a word in commendation of the Spanish inns. He divides them into three classes: the bad, the worse, and the worst; the last class being by far the largest. From what has been already said

in these pages about Spanish travelling as it used to be, it will be seen that the wants and comforts of travellers were not very likely to be more carefully considered off the road than on it. But this was not all. The diligence, with all its inconveniences, was still an improvement introduced into and adopted by Spain. In principle and design it was French; in its discomforts and general uncouthness it was Spanish. But the inn was everywhere, from foundation to chimney-pot, an institution wholly and entirely Spanish, and therefore a thing unchanged and unchanging, preserving unimpaired down to the nineteenth century the ways and habits, luxuries and comforts, of the time of King Wamba. The old Spanish inn was a fine example of the way in which the virtue of patience operates in Spain. The large infusion of patience present in the Spanish character is, indeed, the key to at least half of the anomalies included under the term *cosas de España*. Every one who has ever travelled with Spaniards must have been struck by the uncomplaining resignation with which the Spaniard will endure annoyances and discomforts that would at once raise a spirit of revolt in any other man. It is not that he is insensible to them, nor is it wholly from an indolence which prevents him from taking any trouble to abate the nuisance. It is rather, one is led to fancy, that drop of Moorish blood which flows in Spanish veins, asserting itself in true Oriental fashion under circumstances of suffering. Where the impatient Northern would set himself to devise and enforce a remedy, the Spaniard quotes a proverb, and it must be a rare emergency which cannot be met by some apt and

sententious scrap of current Spanish philosophy. If there is none sufficiently appropriate and conclusive, he rolls and lights a cigarette, which action is in itself a practical proverb at once philosophical and consolatory. It is this quality, joined with an inborn spirit of obedience and respect for authority, that has made the Spanish the easiest governed, and therefore the worst governed, nation in Europe. As every rider knows, it is better that the horse should bear a little on the bridle. A too easy mouth begets a careless hand, and then some day there comes a rough bit of road and a stumble, broken knees, an empty saddle, and a cracked crown.

In the matter of inns Spain would have continued to tolerate to the end of the nineteenth century the sort of accommodation that prevailed in the seventeenth, had it not been for foreign influence, and it is remarkable how the march of improvement in this respect marks the track of the foreigner. The first establishments deserving the names of hotels were at the seaports, places like Barcelona, Valencia, Malaga, and Cadiz, and date from the period when steamboat communication began to operate along the coast; the inland towns for a long time made no sign, with the exception, perhaps, of Seville, which is, after all, a sort of seaport. In 1855, in his last edition of the "Hand-book for Spain," Ford describes the Madrid hotels as among the worst in Europe, and only mentions one, and that with a recommendation which reads like a warning. The rapid spread of railways since that time has, however, made a great change; now, not only at Madrid, but at almost every large town, there are hotels, not, perhaps, as well appointed as the best in Paris, but on the whole as good as those in most civilised parts of Europe, and, at any rate, good enough to satisfy all but the extremely fastidious. Recent tourists have, indeed, in some instances inveighed bitterly against Spanish hotels, but it is impossible not to suspect that these complaints are due, not so much to experience, as to tourist tradition and guide-book instruction, according to which it is a principle that all hotels in Spain must be bad, and that it is the correct thing to abuse them. The fact is, that in nine cases out of ten the hotels to which tourists go in Spain are no more Spanish than Mivart's or Meurice's. It is one of the peculiarities of Spanish progress that the propelling power is generally foreign. The railways are in French hands, the mines in English, the literature is worked by the Germans, and the hotel department has been taken charge of by the Italians. To the Spaniard is left the part of complacent proprietor, a part which he looks and acts to admiration. As he does not attach the idea of dignity to labour, though he is quite able to appreciate its effects, the sight of foreign industry on his behalf is pleasant to him. It is gratifying that he should have his bondmen "of the heathen that are round about him," and though the labour is theirs yet the soil they work on is his: *es siempre España*; it belongs to Spain, and Spain belongs to him, and so he can regard the result with entire self-satisfaction.

For the real Spanish inn it is necessary to go farther afield, to leave the beaten tracks, or on the beaten tracks to try some unvisited town, such as Avila for instance, at which the foreigner does not stop because it is not the fashion to stop. There the curious in such matters will find the unadulterated national hostelry, whatever title it may assume for the nonce; for it is to be noted that if Spain is above all countries

naturally poor in inn accommodation, the Spanish language is the richest of all languages in words to express that idea. "Hotel" has been recently naturalised, and of indigenous terms there are "fonda," "parador," "meson," "posada," "hosteria," "venta," "ventorillo," "taberna;" to which list may be added "hostal," which, however, is pure Catalan, and "casa de huespedes," and "casa de pupilos," though the last are more strictly the equivalents of "pension" or "boarding-house." This variety in nomenclature indicates, however, distinction rather than difference. The fonda (a title which is now adopted also by the buffets on the railways) is, or makes a pretence of being, the sort of thing which would in other countries be called a hotel; but as one recedes from the great highways the distinguishing features become fainter and fainter, until, in the very remote districts, the name, when it does appear, ceases to imply any superiority or difference worth mentioning. The parador is the analogue of our old coaching inn; it is the place *donde para la diligencia*—where the diligence stops—whether to dine, breakfast, sleep, or discharge its load. It varies of course with the quantity and quality of the passenger traffic on the road, in some cases boasting a *mesa redonda* (table d'hôte), and an attempt at a cuisine. The meson and the posada are both town inns, the chief difference being that the former is rather a bigger and more bustling kind of establishment, and more properly a sort of house of call for carriers, arrieros, muleteers, and business travellers of that description, while the posada is the inn, pure and simple, of city, town, or village, the place, as the name implies, *donde se posa*—where one reposes: such, at least, is the theory. Hosteria is a vague term, which means anything, or very frequently nothing, in the way of entertainment for man and beast. The venta is the roadside inn, the caravansera, far from the haunts of man, to which the traveller looks forward as the place where he may break the weary journey between town and town, bait his steeds, cool his parched clay with a deep draught from the perspiring porous water-jar, and, if the house be one of good repute and large business, recruit himself with more substantial refreshment. The ventorillo is the diminutive of the venta, a half-way house, of bothie or "shebeen" order, just capable of supplying water for the mules, and fire-water—aguardiente—for their masters. This and the taberna are the lowest depths of Spanish entertainment. This latter is simply the wine-shop of the mountain hamlet, and has seldom much more to offer the wanderer who is forced to seek its shelter than black bread, clean straw, and *vino de pasto*—not the light dry sherry-like wine which monopolises that name in this country, but simply the *vin ordinaire* of the district. The taberna is, however, almost confined to the mountains of Galicia, Leon, and the Asturias, where the un-Spanish practice of calling a spade a spade prevails to some extent. In grandiloquent Castile, or imaginative Andalusia, a house offering the same degree of accommodation would not have the least scruple in calling itself a posada.

The posada and the venta are the two most typical and characteristic of all these. They are, indeed, things of Spain, wholly peculiar to, and in every sense redolent of Spain. Of course they vary considerably; some posadas there are which the traveller will always hold in grateful remembrance for their excellent, homely fare, cosy lodging, and kindly ways. Many, most perhaps, will have a place in his memory solely from their

discomforts and humours, and the semi-barbarous originality pervading the entire establishment. To the traveller who, setting forth from Madrid or Seville, or some other civilised starting-point, plunges into the wilds of Spain, as he may do in most cases immediately on passing the gates of the city, his first posada affords nearly as complete a change as could be obtained by dropping from a balloon into the middle of the Chinese Tartary. However posadas may differ in internal arrangements and comforts, they always agree in one point, they are, externally, strictly honest; they make no illusory outside promises about neat wines, beds, chops and steaks, or anything corresponding to those luxuries. They preserve an uncommunicative, unpromising, and even forbidding front, without a sign to guide the hungry pilgrim, or any indication of their calling except the name of the hostelry, Posada of the Sun, or of the Souls, or of Juan the Gallego, painted on the wall within a black border, like a mortuary inscription, and, perhaps, a withered branch—that bush which good wine needs not, according to the proverb—hanging over the entrance. This last is usually a gateway, lofty and wide, for through it must pass all that seek the shelter of the house—men, horses, mules, or wagons. Inside will generally be found a huge, barn-like apartment, with, at one end, an open hearth, or else a raised cooking altar, where some culinary rite or other seems to be always in progress. At the other, a wooden staircase, or rather, a ladder that has taken to a settled life, leads to an upper region, where are certain cells called quartos, which, on demand, will be furnished with a truckle-bed for the luxurious traveller. In posada etiquette, the securing of one of these chambers establishes beyond a question a right to the title caballero, which, otherwise, would be allowed only by courtesy. The muleteers, carriers, and general customers, unless very flush of cash, rarely avail themselves of such a luxury; but, wrapped up in their mantas, stow themselves away under the carts, or in the stable, or on a sort of bench which, in well-found posadas and ventas, is built for their convenience round the lower chamber. A second archway—the counterpart of that opening on the street or road—leads to the yard, and to ranges of stables sufficient for a regiment of cavalry. This, or

something of this sort, is the most common arrangement; but there are endless differences in matters of detail. The front gateway is the regular post of “el amo,” which must be translated “landlord;” though that title, as we understand it, gives but a faint idea of the character. He is by no means the man to come out smirking and bowing to meet the guest that descends or dismounts at his door; his demeanour is against that of a prince permitting foreigners to enter his dominions. The stranger, new to posada ways, before he resents the undemonstrative dignity with which he is received, will do well to study the conduct of his fellow guests as they arrive. The

arriero, as he comes up with his string of laden mules, just nods to the amo, who, cigarette in mouth, sits lolling against the door-post, and without further ado passes in with his beasts, takes off and puts away the packs, and stables the animals like one who is quite at home and looks for no help. As he re-appears from the stables the amo rises, unlocks the store where the fodder is kept, gives out the necessary supplies, and returns to his seat and cigarette. The new-comer, having seen his beasts at their supper, proceeds to see about his own at the upper end, where the womankind and cookery reign, and ascertains when the olla, or puchero, or guisado, as the case may be, will be ready. Business being now finished, he makes a cigarette, takes a stool, and sits down in the gateway opposite the landlord, who then, for the first time, breaks silence with “Que tal?” to which the guest replies with the latest “novidades” of the

last town he has been in. This is the usual, and the best plan. Help yourself as far as you can; take the good the gods provide, or in default thereof, such things as the cooks, and he who sends cooks, may have furnished, and refrain from making idle inquiries as to what you can have, or useless statements as to what you would like to have. As the evening wears on the group in the gateway grows larger and larger, until the shades and chills of night, aided by hunger, bring about an adjournment to the hearth inside, where it re-forms, and contemplates the simmering pans with a warm interest. Then sundry low tables, very straddle-legged, as having to stand on a rough paved floor, are set out, forks and spoons are distributed, at least to any recognised caballeros



THE NAVAJA.

(as for knives, every man is expected to produce his own—some ten or twelve inches of knife—out of his breeches pocket or the folds of his faja), and the glazed earthenware pans are transferred, just as they are, from the hearth to the table, exactly as Cervantes describes: "trujo el huesped la olla asi como estaba." By the way, the dialogue between Sancho and the host, in the beginning of that chapter of "Don Quixote" (Part II,

with his fork, and falling back on the use of the spoon for the broth and the garbanzos. The concession of a plate, however, will always be made to the weakness of a caballero and a foreigner, and a similar consideration for the uncivilised ways of the outer barbarian will perhaps be shown in granting him a tumbler, or drinking glass, as his awkwardness will not permit him to drink in the correct way, by shooting a 'hin stream of



HOW A SPANIARD DRINKS.

chap. lix.) is to this day true to life, and illustrates what we have already said about the uselessness of asking for or ordering anything in a posada or venta. Now, as then, the gravity with which a landlord, who has nothing in the house, and no chance of getting anything outside, will ask, "Que quiere usted?" (What would your worship like?) is amazing. Plates are not in vogue at a genuine posada or venta supper. Every one works away at the common dish, harpooning his food with the point of his knife, or, if a man of refinement,

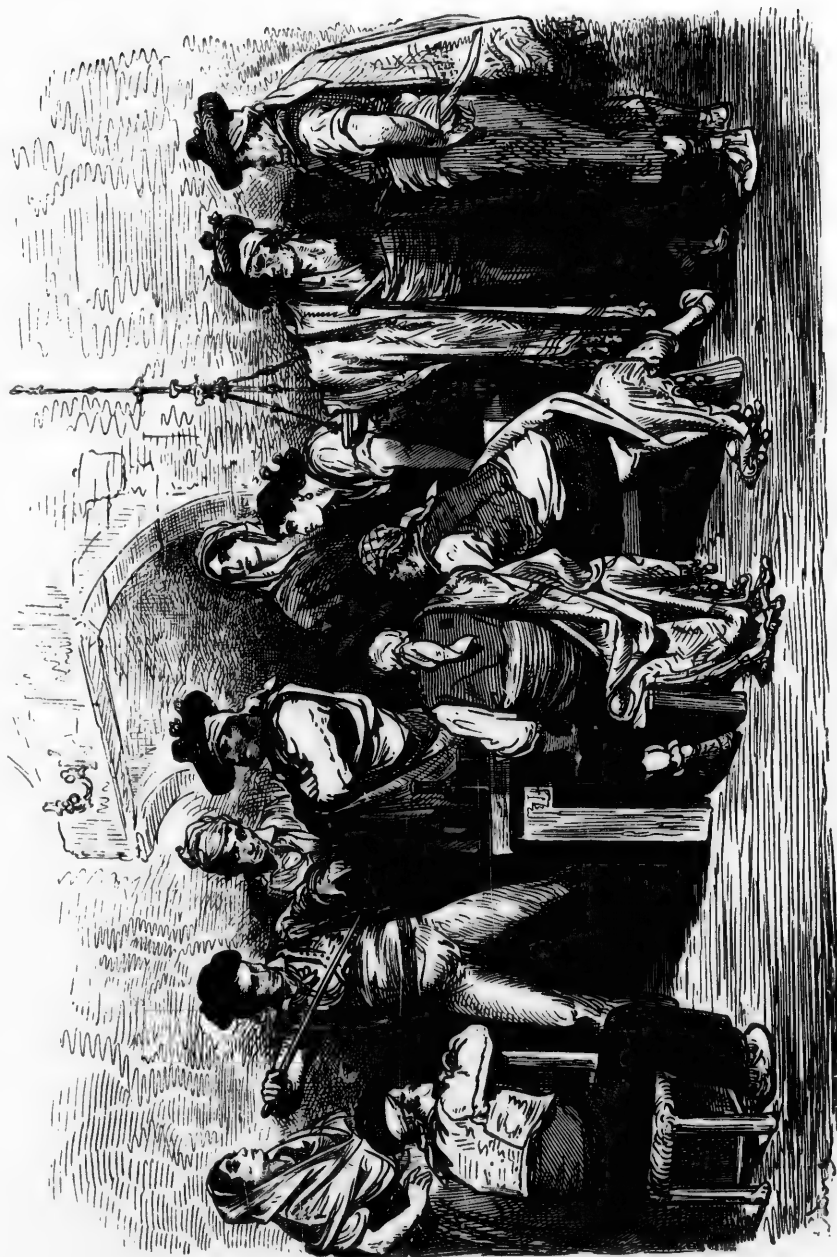
wine down his throat from the leathern bota which passes round from hand to hand, or from the porron, a squat glass flask, with a long curved spout like a curlew's bill.

The posada, its ways and scenes, company and surroundings, have rather a Gil Blas flavour. The venta, on the other hand, reminds one more of Don Quixote. The venta is, indeed, "the inn" of Quixotic story, and one, at least, of those mentioned can be identified in the Venta de Quesada, a couple of leagues north of Manzanares, on the Madrid road.

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COMPANY IN A SPANISH INN.

This is clearly the inn Cervantes had in his eye when he described the Don's first sally, and how he was dubbed a knight by the innkeeper. Tradition says it, and topography confirms it. The "great yard that lay neere unto one side of the inne," where the hero watched his armour, and the "cistern neer unto a well" on which he placed it, are still in existence, and have a positive historic value in the eyes of the Manchegans. By the way, Shelton and his successors would have done better in translating "pila" literally by "trough," which would have been more consistent with fact, as well as with the spirit of incongruity which pervades the humour of the whole scene. There are better specimens, however, of the Don Quixote inn than the Venta de Quesada. On the long, straight, dreary roads of La Mancha and Andalusia may be seen, at intervals, the very counterpart of that famous inn, in which are laid so many of the scenes of the first part—a bare, staring, white-walled, red-roofed building, big enough, and self-assertive enough, at least, to pass for a castle. For leagues there is no other house "to mark the level waste, the rounding gray." All the features described by the novelist are there, even to the corral where they tossed poor Sancho in the blanket, and the huge skins of red wine with which the Don did battle. The company, too, is much the same as of yore. Officers of the Holy Brotherhood, ladies in disguise, and escaped captives from Barbary no longer travel the roads; but the barber and the priest, cloth-workers of Segovia and needle-makers of Cordova, pedlars, arrieros, and caballeros may still be found grouped together, by the levelling influence of venta accommodation.

Any remarks about ventas and posadas would be incomplete without a word on the fare and cookery of the Spanish inn. In the civilised hotels and fondas of the large towns, the cuisine is simply continental—that is to say, French, or quasi-French. Spain asserts herself at the table only in a certain leathery and pitchy twang in the wine, and in a feeble imitation of the puchero, which is one of the courses of every table d'hôte. The parador, too, in these days very frequently shows signs of foreign influence; but the meson, the posada, and the venta are true to Spanish cookery and Spanish dishes. About these there is a good deal of misconception. The olla and the puchero, for instance, are generally spoken of as if they were definite works of culinary art, and quite distinct one from the other. Practically they are the same, olla being the term in vogue in Andalusia and the south, puchero, in the Castiles and the north generally; and each meaning, like our "dish," not the contents, but the receptacle—the brown glazed earthenware pan or bowl in which the mass is cooked and, generally, served. In each case the composition and ingredients depend entirely on the supplies within reach. They are, in fact, stews or messes, into which anything edible that is at hand may enter with propriety. There are, however, certain ingredients more or less necessary. As the proverbs say, "Olla sin tocino, sermon sin Agustino"—an olla without bacon is as poor an affair as a sermon without a flavouring from St. Augustine, and as flat as a "boda sin tamborino," a wedding without music; and as bacon is about the one thing which is never wanting in Spain, bacon is always there to give an unctuous mellowness to the mass; also there should be chorizos, the peculiar highly-spiced rusty-flavoured sausages of Spain, and likewise scraps of beef. As a bed for these more solid ingredients there should be plenty of cabbage, and garbanzos or chick-peas, to which may be added any fancy vegetable the

season permits and the district produces. The same rule holds good with respect to the meat element. The recognised members are those mentioned above; but mutton, fowl, goat, or any chance game picked up on the road—hare, partridge, quail, rabbit, plover, magpie, all are admissible; and then, as the cookery-book would say, let the whole simmer gently over a slow fire, for "olla que mucho hierve sabor pierde"—the olla allowed to boil too much loses flavour. The guisado, also an eminent posada dish, is a stew of another sort, simpler as regards its composition, but more elaborate as regards its sauce. In the north-west of Spain, and where the potato flourishes, the guisado occasionally develops a family likeness to the "Irish stew," and when really well cooked, is a dish to set before a king, not to say a hungry traveller. Another favourite posada dish is chicken and rice, which is something like curried fowl, with the part of curry left out, or, to be more correct, undertaken by saffron. The tortilla and the gazpacho, sometimes alluded to in books about Spain, are not properly posada or venta dishes; the former, a substantial kind of pancake with slices of potato embedded in it, being rather a merienda or luncheon refecton, to be eaten *in transitu*; the latter, a something between a soup and a salad consumed by the peasants and labradors in the fields. The true posada soup, or sopa, is simply bread saturated into a pulp with caldo—the water in which meat has been boiled. Condiments of various sorts are largely used in posada cookery. The commonest are tomato, pimientos or peppers, red and green, and saffron; to which must be added those two bugbears of the foreign traveller, oil and garlic. As to the accusations brought against the former, a true bill must be found in most cases. It is generally execrable, so strong and rancid that "you shall nose it as you go up the stairs into the lobby," but there is rather more fuss made about garlic than it deserves. The Spanish garlic, like the Spanish onion, is a much milder and less overpowering article than that produced further north. Every one who has mixed much in peasant society in Spain must have remarked that, although quite as much addicted to the use of garlic as that of the south of France, it is by no means so objectionable on the same score. It is even possible for a Northerner to become in time quite tolerant of garlic, but it is a terrible moment when he first perceives that he has ceased to regard it with that abhorrence which a person of properly constituted senses ought to feel. He becomes the victim of a horrible self-suspicion somewhat like that of a man thrown among cannibals, who found that their mode of dining was beginning to be less revolting to him than it had been at first. The dessert of a Spanish dinner ought, considering the climate, to be well furnished. But the Spaniards are not, like the Moors, skilful and careful gardeners, and fruit in Spain is generally poor, the oranges, grapes, and, perhaps, the figs, excepted. The smaller fruits have scarcely any existence. The strawberry is all but unknown, except in a wild state. Melons, to be sure, are abundant, and large enough for Gargantua's mouth, but they are rather insipid. The apples are sometimes fair to look at, but seldom worth further attention. The pears are very much like those stone fruits sold at bazaars for chimney ornaments, and about as soft and succulent; and as to the peaches, they are generally nothing better than pretentious turnips in velvet jackets.

What has been already said about the ways of the posada will throw some light on one of the minor barbarisms with which

Spain is frequently charged. It has been urged as an ugly fact against the nation that every male, of the lower orders at least, should always carry about him such a murderous weapon as the "navaja," the Spanish knife about which so much has been written, and it is assumed that an instrument of that form can only be retained for homicidal purposes. The navaja is, indeed, the national weapon of the Spanish peasant, as the long Toledo blade was that of the hidalgo, and in that capacity it has many a time done effective service in the guerillas of Spain, as many a poor French picket has found to his cost. Very likely it would come into play again should an occasion arise; but at present, and in these latter days, it is, appearances notwithstanding, nearly as harmless a tool as a court-sword. Those frightful combats and scenes of slashing and stabbing with which Spanish life is so generally accredited, are in reality of the very rarest occurrence, now at least, whatever they may have been. There is not, perhaps, a less quarrelsome people naturally than the Spanish, nor are they by any means the fiery, hot-tempered set, prone to shed blood on the smallest provocation, that those who are fond of generalisation represent them to be. A fight of any sort, even in the back slums of the great cities, is the most uncommon of sights, and there are probably more of what are called "knife cases" in a week in England than in Spain in a twelvemonth. Better police regulations, too, have helped to make serious frays impossible. The professional bully, for instance, mentioned by Ford, and portrayed by M. Doré, cannot well levy black-mail on the card-players with the same impunity as in days gone by. The navaja is carried more from force of habit than anything else. It is the old trusty companion of the Spaniard, a weapon abroad, a knife at board; and, though fighting may have gone out, dining still remains in fashion, and he clings to the old tool.

Still, however, it must be admitted, appearances are against the navaja, and, being so, every tourist will, of course, buy a specimen, to serve as an illustration of the manners and customs of Spain. With the traveller who means to put up at *ventas* and *posadas* it is, indeed, a matter of necessity. A

knife of some sort he must have, as has been already shown, and he had better provide himself with one of those of the country, for if he produces a more civilised implement of foreign manufacture, he will find that its attractions as a curiosity are so great that it will be in any hands but his own at meal times. The Albacete cutlery is the most esteemed; but Santa Cruz de Mudela, Saragossa, and one or two other towns, turn out business-like articles. Barbarous, indeed, in every way is the navaja. The blade, sharp at the point as a needle, varies from three inches to three feet in length. Knives of the latter dimensions are not, to be sure, generally carried in the breeches pocket, but they are to be seen in the cutlers' windows. From eight to ten inches is a convenient length for general society, but twelve or fourteen is not considered ungenteel. Nothing can be ruder than the ornamentation, workmanship, and finish; in fact, the whole affair rather looks like the uncouth weapon of some scalping, weasand-slitting, stomach-ripping savage, than the peaceful companion of a European Christian. Still, the elasticity of British manufacture, which on the one hand can surpass the blades of Damascus and Toledo, and on the other descend to meet the tastes of the Malay and the Red Indian in creeses and tomahawks, is equal to the task of producing a navaja which can compete successfully with the native article. There is a form of knife, bearing the name of a Sheffield firm, which is now becoming very popular in Andalusia on account of its durability, lightness, and cheapness, and it is curious to observe how the traditions and tastes of the country have been consulted in its construction. It is certainly, in appearance, a less bloodthirsty instrument than the original navaja, and inclines rather to cutting than to stabbing as the true province of a pocket-knife; but it is studiously and carefully rough and rude in make, and, beside a common jack-knife, which does not cost half its price, it looks like the product of some savage workshop. This is the small end of the wedge; it will be for some hardware Darwin of the future to trace the features of the old national navaja in the improved cutlery of Spain.

A Visit to Paraguay during the War.

BY THOMAS J. HUTCHINSON, F.R.G.S. ETC.

CHAPTER II.

BATTLE OF RIACHUELO—NOISES IN SOUTH AMERICAN TOWNS—CITY OF CORRIENTES—CHACO INDIANS—BONPLAND THE BOTANIST—MIRACLE OF THE CROSS—LAKE OF YBERA—FLOATING ISLANDS—THE VICTORIA REGIA—THE PARANA ABOVE CORRIENTES—ITAPIRUA FORT—THE BRAZILIAN FLEET—THE PARAGUAYAN CHATA.

March 30th.—Passing the Sombrero and Sombrerito points, we enter the bay opposite the Riachuelo, where was fought the great naval battle, already alluded to, between the Paraguayan and Brazilian squadrons, on the 11th of June, 1865. Vessels ascending the river and entering this harbour have to contend against a very rapid current sweeping round the point; and the Paraguayans, availing themselves of this advantage, erected a battery at the place to aid their fleet. Into the centre of the river bight flows the small river Riachuelo, and at the upper end, as the only reminder of the battle, we see projecting out of the water the three

masts of the large Brazilian iron steamer, the *Jequitinhonha*, which grounded on a bank during the fight. I hope to be excused giving any details of this contest, when I state the fact that both sides claim the victory on the occasion, and that medals to commemorate it were struck respectively at Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, and at Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil.

Rounding the point of El Pelado (the treeless), and skirting along the Isla de Palomeras (the island of bleak points), anchor is dropped in Corrientes roadstead at ten o'clock on Good Friday morning.

In nearly all South American towns the first noises which attract the attention of a stranger are the sounding of bugles and the ringing of bells. It occurs to me that the latter practice may owe its origin to the dogmas of Frater Johannes Drabicius, who, in his book, "*De Cœlo et Cœlesti Statu*," printed at Mentz in A.D. 1718, employs 425 pages to prove

that the occupation of the blessed in the world to come will be the perpetual ringing of bells. Before sunrise bells and bugles are now vibrating at Corrientes, whilst during the whole day long the music of both is repeated at intervals—too often, I regret to say, in most distressing tones of discordance.

I had been informed, previous to my visit to this place, that there were some old ladies here whose notions of what Captain Maury calls the "Geography of the Sea" were so limited, that even after steamers began to ply in this direction, they believed the mail and passenger vessels came out from England in the same fashion as the river craft effected their voyages from Buenos Ayres to Corrientes—namely, by lying every night alongside an island, to which their ship was made fast by a rope secured to a tree.

I was agreeably disappointed with my first view of Corrientes from the roadstead. Two venerable-looking churches—the Matriz (or parish chapel) and the San Francisco—with the Moorish-looking tower of the Cabildo (town hall), first attracted my attention, producing a pleasant Old-World appearance. Then a number of brown sloping roofs—a very unusual thing in Spanish South American towns, where all the house-tops are flat—gave an air of quaintness to the place. On the beach, at the southern end, are half-a-dozen tanneries; the leather which is manufactured here constituting one of the chief articles of export, together with dry and wet hides, timber of various kinds, and oranges in their season.

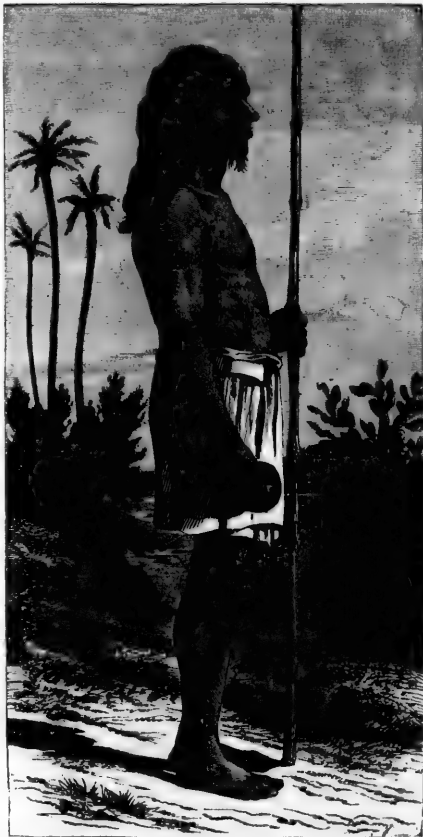
My earliest visit on shore was paid to His Excellency the Governor. In the Government House are comprised the governor's and the minister's office, as well as the offices of the customs, the bank, and the war department. The building was originally erected as a college by the Jesuits. Its chief front faces Tucuman Street, and over the main door are the arms of the Argentine Republic. This block of buildings covers a square (*cuadra*) of ground (150 yards on each side), and inside the quadrangle is a smooth greensward of the finest grass. Everywhere in the streets of Corrientes this herbage, styled *gramilla* or *pasto*

tierno, is seen growing. Between the offices and the grass a corridor runs along on each side, clinging to the pillars of which grow scarlet and vari-coloured convolvuli, intermingled with white and red roses. In two squares which adjoin we find the commissariat's offices, busy with the troops and stores now in daily preparation for the campaign in Paraguay.

The ground on which the city is built is undulating like that of Paraná. In the same street as the post-office, and nearly opposite to it, the theatre, of which I saw little except broken windows, and observed that the light of heaven penetrated very distinctly through the greater part of its wooden roof. The streets in one respect bear a resemblance to those of the city of Cordova, in being sandy, which is attended with this advantage, that in wet weather there can be little or no mud. Occasionally we see blocks of basalt cropping up in these sandy roads. Almost every house has an orange-garden attached to it, and the fragrant odours of the blossoms and the golden fruit, when in season, make up for many deficiencies in the place in other respects. The produce in oranges is so abundant that, as I have before said, they constitute part of the exports of the city.

In the principal *plaza* are situated the two churches of the Merced and Matriz, whilst between them and the river is the church of San Francisco. This square is very spacious, but the town-hall, a statue of Liberty in the centre, and a few private houses, constitute all its architectural features.

Opposite the Cabildo (or town-hall), and on the other side of the square is a large, gloomy, prison-looking residence, with a small entrance-door painted a very bright green, where resides Doctor Santiago Derqui, who was president of the Argentine Confederation on the fall of Urquiza. A few palm-trees, not of very vigorous growth, are planted here and there. The statue of Liberty has at each corner of the base of the column, and overtopping the pediment, the figure of a human bust. One of these represents Belgrano, another San Martin, a third Alvear, and the fourth Lavallol—all



INDIAN OF PARAGUAY.

heroes of the war of independence waged by the Argentines against Spain.

In the Matriz there are some fine paintings by the old Spanish masters. The organ of this church was made by a priest, assisted by a native blacksmith.

I mounted the tower of the Cabildo, in order to have a view of the city and surrounding country. This edifice, the town-hall of the place, was erected in 1812 by Deputy-Governor Lazurige, and has always been used for offices by the judges of criminal, of civil, and of commercial causes, as well as by the *Gefe Politico*. This last-named functionary is, in all Argentine towns, equivalent to the mayor or chief magistrate. From the summit of the tower the eye ranges across the river to the illimitable wilds of the Gran Chaco territory; but the most attractive object is a very imposing church, with enormous dome, covered with blue and white porcelain tiles, situated in the north-eastern part of the city, at a distance of about a mile and a half from where we stood. This sacred building was dedicated to our Lady of Rosario; but, although commenced ten years ago, it is still unfinished, and surrounded by scaffolding. Towards the borders of the town, on the south-east, we can see the chapel of El Milagro de la Cruz (The Miracle of the Cross), and adjoining this lies the public cemetery. Seen from this height, Corrientes might be styled the "city of orange groves," so abundant are the orchards of this beautiful fruit.

Descending from the Cabildo, I strolled up to the market-house, which is nothing but a *galpon*, or shed, resembling an African palaver-house, in being open at both ends. It is about fifty yards long. Among the articles offered for sale by the dark-skinned market-gardeners and costermongers were heaps of Indian corn, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, melons, gourds, and a curious sort of lumpy saccharine confectionery that resembled too much the colour of the sellers to encourage me to try its flavour. As I walked through the town I was able to

notice more attentively the brown roofs of the houses, which had so curious an appearance from the deck of our steamer. They are constructed of the trunks of palm-trees, the cylindrical stems being split down the middle, and so arranged in juxtaposition as to have their convex sides upwards. Attached to the majority of houses with this style of roof, and facing the street, are wide verandahs, beneath which one can sit at any time of the day, and be protected from the scorching sun.

Amongst the motley crowd of natives and foreigners to be met with here at this time, were occasional specimens of the Mocovi and Guaicuru Indians from the Gran Chaco. These people come across from their wild woods to sell grass for cattle, there being no alfalfa (South American clover), on which horses are fed elsewhere in this country, cultivated near Corrientes. The Chaco grass is extremely coarse, being almost as thick as wheat-straw. It is, nevertheless, said to be very nutritious, and the horses feed on it with great avidity.

During our stay at Corrientes the crew of the steamer caught in the river a large quantity of fish, some of them resembling in taste the English salmon. Two of the kinds taken were the dorado and the pekaré, both excellent eating. The latter is said, by its presence, to be the invariable precursor of the water rising—a change very much needed at the time of my visit. The dorado, as its name indicates, is of a golden colour; whilst both species are plump and fat. These two kinds of fish are plentiful in all parts of the river, from Monte Video upwards.

Whilst at Corrientes I made inquiries respecting the distinguished French botanist, M. Amadée Bonpland—a man who once enjoyed great fame as the companion and worthy fellow-labourer of the illustrious Humboldt, in his world-renowned journeys across the Cordilleras of the northern part of the South American continent. Bonpland died in 1858, at his estancia, or plantation, in the territory of Misiones, near a town called Mercedes, at the distance of about fifty leagues



SERGEANT GONZALES—PARAGUAYAN SOLDIER.

east from Corrientes city. To me it was a subject of saddening reflection to find that the name of this celebrated *savant* was already almost forgotten in the country of his adoption. In spite of the splendid career which lay open to a man of his great attainments in Europe, after his travels, he left the centres of Old-World civilisation, and came to the banks of the Plata to do what he could towards the spread of enlightenment in the New World. A grant of land, four leagues in extent, was given to him at the time that Don Juan Pujol was governor of this province in 1854. At this last-mentioned period, being then interested in the establishment of the agricultural colony of Santa Anna, where he temporarily resided, Bonpland was appointed by Governor Pujol to be director-in-chief of a museum of the natural products of the province of Corrientes, just created in the capital. His reply, accepting the post, seems to be worthy of being preserved. It is dated Santa Anna, the 27th of October, 1854, and is addressed to the governor in the following words:—

"I should wish to be younger, as well as more worthy to fill the situation of director-in-chief of the museum, or permanent provincial exhibition, that your Excellency has deigned to offer me. Although I am now three months beyond eighty years of age, I accept with gratitude the honourable position placed at my disposal; and I pledge myself to employ all my powers in fulfilling the numerous duties exacted by an institution calculated to be so useful to the people of Corrientes, to whom, as well as to your Excellency, the honoured founder of this museum, I owe numberless obligations.

"The chief riches of this province, as far as we know at present, consist in its vegetable productions. In the Argentine Republic, together with Paraguay and the Banda Oriental, I have collected a herbarium of more than three thousand species of plants, and I have studied their properties with the most careful attention. This work, in which I have been employed since 1816, will be very useful when I come to arrange our vegetable collection; and I hope in a short time to place in the museum of Corrientes a herbarium that will be as useful as your Excellency need desire, in encouraging in the minds of your fellow-citizens an ambition to study the natural products of their country.

"As to the mineral kingdom, there is no doubt that with the advance of time our mines of silver and gold will be worked with much advantage, when we have a more numerous population, and labour is carried on according to better rules than those which now exist. Although quicksilver has been discovered, many years ago, in the neighbourhood of La Cruz, still the predecessors of your Excellency have neglected the glory of utilising this metal, which is so useful for amalgamation with gold and silver. It would seem expedient to me to explore as soon as possible the three small hills which overtop the town of La Cruz, for it is there that may be discovered the chief deposit of this quicksilver. If, as I hope, we can ascertain with accuracy the position of this mine, it will prove an invaluable treasure to serve for the amalgamation of the numerous ores of gold and silver, that are at the present time being worked with so much zeal all through the Argentine Republic.

"The animal kingdom is well represented in the province, but as yet we have only a superficial knowledge of it. Therefore much interesting information can be elicited, as well as a good collection formed, by an assiduous study

of this branch of knowledge. God bless your Excellency, &c. &c.

"AMADÉE BONPLAND."

The statements in the foregoing letter, that the writer was eighty years and three months old when he accepted the post of director-in-chief of the Corrientes Museum, and that he had made a collection of more than three thousand species of plants, made me very anxious to know something of the result of his labours in this interior province. I found that his name is remembered, and that is all. No one in Corrientes of whom I inquired knew even where the museum had formerly stood, although it was only twelve years since it was established; and of the whereabouts of Bonpland's botanical collection they were equally ignorant. Such is scientific fame in South America!

Young as these South American countries are, the city of Corrientes boasts a miraculous legend concerning its foundation. It is thus related by the historian, Dr. Vicente C. Quesada:—

"In the year 1583, Don Juan Torres de Vera and Arragon was Adelantador, or Governor of Paraguay. He sent his nephew, Don Alonzo de Vera, with eighty soldiers, to found a city in some advantageous position, lower down the river than the capital of Asuncion. In the report of Don Alonzo on the place which he selected, he describes it as 'a beautiful situation, not only with a charming perspective, but possessing manifest advantages for agriculture and the rearing of cattle.' On the 3rd of April, 1588, they mounted the banks, which in this place are not more than from ten to twelve feet above the water, and pitched their tents in a small bramble wood, called Arazatary. The custom of the Spaniards in those times was, in the first place, to make a cross, which they planted, as a signal of their having taken possession in the name of the Spanish sovereign. At this epoch the Guarani Indians inhabited this part of the country in large multitudes, and they knew, from sad experience, how dreadful was the tyranny of the white man, under whose bondage their brethren were then suffering in Paraguay; so that, at sight of the Spaniards, they prepared to defend their soil and their liberties against these invaders. The new-comers, having erected the cross, constructed a wooden palisading, inside of which they placed themselves for defence against six thousand Guaranis, who came at once to attack them, and who were commanded by three famous caciques, named Canindeyu, Payaguari, and Aguara Coemba. The Guaranis poured in on the besieged a shower of arrows, against which the palisading was but a miserable defence. Previous to returning the assault with their arquebuses, although these were charged, the Spaniards knelt down before the cross, and offered up in loud voices the most fervent prayers to heaven for protection. The Indians, observing the curious cries and movements of those who had knelt down before the symbol of their faith, believed that it contained some charm which would prevent their overcoming such a handful of soldiers whilst it existed; therefore, as the cross was placed at the entrance to the palisading, they piled around it a quantity of dry branches of wood, a quantity of scorched-up grass, and anything of a combustible nature which they could pick up. Then they set fire to the mass, amidst yelling and dancing, for they calculated on certain victory when the cross should be consumed. But their surprise was very great when, after an hour's burning, the sacred symbol

was observed in the midst of the ashes perfectly uninjured. With chagrin and disappointment, they returned to apply fire again, when, as one of the Indians approached to stir up the smouldering embers, he was struck dead upon the spot. Some say this was done by a flash of lightning, sent down from heaven to punish his impiety; but others, less credulous, believe he received his death-blow by a shot from one of the Spanish arquebuses. The Indians, at all events, at sound of the detonation, and on seeing the dead body of their brother, took this as a signal mark of displeasure from above; then the six thousand Guaranis, with their caciques, women, and children, bowed their heads to the yoke of their eighty Spanish conquerors."

Having obtained a horse through the kindness of Dr. Newkirk, I rode out on one morning of my stay here to see the pillar which is erected on the spot where the cross was originally planted; for, although a chapel was the first edifice built in Corrientes directly upon the place where stood the holy symbol, that chapel, with its prized memorial, was reconstructed on the 10th of March, 1736, and again rebuilt on the 30th of March, 1808, on the site where it now stands. The existing La Capilla de la Cruz is very near the town, whereas the first one was more than a mile distant.

The column, which is erected about 500 yards from the river's bank, to commemorate "La Cruz de los Milagros" (The Cross of the Miracles), was completed, and its opening celebrated by a grand religious festival, on the 4th of May, 1828, "as a testimony of the people's veneration for their religious traditions." It is a simple stone pillar, plastered over with mortar; and at the time of my visit there was a bird's nest on the top of it. The height does not exceed fifteen feet, and it has about six feet square of metal railings at the base. On two sides of its base are inscriptions in Spanish, that nearest the river being, "The people of Corrientes erect this monument as a testimony of their gratitude to the sovereign Author of omens, with which His omnipotent right hand deigned to work in favour of their Fathers on the memorable 3rd of April, 1588;" whilst that on the side facing the city runs, "The same people of Corrientes, in homage of the memory of their twenty-eight illustrious ancestors, on the 3rd of April, 1588."

Although the first great miracle is believed to have occurred on the date just mentioned, its celebration was changed to the 3rd of May by the Bishop of Paraguay, Dr. Don Benito Line, when he visited the place (at that time forming part of his diocese) in 1805. For a considerable number of years after this the Governor, the House of Representatives, the civil and military bodies, were accustomed to hold a grand festival in the neighbourhood of the column on the 3rd of May. During the day all kinds of Gaucho games were celebrated, and many features of carnival times were presented, whilst the night was passed in singing, dancing, and playing the guitar. But now there is little more in Corrientes than the desolation which war brings everywhere.

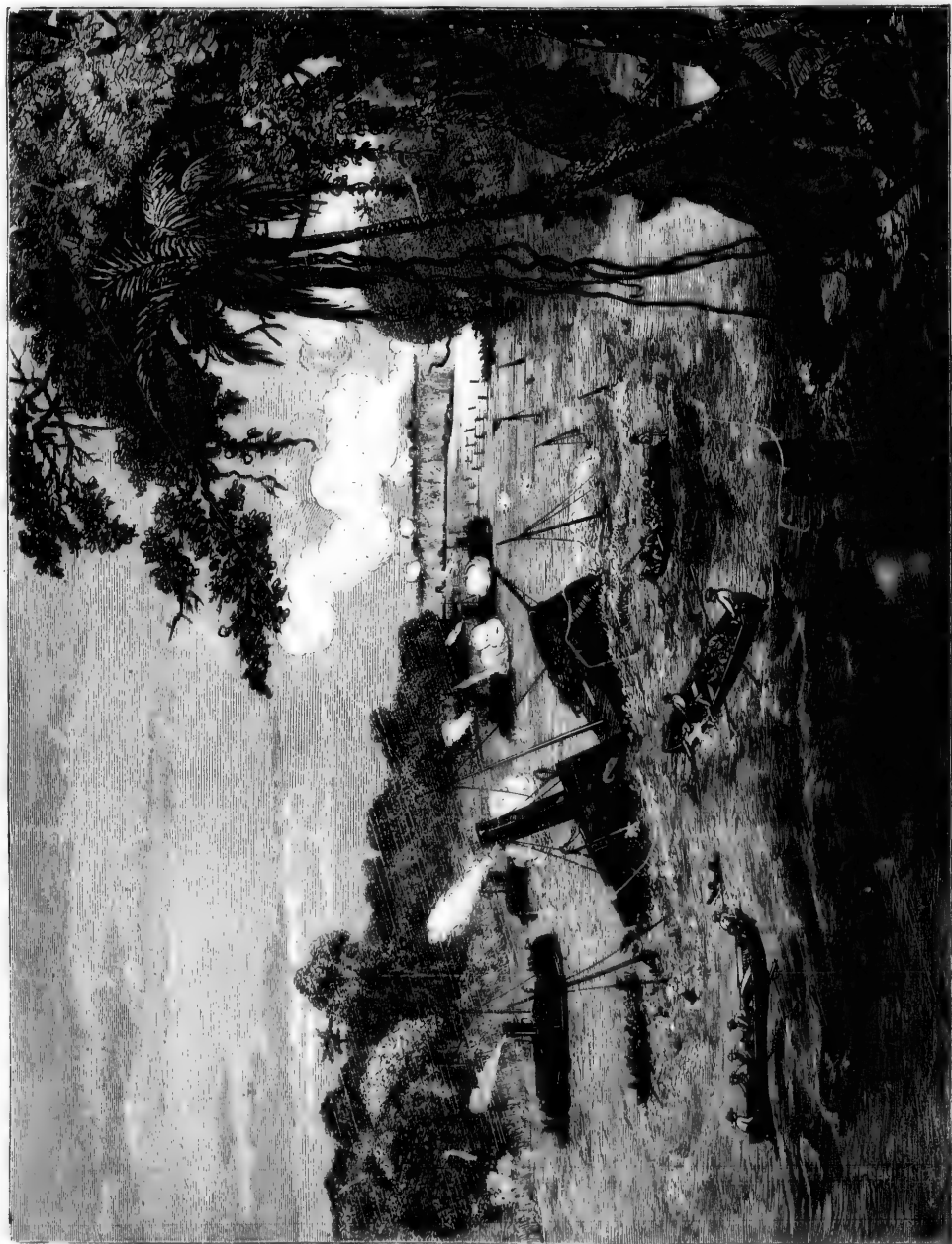
The city of Corrientes was named "Taragui" by the Guaraní Indians. This word, in their language, signifies a "lizard," and they gave the appellation from the fact of the walls, roofs, and patios (court-yards) of the houses abounding with these reptiles, shortly after the city was founded. The original title given by the Spanish founders was "San Juan de

las Siete Corrientes" (Saint John of the Seven Currents), from the circumstance that, a short distance above the city, the river Paraná breaks on some points of rocks, which cause so many back-waters (*i.e.*, seven), and consequent eddies, each having an opposite tendency. The coat of arms of the province represents seven points of land, with a cross in the middle enveloped in flames.

Corrientes province is divided into twenty departments, including the capital. These are territorial divisions, somewhat after the style of parishes in England, for each possesses so many justices of peace, who are distributed more in proportion to the position and population of a department than to its extent of land. The boundaries of this province seem to be very difficult to be defined, as for many centuries there have been disputed limits between the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and Paraguay, chiefly in reference to the district of Misiones, which forms the north-eastern line between the Republics and the dominions of Brazil.

The most remarkable natural feature in the province is the laguna, or lake of Yberá. According to Dean Funes, the Indian tribes of Caracaras, Capasalos, Mepenses, and Galquilaros inhabited many of the islands in this lake. We are told by M. De Moussy that the greater part of its immense extent of 700 square leagues is covered with wood and aquatic plants, and that it swarms with boa constrictors and alligators. Its waters rise and fall with the increase and lowering of the river Paraná, although there is no visible communication between them, except by the channels of Corrientes, Batel, Santa Lucia, Ambrosio, and San Lorenzo—all which run out of the lake, flow in a south-westerly direction, and empty themselves into the Paraná. At the opposite side, the river Mirafay touches it, and, following a south-easterly course, debouches into the river Uruguay. The last-named river divides the Brazilian province of Rio Grande from the Republic of Banda Oriental. The Yberá lake presents great variety throughout its vast extent, being composed of clear waterpools, marshes, terra firma, bramble-beds, and quagmires. The last-named have a very deceptive appearance, and are sometimes difficult to be recognised, on account of the number of aquatic plants which cover the surface and impede the passage, the thick growth of aquatic vegetation rendering it often necessary to explore with canoes for several days in order to discover the navigable channels. To me it appears that the title, laguna (lake), is misapplied in the case of this basin; for swamp or morass would seem a more appropriate name. A true bog is said by physical geographers to exist nowhere in so low a latitude, and in so warm a climate, as that in which lake Yberá lies, the rapid decomposition and volatilisation of vegetable matters in a country of high temperature not admitting of the formation of bog, which this lake-swamp seems to resemble. In parts of it there are large sheets of water traversed by floating islands, often changed in their position by strong winds. On these, as well as on other lakes in the province of Corrientes, we find growing the colossal water-lily, the *Victoria Regia*, with circular white flowers, four feet in diameter, lying flat on the surface of the water. By the native Guaraní Indians it is called the "Irupe," which means "a large plate."

The river, in ascending from Corrientes, for a few leagues presents a similar expanse of water, varied with thickly-wooded islands, to that we have noticed lower down. At about four



NAVAL WARFARE IN PARAGUAY. DESTRUCTION OF A BRAZILIAN GUNBOAT BY A TORPEDO.

miles distance we pass the Isla de la Mesa (Table Island), and half a league further on is a house on the beach, pointing out the position of a French agricultural colony, that was endeavoured to be established in 1855 by Dr. Brougues, and which turned out a signal failure. The celebrated French botanist, Bonpland, of whom I have already written, resided here for some time. The chief town was called Santa Anna. It was situated on the ruins of an old village, entitled Guacaras, from the name of the Indian tribe who dwelt there in former times. To its roadstead was given the long-winded epithet of San Juan-del-Puerto-de-Santa-Anna (Saint John of the port of Saint Anna). Half a league further on we pass the Itakay, one of the outlets of the river Paraguay, branching off, as our pilot tells me, about a league and a half below the Port of Curupaity. This channel of Itakay leaves between it and the Paraná a large island having the same name. Two leagues above the Itakay outlet we reach the embouchure of the Paraguay, known as the Tres Bocas (Three Mouths), because two small islands, lying at the point of exit, cause its waters to be divided into three mouths.

We were now arrived at the seat of war, and the sights and sounds of martial preparations, and din of thousands of armed men ashore and afloat, marred grimly the aspect of peaceful woodlands and the broad surface of the placid river. The Paraguay river coming from the north forms an angle with the Paraná, which here flows from the west; the territory enclosed between the two rivers forming the republic of Paraguay, and the river Paraná the frontier between the gallant little nation and the Argentine Republic. In the angle of land thus formed are the Paraguayan forts and entrenched camps, and on the opposite (southern) side of the Paraná the camps of the allied army of Argentines and Brazilians. On the Paraguayan side of the Paraná, and about five miles upwards from the mouth of the Paraguay, is the so-called Fort of Itapiru,* to which the allied armies, exceeding 60,000 men, are now preparing to cross as soon as all arrangements are completed for this important movement. To how many will this passage be like that over the fabled waters of Styx, whereof the exile was eternal!

Itapiru has no fort, properly speaking; for it consists of a breastwork of clay about 30 yards long, a small rancho or hut, an open shed, two 47-pounders, two mortars for throwing shells, and a staff, on which the Paraguayan flag is hoisted. This banner resembles the Dutch in being composed of three

* This, in Guaraní Indian, signifies "small stone."

horizontal stripes of red, white, and blue, placed in juxtaposition; but directly opposite of that arrangement in which they are fixed to represent the ensign of Holland. The shores of the river between Itapiru and the Tres Bocas is clothed with a seemingly impenetrable jungle of bushes, and trees of moderate height. The fleet, seen from a short distance presents an imposing appearance, consisting, as it does, of monitors, iron-clads, gunboats, and transport steamers, of whose numerical as well as cannonading strength I confess my ignorance. The greater portion of them are Brazilian. One day, after my arrival, I went on board a Paraguayan "chata," that lay alongside a Brazilian war-steamer, in order to examine its construction. It had been captured in the fight at Riachuelo, and in shape resembled one of our canal boats, except that it was more tapering at the ends, at each of which it was furnished with a rudder, similar to the ferry-boats on the Mersey plying between Liverpool and Woodside. The top of its bulwark was elevated only fourteen inches above the water. Being flat-bottomed, it had a very shallow draught. In the centre was a circular depression a foot deep, in which there was a brass swivel, so that its armament of a 48-pounder gun could be veered round to any point desired by the commander. The length was only eighteen feet; and there being no protection for the crew against the enemy's fire, they must fight on the deck all they conquered or died.

During my stay at Paso de la Patria, one of these chatas boldly attacked two large Brazilian monitors. It was like a small terrier dog charging a pair of elephants. The chata had only ten men on board, yet they managed to send a 48-pounder shot through one of the port-holes of the monitor *Tamandaré*, killing four officers and wounding ten or twelve men. One of the officers was cut right through the middle; in the words of my informant, the Brazilian Admiral, "as sharply as if he had been severed by a knife." The destruction by this single ball may be attributed to the fact that the port-hole by which it entered was blocked up with chains, and these, smashed by the collision into small pieces, acted as so much grape-shot in the deadly fray. The Paraguayans, indeed, in the early months of the war, displayed great courage and skill in carrying on naval warfare, and caused many losses to the Brazilian fleet. Their torpedoes in the bed of the river were more effective against their enemies' vessels than were those of the Russians, planted in the approaches to Cronstadt, against the English fleet.

A Few Days in the Camargue.

BY D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

THE road from London through Paris to Marseilles is often and very easily travelled, but it is certain that few of those who make the trip think, as they approach the shores of the Mediterranean, of the country a little removed from their line of travel, or dream that they are leaving behind them places of the greatest historical interest, deserted mediæval cities, scarcely changed from their mediæval condition; Roman constructions superior in condition and equal in interest to many of those bearing the highest reputation in Italy; mountains,

valleys, and plateaux rarely visited, and little known; and large tracts of low, flat lands gained from the sea, having not only special and very characteristic plants and animals, but human inhabitants who seldom emerge from their hiding-places, and are as unfamiliar to the people of the towns as are the breeds of cattle running almost wild in the marshes on the coast to the quiet herds pasturing in the rich meadows of Burgundy.

The lower part of the Rhone abounds in objects and

places of this kind, many of them no doubt often enough described, and familiar enough to the tourist, but others almost unknown. Below Lyons, Vienne and Valence, Orange and Avignon, are passed but too rapidly, and at length we reach the fine old city of Arles, celebrated almost equally for its beautiful women and its Roman antiquities. At Arles the rail branches; the main line runs southward and eastward to Marseilles, crossing the curious gravel plains and terraces of the Crau, and skirting the lagoons of Berre, while another line, recently opened towards the west, skirts the northern extremity of low plain, of some three hundred square miles in extent, known as the Camargue.

The appearance of this land from the railway is not attractive. The eye takes in only a monotonous expanse of dead level, varied here and there by a few marshes. The part near the railway is cultivated, but there are few fences of any kind, fewer trees, and fewest of all houses. The land is uniformly flat. Here and there are large establishments, where salt is manufactured on a gigantic scale. Here and there, also, are large farms, partly grazing and partly arable. There are few roads, but many marshes and canals. A little above Arles the Rhone is a noble and rapid stream, at one season moving majestically with a steady current, and at other seasons rushing along as a torrent, carrying with it all kinds of debris washed down from the mountains. A little below Arles the principal part of this great river is converted into a somewhat sluggish stream, muddy and tame, the rest being distributed in other channels, partly to carry off the flood-waters to the sea, partly to swamp the flat lands seen at a distance from the railway. The river has now entered its delta, its course is checked, and it is beginning to unload and deposit the huge cargo it has been conveying from the upper country. The delta of the Rhone is the island of the Camargue.

I had long desired to penetrate into the interior of this rather unpromising country. I could find no very satisfactory account of it of recent date, and few who had even entered it. At the same time, I found that those whose occupation or interest led them to inhabit it, acquired for it a passion more like that which is felt by mountaineers, than any mere ordinary love of home could account for. It is unhealthy during part of the year, but there are instances of owners of property within the district who return to it year after year, not called by any necessity, suffering each year from fever, but incapable of resisting the temptation to run one more risk. I was fortunate enough to make acquaintance with a family, consisting of a highly intelligent and enterprising father, a devoted and charming wife and daughters, elegant, well-informed, and accomplished to an unusual degree, who were pining in their comfortable and well-appointed house at Arles, and looking forward to the season when they should return to their Camargue. There they could roam about on horseback, free and independent, over the wild sandy expanse covered with low juniper-bushes, tamarisks, and other shrubby plants, crossing at will the calm, shallow lagoons, and resting in the forests of umbrella pine, hardly disturbing the flamingo and the avocet in their vast solitudes, and listening to the moaning of the sea, as it breaks lazily on the sandy shore at a distance.

Beyond the line of the railway to the south of the branch from Arles, by St. Gilles to Lunel, there is no town but Aigues-Mortes in the whole of the Camargue. There are a few farm-houses, at rather distant intervals, and a few houses

belonging to the managers of salines, and other manufacturing establishments, and also a very few stations of custom-house officers appointed to watch the coast. At Les Saintes Maries, on the coast, there are a few houses. For some distance from Arles into the interior there are carriageable roads, but these gradually cease, and at length become mere paths on the sand. Before long, as we advance in this direction, all traces even of paths disappear, and it is only possible to travel with any comfort on horseback. Travelling in this way is, however easy and pleasant enough; and during summer and autumn there are no interruptions from water, all the lagoons and marshes having hard bottoms. It is only near the main branch of the Rhone, and between the river and the inner line of dykes, that the ground is soft and unpleasant to travel over.

I left Arles in the early morning of a fine and warm October day, in a light carriage, with two pleasant companions, and we soon found ourselves crossing the fields and cultivated farms in the northern and higher part of the district. Much of this land has been recovered from the sea at no distant period, and, after being well washed by numerous sweepings of fresh water, it has become, like most recovered swamps, of marvellous richness, and admirably adapted both for grazing and corn crops. The corn of this part is celebrated, and fetches a higher price than any other French grain. Except a few trees close to the houses, the country is bare, and without hedges or walls, or any other mark to signify the boundaries of property. The farm-houses are large, low, comfortable-looking habitations, and, in some cases, adjoin a larger house belonging to the proprietor, who, for the most part, only appears at long intervals. There is one small park in the heart of this wild district, but the inhabitants generally care little about shelter, and even less for ornament.

The first few miles of travelling in the Camargue were unmarked by any incident. The road got gradually worse, the country more open, the cultivation less evident. But there was nowhere any appearance of swamp, in the ordinary sense of the word. Near Arles the whole soil is gravelly, and the transported material brought down by the river is coarse. It soon becomes finer, however, and before long gives way to a fine sand, or mud, in which no pebble so large as a pea is to be seen. When we have passed the farm-houses and cultivated lands, nothing so large as a pin's-head can we find of real stone. We then enter the actual living delta—the great broad tongue of land creeping onwards with a strange but calculable and almost visible motion, pushing itself into the sea, in spite of the ceaseless attacks of the waves on its extremity, gaining, year after year, a few yards in advance of its former position, but always retaining the same general appearance and the same external form.

It is a strange, weird thing, this advancing and pushing outwards of a point of land, and this growth by slow and imperceptible steps, causing the waters of the mighty ocean to recede, however slightly, from a position they have once gained. In watching it, we are face to face with one of those mysterious contests of nature by means of which the existing surface of our globe has been produced. The Camargue is a magnificent study for the geologist.

The first thing that strikes one, after leaving behind all cultivation, is the smooth and even surface of the ground, and the comparative rarity of any kind of vegetation. The nature of the material of the soil varies, however, some of it being

clean white silica sand, some of it made up of innumerable small fragments of shells, and some of it approaching in appearance to mud. But there is no tenacious mud, and the whole is hard and solid to walk on, either for man or horse. At intervals there are countless groups of perfect shells, consisting of small and thin-shelled cockles, mixed with a few land and fresh-water snails. On a sudden we find ourselves at the edge of a sheet of water, but this does not in the least interfere with progress. We ride on in a straight line towards the object we have in view, for there is no danger of quicksands or swamps, and we may cross miles of these sheets of water without risk, as they are all exceedingly shallow, being nowhere more than from thirty to forty inches deep, and often not half that depth.

These lagoons are the characteristic feature of the delta. They vary greatly in magnitude, and slightly in depth of water, according to the season; but they are rarely dry, and rarely impassable. The great central lagoon of the delta is 16,000 acres in extent, at certain times; at others, it is reduced to a few detached lagoons of small size.

Advancing across the lagoons in a direct line towards the sea, we soon perceive that the line is broken by ranges of low sandhills, a few yards above the general level of the lagoons. These, at first, seem to follow no fixed direction. On reaching them, we find them to be roughly parallel to each other, and also to the shore-line. Those further inland are often covered with a coarse kind of vegetation, consisting of tamarisk, juniper, and some kinds of grasses. They separate some of the lagoons very effectively, and form them into a series which, on the whole, are gradually more saline as they approach the sea. The innermost lagoons are nearly or quite fresh, although even these, when dried, present indications of salt incrustations. The inner lagoons are, of course, those first subject to the floods, and that receive most of the fresh water, while the outermost lagoons are subject to be flooded with salt water whenever, owing to storms or high winds, the sea advances over the land. There is a gradation observable in those which are intermediate. The outermost abound in sea-fish, the inner contain eels; and it is not a little curious to study the acclimatisation of some of the fishes, in passing from one pool to another.

One of the most important industries of the Camargue consists in the manufacture of salt by the evaporation of sea-water; and this is carried on to great advantage, owing to the wide expanse of flat lands little above the mean level of the sea, and the rapid evaporation that takes place during the summer season. Not only common salt, but Epsom salts are manufactured to an enormous extent, and very economically. The surface of water exposed in the evaporating pans of one establishment that I visited was to the extent of 2,500 acres—nearly four square miles. The piles of salt were almost alarming. Seen from a distance across the level plains, these piles rise in a ghost-like manner against the sky, their dead-white lines contrasting with the greyish-blue of the atmosphere. The length of the principal heap was nearly an English mile, the breadth at the base being thirty feet, and the height about fifteen feet. The total quantity of common salt in stock at the time of my visit considerably exceeded 100,000 tons, besides which there was a pile of Epsom salts measuring forty yards long and sixteen feet wide at the bottom, the height being upwards of twelve feet on an average. The salts of both kinds

(common and Epsom) are here made with great economy, and of great purity. The Epsom salts do not cost more than two shillings per ton, the common salt, of course, much less.

The Camargue feeds a large number of oxen and sheep. The former are half wild, and are a peculiar breed. They are hardly tended, roaming over the marshes and feeding at will. When met with they generally disappear as soon as possible, so that observations on them are not easy. There are also a large number of horses enjoying entire liberty, and enormous flocks of sheep, who pass the summer in the Alps and are pastured during winter in these salt plains.

The human inhabitants of the delta of the Rhone include not only the farmers and other permanent residents of the plains, but the dwellers in the two or three small towns, one within the delta, the rest on the edge of the low terraces overlooking it. These are thoroughly mediæval. Lunel is the least so, though not wanting in objects of interest. St. Gilles is now a railway station, and may improve, but for some centuries past it has been as completely stagnant as it is well possible for a village in an out-of-the-way part of France to be. It has had its history, however, and retains not a few marks of its ancient importance. Many centuries ago it was an important station—almost a port—on a canal leading from the Mediterranean to Beaucaire, the site of one of the chief of the great European fairs. In those palmy days its fine old church was crowded, its many large and excellent houses occupied, and its market-place and wide streets may have been necessary. Its architectural remains are still sufficiently interesting to attract a few travellers, and amongst them is one of those wonderful staircases, complete *tours de force* of construction, of which one can only say that they are possible because we see them accomplished.

But the town of Aigues-Mortes is both more perfect in its way and less easily reached. It is within the delta, though not strictly in what is called the Camargue. It is a perfect gem to the archaeologist, being entirely unchanged in its external appearance, and in the most admirable condition. It is surrounded by a wall, in one angle of which is a lofty and massive tower, called the Tower of Constantine. From this tower might have been seen in the year 1248 a fleet of galleys moored to the rings on the seaward wall, most of which still remain, and of these galleys, or of galleys such as these, an example found in the adjacent marshes a few years ago may now be seen in Paris in the galleries of the Louvre. The walls are lofty, but not very thick. They remind one of Nuremberg, but are more perfect and less picturesque. They were not adapted to resist any very severe attack, and not at all defensible against modern weapons. The tower is the most interesting part. This large and lofty building is cylindrical and open in the interior to the roof. Galleries are built all round, and each story is separately defensible. All kinds of curious contrivances remain, evidently intended to assist a few occupants in keeping out an enemy, however numerous. It is now undergoing judicious repair.

One can easily perceive that whatever the temptation may have been to occupy Aigues-Mortes as a safe place during the middle ages, there is little inducement now to settle there. It leads nowhere, it has no business, and certainly there are no amusements. A small fragment of population hangs on, however, and though half the streets are overgrown with grass, there are still a few children seen playing in the other half.

There remain also fragments of many fine houses. In one of them is a grand Renaissance chimney-piece of really excellent work. There are but few public buildings, however, and the churches are not interesting. Aigues Mortes is as dead and motionless as the waters that stagnate in the surrounding canals and ditches, and one feels that nothing can galvanise it into a fresh existence. In spite of the rich and beautiful effects of light on the cream-coloured stone of which it is built, an air of antiquity hangs about the place which cannot be shaken off. Even in the brilliant sunshine it feels chilly and damp, and the look-out on the marshes, whether from the foot of the walls, the ramparts, or the top of the tower, is only a study of a smaller or larger extension of the same dreary waste. The marshes are, however, becoming drained, and some of the large lagoons are converted into marshes. There is from time to time an additional breadth of land under cultivation, but there are no additional human inhabitants, or any prospect of improvement in this respect.

I have said little yet of the natural history of the Camargue. It is by far the richest district in France for rare wild fowl and other birds, yielding many that are nowhere else found in Europe; but these appear chiefly in winter, except, indeed, the avocet and the flamingo, which are seen at other seasons. In summer the heat is semi-tropical, and adapted to the habits of many African species. In winter the large tracts of marsh-land and swamp are attractive for a different reason. But in autumn I found other indications of animal life, smaller it is true, but far more prominent. The sandy hills and plains abound at all times with insects which would yield a rich treat to the entomologist, but I, unfortunately, reversed the conditions, and proved a rich treat to the insects. At the time of my visit the autumn rains had commenced, but the weather was still hot, and the ground had been well moistened. Up rose from this hot-bed, steaming with moist air, myriads of gnats. No words can express the multitude and the fury of this great army, whose whole energies seemed devoted to the annihilation of the victims who had unwarily come amongst them. They covered everything. The colour of one's horse, or of one's friend's coat or hat, was alike undistinguishable. The whole exposed surface of skin was soon bleeding from their attacks. They entered the nostrils and the throat; their stings penetrated gloves and stockings. They were, we were told, unusually abundant, owing to the long drought and the heat of the summer, and residents said that they had never known them so troublesome. They literally darkened the air in their flight, and nothing could resist them. After crossing some miles of water exposed to their attacks, I and my companion terminated our excursion by taking advantage of one of the river steamers plying between Arles and the Tour St. Louis, and once on board, we in a great measure escaped. As we ascended the river, some sportsmen came on board from one of the stations, and we learnt that they had been fairly beaten by another division of our enemies. These gentlemen had gone into the Camargue to kill birds, but the insects had checked the slaughter, at least for a time. I have often suffered from gnats and mosquitoes in Spain and the West Indies. I have even been exposed to the flies that render the plains of the Danube almost uninhabitable, but I certainly never before met so numerous, so well disciplined, and so unconquerable a host as this.

Violent storms sometimes affect the Camargue. Shortly before my visit a water-spout had passed over the great salt works, doing great damage. A hut was thrown down and some of the inhabitants killed, and half the roof of a large shed was lifted bodily in the air and carried across a large tank into a field.

The Camargue from the river is less interesting than its aspect in the interior, and the accommodation on board the steamers does not at all remind one of the somewhat similar journey up or down the Mississippi. The passengers are few, and the steward's department in the highest degree primitive. Not having breakfasted when we got on board, inasmuch as the steamer had started a couple of hours before its regular hour, we tried to get a meal. After a time a few very dry crusts of stale bread were produced, about a dozen olives, a fragment of cheese by no means attractive, one bunch of grapes, and three stale walnuts. We had reason to know that this was the whole supply of the larder.

There is one other feature of the Camargue that I have not yet noticed; I mean the extensive pine wood, almost entirely of the umbrella pine (*Pinus pinna*), occupying an important but isolated position not far from the station of the Saintes Maries, close to the sea. The sands are here a little above the general level, and the forest is of considerable age. Elsewhere the growth of the pine has not been an object of attention on the delta, although there is no doubt that it might be made profitable. Generally, what natural vegetation is found on the dunes consists of juniper and tamarisk. Of this there is a great deal, but it nowhere entirely covers the ground. There is evidence, however, on the surface of the steadiness of the ground, and the absence of change of surface from year to year, either by drifting sand, by the wash of the sea, or by the floods brought down by the river, so that wherever there is loose sand, pine-trees might be cultivated. Many of the sea-side plants containing soda grow also very readily on the shores of the lagoons near the sea, and in former times these were used for the production of alkali.

A few days may be spent with great advantage in this curious district, studying the very remarkable natural features of the land, the contest going on between land and sea, and the various works in construction to render the whole more useful to man. But as there are no places of public entertainment except at Aigues-Mortes and the Tour de St. Louis, and as no one could find his way from one point to another without a guide, some introduction would be necessary to one of the residents of the Camargue. All classes, proprietors as well as farmers, are exceedingly hospitable, but it would need some one with more intelligence than falls to the lot of the farmers of the district, to enable a stranger to become really acquainted with it. Great care, however, is needed to avoid exposure to the night-air in summer, when fever is very prevalent. I do not think, on the whole, that many tourists will be tempted to desert the Alps or the Pyrenees for these broad, flat plains; but they deserve careful exploration by the physical geographer, and they are certainly highly instructive to the geologist. As a contrast to the more exciting scenery of the mountains or the richly-cultivated valleys, they are also exceedingly valuable to the lover of nature, and the more so as they possess a simple picturesque grandeur only to be understood by actual experience.



NOSY-BE, MADAGASCAR.

A Bird's-eye View of Madagascar.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. D. CHARNAY.

CHAPTER VI.

CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION AT TAMATAVE—ANDRIAN
MANDROUSSO—RAHARLA—THE ANTAYMOURS—THE HOVAS—CODE
OF LAWS—ORGANISATION AT TANANARIVO—THE PROVINCES—
DEPARTURE FOR SAINTE MARIE.

ON the day of the celebration of the accession of the Queen of Madagascar, we found the road to the fort crowded with pedestrians of all classes and ranks, and in every variety of costume, from the lamba of coarse cotton cloth and the calico simbou to the black dress coat. We recognised several of our new friends, and passed Juliette Fiche, resplendent in her orange-coloured velvet, the diadem on her head, and her robust bosom ornamented with two brilliant decorations.

"Let this fat calf pass," cried this witty woman, on seeing us, thus anticipating the jest and laughing at her own court dress.

When we arrived at the fort, the interior esplanade was crowded, the common people occupying the surrounding slopes. In the centre a large hut had been erected, in which was a table, covered with all kinds of refreshments for the use of the guests. The staff officers were grouped around in attendance upon his Excellency Andrian Mandrouso, formerly a cowherd, now a general, "fourteenth honour," &c. Every one came to pay their respects, and to offer their congratulations on the subject of the accession of his gracious mistress, whose standard floated over the palace. But the most remarkable person to my mind, at least as far as his uniform was concerned, was an old French sailor named Estienne, whose startling costume attracted all eyes. This man, covered with gold lace and finery, and bearing his honours without over much awkwardness, was simply High Admiral of the Hova fleet. He had not, it is true, a single boat under his com-

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mand, and two modest canoes constituted the whole naval force of Tamatave; but from his martial air one saw that he thought himself quite able to command a three-decker. As for the ex-cowherd, who is represented in the engraving at page 56, he looked exactly like a stage hero at a country fair. He wore trousers of blue velvet laced with gold, a red coat, with facings and frogs of gold; his sleeves were loaded with a quantity of gold braid, and his head surmounted by a three-cornered hat, also ornamented with gold lace; gold evidently is not spared in Madagascar. The governor's grim, sad countenance was in striking contrast to this mountebank costume. He appeared equally embarrassed by his pompous get-up, and cowed by the European crowd, who, while admiring, laughed at him. I suspect his excellency had not the gift of eloquence, as he made no speech, and when we tried to take his portrait with our photographic camera, he trembled like a leaf, the sight of the harmless object, pointed at his majestic person, causing an agitation which I could not succeed in calming. He nevertheless offered us gracefully enough a glass of champagne, which we drank—for my part, I admit—to the fall of the newly-proclaimed queen. Of another distinguished Hova gentleman who was present, named Raharla, there is only this to be said, that he bears with equal grace ordinary costume and the court dress; thanks to his English education and his natural good sense, he would not be out of place in any European drawing-room.

In the meantime the sports began. They were preceded by abundant libations of betza-betza. The ladies seated themselves on the ground, with their knees to their chins, accompanying, with a mournful voice and clapping of hands, the ungraceful movements of some of their companions. The attention of the assembly was soon fixed on the Antaymours

—Madegasse warriors in the service of the Hovas—and there was soon a crowd collected round them; for here, as in all other parts of the world, an exhibition of this kind is sure to be a favourite one with the people.

Their savage gestures, cries, and bounds, and the ferocity which they displayed in their mock battle, gave us an idea of their manner of fighting. They shook their spears with well-simulated fury, hurled them, recovered them, and struck the sand with rage. They twisted their weapons round and round, as if they were plunged in the wound of a fallen enemy, and appeared to lick off the blood with the most wonderful delight. These cannibal sports and demoniacal contortions delighted the governor, who himself, armed with a buckler, encouraged the combatants. The spectacle disgusted me so much that I left the place, and saw no more of the festival.

If a Hova makes a present, he expects it to be returned with interest; if he offers you his hand, it is that you may put something in it; he adores money, and it is the only supreme good he recognises. He is deceitful, proud, cowardly, insolent, and dull. It may be said that I am prejudiced, and I admit it; because what I have seen of these men, and, above all, what I have heard about them, has so disgusted me that I cannot judge them coolly. As a rule they are an under-sized and scrofulous race—I am speaking now of the Hovas of the coast. At Tananarivo, it is said, the race is better preserved, and some of the women are pretty. The Hovas are subtle politicians, great diplomatists, and very clever. Accustomed from their earliest youth to the discussion of public affairs, their organisation at Tananarivo reminds one in some points of the Roman republic. It is a pure oligarchy, and this kind of government is always the most persistent in carrying out its designs. This little aristocracy represents the senate of Rome, and the prime minister—an office hereditary in a plebeian family—would correspond with a tribune of the people. No resolution is taken, nothing planned or executed without “kabar,” or public discussion. The first kabar is held at the palace of the king, where the members of the noble families meet every morning to give their advice on the affairs of the day. The least important member of the assembly speaks first, each of the others, according to his rank, speaking afterwards, and the prime minister, or king, sums up the debate.

In the provincial assemblies it is the chief governor who has the final reply in the discussion, and decides everything on his own responsibility.

Each noble, on leaving the royal abode, finds a crowd of clients waiting for him, to whom he intimates the tenor of the resolutions taken at the palace. At the second kabar each one again gives his advice, and discusses, approves, or opposes. In this kabar the clients receive from their patrons advice as to the line of conduct which they are to pursue in order to work out the policy of their respective chiefs. This is the kabar of small intrigues; party spirit comes hither to gather strength and to receive instructions for agitating the people and directing public opinion.

On the conclusion of the second kabar, agents disperse and mix with the people in their huts, or in public places. The people then discuss, in a third kabar, all the news of the day. These assemblies supply the place of “the press,” which they do not possess, and they maintain that by this means news circulates like lightning. The Hovas have, besides these,

their public assemblies. We give some articles contained in the Hova code of laws, which may perhaps interest our readers:—

ART. I.—The following offences are punishable with death, and the sale of wives and children, and confiscation of property:—

- 1st. Desertion to the enemy.
- 2nd. Seeking to seduce the wives of princes and dukes.
- 3rd. Concealing a weapon under the clothes.
- 4th. Fomenting a revolution.
- 5th. Enticing men to leave the Hova territory.
- 6th. Stealing seals or forging signatures.
- 7th. Discovering, working, or disclosing a mine of gold or silver.

ART. IV.—I have no enemies but famine and inundations; and, when the dams of a rice-field are broken, if the neighbours do not suffice to mend it, the people must lend a hand to repair it at once.

ART. VI.—Whosoever, in law-suit, corrupts, or seeks to corrupt, his judges, loses his cause, and is condemned to a fine of fifty dollars. If he cannot pay the fine, he is sold into slavery.

ART. IX.—If you have bestowed upon your own children, or upon those whom you have adopted, a portion of your goods, and at a later period you have reason to complain of them, you are free to disinherit and even to cast them off altogether.

ART. XVII.—If you are suffering from trouble or anxiety, whether you be man, woman, or child, make it known to the officers and judges of our village, in order that the knowledge of your troubles and anxieties may reach unto myself.

ART. XVIII.—If a drunken man fights with the first person he encounters, insults him, or spoils anything not belonging to himself, bind him, but loosen him when he has recovered his senses, and make him pay for the damage he has done.

ART. XXI.—Be friends, one with another; love one another, because I love you all equally, and do not desire to renounce the friendship of any one.

ART. XXVI.—Whoso possesses medicaments which came not to him from his ancestors, let him throw them away.

ART. XXVIII.—Whosoever refuses to obey my laws, shall be branded on the forehead, and shall be forbidden to wear long hair, or clean clothes, or a hat upon his head.

ART. XXIX.—Every unmarried man is declared a minor.

Everything is contained in this code of laws. The Christian finds in them the maxims of his religion, mingled with those of a barbarous creed; while the last article quoted above may furnish politicians with a subject for serious reflection. We may also cite the following custom, which is a law in Madagascar:—Fathers and mothers, contrary to the European custom, take the name of their sons, and put before it, Raini, “father of,” or Reinéni, “mother of.” It appears that the motive of this custom is to excite emulation amongst the youths in glorifying their parents by their acts. This is better, at any rate, than to have worthless children crushed by the greatness of their birth.

In Madagascar everything belongs to the king. The state is in so much dread of the encroachments of foreigners, that they are prohibited from building houses of stone, or even of wood, and are only allowed to have huts made of reeds, in order that they may always feel that they are only established on the island for a time. The Madegasses, who are regarded as conquered, are slaves, whom the governors of the province treat as they like.

These governors unite the three powers—military, civil, and judicial. They command the troops, quell revolts, and fix the contingents which each family is to supply in case of war. They levy taxes, collect them, and forward the amounts to the capital. They also regulate the employment of forced labour.

A penal code being unknown to the Madegasses, the Hova

chiefs apply the law to them according to their own pleasure. They accuse, condemn, and plunder the unfortunate natives. The governor has but one end in view, which is to enrich himself.

The distance of the capital renders all complaints vain, and the terror which these despots inspire makes the boldest silent. The governor receives his orders from the capital, by couriers established along the road from Tananarivo to the chief place of his government. These couriers, who are always Madegasses, are placed under the surveillance of some Hova soldiers, and have to hold themselves in readiness, by night or by day, to transmit these despatches. They have no remuneration whatever for this service, except that they are exempt from forced labour.

Each village has for its chief a direct descendant of the ancient king of the country. To him the Hova governor delegates certain powers. He is appointed chief judge, and through him pass all transactions between the natives and the governor, by means of the chiefs of the second order.

The chief judge alone has the right of possessing in his village the "lapa," a kind of shed, where the kabars are held, and where justice is administered. Close at hand there is a mast, on which is hoisted the standard of the queen when the governor arrives, or when a ship is in sight.

The chief judge decides all disputes between the Madegasses, who can only appeal from his jurisdiction to that of the Hovas; but such an appeal would be equivalent to ruin. In this case, the governor cites the parties to his court, where he is attended by the Hova officers, and all assemble in the lapa. As soon as the case is heard, judgment is executed without delay. If the condemned objects, or if he is absent, an officer is sent to him, with a crowd of Hovas. This officer is preceded by a man bearing a "sagaie" with a silver blade, called "tsitia lingua" (meaning "no jesting"). When the bearer of the sagaie arrives before the dwelling of the person to whom he is sent, he plants it in the ground, and the condemned is obliged to show every respect to the executors of the sentence. He invites them into his hut, and, to begin with, he is expected to furnish them with provisions, and to offer to each, as a welcome, a piece of money, of which the value is proportioned to their respective ranks. That done, they enter upon the business. The officers first claim the costs of justice, of which they adjudge to themselves a large share, and if the unfortunate man has not enough to defray the expenses, he and all his belongings are sold.

In addition to this form of procedure, the Hovas inflict corporal punishments of a most barbarous kind. First, blows with a stick when the Madegasse works carelessly at his forced labour. Secondly, and this even in the case of a chief, exposure to the sun during a certain number of days. The punishment in this case is most refined. The hands of the culprit are fastened to his knees by a stalk of rush; if by his fault the rush is broken, the punishment is doubled, and during the time that it lasts, the Madegasse has to remain with his head uncovered, whatever the temperature may be, from morning till evening, and for whatever time the punishment may last. Admirable justice! ruin or torture, the conquered cannot escape. The governor takes care that the chief judge is always dependent on himself. He generally makes him the oppressor of his compatriots. He is, in fact, only the tool, or the victim, of the Hova who plunders him.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

SAINTE MARIE—MOUNT AMBRE—NOSSI-MITSIOU—NOSSI-BE—ELSVILLE
—FASANDAVA—BAVATOUBE—BOMBETOK—MOHILLA—RAMANATEKA
—THE QUEEN OF MOHILLA—RETURN TO REUNION.

We left Tamatave at five o'clock on the 1st of October, for Sainte Marie, which we sighted the following morning at day-break. This island lies off the east coast of Madagascar, seventy-five miles farther north. Its greatest length is thirty-seven miles, and its mean breadth only about four miles. We first doubled the Ile des Nattes, and two hours after passed the Ile aux Balciniers, or Whalers' Island, and cast anchor about 200 yards from the islet of Madame. It is here that the head-quarters of the government of the little French colony are situated.

The view of Sainte Marie from the sea presents a charming panorama. First comes the little island of Madame, which shelters the bay, with the Ile aux Forbans, or Pirates' Island, in the background. Exactly opposite rises the steeple of the church, with a fine avenue of venerable mangoes shading the house of the Jesuits. Along the coast to the left the houses of the government servants are dotted about, while the view is terminated by the Madegasse village of Amboudifoutch, and the splendid promenade along the shore, washed by a sea which is always smooth and tranquil. Unfortunately, this lovely view is all outside show; the island in the interior is quite naked and waste, and, except in a few places, barren and pestilential. There are but few colonists, and the government officials have nothing to do but to administer justice among them. The governor, however, is in every way a remarkable man, and works hard for the prosperity of his little kingdom. In no other place had we seen so much life and energy. Dockyards, landing wharves, jetties, &c., were in course of construction, besides many sanitary works; but one could hardly help questioning the object and usefulness of all these labours. Without Madagascar, Sainte Marie is only useful as a place for coasting vessels to touch at, and the island will probably have to be abandoned sooner or later. With the mainland, however, the French would find Sainte Marie the most important point in the colony, becoming, as it would, a kind of general warehouse for exports and imports, convenient for vessels to put into for safety or repairs, and easily defended. Whether the French will, or will not, occupy Madagascar is an open question.

The black population of Sainte Marie amounts to 6,000 or 7,000. These people, though protected against the tyranny of the Hovas, do not seem happy. The French wanted to civilise them straight off, without caring how they outraged their tastes or offended their prejudices. But such things cannot be done in a day. It takes long years, centuries even, to modify the character of a people, even when helped by an admixture of the blood of a superior race. The predominant feature in the character of a Madegasse is sensuality—he has no religious instincts at all; and yet, spite of this, the first step taken in civilising him, was to tie him down to the observance of forms, the meaning of which was quite beyond the comprehension of his limited intelligence. They wanted, in fact, to raise him at once to the level of the white man, instead of leading him to it by a gradual process of civilisation. The results of such a system were what might have been expected. It could only destroy what natural

character he had, and turn him into a hypocrite. Nevertheless, the Catholic missionaries in Madagascar deserve our respect for their perseverance among an unruly population, as well as for their complete disinterestedness.

We found the same festivities going on at Sainte Marie as in Madagascar: dances under the trees on the sea shore, and

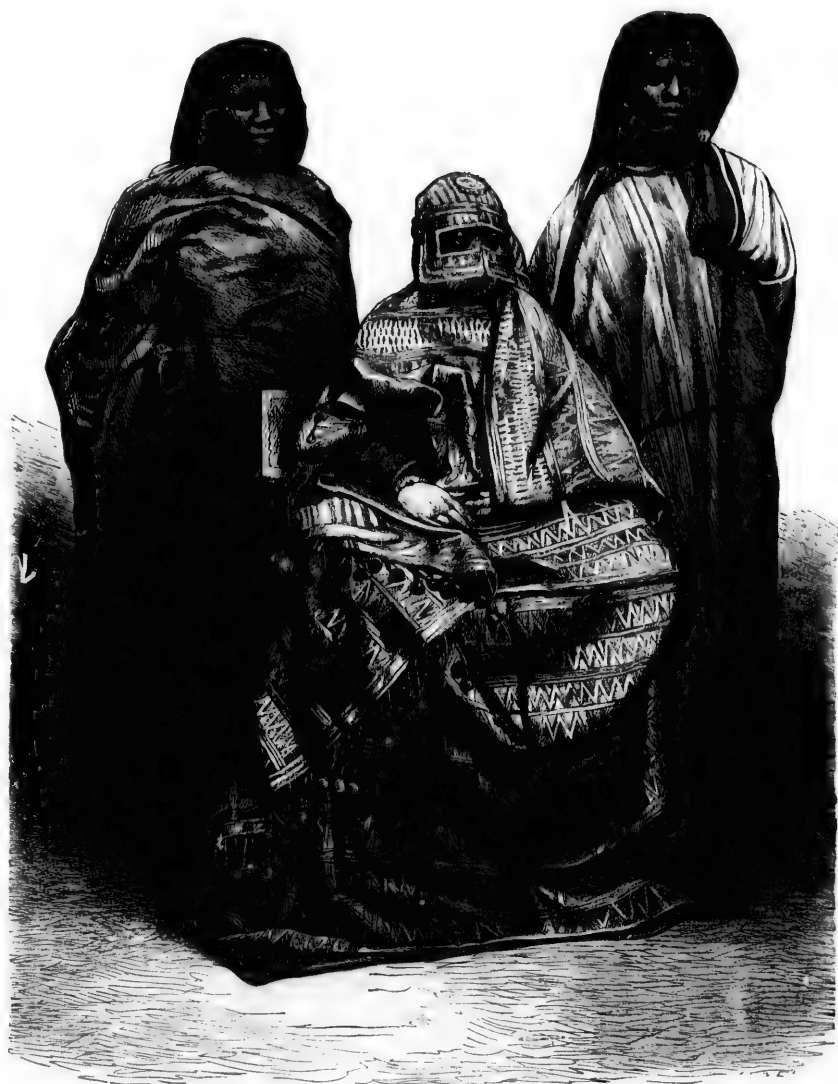
parallel with the coast. Here a beautiful and varied panorama of the mainland unrolled itself before our eyes, from the high mountains of Angotsy to the rugged hills of Vohemar, and the escarped peaks of Mount Ambre. Near the headland the sea is always so rough that we were obliged to keep further out. The next day saw us running at full speed through a sea as



TREE-FERN—MADAGASCAR.

games of all sorts. The poor natives enjoyed themselves thoroughly in the absence of the governor, who does not encourage any merrymakings. We weighed anchor at three o'clock in the afternoon, and sailed for Nossi-Be. Two days are generally occupied in the voyage. We coasted along Madagascar, leaving point Larrey on our left, and then, steering to the north-east, we soon lost sight of land, but in a few hours were in view of the lofty East Cape, after which we ran

blue as azure, and as still as a mill-pond. At ten o'clock we doubled Cape Saint Sebastian, and soon afterwards were in sight of Nossi-Mitsiou, the country belonging to Tsimiar, the last descendant of the northern kings; by six o'clock in the evening we were anchored midway between Nossi-Fali and Nossi-Be. Next morning we passed between the island of Nossi-Cumba and the forest of Lucubé, and arrived at eleven o'clock in the roads of Elisville, the seat of government.



QUEEN OF MOHILLA, AND HER ATTENDANTS.

Like Sainte Marie, the island of Nossi-Be is only a dependence of Madagascar, and is of no value except as a step towards the occupation of the mainland; it presents the same bare appearance as the other Malgache islands, the first care of the natives being to burn down the forests in order to plant rice and form pastures for their cattle. In fact, government

has been obliged to use severe measures to ensure the preservation of the forest of Lucubé. The soil of the island is for the most part volcanic, and many extinct craters are to be seen which are now filled with water. The roadstead of Elsville forms a splendid anchorage, being protected from the north and east winds by the island itself, and by those of Nossi-

Fali and Nossi-Cumba; the sea there is as smooth as a mirror. The shore is broken up into several little bays, with two or three native villages sheltered by palm-trees; farther off there is a small Arab town. All the population seemed collected in this one part of the island, as was the case at Sainte Marie; the rest is almost a desert, where one never sees a native. Driven from their possessions by whites, who have obtained grants of land, they either emigrate to Madagascar or live in misery in the neighbourhood of Elsville, as it is impossible to induce them to apply themselves to any kind of labour. The planters employ only Caffres and Macoa negroes, who can stand field labour better than any other race; they obtain them from the Arabs, who carry on the slave trade in the most open manner. For this purpose they have settlements on the coast of Africa, from which they make raids into the surrounding villages. They make use of any means to get possession of the blacks; they will buy them, or entice them, or kidnap them. Sometimes, by gifts of glass beads or pieces of gay coloured cotton, they entice young girls to a distance from their villages, and then seize and carry them in chains to their pens. I call them pens, because they do not even give them the shelter of a roof; they are huddled together like cattle or wild beasts, between high palings, and their food is thrown to them each day. The canoes in which their captors transport them are only from fifty to eighty tons, very light and swift, with powerful sails to enable them to escape any cruisers they may encounter, and as the crew of each vessel consists of only three or four men, they reduce their unfortunate victims to a state of helplessness before embarking them. Each day they reduce their allowance of food, and adding terror to the pangs of hunger, they persuade their prisoners that the white people to whom they are to be sold intend to eat them, so that the miserable creatures wish to become thin in order to put off their death as long as possible. As slavery is interdicted in Nossi-Be, the negroes are first carried to Mohilla or Anjouan, where the traders receive them from the Arabs, and go through the farce of hiring them as servants. The first visit we received at Nossi-Be was from Califan, an Arab chief, actively engaged in the slave trade. This man, who has a fine figure, but a sly, cunning expression, acts as a spy for the Hovas, and I have no doubt that it was owing to him that a few days later, at Bavatoubé, the Amorontsanga chiefs came to forbid us remaining in their waters.

Before leaving Nossi-Be, we enjoyed a magnificent panoramic view from the summit of the hills near the shore. In the foreground were the Madegasse cottages, surrounded by mangoes, palm-trees, and bananas; next came the little bay of Elsville; and then the town itself, with the government house, surrounded by its gardens; on the left, the dark forest of Lucubé, and the green mountains of Nossi-Cumba; in front of us, a glittering sea, dotted with islands, and furrowed by canoes, with their white sails, and twenty-five miles off, the faint blue outline of Madagascar, and the needle-like summits of the Deux Sœurs. It is so calm in these seas that the most sensitive nerves could not be affected by the motion of the waves, and we glided along, stopping at Kisuman, and in the delightful bay of Pasandava, at that time surrounded by fishermen's huts. The next place where we touched, Bavatoubé, is an irregular peninsula, shaped like an immense crab, and we penetrated into one of its gigantic claws. It was here that poor M. Darvov met with his death, while exploring a carboniferous region which

denoted the presence of coal; he was surprised by the Hovas, whose authority he had resisted, and assassinated by the orders of Queen Ranavalona. We visited the scene of this atrocious crime, and saw some remains of his burnt cottage still standing.

The west coast of Madagascar is indented by a number of gulfs and bays. The most important is that of Bombetok, at the mouth of the river Boéni, or the river which rises near Tananarivo; it is the largest in the island, and forms the most accessible approach to the capital. The town of Majonga, formerly an Arab settlement, but conquered by Radama I. in 1824, guards the entrance to the bay. The Hovas keep up a garrison here, as at Tananarivo, of 1,200 men, a force more than sufficient to keep the native population in subjection. A fort, mounted with several guns, is raised upon the highest point of the shore, and the Hovas have a palisaded village on the same elevation; the old town spreads along the low ground near the river.

We made a very short stay at Majonga, as we wished to visit Mohilla. This island, which is, in a measure, under the protection of France, is situated to the south of the great volcanic island of Comoro, the flames of which can be seen from here at night. To the east lies the island of Anjouan, like a blue cloud on the horizon. Mohilla is governed by a queen, Jumbe-Souli, cousin of Radama, and daughter of Ramanateka, the founder of this little dynasty. This man was governor of Bombetok under Radama I. On the accession of Ranavalona, his enemies, coveting his wealth, obtained an order to kill him. Accordingly, he was summoned to court, on the pretext of having some new honour bestowed upon him; but he received a secret warning, and succeeded in escaping with some friends and followers to the island of Anjouan, taking with him a sum of 40,000 or 50,000 dollars. Here he was hospitably received by the king, and in return assisted him in his wars, and greatly distinguished himself by his valour. But his host, after some time, became jealous of him, and, wishing to obtain possession of his treasure, he determined on his destruction. Forced again to fly for his life, Ramanateka took refuge in the island of Mohilla, which he conquered, but he was only able to maintain himself there by constant struggles with his neighbours and with Ranavalona, who sent out a strong expedition, which he destroyed to the last man. He had two daughters, Jumbe-Souli and Jumbe-Salama. The second died, and the eldest, the present queen, succeeded her father. Jumbe-Souli had no competitor for the throne of her little kingdom; the chiefs acknowledged her willingly, and, as she was a minor, established a council of regency till she came of age. During that period, the young queen, under the tuition of a Frenchwoman, became acquainted with the language, manners, and religion of that nation. Two French naval officers even aspired to the hope of a marriage with the queen, who was young, handsome, and intelligent. However, it came to nothing, and when she came of age the chiefs selected a young Arab, of good family, from the coast of Zanzibar, for her husband. Having no religious opinions of her own, the young queen willingly conformed to her husband's faith, and became a Mahomedan. On our arrival in the island, we hastened to pay our respects to the queen, who had signified her readiness to receive us. Her palace, which stands on the left of a little battery facing the sea, is in proportion to the size of her kingdom; it is merely a small, white-washed house, containing only two apartments, pierced with openings of Moorish design. The first is

approached through a courtyard, in which are displayed all the defensive arms of the island, consisting of two or three little cannons and the guns belonging to the garrison. These latter were drawn up to receive us, in full-dress uniform, and we passed in review eighteen black soldiers, barefooted, with English red jackets, white pantaloons, and white leather belts. Their shakos were also red, and in shape not unlike a bishop's mitre, which gave them a most absurd appearance. On our arrival the prince consort received us in the first apartment,

had to ascend cautiously; but, fortunately, it was short, and we were quickly in the presence of her majesty. This room was exactly the same as the entrance-chamber, with the exception of a curtain at the farther end, which separated the royal bed from the part which served as a presence-chamber.

Jumbe-Souli was seated on a raised chair, with a cushion under her feet. On one side of her stood her old nurse, and on the other a confidential servant, or slave. Her whole figure was concealed by a robe of rich Turkish tissue of silk and gold;



SPIES OF THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

which is long and narrow, and serves as a kind of ante-room, or guard-chamber, and presented to us the chief officers of the crown. I felt rather squeamish about touching the hands of these dignitaries, several of whom appeared to be afflicted with a kind of leprosy. Our conversation flagged, in spite of the efforts of the interpreter, and we anxiously awaited our interview with the queen, who had been informed of our arrival, and who, I suppose, was making a little addition to her toilette. The lord chamberlain came at last to tell us she was ready, and her husband went before us to show the way. The staircase leading to the royal apartment was simply a ladder, which we

only her hand, which was slight and delicate, was visible. On her head was a sort of mask, shaped like a diadem, which covered her head and part of her face; but through the large openings we could see the outline of her features, and her large, mild eyes, full of melancholy brightness, looked at us from time to time. Her whole expression was dejected, and she looked like a woman whose health was ruined by the climate and the unwholesome exhalations from the shore. Jumbe-Souli looks older than she really is. I should have thought her thirty-five, while, in reality, she is only twenty-eight. She has two handsome boys, who, I think, will not have attained their majority

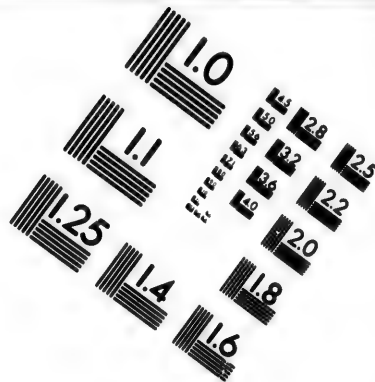
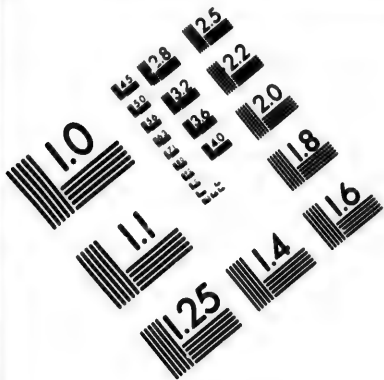
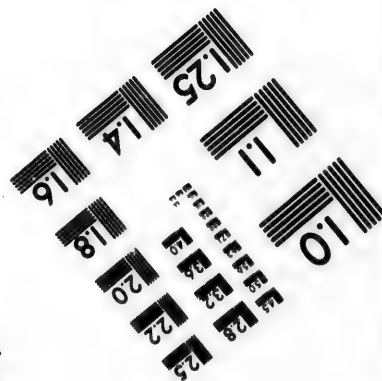
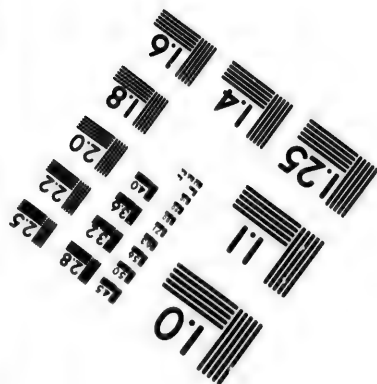
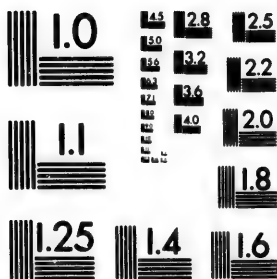


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before they will be called on to succour their sickly mother. Our audience lasted for half an hour, during which refreshments were offered us.

Mohilla appeared to me the most beautiful of the Comoro islands. It is the smallest, but the most verdant. Numerous plantations of cocoa-nut palms give it the graceful appearance of the tropical countries, and immense baobabs raise their majestic trunks like pyramids. The island is intersected by

many little shady paths, and rivulets fall in cascades from the hills, forming natural baths—a delightful luxury in this burning climate. Mohilla is an island in which one might pass one's life in peaceful silence, far from the bustle of the world, compassed by the blue sea. I left it with regret. But we had still to visit Mayotte, and to re-visit Nossi-Be, Sainte Marie, and Tamatave, which would take us twelve days, before reaching Saint Denis de la Réunion, our last stage.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

III.—KÁSSALA AND MATEMMA.

KÁSSALA, after Khartoom, ranks as the most important of the Egyptian settlements in the Soudan. It covers a considerable area, and is surrounded by low mud walls. The only buildings in it of any pretensions are the barracks, and the palace of the Muqeer. All the other houses are either built of mud or adobe (sun-dried bricks), and, in consequence of this, it possesses none of the bright colouring or picturesque splendour so generally characteristic of Oriental towns. Having been only designed as a mart for the produce of the Soudan, and as a military post to overawe the wild tribes in its neighbourhood and on the Abyssinian frontier, it possesses in its aspect all the dry utilitarianism of its founder, the late Pasha Mohammed Ali. In ordinary times, the population amounts to about 15,000 souls.

We, however, saw it under very unfavourable auspices. Two months before our arrival the Nubian soldiery who garrisoned the place, impatient at not receiving their arrears of pay for many months, had broken out into open mutiny. Giving full sway to their wild African passions, they murdered everybody they came across, and for nine days were masters of the town. News of the *émeute*, however, had been rapidly sent off to Khartoom, Kedáref, and even as far as Soukkin, and assistance soon began to arrive. Albanian troops from those towns rapidly poured in, and the Nubians, savage as they were, learnt that in the Skipetar Irregular they had found a master even more lawless and ferocious than themselves. They doggedly contested every inch of ground; there was not a street that did not bear the signs of a conflict; but at length the European prevailed, and, with the loss of 2,000 slain, the mutineers had to give in. When we were there the prisons were full, and an investigation into the causes of the outbreak was being carried on by an Egyptian commissioner, an aide-de-camp of the Pasha of Khartoom, named Ismail Bey, a man of some education, who had visited Paris, and who to the suppleness of the Oriental added the varnish of the Frank. Disease and famine were doing their work, and, excluding the Bashi-Bazouks, the town could not have contained more than a third of its former population. The streets were a picture of desolation; the coffee-shops were nearly all closed; and the gay Almehs, who formerly thronged the place, had all fled to the more congenial haunts of Khartoom or Esneh.

We were doomed to be the unwilling recipients of M. Kotzika's hospitality for four days. It took that time to collect a sufficient number of camels from the Shookeriyeh Arabs who inhabit the country between Kássala and Galabát. Time naturally hung heavy on our hands, and we found little amusement beyond a stroll to the Muqeer's menagerie, where we could spend an hour watching the gambols of his lion-cubs, the pets of the Albanian soldiery, or a saunter through the deserted plaza, which was usually left quietly in possession of a tall giraffe, who passed the day in leisurely browsing on the topmost leaflets of the few trees which could strike root in that arid soil. We received an addition to our party in the person of a renegade Greek, who, being at Djidda at the time of the massacre of the Europeans there, had cast off his religion as the only chance, as he thought, of saving his life, and with his new faith had assumed the name and style of Hassan Effendi. Engaged in the capacity of superintendent of the caravan, as might have been expected, he turned out to be of little use. The only two accomplishments our slight acquaintance enabled us to recognise in him were the faculty of smoking cigarettes *ad infinitum*, and a knack of blowing the trumpet of his employers, the radiance of whose glory was, of course, in some measure reflected upon himself.

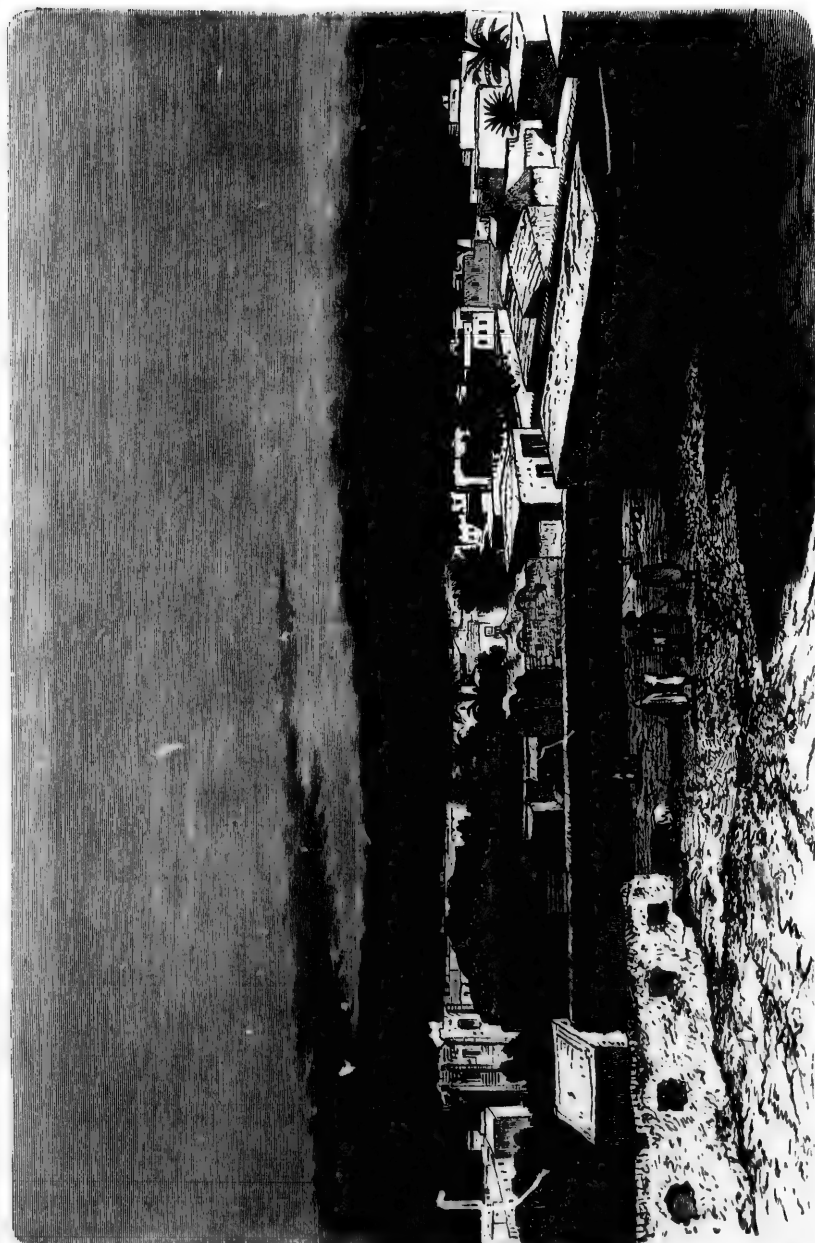
At length, on the 10th of November, we found that we were provided with the full complement of camels. Bidding farewell to our kind entertainers, and to Marcopoli, who intended to proceed to Matemma in a more leisurely manner, and accompanied by a small escort of Turkish soldiers, under the command of the doughty Hassan Agha, we started *en route* for the Bahr-el-Gásh, where we had determined to encamp for the night. This river, the Astusaspes of the ancients, the Mareb of Abyssinia, rises in the highlands of Tigré, and flowing in nearly a north-westerly direction, meanders round the picturesque Djebel Kássala, and, bathing the southern boundary of the town, falls into the Atbara, some miles to the northward. The spot at which we had determined to halt was situated just underneath the mountain, a tall, conical peak of bare granite, some 3,000 feet in height, the only landmark for scores of miles around. It was easy to forecast a stormy night, from the heavy clouds overhead, and the distant rumble of thunder; but we found it impossible to avoid encamping in the dry bed of the river, as the banks on either side were so thickly overgrown with jungle. We had scarcely pitched our

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smallest tent, and spread a skin, which served the purposes of both table and table-cloth, when down came the rain with the terrific violence only witnessed in the tropics. With disappointed and hungry eyes we looked down upon our saturated supper; but regrets were of no use, and we were soon ourselves cowering beneath the very hide upon which we had just heaped the best of cheer, and striving to recover a little in the way of flotsam and jetsam, before retiring to rest in our tiny tent. But such mishaps as these, however awkward they might be in a well-regulated family, only create a laugh in an African desert; and we found that we slept none the less soundly for want of a supper.

The next morning, though up betimes, we found that our tents and baggage were so wet that it was impossible to load the camels till the afternoon. The road to Kedâref lies nearly south-south-west, and, being altogether of alluvial formation, is terribly flat and monotonous. We journeyed on till nearly nine in the evening, over wet and miry plains, in some parts flooded to such an extent that our mules found it difficult to keep their legs, and meeting no one save a solitary cow-herd, whose gourd of fresh milk lives in my memory to the present day. The night was like the previous one; but we had had more time for preparation, and were safely housed before the storm came upon us. The elemental disturbances were increased by the confusion attendant on several of the mules breaking their picket-ropes, and scampering off into the desert. The recovery of these caused much delay the next morning, and the camel-drivers were only too glad to take advantage of the excuse afforded by our soaked baggage to put off the start till as late an hour as possible, leaving us, while they were enjoying their "kayf" in all conceivable attitudes around us, to crouch down beneath the thorns of a stunted mimosa, in the vain hope of obtaining a little shade. A repetition of yesterday's march succeeded, and we woke up the next morning with the full determination of placing the Atbara between us and Kássala that day.

From Barber to the Mediterranean, a distance of 1,200 miles, the Nile receives no waters except those brought down by the Tacazzé from the hills of Lasta. This river, under the name of Astaboras, in which the modern Arab appellation, Atbara, may be traced, formed the eastern boundary of that kingdom of Meroë, in which, according to many, the germs of the civilisation of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies first saw the light. When we reached it, we found it about eighty yards broad, and running rapidly; in fact, it required some skill to steer safely across, and had not my Arab guide and companion seized the bridle of my camel just as we were beginning to drift unconsciously down-stream, there is little doubt that I should have afforded an evening repast to the sluggish log of a crocodile that placidly kept us in view all the time. We kept near the river this and the following day, at Shederab and Hasaballa; thence boundless savannas brought us to Harakat on the evening of the 16th, and we were within the Kedâref district.

For miles and miles around the capital, on every hillock, in every hollow, may be seen little clusters of villages—I am afraid to say how many, but I know that seventy is within the mark. Each hamlet is surrounded by its own little plot of cultivation, chiefly of that sweet saccharine *juwârri*, the stalks of which are so grateful to the parched traveller as he plucks them by the wayside. These are all under the government of

the venerable Sheikh Abu Seen, a patriarch who enjoys amongst the Europeans who have met him the best reputation of any Arab chief in these parts. When we entered Deep Seen, the principal village of the district, he was absent; but we were received by the commandant of the few Egyptian irregulars who garrison the place, and regaled with coffee and the startling news that King Theodore had been defeated and taken prisoner by Tirsu Gobazyé, the Walkait rebel. *Canards*, it will be seen, do not only live within reach of telegraphs. After breakfast, we received a visit from a tall, black-haired gentleman, in European clothes, who announced himself as Aristides, and stated that he was endeavouring to extend commerce and civilisation amongst the rude children of the desert. The more immediate object of his visit, however, was to know if Dr. Blanc could assist him in respect to his arm, which had been broken by a ball from an elephant rifle some time before. As it had been set, though badly, and was now healed, Dr. Blanc advised him to let well alone, and he shortly afterwards took his leave. With his generally land-piratical appearance, it is not surprising if poor Marcopoli, who travelled that road a few days subsequently, discovered him to be, what he termed, "un vrai Grec." Our little friend had purchased from him a bottle of brandy for three dollars, equivalent in English money to nearly thirteen shillings; his baggage was packed, his camels were laden, and he himself was on the point of mounting, when the servant of Aristides appeared with a message that his master could really not part with the bottle, which was worth one dollar more. As Marcopoli had only the alternatives left him of throwing away his liquor, drinking it up all at once, or paying the money, he chose the latter; but I am afraid the occurrence did not improve his hitherto unfavourable estimate of the character of the subjects of King George.

As it was market day, we found no difficulty in procuring a fresh relay of camels. The head driver, El-Busheer, was a character in his way. He was not the man to allow loitering on a road little blessed with water, and, tired as both mule and his rider might be, he would urge them on unsparingly till the well was reached. But, withal, "he was a fellow of infinite jest," and well knew how to beguile the long hours of the night and the weary marches over the prairie with anecdote and song.

We left the capital of Kedâref on the evening of the 17th, and, after a three hours' ride, arrived at a village called Hellet-el-Kanz, where we halted for the night. We thought it better, as our beasts and servants were very tired, to defer our departure till the evening of the following day; and in the meantime amused ourselves with watching the people who came from a dozen neighbouring hamlets to draw their water from a single well, the only one within many miles. Mounted on their fast-trotting cows, the villagers assembled from all directions to fulfil their daily task, and the well furnished a continual scene of animation and variety. The nearest villages content themselves with sending their slave-girls, who supply every type of Nubian ugliness, from the dwarfish, big-headed elf of three feet, to the strapping wench of six—but blackness, exceeding that of night, is the universal characteristic. The peasants in these hamlets are all Arabs of the same stock, apparently, as the Beni 'Amir, and, with but few dialectic differences, speak the tongue they brought with them from the Hedjaz. The chief of Hellet-el-Kanz

is as pure-blooded as any sheikh in Yemen, and would as soon dream of allying his daughter to a Bedawee as of forsaking Islam—a trait which emphatically shows his Ishmaelitic lineage, as it is well known that city and desert Arabs never intermarry.

The lot of these people is, however, far from fortunate. Ground down to the earth by the exactions of the Egyptian authorities, they have neither the energy nor the will to work more than will suffice for procuring for themselves the bare necessities of life. Although the soil is singularly fertile, the only signs of cultivation I saw in the neighbourhood were a few fields of doura (millet), of which they make their simple bread, and one plot of ground planted with cotton. Their wealth consists in their cattle, which supply them not only with food, but with carriage; and not a single branch of industry appears to be carried on even in the largest villages. Their ploughing is of the simplest description; a sharp stick drawn along the ground suffices to scratch a furrow for the reception of the seed, and after that the farmer has only to await at his ease the bounty of Providence. That a single well should serve the wants of the inhabitants of a large district is in itself a significant fact; and that the principal village should have been named after El-Kanz, the patriotic constructor of this well, proves the gratitude of the people to the only man who seems to have shown a spark of energy or enterprise amongst them.

They are as eager after gain as people so far removed from civilisation usually are. That we should have been mistaken for Turks, so long as we had a Turkish escort, was not unreasonable, nor was it a matter of surprise that the villagers should have been chary of supplying us with provisions so long as they remained under that impression, as the Egyptians never pay for a single thing they lay their hands upon; but we did not imagine that, when their minds were disabused upon this point, they would have been so determinedly set upon fleecing us. We were obliged to put up with it. After passing Kedäref, we could not obtain a sheep under three dollars, exactly nine times the price they used to cost at Massäwa; while eggs were sold at a piastre and a half apiece, answering to fivepence of our money—a charge which, I think, would be considered exorbitant anywhere.

At Hellet-el-Kanz we fell in with Abd-ul-Meläk, a Copt, who had represented himself to our Agent and Consul-General in Egypt as possessing a good deal of influence with the Aboona or Metropolitan of Abyssinia, and as having power to render considerable service towards the liberation of Consul Cameron and his companions. Colonel Stanton had accordingly dispatched him on a kind of mission for that purpose, and had entrusted him with letters and presents for the bishop.

Amongst the gifts destined to propitiate the head of a non-smoking church were several fine amber mouthpieces, and enough Latakiah to stock a tobacconist's shop in a provincial Turkish town. It is needless to say that the envoy had never set his foot beyond Matemma; and as he had letters of recommendation to all the Egyptian authorities in those parts, he was continually travelling between that town and Kedäref, and living handsomely on the unfortunate peasantry, who had orders to supply him with everything he wanted. Mr. Rassam took measures to prevent the imposition being carried on any longer, and, with a warning, left the detected rogue to find his own way back to Cairo.

We left the district of Kedäref at Hellet-el-Kanz, and entered that of Räshid. The country for many miles round is merely one vast steppe, covered with tall and sun-dried grass, and tenanted only by the giraffe and the ostrich. For a long distance not a drop of water is to be found. At one in the morning, after marching six hours, we halted for the night at a place where the ravages of fire allowed us room for our camels and ourselves to lie down; but before daybreak we were obliged to be off again. Five hours and a half brought us to a village called Wed-el-Amäs, where there is a spring of tolerable water, and one large tree, under

which we could spend the day. As the trunk was quite hollow, I found room inside it to spread out my bedding, and was able to take a nap in a cool and comfortable apartment, free from the glare and heat of the sun. At half-past three in the afternoon we were off again, and travelled for more than nine hours before we reached our next watering-place, Medäk. The road here loses a good deal of its prairie-like character, and in parts is very stony. Trees of a much larger growth begin to show themselves, but the country is still very level, the only elevations we saw being two low hills to the right, Doka and



TAKKROOKE SOLDIER.

Dagalees. The former is considered the sanatorium of Matemma, and is an agreeable retreat while the summer heat rages so fiercely in that district. At Medäk there are several wells, and some fine trees, beneath the shade of which we were glad to take refuge till the sun went down a little.

Five hours brought us to Derveesh, where we left the Râshid district and the country of the Arabs, and entered that of Galabât, the land of the Takroorees, as they are called by strangers, or Arbâb, as they style themselves. Riding on for another hour, we arrived at a village called Ja'afra, where we passed the night, and starting the next morning at four, journeyed on pleasantly through a dense thicket, in which a beautiful species of acacia with feathery leaves was especially conspicuous. Leaving the camels behind, we travelled on briskly, and at a quarter to nine reached a valley with a tiny streamlet running through it, called the Khor-el-Athrub, by the side of which innumerable monkeys, some in family parties, and others evidently in a state of single blessedness, were sporting themselves. Here we remained till half-past two, and an hour's ride then brought us into Matemma.

The chief of the district, Sheikh Jooma, was absent at the time, having been compelled, according to annual custom, to present himself with his tribute at the court of King Theodore, but we were welcomed by his *locum tenens*, 'Izz-ud-deen, and by the sheikh of the town. Hassan Effendi had ridden on previously, and had given glowing accounts of the wealth and magnificence of the Frankish embassy, which was for some time to take up its quarters in the district, and we found on arrival that preparations had already been made for our reception. A hill facing the east and overlooking the town, and unquestionably the healthiest spot near it, was assigned to us. It usually served as the summer residence of the sheikh, and on it were erected a fine large airy shed and three small houses, which, with our tents, amply sufficed for our accommodation.

Looking down from our hill, we could see the collection of huts, called Matemma, to the fullest advantage. Altogether there may be six hundred of these flimsy edifices lying over the plain in scattered patches. They are of circular form, and built with grass walls and thatched conical roofs. The houses of the sheikh are perhaps the best in the place, and are situated

within a large enclosure near the centre of the town. A little further on flows the Metchârah, a streamlet from which the majority of the inhabitants obtain their water, and which forms a most picturesque feature in the landscape, owing to the magnificent willows that border each bank; but which contains within it the seeds of all the maladies for which Matemma has so unenviable a repute. Crossing this stream, we find a cluster of houses occupied by the Abyssinian colony, and beyond this

again are the fields of doura, from which the natives procure their chief subsistence. Though I only noticed one field in the immediate vicinity of Matemma, cotton is grown to a great extent in the outlying villages, as several hundred bales are every week brought to the fair, and imported into Abyssinia. Cucurbitaceous plants grow in abundance, and the gourd has quite superseded the skin as a receptacle for water.

The day of our arrival (the 21st of November) was that on which the weekly market was held, and after we had inspected our new domicile, Blanc and I strolled down to the plain below. We had not proceeded far when we were accosted by an Abyssinian, who having once been as far as Cairo, could speak a little Arabic, and he offered to become our cicerone. This man, whose name was Walda Gabriel, we always found a useful fellow enough, and he subsequently entered Mr. Rassam's service as an interpreter.

The fair differs in few respects from an English one. Stalls covered with gilt gingerbread and ribbons are not to be found, but in their stead skins are spread out on the ground covered with salt, chilis, ginger, sesame, and the usual products of the country. Camel after camel arrives laden with bales of cotton, and escorted by Takroorees from the outlying districts. Beneath a tree is an

armourer plying his trade, and converting old pieces of hoop-iron into spear-heads and knives. Yonder is a group busily employed in flaying a bullock which has just been slaughtered for the special delectation of the Abyssinians who frequent the fair. And perhaps the most striking scene of all are these Abyssinians, who muster in considerable numbers, and chiefly confine themselves to exhibiting the paces of their wild coursers, galloping about in a way that shows their utter disregard for the lives and limbs of Sheikh Jooma's lieges. Most terrible screws of course these steeds are, it not being customary to allow serviceable horses to pass



WOMAN OF KASSALA CARRYING WATER.

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RIVER GASH IN THE RAINY SEASON.

the custom-houses of Tchelga or Wahnnee. This scene was repeated every Tuesday and Wednesday, and we used to find it an amusing diversion to lounge down to the village-green, and "do" the market as if it were the Park in the season, or the Spa at Scarborough in the autumn.

In consequence of the advantageous position of Matemma, standing as it does in a kind of debateable land between Egypt and Abyssinia, it is naturally a great mart for slaves, chiefly from the Galla country. The regular market was not open at the time of our arrival, although more than once we received surreptitious "tips" from dealers in respect to some article or another which was supposed to display superiority of blood and breeding.

A branch of Bishop Gobat's mission was established here, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Eipperle and Mr. Mutschler. Judging, however, by the number of converts around them, these gentlemen would have done better if they had never relinquished the respectable handicrafts to which they had been brought up. A slave girl, purchased on account of her singular aptitude for receiving Christian doctrine, since she had never heard the name of religion before, formed the sole member of their flock. I believe that Mrs. Eipperle, who had been a deaconess at the hospital at Jerusalem, and was possessed of some knowledge of the healing art, was of far more service to the bodies of the Takroorees than ever her husband was likely to be to their souls. In fact, the latter had almost abdicated his spiritual functions, and was more congenially employed in the task of setting up a large water-wheel, for the purpose of irrigating the small plot of ground where his beans were planted.

Two days after our arrival, the old chief, Sheikh Jooma, returned from his visit to Abyssinia. He paid us the compliment of coming to see us before he had even planted his foot within his own door. He was attended by a retinue of about a hundred horsemen, whose dress and equipments were of every fantastic mode that barbaric taste could devise. One of the most conspicuous figures was a cavalier attired in a complete suit of chain-mail, while another, swathed up in a thick quilted doublet and capucine, brought to mind old pictures of Muscovite warriors. Sheikh Jooma is about sixty years of age, perhaps a little older, wiry and strong-built, and exhibits all the characteristics of the negro type in an exaggerated form. We had heard before that he was not to be trusted, and his subsequent treatment of us fully confirmed this report. However, he was exceedingly courteous on this occasion, and promised to do everything in his power to make us comfortable. In the evening we returned his visit, and found that the old gentleman had refreshed himself so freely after the fatigues of his journey that he was scarcely presentable.

The Takroorees, all of whom are under the sway of Sheikh Jooma, are a tribe of Nigritian origin, and although the vernacular of the district is Arabic, they do not appear to have any intermixture of Arabic blood in their veins. They seem a good-tempered, easy-going race, and, like their congeners of Darfoor and Kordofan (from the former of which districts the chief of Galabât is, I believe, invariably chosen), and the negroes of intertropical Africa generally, they live in a perpetual kind of lazy dream, letting each day take care of itself, and bestowing no thought on the morrow. Every night, however, is kept alive by their tom-tomming and singing, which

goes on till sunrise at the chief's house, while the beer travels briskly round, and doubtless many a toast is drunk in honour of their dusky loves, ill-favoured specimens of womankind though they be. The mornings, of course, are spent in sleep, and it is not till evening that the day really begins. At sunset they may be seen swaggering and tossing their burly limbs about, and flourishing their spears and short axes in such wise that it is evident their potations begin the moment they awake. To us they were civil enough, and never omitted the usual salute, "Salâm aleikoom," and polite interrogatories after our health. The liquor in which they indulge to so great an extent is called "bilbil," and is brewed from doura. It possesses a sour but not unpleasant flavour, somewhat resembling rough Devonshire cider.

The Takroorees are fearless, if not graceful, horsemen; and Sheikh Jooma could turn out a very respectable force of light irregular cavalry, if he would but relinquish his whim of organising a battalion of infantry after the Turkish model. At the time of our stay this consisted of about a hundred men, armed with muskets of every conceivable age and pattern. Two or three days in the week the soldiers are reviewed on parade. They march to the ground in Indian file, and on arrival form line to the front, and go through their manual, which comprises "Order arms, shoulder arms, pile arms, break off," which last command is obeyed with much greater alacrity than the others, and the soldiers betake themselves to discharging their pieces at any unfortunate small birds they may spy in their vicinity, until the command to fall in is given, when the same manoeuvres are repeated *ad lib.* All this is in the presence of a grinning and admiring crowd, who "shake the air with their applausive noise," and warmly cheer the defenders of Matemma. This lasts about an hour, and at the expiration of that period the force returns to quarters, and the parade is at an end. However, the real strength of the district consists in its cavalry, as every householder possesses a horse, and, in case of an attack, marches to the field with his gillies behind him, like a highland chieftain of old.

The government is an elective monarchy, but every year is signalised by a custom of some singularity. The power of the chief lapses, and is assumed by one of the principal inhabitants, who continues to hold it for six days, when the former sheikh resumes the reins of power. To all intents and purposes there is an interregnum, the reign of the new chief being apparently only marked by an incessant tom-tomming, which is kept up before his house. On the sixth day the Takroorees from all the neighbouring villages flock in and hold their annual festival; cavalry and infantry are reviewed in the large plain outside the town, and the sheikh addresses them in a stirring speech. When we were there he made the best of his opportunity by leading a foray into the country of Tirsu Gobazyé, in Walkait, and returned after three days in high glee at having made a "lift" of several thousand head of cattle. At that period he had to pay tribute to both the Pasha of Khar-toom and the Negroes of Abyssinia, and, consequently, spent most of his time on the road; but it may be confidently assumed that the Egyptians have now taken him in hand altogether.

Although the nights and early mornings still remained tolerably cool, the weather was growing day by day perceptibly hotter, and the sun was terribly powerful. We noticed once a difference of 70° Fahr. between the temperature of the shed in which we lived and that of the atmosphere outside.

The Atbara flows at a distance of five or six miles from Matemma, and one day we made an excursion with our missionary friends to that river, for the purpose of shooting buffaloes. We had only to cross an expanse of rich alluvial mud overgrown with tall grass. 'Izz-ud-deen and about twenty of his followers accompanied us as beaters, but more for their own amusement than ours it appeared, for though they promised to drive down a herd they knew of in our direction, they failed to redeem their word, and left us in anxious expectation for the rush all through the day. Towards evening they appeared in high triumph, displaying the spoils of three buffaloes which had fallen victims to their spears, and we had nothing to console ourselves with after such a barren day but a few steaks which they generously placed at our disposal.

The 26th of December we all thought a red-letter day with us. Mohammed the Shihó, and others of Mr. Rassam's messengers, returned to us, bearing letters from King Theodore, and clothed in white raiment bestowed upon them by that monarch. The letters were couched in most friendly terms, and the last in date bore the royal signature and seal. It appeared from them that, though his majesty still retained angry feelings against the captives, he was most amicably disposed towards us.

Putting the letters and the testimony of the messengers together, the following programme appeared to be sketched out for us. Sheikh Jooma was ordered to place an escort at our service to take us as far as Wahnnee, two days' journey distant. We were there to be met by three Bashas, officers of high rank, who had been specially deputed to conduct us to the camp. We heard that they had four or five hundred men with them. From Wahnnee we should proceed to Tchelga, and thence round by Lake Tsána, to the place where we should meet the king. He was at that time in Dámot, a province to the north of Godjám, but was coming with five hundred horsemen to see us. After the interview, the messengers informed us we should be at liberty to take up our residence on an island in the lake, or, if we preferred it, in one of the towns near it, or finally, at Gaffat, near Debra Tabor, where the German artisans were residing. Orders had been given to the governors of all the towns and villages on our route to have ready for us cattle, sheep, honey, fowls, and eggs, and the Germans at Gaffat were ordered to prepare everything for us in European fashion. The messengers, who had so lately seen the king, gave it as their opinion that his majesty would be certain to give orders for Cameron's release as soon as he met us, but that it would be a difficult matter to get the missionaries out. So far, however, all seemed fair and promising enough.

On the 28th, being ready to start, we went to take leave of Sheikh Jooma, and received from him the escort he had been ordered to provide us with. The cares of state must that day have sat very heavily upon him, and he had been obliged to drown them so deeply that he was scarcely aware of our presence as we entered his dwelling. When he did perceive us, the discourtesy he had often shown us of late developed into absolute rudeness, and although we civilly represented to him our need of an escort while so near to Tirsu Gobazy's territory, he refused to let us have a single man. We were obliged to put up with the bearish embrace he gave us afterwards, and indignantly shaking the dust off our shoes at the threshold, we quitted for ever the mansion of this negro potentate.

Report of another Great Lake in Equatorial Africa.

AN Italian traveller, named Carlo Piaggia, who has been for some years wandering in the regions west of the White Nile, has recently sent home a report of a long journey which he performed during the years 1863 to 1865, into countries far beyond the routes of any previous explorer, and in which he affirms there exists another great sea of fresh water lying to the west of the Albert Nyanza of Baker. He was not able to reach the shores of the lake, but could not refuse to admit the unanimous testimony of the natives as to its approximate position. The letters of Piaggia, in which his journeys are narrated, were addressed by him to the Marquis Antinori, a gentleman in whose retinue he had travelled, in 1861, in the northern part of the same region, and they have been published, with a carefully-prepared map, in the first volume of the Journal issued by the new Geographical Society of Italy. Ten years ago the natives on the Ghazal river had given a vague account of a great lake farther south, to the gentlemen who accompanied the expedition of the Dutch ladies on that western tributary of the Nile; Mr. Petherick, too, who went farther to the south-west of the White Nile than any other traveller previous to Piaggia, sent home news of a lake, but the account obtained by Piaggia seems to be more definite than that of any other authority.

According to Dr. Petermann, the well-known German geographer, who has re-calculated the distances and days' marches of Piaggia, the new lake would lie about 130 miles beyond the western shore of Albert Nyanza, a little to the south of that part of the lake navigated by Sir Samuel Baker and his lady. He makes it to extend for 200 miles towards the west. If this be true, we shall have four great seas of fresh water near the equator in Central Africa, resembling in dimensions lakes Michigan and Huron; and the Nile lakes (if they really all communicate with the Nile) will almost rival the Laurentian lake-system of North America, the largest in the world. On comparing, however, the reported new lake with Baker's account of his Albert Nyanza, the conclusion can hardly be avoided that it is no other than the prolongation of the same sheet of water, to the west and south, as mentioned by that traveller. Sir Samuel Baker, in describing the sea-like view which presented itself, as he stood on the lofty cliffs, towards the south—a limitless expanse of water and sky—says that the natives informed him that the lake, after extending far to the south, went towards the west, and that its limits in that direction were known to no one. Piaggia, according to the corrected map of Dr. Petermann, when nearest to the supposed new lake, was 450 miles distant from the spot where Baker stood, gazing into the blue distance to the south-west of his position; if these distances are at all approximate to the truth, the centre of the African continent possesses an expanse of fresh water greater in dimensions than Lake Superior, hitherto cited as the largest on the globe. It is, besides, probable that Lake Tanganyika, itself at least 280 miles in length, forms a southerly arm of this inland sea; to ascertain this is one of the principal objects of the exploration in which Dr. Livingstone is now engaged. Lake Nyassa, further to the south, is now known to belong to a separate river-basin, discharging its surplus waters into the Zambesi.

The tract of country lying to the west of the White Nile

and to the north of the lakes is a vast wilderness, consisting of extensive marshy plains and forests, with hilly country in its southern portion. It is one of the most fatal countries in the world to Europeans, and presents almost insurmountable obstacles to the traveller. In the rainy season the low districts are flooded, and famine and pestilence brood over the land. The only inhabitants are numerous independent tribes of negroes, who are annually invaded and plundered by armed bands of ivory and slave traders, who visit the region from Khartoom, and have their stockaded stations at intervals on the banks of the streams. The south-western part of the country, near the sources of the Jâr, is inhabited by the Niam-niams, a race of people who were spoken of by earlier travellers, from accounts which reached the trading settlements on the coasts of Africa, as a nation of pigmies, furnished with fan-shaped tails, or as having the fore extremities of men and the hind-quarters of dogs. Concerning these people we have, in the narrative of Piaggia, who spent more than a year in their country, reliable and most interesting information. He says they are a handsome, powerfully-built race, with skin of a dark olive-bronze colour, long hair, and long thick beards. They are superior in mental qualities to the neighbouring negro tribes, whom they hold in subjection, and from whom they differ widely in every respect. Although some of their customs are cruel, they are not cannibals, as reported by some of their vilifiers; in short, it would appear that the wild stories propagated about these brave interior people were invented by the Arab and Turkish slave-hunters, who must have been many a time repulsed in their attempts to gain access to Niam-niam territory. In travelling from north to south, towards the country of these people, Piaggia had first to traverse the Mundo country (4° — 5° N. lat., 27° E. long.), after which a tract of primeval forest, sixty miles in breadth, had to be traversed before reaching the village of the Niam-niam chief, Tombo. The forest in many places consisted of an impenetrable growth of mimosa, acacia, and euphorbia trees, matted together with climbing *Asclepiades*, amidst which, here and there, towered colossal specimens of the *Adansonia digitata* and the *Borassus* palm-tree. The elephant, the two-horned rhinoceros, the buffalo, and many species of apes, antelopes, and feline animals, tenant this wilderness. At night the travellers had to kindle great fires around their encampment to ward off the hungry leopards; and Piaggia describes the uproar of wild beasts, which at times arose in the midst of the stillness, as appalling. The villages of the Niam-niams consist of groups of huts in shape forming a perfect cone, from the ground to the apex, the huts of the chiefs being distinguished by having an upright circular wall, about the height of a man, as a support to the conical thatch. The chief, Tombo, under whose protection he was able to travel in various directions through this remote region, was a man of middle age, of tall and slender figure, and dignified gait and manner. His luxuriant hair was arranged in curls, and ornamented in a fantastic way with many-coloured feathers; the cloth of which his robe was made was nothing but a strip of fibrous bark from a tree; and when the traveller was first presented to him he held in his right hand three long lances, and in his left a musical stringed instrument resembling a harp. The general character of the country appears to be far superior to that of the White Nile and the Ghazal river to the north and west. It is varied with hills and valleys and running

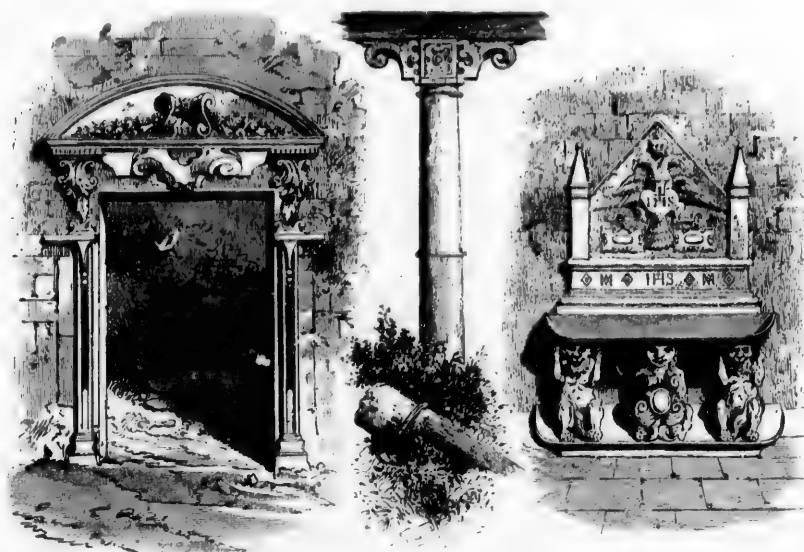
streams; luxuriant forests clothe the lower grounds, and game of all kinds is very abundant.

The furthestmost point towards the west and south reached by Piaggia was the Niam-niam village of Kifa; near this place flows a river towards the north-west, probably a tributary of the Buri river, a large stream apparently far to the west of the Nile basin, the first account of which was given by Sir Samuel Baker, on whose original map of this region there is marked a great river, named the Avoca, flowing towards the north-west. The Messrs. Poncet, ivory traders on the White Nile, have lately pushed their establishments as far as this mysterious stream, which they state is as large as the White Nile, and flows towards Lake Chad. A new field of great interest appears here to lie open for the geographer and the naturalist.

Discovery of the Mouth of the Limpopo River.

THE lower course of the Limpopo, one of the larger rivers of Southern Africa, and the position of its embouchure in the Indian Ocean, have up to the present time been a subject of doubt, and have formed, in fact, one of those geographical problems of which Africa furnishes so many. The river is a fine one in its upper course along the plateau lands of the South African interior, and has been often visited and described by our adventurous travellers and elephant hunters; but all attempts to descend along its banks to the sea have been frustrated, partly by reason of the unhealthiness of the lower lands, and partly by the prevalence of the tsetse fly, which destroys the bullock teams of the traveller. On the most recent maps, it will be seen that there are no fewer than five mouths traced with doubt as belonging to this river, marked along 300 miles of the coast.

According to recent news from Natal, the Limpopo has at length been traced to the sea, the feat having been performed by Mr. St. Vincent Erskine, son of the colonial secretary of Natal, who trained himself for the task, and accomplished it between July and September of last year. He appears to have made Leydenburg, a small town in the northern part of the Transvaal Republic, his starting-point, and to have marched direct from there to the junction of the Oliphant river with the Limpopo, the position of which he determined by observations for latitude. He then descended the previously unknown lower course of the great stream, and reached its mouth in triumph on the 5th of September. According to the scanty news we at present have of this adventurous journey, Mr. Erskine appears to have found the embouchure to coincide with the river Inhampura as marked on the maps. If this be the case, most of our learned geographers have greatly erred in their calculations of the direction of the river. The river does not appear to form a delta, or to spread itself over extensive marshes, as had been conjectured by some writers and travellers. Whether it is available for navigation or not, and what is the nature of the country through which it flows in the lower part of its course, will not be satisfactorily known until the complete narrative and map of Mr. Erskine reaches England. As he has been throughout in correspondence with the Royal Geographical Society of London (through Dr. R. J. Mann), the complete account of the journey will probably shortly be communicated to that body and to the public.



DETAILS OF JESUIT ARCHITECTURE IN PARAGUAY.

A Visit to Paraguay during the War.

BY THOMAS J. HUTCHINSON, F.R.G.S., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE ALLIED CAMP—ITAPIRU FORT—HEAT OF THE CLIMATE—CAUSES OF THE PARAGUAYAN WAR—INCIDENTS OF THE WAR—BATTLE OF VATAY.

ON the 4th of April I went ashore and visited part of the Brazilian and Argentine camps. In the Argentine quarters I passed a short time in the tent of the commander-in-chief, Brigadier-General Don Bartolome Mitre, President of the Argentine Republic. His Excellency spoke hopefully of the speedy termination of the war, holding an opinion in which I regretted not to be able to agree. The President's encampment was in a shady orange grove, perfectly impenetrable to the sun's rays. From this I strolled to the rear of the camp, through one of the prettiest tracts of woodland I have ever seen, where the tinamus, or native partridge, and other birds of magnificent plumage, abounded, notwithstanding the vicinity of the warring hosts. The trees rose to an immense height, and a dense undergrowth of bushes and smaller trees, of the most varied and elegant foliage, clothed the ground. The forest here, however, is not continuous and impenetrable, like the virgin forests of other parts of South America, for it is diversified with open, grassy spaces. Now and then, emerging from the woodland pathway, I came upon a space of bright green sward, reminding one of those opening glades of which the poet Moore writes in the "Epicurean," as seeming "to afford a playground for the sunshine." The camp being partly in the woods, the officers had availed themselves of

the trees to form cool tents and bowers in the dense shrubbery and under overhanging branches. In many of these could be seen, as I passed, the lounging hammock suspended from the boughs. Thus were the fatigues of campaigning in so hot a climate greatly alleviated.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the park-like scenery in the neighbourhood of the Paso de la Patria, on the Corrientes side of the river. I rode through it one evening, in company with Colonel Leopold Nelson, and would have been willing to remain for hours enjoying its charms, only that we were within range of the Paraguayan 48-pounders and bomb-shells, which were likely to salute us at any minute from the opposite post of Itapiru. To the north of the point there is a snug little bay from 400 to 500 yards in length, in front of which, on the opposite side of the river, extending to nearly a league northwards, appears the encampment of the Paraguayan army. A whitewashed house in the distance was pointed out to me as the residence of President Lopez. On the day after we had passed, and on the very spot where I stopped with Colonel Nelson during a few minutes for observation, two Argentine soldiers were killed by the bursting of a bombshell fired across from Itapiru. One of them had his head taken off, the chin and whiskers being left; and the other was struck by a piece of shell in the back as he turned to escape.

April 5th.—The heat is almost unendurable. Little consolation it is to know that the sun is now at the equinox, and is marching northwards to warm the other hemisphere, leaving

these southern regions to their approaching winter. It is pleasant, however, as evening comes on, to observe the gathering of dark clouds above the horizon that presage a thunder-storm. It comes like a true tropical storm—a furious tempest of wind preceding the hurried sweep of cold air which accompanies the deluging rain. Fearful bursts of lightning and thunder attend the down-pour. Those who know only the climate of Europe will scarcely believe it, but on the succeeding morning I observed a difference in the temperature of 33° Fahrenheit, produced by the storm overnight. The air was not only cool, but as cold as it often is in England in the month of March.

It is not an easy matter to trace the causes which led to the Paraguayan war, so recently and tragically brought to a termination, at least for the present. Although I have resided for seven years, including the commencement of these hostilities, in the Argentine Republic, I confess myself still unable to find an adequate explanation. Mutual antipathy, dating from an early period, would seem to bear no small share in it. We find in the work entitled, "An Account of the Abipones of Paraguay," by Martin Dobrizhoffer, that, "from a letter written by the King of Spain in 1839, it appears that in five years 300,000 Paraguayan Indians were carried into slavery by Brazilians." These slave-hunting expeditions were carried on by the "Mamelucos," who are described by Dobrizhoffer as a race of Mestizos, inhabiting the interior of Brazil, the offspring of European fathers and Indian mothers, celebrated for their skill in shooting and robbing, and ready for any daring enterprise. He further records of these people—"In the space of one hundred and thirty years two millions of Indians were slain or carried into captivity by the Mamelucos of Brazil, and more than one thousand leagues of country, as far as the river Amazon, were stripped of their inhabitants." There can be little doubt that the memory of these deeds has rankled for generations in the minds of the people of Paraguay, whose country suffered so much from being in close contiguity with the interior provinces of Brazil, peopled by the Mamelucos.

Whenever the history of this Paraguayan war comes to be written, incidents like those which I am about to record, and for the truth of which I can vouch, will render it remarkable amongst the annals of military daring and patriotic self-sacrifice.

At the retaking of Corrientes by General Paunero, the Argentine commander, in May, 1865, and after the Paraguayans had been driven out of it, there was one Paraguayan soldier, a sentinel, who had been left behind, most likely through his commanding officer forgetting to order his withdrawal. In the *mélie*, he found himself surrounded by more than a dozen of the attacking party, who called on him to surrender. This he refused to do, with the reply of "No tengo ordines" (I have no orders). But he was overpowered by a superior force, and slaughtered on the spot. A representation of this faithful soldier, from a drawing I brought from Paraguay, is given at page 100; it is taken, as well as the one on page 73, from a work I have published entitled "The Paraná, with Incidents of the Paraguayan War."

At the battle of Yatay, which was fought on the 17th August, 1865—with victory to the allies, of course, for they were as three to one to the Paraguayans—a marine officer named Robles was very severely wounded. Yatay is situated about a

league north of Restauracion, on the right bank of the river Uruguay. In this fight the allies numbered twelve thousand troops, and the Paraguayans only four thousand. The former had thirty-eight pieces of cannon, the latter only three. Major Duarte, who commanded the Paraguayans in this engagement, was taken prisoner, and sent to Rio; but the marine officer Robles, his second in command, who fought like a lion, was cut down by overpowering numbers, and captured whilst insensible from his wounds. As soon as he recovered consciousness, and found himself in the hands of the Brazilian surgeons, he tore the dressings off his wounds, rather than submit to their curative manipulation, and in a short time died of hæmorrhage.

A spirit similar to this is recorded by the Brazilian admiral, Baron de Imbauma, in his despatch to the Argentine war minister, Gelly y Ohes, dated "Camp in Tuyucú, March 8th, 1864." This relates the circumstances connected with a daring attempt of the Paraguayans to take the Brazilian iron-clads. The attack was made by a fleet composed of forty-eight canoes, lashed together by twos, with twenty-five men in each. A group of eight canoes (four pairs) was commanded by a captain, and destined to board one iron-clad, but, having lost the order on which they were advancing (very probably from their occupants being blinded with smoke from the firing of the monitors), fourteen attacked, and their crews boarded, the *Lima* and *Barros*; twelve engaged with the *Cabral*, whilst some were driven down by the current, and others were sunk by the guns from the *Silado* and *Hervál*. During the engagement on board the iron-clads, some of the canoes returned to land, carrying their wounded and dead. What a grand tribute to these courageous fellows is this last paragraph in that admiral's report:—"The *Hervál* and *Silado* killed a great number in the water, who had thrown themselves overboard. I endeavoured to save some, ordering boats to be lowered for that purpose, but they refused any help, and preferred to die."

The most remarkable characteristic of the Paraguayans throughout was their devotion to Lopez, their president and commander-in-chief—a spirit which was ridiculed by the Argentines as Paraguayan stolidity, and of which I am about to record an instance that came under my own observation.

When Her Majesty's gunboat *Doterel*, on returning from Asuncion, in June, 1865, was passing by the *Marques de Olinda* steamer, lying a wreck, after the battle of Riachuelo, the commander, Lieut. Johnson, R.N., had his attention drawn to signals of distress flying from the wrecked vessel—a Brazilian flag overtopping the Paraguayan at the mainmast. The *Doterel* was stopped, and the commander sent one of his boats to the steamer, which lay out of the channel, the river being here a mile wide. It was found that a number of wounded were on board, and that the vessel was without engineer or officer. Fifteen Paraguayans, of whom twelve were seriously wounded, were taken therefrom, and placed on board the British gunboat. One of these men had his skull fractured by the falling of a mast; a second had his leg broken by a shot; a third was suffering from peritonitis, caused by a gun-shot wound in the abdomen; and so forth. For four days and nights they had been living on ship's biscuit and water. The steamer had burst her boilers. Her commander, Captain Robles, brother of the hero at Yatay, was wounded, taken prisoner, and put on board one of the Brazilian steamers, where he had died a few days previously. The engineer had got away on a small raft he constructed, and by which he

floated himself down to an Italian schooner that was anchored a few hundred yards below, in the river.

When the *Doteri* arrived at Rosario, on her way down, I went on board to see these poor sufferers. Every appliance which humanity could suggest for their comfort was put at their disposal by the humane Commander Johnson; and the good surgeon, whose name I regret having forgot, exerted himself to the utmost to assuage their sufferings. On the morning of their arrival I went on board, to give my assistance to the doctor, in amputating the leg of one of the wounded Paraguayans. Whilst waiting for the doctor to get his instruments in order, it was distressing to hear the piteous groans of the man who was suffering from peritonitis. The sergeant who was in charge of the group advanced to his bedside, and spoke to him in Guarani, which was translated for me by the pilot, when I saw that the words had the effect of at once stopping the complaints of the wounded man. "Dog of a bad Paraguayan! are you not ashamed to let your enemies hear you complain, and give them reason to laugh at you? Is not the glory of having been wounded whilst fighting for your country sufficient, without crying for sympathy in your sufferings? Do not let me hear another groan, or I shall report you to the President."

Such was the influence of the name, that from that time until the man died, six hours afterwards, he uttered not a single complaint.

In the year 1864, previous to the outbreak of the war, it was rumoured that Lopez was about to set aside the Paraguayan Republic, and proclaim a monarchy in its stead. Morally, socially, and politically, Paraguay has long ceased to be a Republic; for it is well known that Lopez is the be-all and end-all of the Paraguayan Government. He himself was supposed to be intended for the first Emperor.

This belief was strengthened by an act of his, which supervened on the first breaking out of the war in April, 1865—namely, the creation of an order, somewhat similar to the English Order of the Bath, to be entitled the "National Order of Merit." From the official paper of Paraguay, *El Seminario*, of April 10, 1865, I take the bases and regulations of the order.

It was to comprise five grades—namely, chevalier, official, knight commander, grand official, and grand cross. Either or any of these might be conferred for life; and it was only a competent tribunal that could abrogate them. The decorations of those invested would consist of a star of silver, with a gold centre-piece, relieved by olive and palm branches, with a crown of laurel on the top. This crown was to have "Reward of Merit" on one side, "Honour and Glory" on the reverse. Each grade would have a difference in the diameter of its star, as well as in the size of the ribbon fastening it.

These decorations were to be worn on the left side of the breast. Of the Grand Cross, the distinctive badge was to be a collar ornamented with small stars, similar in their pattern to the ordinary star. The president of the republic was, of course, to be Director-in-Chief of this order. It was to be conferred on men celebrated in diplomacy, science, judicial and statesmanship capacities, be they foreigners or natives. But it was incumbent on all who might receive these grades to swear an oath to God and the country, that they should dedicate themselves to the service of the nation, the preservation of its integrity, and the defence of its laws.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION.

PATRIOTISM OF THE WOMEN OF PARAGUAY—LADIES PRESENTING JEWELS TO THE PRESIDENT—MYTHICAL ARMY OF AMAZONS—INTENTIONS OF LOPEZ TOWARDS BRAZIL AND THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC—MAIN PRINCIPLES OF PEACE PROPOSITIONS—BRAZILIAN HOSPITALS AT CORRIENTES

A GLANCE at the map of South America will show what a morsel of land, in comparison with the territorial extent of its Brazilian and Argentine neighbours, is that denominated Paraguay. This last-named is in the centre of a cauldron of misunderstandings about geographical boundaries. One part of the Gran Chaco on the western side of the river is claimed by Brazil, another portion by Bolivia, and a third by the Argentines. The triple alliance treaty, framed at the beginning of the existing war in 1865, prescribes, by one of its articles, that the future limits of Paraguay to the west shall be defined by its own river, which washes the right side of its soil, and that it shall have no claim to occupation or ownership of territory outside that fluvial boundary. To the south it is bordered by the junction of the Paraná and Paraguay rivers, which form a confluence in lat. 27° 15' S. Its northern extent only reaches to lat. 20° 45' S., at the sources of the river Blanco. And yet Brazil refuses to acknowledge in this direction a boundary for Paraguay beyond lat. 21° 30' S., near the sources of the river Apa.

It was a grand epoch in the history of Paraguay, when the Jesuit missionaries laboured there from A.D. 1543 to A.D. 1775. The chief eulogistic chroniclers of these labours are Father Charlevoix and Martin Dobrizhoffer. The Spanish historian, Azara, who resided in Paraguay for no inconsiderable period after the expulsion of the order, tries in every way to disparage them, and through his works pursues them with unrelenting enmity in all their measures. But a Jesuit mission village, according to unprejudiced authorities, was a model of order and regularity. Perfect uniformity was observed in its long comfortably-built rows of houses, and the small circuit of the town offered every facility for preserving its domestic tranquillity, or ensuring a ready defence against any outside danger. The great square was the centre point, the public resort, and general rendezvous of the people. Upon it were erected the church, the college, the arsenal, the stores, the workshops of carpenters, joiners, weavers, and smiths, together with other important public buildings, all assembled under the close and unsleeping vigilance of the Fathers.

Each mission had its body of infantry and cavalry, as well as its military insignia. Every Monday the Corregidor reviewed his troops—the officers being distinguished by their uniforms, richly laced with gold and silver, and embroidered with the device of the town. These weekly evolutions terminated usually with a sham-fight, that with "the enthusiasm and impetuosity of the people," writes Ulloa, "often waxed so warm as to render necessary a forcible separation." But the Jesuits, having qualifications of the *suaviter in modo*, joined with the *fortiter in re*, never failed to suppress these tribal dissensions.

No doubt that training of this kind has made the Paraguayans what they proved themselves to be in the present war. For they, having associated less with the outer world of European progress and civilisation, in fact, living completely isolated for more than half a century, may be said to represent to-day the courage, discipline, and perseverance inculcated into them by

the religious teachers of their forefathers more than two hundred years ago.

There was another element in this military schooling, whereby the Paraguayans were taught to turn in the same cheerful obedient spirit from a long and doubtful struggle to the peaceful cultivation of their fields, or again to leave the plough and grasp the sword in defence of the missions—a cause as sacred in their eyes as the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel to the crusader.

No expense of time, labour, or money was spared by the Jesuits in constructing their churches. Those at Candelaria,* up the river Vermejo, and on its left bank in the Gran Chaco; of St. Joachim, likewise in the Paraguayan part of Gran Chaco, and of Asuncion the capital, were said to rival in symmetry, taste, and splendour, the riches of Peru.

What a curious antithesis may be deduced from the remark of Voltaire,† that “the establishment in Paraguay of the Spanish Jesuits seems in some respects to be the triumph of humanity,” and the fact, that the chief history of Paraguay, from the Jesuit expulsion, is known to us only as comprised in the accounts of Robertson, and others—descriptive of the bloody tyranny under the dictatorships of Francia and Lopez. It may be needless for me to add, that Paraguay has no commercial annals.

Not the least remarkable among the incidents of the Paraguayan war have been those in which the female part of the population were the chief actors. Hostilities had barely commenced, in May 1865, when the ladies of Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, waited on Field-Marshal Lopez, for the purpose of making him the offer of all their jewellery, plate, and trinkets for the service of their country, and to establish a national currency of gold. Lopez, in reply, consented to

receive only twenty-five per cent. of the value thus offered to him.

As the war continued, and whilst busy workmen were engaged night and day at the arsenal in Asuncion, turning out new guns in September, 1867, the women again came forward and offered the free contribution of their pots, pans, boilers, and articles of brass and iron to the foundries for conversion into instruments of war. About the same time, a deputation of two hundred ladies waited on the vice-president—the President Lopez himself being unable to leave the front of the army—to present him with a book, in which their names were inscribed, with a statement of the amount in jewellery which each fair one was willing to offer up for the same purpose as that which had been the subject of the first contribution—namely, to furnish the sinews of war. Not very long before this time they had sent to General Lopez a splendid album containing the records of the different battles in which he had fought.

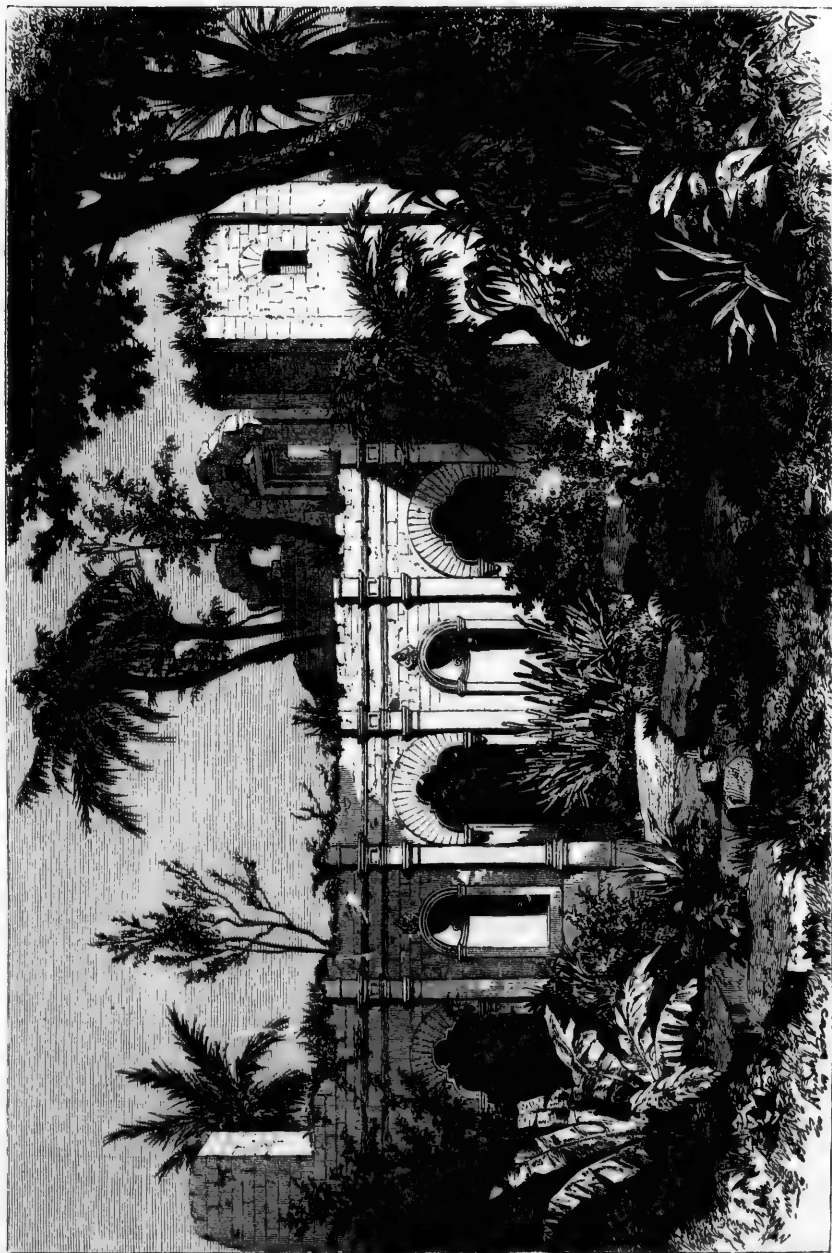
The story of Lopez having drilled some hundreds of women, with a view to form a battalion of Amazons, which appeared in the London papers a few months ago, and upon which much needless sentimentalism was expended by some of our public writers, has turned out—as all who knew Paraguay believed it would turn out—merely an attempt to excite drawing-room philanthropy

against a step so antagonistic to the feelings of our common humanity. At the same time, little more than a passing comment has been made on that touching episode of the war recorded in the Monte Videan newspaper *The Patria*, that amongst the dead Paraguayans in the action of the 8th of May, in the Gran Chaco, was found an old woman, dressed in man's clothes, shot by the side of a young man also killed, whose head she was holding in her withered hands, and who was, probably, her own son; the latter was clutching his musket with one arm, and the other was twined round the



PARAGUAYAN SENTINEL: "NO TENGO ORDINES."—P. 98.

* Founded in A.D. 1627, in lat. 27° 26' 46" S. † *Essai sur les Mœurs.*



RUINS OF A JESUIT MISSION CHURCH IN PARAGUAY.

neck of the old woman. The following are extracts from my note-book whilst in front of Itapiru :—

"*March 6th.*—To prove what good artillery-men there are amongst the Paraguayans, Admiral Tamandare told me to-day that, during the course of last week, they had fired from Itapiru at his flag-ship, the *Apa*, and out of seven shots she had been struck four times, one of these going through her above decks from stem to stern, and breaking a large quantity of her crockeryware. The *Apa* at the time was more than two miles from the fort. This morning I saw the *Bahia*, one of the iron-clads, with several holes in her chimney, the effects of Paraguayan cannon-shot, after she had been reconnoitring too near Itapiru.

"*April 10th.*—This morning a sally was made by the Paraguayans from Itapiru on a small island in front, that had been garrisoned and fortified by the Brazilians, chiefly with the object of inducing the Paraguayans to believe that at this point it was the intention of the allies to cross over. The Paraguayans attacking came at early dawn, or, in fact, before daybreak, many of them swimming the distance of half a mile, others coming in canoes, and all having, for clothing, no more than the usual fighting costume of their people—a red shirt. Of the number of the invaders or the killed in this bold attack, it was impossible to obtain a correct return. The Paraguayans, however, did not succeed in holding the island.

"Captain Romero (Paraguayan), whom I saw on board the Brazilian flag-ship, *Apa*, to-day, April 12th, had not been more than four hours a prisoner till he offered to enlist as a Brazilian, doubtless with some ulterior design. This is the man who commanded the attack on the island a few days ago. He told me that President Lopez was getting very fat, and that he smoked incessantly. Romero was not more than five days on board the *Apa*, when he slipped over the ship's side one night, and escaped. The Paraguayans are almost amphibious."

Whilst the Paraguayans were here in the neighbourhood of Itapiru, it was well known that they were furnished with movable electric telegraphs, similar to those which were used in recent European campaigns, and whereby communication was kept up, not only with the capital at Asuncion, but with the various divisions and forces all through the army.

No more palpable proof of these people having been many years making preparations for this struggle, need be adduced than the facts of the existence of these telegraphs, as well as of the effectual manufacture of torpedoes, by which, as before related, they have done much damage to the Brazilian squadron.

The arrangements that might have been made on the establishment of peace, if Lopez had succeeded, would have referred chiefly to the boundaries of these countries. The most melancholy feature of South American war has been, from time immemorial, this fighting about disputed boundaries, and claims to territories which none of the holders or claimers can turn to any practical account. So that, until we find South American nations—be they republics or monarchies—disposed to listen to common sense, and turn their splendid soil and magnificent climate to practical account, they must be content to remain as they are—distrusted by all mankind. It was from feelings of pride and ambition that the Brazilians resented the insult to national honour and dignity, which it was said Lopez had given to the empire. The Paraguayan President, no doubt, considered himself equally justified to maintain

what he founded his initiative of war upon—"the equilibrium of the River Plate," disturbed by the Brazilian interference in the Republic of Uruguay. General Mitre looked upon the Argentine national "honour and security as outraged," and called to their post "citizen soldiers, whose banners were always wreathed with justice and victory." But it might have been no harm for the belligerents, at the end of three and a half years' fighting, to ask one another, "Have we not had enough of it? and can we not establish some equilibrium that will be better for our mutual prosperity and comfort than this perpetual fighting?"

On my return from the Paso de la Patria to Corrientes, we had on board the *Duc de Saxe* steamer, in which I came down, from thirty to forty wounded Brazilians and Paraguayans, who were on their way to the hospitals. As I believed the miseries of such a war as this could be best alleviated by attentions to such sufferers, it was a pleasure to me to comply with a promise I had given to the Brazilian admiral, Visconde Tamandare, to visit the hospitals when I returned to Corrientes.

The principal Argentine hospital—there were two of these—was presided over by Dr. Almeyra, and was situated in the houses and square of what was formerly the Argentine College. Here Dr. Newkirk, a very excellent Canadian medical practitioner, was the active genius of the place. At the time of my visit there were very few wounded patients, although a month previously there had been several hundreds. How well the sick and wounded are cared for may be imagined, when I state that the nurses were six French sisters of charity, whose angelic devotion to all in need of aid and consolation is well known.

The other hospital was in an old battery near the river-side, and close to which took place a battle, on the 25th of May last, when the Argentines and Brazilians drove the Paraguayans from their temporary occupation of Corrientes city. In these two hospitals there was space for from five hundred to six hundred patients.

About six hundred yards further to the north was the Brazilian Marine Hospital. This consisted of three long wooden houses, and was capable of accommodating more than five hundred patients. In each house the boarded floor was raised two feet over the ground, and all the rooms were ventilated to perfection. Every bed occupied by a patient had a mosquito-curtain over it, and was supplied with a washstand and other necessities. The chief medical man was Dr. Lourez Pinto; besides him there were three other doctors. The dispensary-room was well stocked with medicines and surgical appliances. In fact, the *tout ensemble* appeared to me as perfect in its arrangement as any of the hospitals I have visited in Dublin, London, or Paris. The same may be said of the chief military hospital, which was about half a league south of the city. This was an immense range of buildings, and would be able to accommodate three thousand sick and wounded. Whilst I was visiting here, the principal surgeon was engaged in some important operation, but I was conducted through the wards by the director, Major Secker y Lima. This hospital consisted of seven long houses, similar in construction to the marine hospital. Each bed, when occupied, had a mosquito-curtain and the other conveniences, as in the last-named establishment. In one of the houses there was a considerable number of consumptive patients. Every sick man had a paper fastened at the head of his bed, on which was written his name, age, rank, class of constitution, diagnosis of

disease, temperament, date of entrance, and name of his birth-place. To these were supplemented columns, on which the attending physician or surgeon noted down every day the kind of external or internal treatment that had been prescribed, with the quality of the diet that was to be ordered for the invalid, and any other general observations that he might deem expedient to note.

There was a third hospital, which was chiefly for medical cases, with accommodation for 1,500 beds, near the quinta of a Senor Abalos, and about half a mile interior to the military one. Altogether, these hospitals were admirably fitted up for the comfort of the sick and wounded; and no expense was spared on the part of the Brazilian authorities to assuage the sufferings of their sailors and soldiers. The best medical men

from Rio de Janeiro form the staff, under whose regulations these hospitals are managed.

Connected with my memories of this cruise, there is another thing that gave me great pleasure to note. It was the custom which the Brazilian Government has of giving to its war vessels the names of men who have fallen in their service. There was a small steamer destroyed by the Paraguayans, whilst I was at Paso de la Patria, which had been entitled the *Colonel Fiddis*, after an officer of that name who was killed at the battle of Yatay during the present war; and one of their war steamers, called the *Enrique Martinez*, derives this name from a young midshipman, so called, who was shot by the Paraguayans when defending his flag at the naval battle of Riachuelo.

California and its Prospects.

BY FREDERICK WHYMPER.

A RECENT writer has told us that Californians believe emphatically in a future state—that State being California! And perhaps the inhabitants of no other country in the world have at the present time a better right for self-congratulation. The historians of its early days were, indeed, of a different opinion, and described the region as having very much of the nature of a desert—one strewn with gold, but so parched up in summer and deluged in winter, as to be altogether unfitted for agricultural pursuits. There must be few of our readers who do not remember the first tidings which reached home from this El Dorado of the Pacific. Conflicting as they were in regard to the country, all seemed to agree that its new population included a large proportion of rowdies, convicts from our penal settlements—"Sydney ducks"—runaway sailors, and loose fish generally. There was, unfortunately, a measure of truth in all this, which gave to the country for a time an unenviable reputation. But the reign of these undesirable settlers, never predominant, was soon over. Lynch law and the "Vigilance Committee" organised by the respectable citizens, soon settled all outstanding accounts, and banished a still larger number of these gentry into the outlying territories, where, repeating the same pranks, they usually ended their career, sooner or later, in a very sudden manner. San Francisco, and, indeed, California generally, has now an orderly and law-abiding as well as energetic and prosperous people. A lady may at the present day more safely venture out alone and unprotected in the streets of the capital than she can in London.

When the writer first landed in San Francisco, in the autumn of 1862, he soon found that it was not the "Frisco" of his imaginings and readings, nor that of common belief. He found himself in the heart of a highly-civilised community, where there were neither paupers, beggars, nor crossing-sweepers; where labourers smoked ten cent cigars, where servant girls still obtained wages of three to six pounds a month, and where there were all the evidences of general prosperity. Numbers of particularly well-dressed citizens—from merchants to mechanics—hurried about on their daily avocations; numbers of ladies—ladies blooming as the rose,

and infinitely more like English mothers and sisters than are those of the Atlantic States—were out promenading and shopping in the principal streets, which themselves were quite gay and Parisian in character. Although, from the universal deference shown these dames in street, or store, or car, it was obvious that they reigned supreme, it was equally clear that they were not quite such rare curiosities as in those early days when a miner would walk twenty miles to catch a glimpse of a petticoat; when the steamboat companies advertised "four lady passengers to-night" as a sure bait to travellers, or when a crowd was known to collect and dance round some relic—a ribbon or a crinoline—which was it? which some one had found—the nearest approach to a female they had seen for a long time. High civilisation is not possible in the absence of the gentler sex: lovely woman and the Vigilance Committee did more for San Francisco in a few years than any other power brought to bear upon it.

The capital, the "Queen City of the Pacific," has now no lack of imposing public buildings. Two cathedrals—Episcopal and Roman Catholic—churches and chapels, to say nothing of synagogues and Chinese temples; schools innumerable; theatres and other places of amusement; government and municipal edifices; an immense dry dock hewn from the solid rock, 450 feet in length by 120 feet in breadth; other docks in progress; a grand sea-wall now in course of construction, and a population of 140,000 people, are tolerable proofs that there is a wonderful vitality in the country, and that San Franciscans have some reason for belief in their future. Twenty years ago all this did not exist; there was then but an embryo disorderly village of shanties and tents on the sand-hills and wastes now covered by handsome streets.

And then those San Francisco hotels! five or six stories high, kept à l'Americaine, fitted up with more than usual luxuriance, where the table-set affords a sufficient proof of the richness of the country. Things elsewhere luxuries on account of their rarity—game, from wild fowl to antelope and elk; fish: salmon, sturgeon, and almost every other known variety; fruit: grapes, peaches, melons, and green figs—are in the market as cheap and plentiful as the commonest meats or fruits else-

where. As the writer has shown in another place, "the *carte* at a first-class San Francisco hotel contains, in one harmonious whole, the delicacies of London, Paris, New York, and New Orleans. The verdant foreigner can, till dyspepsia brings him back to sanity and plain living, revel in waffles, buckwheat and flannel cakes, fried and boiled mush, hominy, cornbread, French and Spanish omelettes, the national fish-ball, gumbo soup, terrapin stews, clam and cod-fish chowders, potato salad, sweet potatoes, oyster plants, green corn, elk meat, California quails, squash pie, floating island, ice creams, and rose candy (candies and sweetmeats often figure in the dessert of a dinner bill of fare)."

Long before there were any gold "rushes" or excitement, long before the acquisition of the country had added one star more to the "spangled banner" of the United States, the precious metal was known to exist in California, and had been obtained by Indians and Mexicans. As early as 1842, a thousand dollars' worth (including some twenty ounces belonging to Mr. Stearns, of Los Angeles), had been dispatched for assay to the U.S. Mint at Philadelphia. The priests, too, at the old Spanish missions, of which settlements there were twenty-one at the date of Beechey's visit, in 1827, were well aware of all this, but discouraged even the Indians from searching for the metal, knowing that a miscellaneous immigration would ruin the objects of their religious zeal. It was not till the 19th of January, 1848, when Marshall, a man employed at the mill of Captain Sutter, an early pioneer, found gold in the stream hard by, that attention was called to the country. Californians, indeed, always date the rise of their state from '49, the epoch of the first great "rush" thither.

At that date the news commenced to spread all over the globe. Ships from every port made for San Francisco, to be deserted almost invariably, by their crews on arrival; some, indeed, being left without their captains and officers. Provisions rose to famine prices; some of the commonest necessities were unattainable. The ordinary conditions of life were reversed. Professional men yielded precedence to labourers. "Spades were trumps." "Doctors hauled sand, lawyers waited at restaurants," and the few delicately-nurtured women there, found that they must do their own house and laundry work. Washing was sixteen dollars (about £3 6s. 6d.) a dozen. A lady writing thence at the time said, "A poor young man thinks it quite an economy to have a better half who is a good washer," but added, "this child is not to be caught." Servants then received 100 to 150 dollars per month, and must, indeed, have been nearly unmanageable, for in these days it is a standing joke to say in San Francisco that a domestic "engages" her mistress. Miss Saxon's* story, *appropos* of that period, is but one version of a well-known Californian yarn. A well-dressed gentleman addressed a shabby, seedy-looking man one day:—

"I will give you a couple of dollars to carry my portmantau as far as the Plaza."

"You will?" said the man. "I will give you an ounce" (of gold) "to see you take it yourself."

The gentleman immediately shouldered his baggage, and was rewarded according to promise, on arrival at his destination, by the stranger, who thought he had the best of the joke.

Miners in rags made night hideous and dangerous in their drunken frolics, and paid a dollar (4s. 2d.) for every dram of

* "Five Years within the Golden Gate."

"chain lightning" whisky that they managed to survive. So much fine gold was carelessly dropped in the stores and counting-houses of San Francisco, and swept into the streets, that it led to a belief that the city itself covered a rich gold deposit.

When the news became at length credited in Europe, many fell into the mistake, natural enough at the time, that California was a grand gold mine, but little better. "As long as gold is found, this country will flourish, which may be for ages, as the metal seems to be inexhaustible," said one, writing home during the first flush of the excitement. This was, however, simply nonsense. But a few years elapsed, and the "placer" mines (surface "diggings," usually in the beds of streams) were for the most part abandoned to Chinamen. The quartz excitement led to the erection in 1858 of nearly 300 mills, with extensive machinery for crushing the auriferous rock, and in 1861 not over fifty of these were kept working.* California still yields some fifty or sixty million dollars' worth per annum of the precious metal, but she has other interests of greater importance, and of infinite promise, to which allusion will shortly be made.

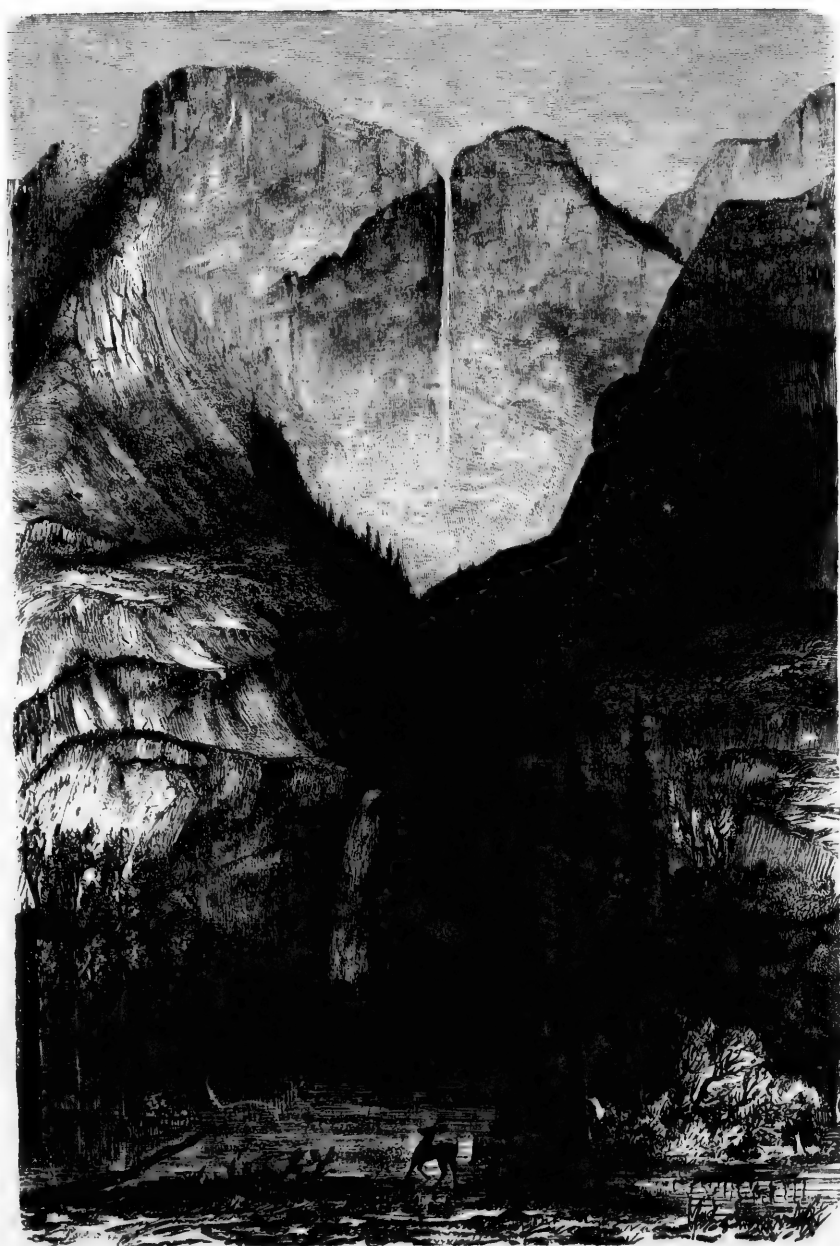
Still it is obvious that the gold discoveries were the means of calling attention to a valuable coast. A strip of land over 700 miles in length, having twice the area of Great Britain, was added to the domains of the Anglo-Saxon race. It becomes, then, an interesting question, "Who was the discoverer of California?"

One Ximenes, a Spaniard, usually gets the credit, but somewhat unjustly, as he only reached the island of Santa Cruz. When Cortes had subdued Mexico, he lusted for new conquests, and among other expeditions sent two vessels to the northward of Mexico, under the command of Diego Bezerra de Mendoza. These vessels got separated in a storm. Bezerra and his pilot, Ximenes, quarrelled; the latter killed the former when asleep, and took possession of his ship. Some Franciscan friars on board remonstrated. Ximenes, determined to get rid of all those disaffected towards himself, put them ashore on the island of Santa Cruz; but landing himself, was killed by the natives "in view of those on board the ship."† So much for Ximenes, who deserved his fate.

This annoyed Cortes, and he determined, in 1537, to go in person, with a number of Spanish colonists, to the island of Santa Cruz. This he did successfully, and remained there, while his vessels returned to Mexico to bring others, with stores and supplies. In this second voyage two of his fleet got stranded on the neighbouring coasts, and in consequence, Cortes and his companions were left "famishing upon this uncultivated island. Twenty-three of the soldiers died from absolute distress, and the rest were sinking every day, and cursing his expeditions and discoveries." Cortes, therefore, went (probably in some smaller vessel remaining there, but the narrative does not explain), and after a while found two of his vessels, got them off the rocks, and brought them to Santa Cruz. Having served out some provisions to his famished soldiers, "they eat thereof in such a manner that the half of them died."

* See "Report of J. Ross Browne on the Mineral Resources of the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains." Washington, 1868.

† "The true History of the Conquest of Mexico," by Captain Castillo, who describes himself as "one of the conquerors." This old work, written in Spanish in 1568, was translated, and published in London in 1800.



THE GRAND CASCADE OF YOSEMITE.

Cortes embarked again, and "during this voyage fell in with the land of California. He was by this time as heartily tired of the business as any one, but he could not bear the thoughts of returning, after such extensive losses, without having effected something." Meantime, the wife of Cortes, who was becoming anxious, dispatched Ulloa with two ships to search for her husband, who, falling in with him, induced him to return to Mexico. Cortes was undoubtedly the first discoverer of California.

The discovery of San Francisco Bay, though a disputed point, may, we think, be attributed to Sir Francis Drake. The "fair and good baye" where he repaired his damaged vessel, which had then on board five million dollars pillaged from the Spaniards—a richer freight than has ever since entered or left the "Golden Gate"—could never have been that slightly more northern cove, or rather open roadstead, to which Vancouver gave the name of "Drake's Bay." Twelve miles within the parallel of latitude named by Hakluyt would have brought him to the entrance of San Francisco Bay. Nor did he pretend to exact observations; and in point of fact the prevalent fogs of that coast would sufficiently account for the lack of them. Drake was bent on a marauding, not on a scientific expedition.

The topography of California may be very easily indicated. "It is characterised by a grand simplicity. Two mountain chains—the coast range and the Sierra Nevada—outline the form of the state; the one extending on the Pacific shore on its western side, the other along its eastern border," overlooking the great basin of plains and prairies which might be properly named, if the title were not elsewhere appropriated, Central America. Both chains interlock north and south. Mount Shasta (14,400 feet) may be taken to be the terminating peak of either range in the north. These mountains enclose the great, broad, fertile, now much cultivated valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and are fed by countless tributaries, which spring mainly from the snows, or the mountain tarns of the Sierras, where there are a hundred peaks of 13,000 feet in height, and one at least (Mount Whitney) of 15,000 feet. The coast range, averaging perhaps 3,000 or 4,000 feet, rarely rises above 6,000, and is seldom snow-tipped, while the Sierra Nevada is an essentially Alpine chain. Scores of volcanoes have in former days blazed along the crest of the latter, and have covered with lava an area of 20,000 square miles. "Sometimes this lava overlies, and at others underlies, the deposits of gold-bearing gravel wrought by the miner."* In early days gold nuggets were often found that bore all the marks of fusion, lying amongst scorched pebbles and other volcanic indications.

The coast range is broken near its centre by the gap known poetically as the "Golden Gate," the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. The cool afternoon wind, the "Key-hole breeze," which, while keeping the capital healthy, renders it a somewhat less pleasant place of residence than the country generally, sweeps in by this entrance. Ten miles away, even on the bay itself, this wind is not felt at all, and at twenty miles from the city you may live in a steady warm climate of almost perpetual summer.

* See an article by B. Avery, a well-known Californian writer, in the *Overland Monthly* (San Francisco), Dec., 1868. In treating of points which have not come under my own observation, I have been much indebted to the stores of information contained in this magazine.

These mountain ranges have their characteristic vegetation. The coast hills and mountains, though often treeless, are celebrated for their red-wood cedars, from which, indeed, some derive the title of the country, *Colofovia* being Spanish for "resin." However this may be, the wood is extremely valuable in California, which as a whole is, in general terms, rather deficient in timber. Varieties of the oak, interspersed with the madrona, with its waxen leaves and curling bark, and immense stretches covered with wild oats, all distinguish the coast range. Magnificent pines, and the famous "big trees" (*Sequoia gigantea*, long known in England popularly as *Wellingtonia*, and in the United States as *Washingtonia gigantea*) are great features in the botany of the Sierras. The "groves" of these giants are now known not to be confined to one or two localities merely: their range has been found to be much more extended. Our readers will remember the bark of one of *medium* size, long exhibited at the Sydenham Palace, and not long ago destroyed by fire. The "original" grove, in Calaveras county, contains ninety of these trees, forty to fifty feet in circumference, and ten of ninety feet round; while the tall "Father of the Forest" measured 110 feet round at the butt, was 200 feet upwards to the first branch, and was estimated to have been, when standing, 450 feet in height. Five men spent twenty-two days in 1854 cutting down one which was ninety-two feet round and 300 feet high. The stump of the latter has been turned into the foundation and floor of a house in which dancing parties are sometimes held. There is abundance of room for several quadrilles. The place has become a great resort for holiday seekers, and there is a good hotel there now.

In a second grove, in Mariposa county, there are six of these trees from ninety to one hundred feet round, while one giant has, at ninety feet from the ground, a *branch* six feet in diameter. A section of that limb would be as large as a round table of very fair average size! The age of these trees is a disputed point: it is questionable whether any date back before the Christian era. They seem to have grown with our modern civilisation.

But perhaps, after the Sierra peaks themselves, the most interesting features of the mountains are those vast rock-girt valleys, one of which, the Yosemite, has now a world-wide reputation. It has been proved to be by no means unique in California, the land of wonders. The members of the late Geological Survey of California discovered at the sources of the Tuolumne river, and elsewhere, magnificent valleys of the same class.

The Yosemite (Indian for "grizzly bear")—said to have been named after a renowned chief boasting that ominous title—is an almost level valley, in which there are pine and oak, willow, birch and bay woods, a wealth of fern, and flowers, among which one may find such English favourites as the primrose, cowslip, and violet. The Merced river winds its tortuous way through it; now opening into silent pools, very tempting to the angler or bather, now dashing on its way with laughing impetuosity. The valley is eight or nine miles long by half a mile to a mile in width, and is shut in by perpendicular cliffs and craggy heights which tower grandly from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above its level. The highest rock—one rising to over a mile in height, some 6,000 feet—is in the form of a half dome, one side of which appears to have been, in the transition days of our planet, wrecked in massive

boulders about its base. Others, which now have a "name" as well as a "local habitation," and bear such titles as "the Sentinel," "the Three Brothers," and "the Cathedral Spires," have a more pyramidal form.

But the very greatest attraction of the valley centres in the great Yosemite Fall. From the point from which it takes its sudden leap to the foam and spray-dashed pool at its base, is 2,600 feet: twelve or fifteen times the height of Niagara. It is broken by projecting ledges in the granite cliff into three falls, but this perhaps only adds to its beauty. A second, the "Bridal Veil" Fall, is much smaller, but even more lovely. It derives its name from the delicate, scattered mist and spray, which, floating and swaying in the breeze, half obscures the falling water.

The Yosemite valley is one of nature's temples, reared to the glory of the Creator, where man feels utterly insignificant. It is easy to furnish measurements and hard facts; photography can give us the outward form, without the spirit: nothing short of the highest poetry or noblest art can paint it truly, or even dimly shadow forth its grandeur. It is a pleasure for us to know that the United States government, warned by the fate of Niagara, has decreed that this valley, as well as the nearest grove of giant trees, is to be held and protected for the public benefit exclusively. No settler can desecrate it, nor shear it of half its beauties; no one can vulgarise it, nor turn it into a "show place" for the exaction of petty extortions.

Probably there are but few of our readers aware that California has geysers as remarkable as those in Iceland. There is an inn hard by these, reached with ease from San Francisco by steamer and stage, in the neighbourhood of which, in the summer, numerous visitors ramble, ride, angle, sketch, or picnic. Furthermore, there is a small house where one can take, over a jet of vapour which issues from the ground, a natural steam-bath, finishing off with a shower-bath from a streamlet which trickles over a neighbouring rock; while from beneath the earth terrible and ominous grumbling is heard, as though Dame Nature had been scandalised by such proceedings. There are innumerable hot and cold springs; indeed, California boasts a large number of sulphur and other springs, one of which was used by the few scattered aborigines long before the "pale faces" had dreamt of its existence, in which a black sulphurous stream issues side by side with one of pure water, which refuses to mingle with it.

There is one hollow, the Witches' Cauldron, filled with water of a pitchy darkness, which boils and sputters so furiously that it is dangerous to approach it, especially in holiday costume. Everywhere there is the escape of steam: a cloud overhangs the cañon in which all this is going on, only dissipated on a very hot day by the sun's intensest rays. The "steam-boat geyser," the largest of these jets of vapour, issues from a hole two or three feet in diameter, and shoots up far in the air before it is visible at all, like steam blowing off from a boiler. The ground is of all shades and colours, porous and rotten, and on its surface may be gathered a complete druggist's shop of crystals—magnesia, soda, alum, or sulphur. It is the very laboratory of nature. When visited by a recent author, this property, with the inn, was for sale. Who would like to invest in an estate with so shaky a title?

The geysers were discovered, in 1847, by W. B. Elliot, a

hunter. When riding ahead of his companions, he came suddenly on the north end of the gorge, known as the "Devil's Cañon." He immediately reined up, and turned his horse's head back to his friends, to whom, pale and breathless, he exclaimed, "Boys, boys, I've found—the nether regions!"*

The lakes of California, even those of an alkaline nature, would alone furnish subject-matter for a longer article than the present.† Mono Lake is so highly charged with mineral salts that, like the Dead Sea, it is void of all life, save the "countless larvæ of a small fly." Owen's Lake is as brackish as an inland sea. Borax Lake is named from the principal feature of its water and bed, now extensively utilised.

Many Californians of these days—those blest with means and leisure—make up travelling parties, and enjoy a "picnic" of three or four months' duration among these wonders. They invariably take horses, almost always a light wagon or two, with tents and supplies; and, eschewing all hotels, watering-places, steamboats, or railways, wander "fancy led," following the bent of their inclinations. Ladies often join such parties. Some of course take servants; others do all their own work, and these are they who derive the main benefits of such a life. He who can catch his own mountain trout, or shoot his own game and cook it, groom and saddle his horse and make his own camp and log fire, is likely to enjoy his whole existence. And where, as in some cases, the members of such an expedition have varied gifts—one a flautist, who can wake echoes from the distant hills; another a geologist or naturalist, finding beauty and interest in all he meets; the third a "sketchist," able to perpetuate the varied grandeur or loveliness through which they pass—it is evident that such a Bohemian expedition might be most profitable as well as delightful. A Californian, speaking of one of these happy excursions, says: "Two or three attempts to sing 'Sweet Home' by the camp fire on the first night were failures. At the time when the tears should have started, there was a break, and a laugh which echoed far up in the ravine. Nobody had lost a home, but five happy mortals had found one, the roof of which was of emerald, supported by great pillars of red wood, which cast their shadows far out in the wilderness, as the flames shot up from the camp fire." Such an existence is possible in almost any part of that enjoyable land for nine months of the year.

The winter in California is represented by a "rainy season," during which time the country roads are sometimes nearly impassable. The writer well remembers two visits made by him to the Valley of Sonoma, and the contrasts the route thither presented. In the first trip, made in winter, our steamer left us at the embryo settlement of Lakeville, on Petaluma "Creek," where the banks seemed almost as fluid as the river, and where everything appeared so damp, swampy, and rheumatic as to recall very forcibly that "Eden" which required all the philosophy of a Mark Tapley to endure. The country generally was in one of three conditions, mud, slough, or swamp; and our stage-coach wheels were often up to their axletrees in slime. Logs and planks were, at some parts of the road, laid down to render some unusually bad place passable. Some one laughingly

* Miss Saxon's "Five Years within the Golden Gate."

† The mountain tarns and lakes were the main sources from which the mining companies derived the water so necessary in their operations. There are 5,300 miles of "ditches"—artificial water canals—in the State, and after they have served their present purpose, there is no doubt that they will be utilised to irrigate large tracts of country more or less liable to droughts.

suggested that the flat-bottomed steamer we had just left, would have been more appropriate than the coach, if it could only have managed to go up-hill! A few weeks later the writer revisited the same spot in early spring, when everything was bright and sunny, and the flowers gaily blooming. All the mud had disappeared—was baked perfectly hard and dry; the roads were dusty, but otherwise in tolerable condition; and even "Lakeville the lugubrious" smiled grimly. During the winter rainy season there are often long spells of delightful weather, and the face of nature is never so green and fresh in California as during that period. Sooth to say, in the summer time it has a very burnt-up look, and gives some excuse to a recent Californian writer, who poetically compares the hills round San Francisco to the "knobs on an overdone meat pie!"

Every variety of climate is to be found in California—from severely temperate to semi-tropical. "Scored upon the pines of the mountains one may see what depths of snow fall every winter at the very time when, in the southern parts of the State, there are not only orange blossoms, but a wealth of ripe and perfect fruit." "The magnolia survives the winter out of doors, and the *century* plant blossoms in less than twenty years," thus upsetting popular notions respecting its tardy growth. At the extreme southern borders of the State, as at Fort Yuma, where the mean monthly temperature averages 56 degrees Fahr. in January, and 92 degrees in July, the heat is excessive, and fearful and wonderful stories are told of it. "In that part of the country—as yet very thinly settled—the inhabitants are said, but *not* on the best authority, to read the morning papers (when they get them!) up to their necks in water—when they are lucky enough to find any. Towels are an unnecessary luxury, the heat of the sun causing immediate evaporation. If you hang up a string of candles, in a few hours the grease runs off them, and there is nothing left but the wicks, and they are always, therefore, kept in ice till required. Droughts are common, and whisky is said to be cheaper than water, which, if true, may account for some of the other statements!"

But the climate of the State as a whole is delightful. Warm as it is, there is an elasticity, a steady tone in the atmosphere, "like draughts of champagne, or subtle presence of iron. It invites to labour, and makes it possible."* California has been mentioned as an excellent home for retiring Anglo-Indians, and it is within the possibilities that some may be induced to spend their declining days there. It has all the advantages of a climate enjoyed by the South of France and the Mediterranean countries, with the addition of an Anglo-Saxon population.

The fertility of the soil is remarkable. It is easy to cite exceptional wonders—from giant trees to pears grown in the open air three or four pounds in weight, and cucumbers fifty inches long! There is a vine in Santa Barbara county, planted in 1765, which yields three or four tons of grapes annually. But the following facts mean much more than all this: that, in spite of slovenly farming, wheat crops in California often average fifty to seventy bushels, and more occasionally, eighty bushels to the acre. Again, *one seeding is sufficient for two crops*. The "volunteer crop" of the second year, springing up from the dropped seed of the first one, yields less in quantity, but is nearly all profit. The long steady summer enables the farmer to *thresh on the spot*, in place of being obliged to cart it to his barns at a distance. Grain often remains on the ground in sheaves, unthreshed and unharmed,

for weeks together. In early days, indeed, it was customary to enclose a corner of a field, where, after throwing in the sheaves, a band of wild "mustangs" (Mexican horses) were turned in, and they trampled out the grain. Now-a-days, improved machinery is employed. There is one machine, known as a "harvester," which reaps, threshes, and sacks the grain in one operation, but its use is not common. There is no romance in a Californian harvest. "The sickle, the cradle, and the flail, the reapers and the gleaners—Boaz and Ruth—all are gone. The picture now is a broad hazy plain, bounded by brown hills, which flicker and glimmer in the distance: no trees, no running brooks, no green grass, but miles of grain. Far away you descry clouds of yellow dust, as you come nearer you see the wagons drawn by horses coming in loaded with piles of grain, and returning empty; and in the centre stands the huge machine, driven perhaps by steam, perhaps by a score of horses travelling in an endless circle, and fed by men dark as mulattoes with the sun and dust, perhaps with mouths and nostrils swathed to protect the lungs from the dust."

Last season (1868) California raised 20,000,000 bushels—four times the quantity required for her own population; yet it was only from the year 1859 that she commenced to have any surplus whatever, and twelve years ago she was looked upon as one of the best customers for the farmers of the Southern States. Now she helps to supply New York, Liverpool, her own immediately surrounding coasts, and sends, also, more or less to Australian and Chinese ports.

California yielded wine long before she was known to possess gold-fields. Wilkes described it in 1841 as "miserable stuff, which would scarcely be taken for the juice of the grape." Now the production of the State is 3,000,000 gallons. One firm alone, in New York, sells 250,000 dollars' worth per annum. There is hardly a bar-room in that city or in Boston where Californian burgundy, hock, port, sherry, champagne, and wine-brandy, are not to be obtained. The lighter wines are the better productions; some of them will compare with excellent French and Rhenish wines. There is one variety of sweet wine prettily named "Angelica." If California can only induce her sister states to become wine instead of whisky-drinking communities, she may be a good angel of temperance to them, accomplishing more than all the Maine liquor laws in the world. Raisin-drying, as well as that of figs, prunes, &c., has been commenced; these products will some day be items of export.

But California can do more than this. The fig-tree grows everywhere; in the south, it yields two crops a year. Oranges, lemons, limes, and citrons; almonds, olives, and even dates and bananas, thrive in southern California, which is also the great stock-raising part of the state. There immense herds of cattle roam, live, and die almost uncared for and untended. Wool, and, by consequence, woollen goods, are staple productions. In one mill at San Francisco, over 300 Chinamen are employed.

And now, how large a population does the reader suppose this country has so far attracted to itself? Not more than 600,000 souls! The *united* population of California, Oregon, Washington, and other outlying territories, is about one-third that of London. There is, then, an unbounded field for emigration on these northern Pacific shores.

San Francisco will be the New York of the coast; it is already its commercial centre. In front of it, says Mr. Dilke,*

* Bowles, "Across the Continent,"

* "Greater Britain," Vol. I.

quoting Governor Gilpin, "are 745 millions of hungry Asiatics, who have spices to exchange for meat and grain," and already the increasing trade between California, China, and Japan has called into existence a line of first-class steamers. It is, moreover, the terminus to the great Pacific Railway. It is possible even now to reach the Pacific from the Atlantic, a distance of 3,400 miles across the continent, in twelve days. Less than 300 miles of that enterprise remains to be constructed. The company speaks of its certain completion this summer. With these facts in view, and with the knowledge that the bay of San Francisco is the best harbour on the coast—anywhere from Mexico to Vancouver Island, if not, indeed, from Panama to Behring Straits—it is hardly too much to say that San Francisco has a more promising future than any other young city on the globe.

And are there no drawbacks to a residence in this otherwise happy state? There is but one of a serious nature: California has proved herself to be an earthquake country.

Earthquakes have been very common ever since the first settlement of the country: the writer has experienced several. But, until the late earthquake (21st October, 1868), no severe shocks had frightened the inhabitants, and it was believed that they would never seriously damage the prospects of the state. The writer, though absent from San Francisco in the late earthquake, has received both private (written) and printed accounts from the country since the date of its occurrence. It created a great panic; nay, some have left California in consequence.

At five minutes before eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st October, the earthquake shook San Francisco to its very foundations. The walls reeled as if about to bury the entire population. Helpless infancy and decrepid age, frantic mothers and awe-struck men,



THE FATHER OF THE FOREST.

rushed out into the streets in crowds; frightened horses trampled their way through them heedlessly; the entire city was affected as it had never been before. Yet, in summing up the damage done to life and property, we find that not over six persons were killed, and that no buildings were ruined but those on the "made ground"—i.e., ground reclaimed from the bay, and loosely filled in, the houses, in hundreds of cases, standing on piles. There, walls fell in all directions; whole houses collapsed to their foundations; "floors were crumpled between the better built walls of adjoining houses, like cards in the hand of a child." No buildings were much damaged among those on the rocks and hills on which San Francisco is largely built; and it is remarkable that the same was true of the great earthquake of Lisbon, which, in the space of a few minutes, destroyed 60,000 people. There, also, "not a building was injured on the secondary limestone or basalt." Without irreverence, San Franciscans should evidently remember the respective fates of the man who "built on the sand," and of him who placed his dwelling "on a rock;" and indeed the occurrence has already awakened a very intelligent discussion in California. Anglo-Saxons will not allow even an earthquake to get the better of them, if, humanly speaking, the application of common sense may be able in any way to neutralise its power.

There are important streets in San Francisco built on ground snatched from the bay, over which ships anchored twenty years ago, and where, as a recent Californian writer says, "they may anchor again! Where the marble quay at

Lisbon stood on the first morning of November, 1755, a line of a hundred fathoms failed to reach it for ever afterwards." The same writer, besides alluding to the different results experienced on different

* Another very bad one in April 1906

foundations, shows that some forms of building were much more "earthquake proof" than others; but the subject is too technical for readers who, happily, have no such occurrences to fear.

The State archives of California record several important shocks. "The mission of San Juan Bautista (between San Jose and Monterey) was destroyed by an earthquake in the month of October, 1800." "The good fathers there were compelled to sleep in wagons to avoid the danger, since the houses were not habitable, and the ground opened into deep fissures." In 1808 and 1812 there were several severe shocks. In the late earthquake, the old church at San Jose, which had lasted through so many vicissitudes, was shaken down, but the

country generally was not affected severely, though the vibration seems to have gone through the breadth and length of the land.

Latest accounts show that all this is already forgotten. Without at all glossing over the facts connected with these convulsions of nature, there seems good reason to believe and hope that California will never experience any such earthquakes as those which have desolated many parts of South America, for the force of the earthquake wave seems to die out in its northward course. But who can tell?

There is nothing perfect: there are spots on the sun. Earthquakes are the spots on the otherwise tranquil course of Californian life.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

IV.—WESTERN ABYSSINIA:—TCHELGA AND TACCOSA.

THE country we were about to enter was one which, viewed from either its religious or historical aspect, presented features of the highest possible interest to the European traveller. As the field in which the missionary zeal of the great Alexandrian champion of the orthodox faith reaped its first-fruits; the land where the enthusiastic monachism of the fourth century, the contagion imported from the Thebaid, had produced the earliest version of Holy Writ, after the Septuagint and Vulgate; the scene of those sanguinary conflicts between the followers of the old religion and the almost invincible zeal and energy of Rome, and in which the latter, though triumphant for a time, and aided by all the influence of king and court, had yet to succumb before the steadfast and unwearied adherence to their fathers' faith which distinguished the mountaineers in the rocky fastnesses of Lasta; and lastly, as the one green spot in Northern Africa where Christianity, debased and rotten though it be, has still defied for hundreds of years the Koran and the sword on the one hand, and on the other the temptations of a sensual and soulless paganism;—Ethiopia is invested with peculiar interest, and there is much to lead us to the expectation that prophecy may yet be fulfilled in her. In its ancient books we find fables based on history, and histories where the personages are fabulous: the Jewish king El-Hakeem, and the queen who came from the south with longing in her heart to hear the words of wisdom; her son, who fled from Jerusalem with the ark as a trophy, and the greatest amongst the doctors, and scribes, and musicians as his companions; and after that, Candace and the God-fearing eunuch; and later still, the tale of Abraha and Atsbaha, the war of the Elephant, and the conquest of Yemen. Truth and myth mingled together, and hardly to be sifted now. In our own days we have seen an old man, infirm and in his dotage, and yet with a genealogy which goes back to the era of Brute and Lochrine, in the pages of Geoffrey of Monmouth, Hatsé Yohannes, last of the descendants of Solomon.

In its physical characteristics, also, Abyssinia affords much that is interesting to the student of geography. Starting from the low-lying shores of the Red Sea, a few miles bring us to

two or three lofty ranges of mountains which can only be crossed by devious routes and by passes, now hanging over the crest of a peak, now plunging into a rocky defile; and which form the watershed of the rivers which irrigate the plains beyond. These once surmounted, we find there is a gradual dip of about one in one and two-thirds to the western provinces through which we took the journey now briefly to be sketched, and which, while deficient in the picturesque grandeur and sublimity which lend the highest charm to the eastern districts, enjoy, and deservedly, a more enviable reputation for fertility and material prosperity. The Abyssinians themselves make a general distinction between the *Dagga*, or highlands, and the *Kwolla*, or lowlands. The elevated plateaux of Shoa, the Wallo Galla country, and many parts of Tigré, may be taken as types of the former, while the latter are well represented by the districts of Walkaït and Waldubba on the north-west, and the deadly and dangerous valleys of the Tacazzé and the Hawāsh. Beyond these there are the snow-covered heights of Semyen, the *tchokyé* of the Amhara, which possesses such fascination in the mind of the soldier proceeding on the war-path, that, with the *gwāssa*, or thin tufts of grass, which offer the only semblance of vegetation in those Alpine regions, it forms the burden to one of his most favourite battle-songs.

The districts immediately to the westward of the Tsāna Sea cannot properly be included in any of the above divisions. Their average altitude may be estimated at 6,000 feet above the sea-level, and they thus possess neither the cold and bracing climate of the *dagga*, nor the hot and malarious atmosphere of the *kwolla*. Generally speaking, these provinces may not be well adapted to a European constitution, but there can be no question that the natives of both sexes are strong, robust, and handsome, if not so long-lived as the dwellers in more elevated districts. Herds of cattle abound in great numbers, sheep to a much less extent, while horses are generally imported from the higher countries of Shoa and Godjām.

But it is time now to return to our own personal experiences and wanderings.

Soon after crossing the narrow rivulet which divides the Galabât district from the debatable land beyond, we bade

farewell to the friends who had thus far accompanied us, and proceeded on our way alone. It was the 28th of December, and though surrounded by scenes seldom associated with that kindly Christmas-time, it was impossible to prevent the mind banishing for the moment the rugged boulders and dwarf bamboos which fringed the path, and the crowds of dusky faces and uncouth forms which environed us, and reverting to pleasant retrospects of home; and then perhaps the thought would arise, where should we be that time next year? A question easily put; fortunately for us then, not so easily answered. The evening was pretty far advanced when we arrived at our halting-place. The local nomenclature is, as a rule, Arabic, until the Gandwa, the boundary of Abyssinia Proper, is crossed, and this place, only noticeable through the possession of a little water, was called Dakn-el-Feel (*the Beard of the Elephant*). Our beds were quickly spread in the open air, and we lay down to snatch a few hours' rest, while the servants lighted fires, and covered around them for warmth and companionship. But the extreme cold prevented us from sleeping long, and before daybreak we arose, and joined our servants around the cheerful embers. Abyssinians are never at a loss for conversation; while some are eloquent, all are garrulous; and if, with our limited knowledge of the language, we could not chime in with the messengers, the Shiho Mohammed, or the Tigro Hailu, in the anecdotes they were doubtless relating about the court of the great king, we could still find something to chat about with the interpreters, Omar Ali, Dasta, or Walda Gabriel of Shoa, who, with his young wife, was accompanying us from Matemma. At break of day we resumed our march, and travelled on till breakfast-time, when we halted at Alaradib, the Abyssinians being regaled with their favourite "brur" or raw meat, as a cow was slaughtered incontinently on our arrival. The country is here more thickly wooded, and the *shamboko*, or bamboo, has increased in size; but there is still a deficiency of what would be considered forest trees in England. Rumours had reached us that Tirsu Gobazyé, the insurgent chieftain of Walkait, and the greater part of North-western Abyssinia, was hovering in our neighbourhood with a large gathering of his wild caterans, in the hope of intercepting the rich booty destined for Theodore, and this made us naturally anxious to push on as fast as possible. That night we crossed the Gandwa, a stream which, rising in the hills of Alafa, pursues a north-westerly course for about fifty miles, till it falls into the Atbara, not far from where we forded it. It was about thirty yards wide at that season of the year, and, as I said above, is usually considered to bound Christian Abyssinia. We bivouacked for the night at Khor-el-Laila, and rising betimes, travelled over hill and dale till we reached Wahnnee, where, seeing no preparations made to receive us, we halted beneath the shade of a large sycamore, a little beyond the market-place, till our servants and baggage should arrive.

Wahnnee, the first village in Abyssinia Proper, is in the district of Tcharkwa, or Tchargo, and as it is situated on the high road between the producing countries of Godjam, Agow Meder, and Dembea, and the great mart of Matemma, it is a place which boasts a considerable trade. We arrived while the weekly market was being held, but the real business of the day was nearly over, and consequently the peasantry who had come in to sell their wares, and those who had come to buy, together with the soldiers, priests, idlers, and general population of the place, who had no means of doing either, had plenty of time

to stare at and take stock of the new arrivals. We had expected that we should have been met here by the officers deputed by King Theodore to escort us; but while we were still lying under the tree, and discussing whether it was worth while to pitch our tents, one of their servants came up in hot haste, and informed us that in consequence of the story relating to Tirsu Gobazyé, mentioned above, their masters felt themselves constrained to keep an eye on the rebel's movements, and they accordingly advised us to proceed forthwith to a place called Balwehá, a few miles further on, and await their arrival. The *Shoom*, or head man of the village, who probably had small desire to see us quartered on him as guests, recommended us also to follow this course.

Then ensued a battle-royal between our Arab and Takrooree camel drivers and the Abyssinian followers of the Shoom. I do not wish it to be understood that any blood was shed, or even blows exchanged, but the strife of tongues was kept up with the greatest heat for upwards of an hour. The cameleers, who knew pretty well what the road between Wahnnee and Balwehá was like, and who were only engaged as far as the former place, vowed by their Prophet and his Koran that nothing should induce them to kill their beasts by urging them up the rugged paths and stony defiles which lay before them, while the Christians were equally zealous in invoking the aid of St. Michael and all the saintly host in effecting what they wished. At length authority won the day; the cameleers, whose animals had been seized, came in again by driblets; harmony was restored, and peace ratified by the promise of an additional *bakhsheesh*.

The following afternoon, on the last day of 1865, we settled ourselves down at Balwehá, and pitched our tents on a small plot of ground which had been cleared by nature, and was surrounded on all sides by thickly-wooded hills. The name Balwehá* properly belongs to a small brooklet, which rippled close behind our encampment; but either that appellation, or that of Ballatcha, is used indifferently for the neighbourhood. On arrival, we found that the Shoom, who had already received intimation of our approach, was ready to receive us, and although he was too poor to provide us with *tedj* (mead), the rich man's drink, he had done his best to furnish us with as much *talla*, or beer, as we could drink. Thirsty and tired as we were, Blanc and I imagined we had discovered a treasure when we descried the *gombo* or jar slung over the shoulders of a stalwart maid-servant; but we had scarcely moistened our lips with the sour but not unpleasant liquor it contained, when we discovered that we had acted quite contrary to all Abyssinian etiquette, which dictated that the offering should have been first laid at the feet of the chief of the party, or at any rate at those of his *asddj*, or intendant—which office, in fault of a better, Walda Gabriel had assumed. Our fault, however, in consideration of our ignorance, was condoned, and we promised thereafter to hearken attentively to the counsels of our Shoon "guide, philosopher, and friend." Later in the evening the Shoom dispatched on a visit to Mr. Rassam his better half, who came, according to the wont of Abyssinian dames, riding on a mule, enveloped, head and all, in the thick folds of her *shama*, and attended by two black-eyed, laughing damsels.

We found our time hang rather heavily on our hands here; there was no game to speak of, and as the surrounding country

* *Weka* in Amharic signifies "water," and is often used as a suffix to the names of rivers, just as *Mai* is used as a prefix in Tigre.

was thickly wooded and hilly, and the wild reivers of Tirsu Gobazýé might be in any direction, it was not considered safe to stroll far beyond the precincts of the camp. One afternoon, I remember, we determined on ascending an inconsiderable, but rather steep, eminence hard by; when, as we were returning, we found ourselves confronted by a man who only after much parleying, and then with but scant courtesy, allowed us to pass. We discovered that he was an officer in the employ of the Customs authorities, and that it was only in what he considered the discharge of his duty that he had stopped us, as, for aught he knew, we might have been smuggling merchandise along that unfrequented path. He must, however, have received a severe rebuke from his superiors, who were better aware of our position than himself, for, coming the next day with a heavy stone upon his neck, he prostrated himself before Mr. Rassam, and entreated pardon in the abject manner usual to Abyssinians. This of course he received, and with a small present into the bargain he went away happy and contented.

On the 4th of January we were informed that the officers composing our escort had arrived, and we were instructed by our Mentor, Walda Gabriel, that if we wished to inspire them with suitable respect and awe for us we should remain seated in the tent, and without offering to rise, merely regard them while they made their obeisances with that look of hauteur and conscious superiority which an Abyssinian noble always assumes before inferiors. This however we could not do. As soon as they were ushered in: we felt constrained to rise, and welcomed them with an honest English shake of the hand.

They were three, or rather five, in number; but the principals, who held the rank of Basha, and had been invested with the silken shirt of honour, were youths scarcely arrived at manhood. Lidj* Tesamma and Lidj Shároo were the sons of a chief who had formerly held large fiefs under Rás Ali; his widow—for he had been dead some years—still resided at Wandigé, a large district on the western border of the Tsána Sea, where his possessions had principally lain; and the eldest brother of these young men, Amáré Hailu, had been appointed by Theodore to an important post in the government of his fortress of Magdala.

* *Lidj*, which means literally "child" in Amharic, is used as a title before the names of youths of good family.

The third, Lidj Tashoo, was the son of a petty chief in the district of Tchelga, named Wásýé; a Kamánt in religion formerly, he had changed his faith at the behest of the king, and had also been rewarded with a share in the administration of the Amba. Wásýé and Amáré Hailu we shall meet hereafter. To keep these lads in order, I suppose, or at any rate to add the weight always attaching to age and soldiery in Abyssinia, there were associated with them, though in a much subordinate position, Walda Maryam, an old and grey-headed counsellor, and Kása, a native of Godjá, a man of middle age, but a tall and hardy warrior, and much trusted by Theodore for his valour and daring in the fight.

We received them all cordially, as I have mentioned; and they then told us that they had been busily engaged in collecting bearers to convey our baggage, but that, as it was Christmas-tide, there had been necessarily some delay. *Zedat*, or Christmas, fell this year on the 6th of January. Many a cow was killed and many a horn of beer was emptied on that day, which, next to Easter, ranks as the greatest festival of the Abyssinian Church; and we could scarcely expect that the peasants at that season would show much alacrity in coming forward to bear the strangers' burdens; but the next day everything was declared to be ready, and we started for the high plateau of Tchelga.

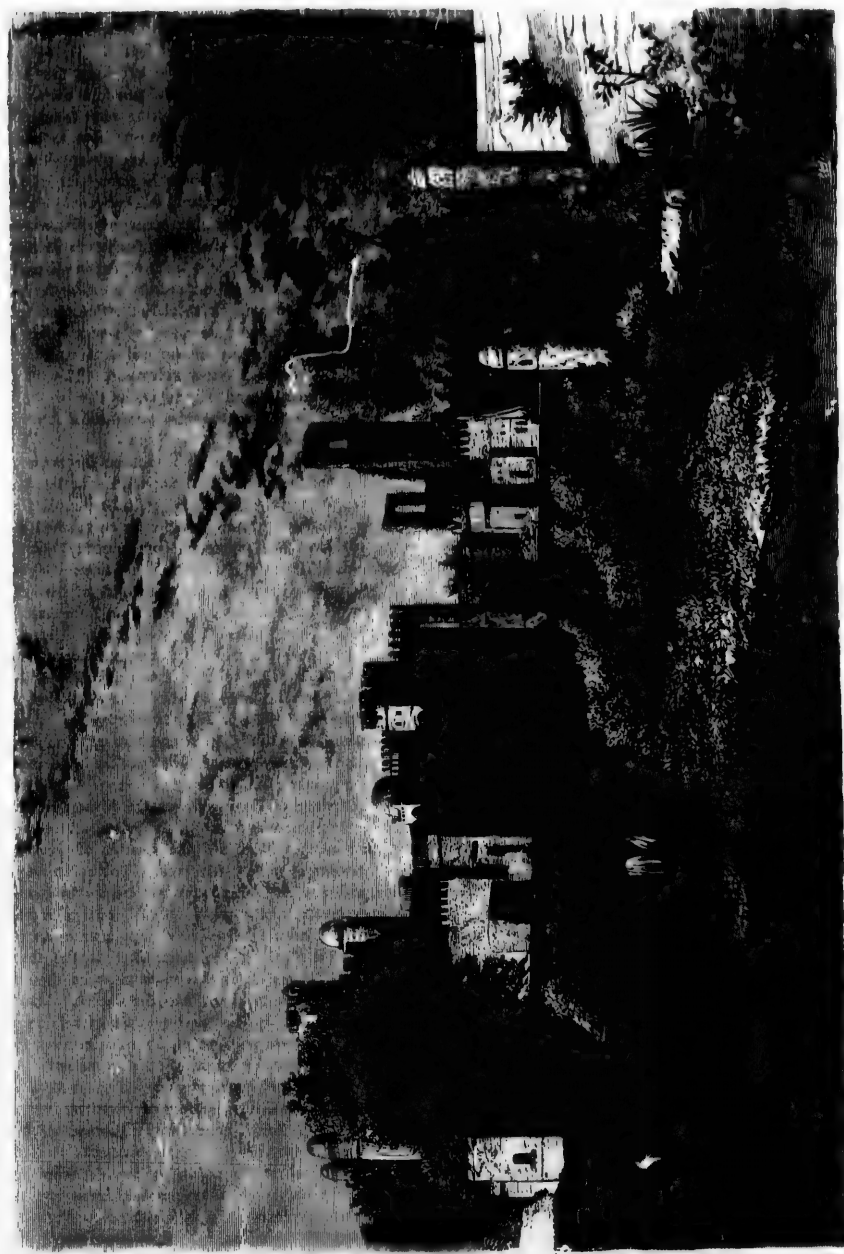
The bearers came, quite as many, perhaps, as were really necessary, but not a quarter as many as they themselves declared there ought to be, and a scene of unexampled confusion ensued. Each man at once laid his hands upon the lightest and most portable articles he could discover, and they all

walked off, leaving the heavier articles—such as boxes, medicine-chests, and the like—to their fate; but at last the chiefs implored us to point out what were the articles absolutely indispensable for our comfort, and these could be carried off first, and relays would bring on the rest in a day or two. Making a virtue of necessity, we complied, and started off, but did not make a march of more than three or four miles; for the road was bad, passing over the brows of several hills; and when we arrived at a stream with a beautiful pool of water in its rocky bed, called Sankwehá, we halted and waited till all our baggage should arrive.

When a considerable number of carriers had been collected



SINGING THE WAR SONG.



ROYAL PALACE AT GONDAR.

together, we started for the high country. This was on the 9th of January. The road was most rocky and precipitous, and it was with considerable difficulty that the mules managed to keep their footing in many places. Between the winding path that we took and the opposite range of hills, was a deep—indeed, almost fathomless—chasm; but it was not so broad as to prevent us from casting our eyes across it, and seeing the green mountain-sides beyond, studded with picturesque little Falasha villages, and homesteads surrounded with cultivated fields. Ever before us rose in its giant majesty the natural fortress of Sâr Amba (*Grass Fort*), a landmark impregnable to time and almost to man. Some years previously this had been the favourite state-prison for the wretched victims whom the revenge or caprice of Theodore had chosen to condemn to life-long captivity. One evening, advantage was taken of the negligence of the gaolers, who, trusting to the natural strength of the mountain, were slumbering in fancied security, and a determined attempt at escape was made by several of the prisoners. Before quitting the fortress, however, the fugitives had foolishly, in their exultation, set fire to several of the horses on the summit. An alarm was quickly raised, and they were all re-captured; but this so aroused the jealous fears of Theodore, that he deemed it more prudent to dispatch them all to Magdala, which, though not so well fortified by nature, presented fewer facilities for escape, being within the borders of the Galla country; while Sâr Amba is only a few hours' ride from the north-western frontier, and this once crossed, no pursuit was to be feared. There is scarcely a district which does not possess one or more of these ambas, and they used to form the magazines, the arsenals, and rallying-points of the feudal lords of the country. From them did the De Montforts of Abyssinia sally out, with their vagabond retainers, to harry the fields tilled by peaceful peasantry, or to plunder the rich caravans laden with all the coveted produce of Enarea and Caffa. Theodore, by his high-handed policy—we cannot, in his case, call it justice—put a stop to the feudalism of Abyssinia. It received its death-blow from the system of enlisting and paying a regular soldiery instead of summoning the barons with their followers around their suzerain, on the outbreak of war. It was, doubtless, an advance in civilisation to keep the barons within the strict precincts of his court, or chained in a hill-fort, and to engage their vassals as *solidarii* by a fixed payment. But the strong hand is now relaxed, and the indomitable will is powerless, and it is highly probable that Abyssinia will again revert to a system which possesses many advantages in the eyes of the secondary, if not of the highest chiefs.

We bivouacked that night in the most level and suitable place we could find, and early the next morning commenced a most difficult ascent. Three thousand feet brought us on to the plateau, where we found a completely different climate from any we had met with since we left Massâwa. The air was cool and elastic, the sun's rays less scorching, whilst the groves of dog-roses and jessamine amidst which we were riding at once recalled to our minds the shady lanes of the old country. We encamped not far from the edge of the plateau, near a village called Sarâbo, some four or five miles to the south-west of the town of Tchelga, the capital of the district of the same name, which we had now entered. Close to our camp there flowed a small brook, but we soon found that the inhabitants of the village made the most strenuous

objections to our using any of its water. It turned out that they were all Kamânts—a singular race, half Christian and half Pagan, who inhabit chiefly this district. Though nominally all converted to Christianity by the late king, they still retain many of their old superstitions, and amongst them is a strong repugnance to eating meat or drinking water touched by those of other creeds. They had a like objection to our entering a small grove hard by, which to them possessed a character of peculiar sanctity, and it was only through the influence of the Shoom, and in his company, that we could do so. Personally, the Kamânts resemble other Abyssinians, and it is only within a few years that their females have left off the singular custom of piercing the lobes of their ears, and hanging to them heavy billets of wood, thereby bringing the huge flaps at last as far down as their shoulders. They are, unlike the Falashas or native Jews, so many of whom reside in these districts, unskilled in any mechanical arts, and are chiefly employed in supplying Gondar with wood. Their language is akin to the Falasha and Kuaragna, or that spoken by the natives of Kuara, the westernmost province of Abyssinia, but they generally understand the Amharic.

We were forced to remain at Sarâbo for three days, for want of a sufficient number of carriers, but at last 1,200 men were collected together. These gradually dwindled down to a third of the number, and by the time we reached the king's camp, our cavalcade presented comparatively quite a sorry appearance. The country was flat and uninteresting; scarcely a village was to be seen, and the mark of the plunderer's hand was visible everywhere. We halted for half an hour at a ruined hamlet called Lesâg, and should have liked to pay a visit to Gondar, which was distant about twenty miles E.N.E.; but our guides told us it was quite impossible to do this, as there was no knowing whether it might not be in the hands of the rebel Gobazyé at that very moment. About noon we encamped beneath a large and solitary sycamore tree at Tankal, at the south-western extremity of the large and formerly flourishing province of Dembea.

The province of Dembea bears the highest reputation for fertility. Its broad and ample plains, sparsely covered with trees, and its rich black soil, are capable of producing with ease three crops within the year. Teff (*Poa Abyssinica*), barley, and mashela (*Holcus sorghum*) are the favourite cereals, and they are frequently raised in this order of rotation. In this district is situated Gondar, a stationary camp until the days of Hatsé Fâsil, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and converted by that monarch, with the aid of the Jesuit-taught native artificers, into the capital. Dembea was doubtless selected as the head-quarters of a large and distinguished court, on account of its extraordinary fecundity. Until within the last few years, when, as I remarked above, it has severely suffered from the marauding soldiers of King Theodore, it formed the granary of Northern and Western Abyssinia. The climate, unsuitable for horses, which are said to be attacked there by a disease analogous to glanders, is admirably adapted to the rearing of immense herds of cattle, which cover the wide-spread prairies, and are usually tended by the Zalân, a tribe of neatherds, who, with no peculiarities of race, are yet looked upon as a distinct caste by their fellow-countrymen. Zalân is used as a term of reproach; I know not why. Mr. Isenberg asserts that they assume a descent from Jacob, one of the companions of Menilek in his exodus

from Jerusalem, and states that, in his opinion, in point of morality they are far in advance of other Abyssinians, and are usually content with one wife at a time. I am sorry to say that the truth of this last remark cannot be borne out by my own personal observation. One thing is certain, however: they can handle the long stick, with which they are always provided, most deftly, and few soldiers, armed with spear and shield, care for an encounter with one of these doughty quarter-staff players. Their chief habitat is in the provinces of Dembea, Foggara, and Belessa.

On the following day (January 14th) we left Tankal, and entered the district of Taccosa.* *En route*, at a spot called Amooa Gabea (*Thursday market*), we fell in with startling evidences of the sanguinary disposition of the monarch under whose protection and escort we were travelling. The ground for several rods around the large tree, beneath whose spreading branches the market was held, from which the place derives its name, was covered with bleached and grinning skulls, the trophies of the great king's vengeance over some rebels who had unfortunately succumbed to his power in that locality. Travelling on, we soon descried the rocky promontory of Gorgora, which juts out into the sea from the north-western corner of it, and it was not long before we could catch a glimpse of the blue still waters of Tsâna, glinting beneath the noon-day sun. We halted at Wanzigé, a village not far from the lake. The Shoom was absent with his sons in the camp of Theodore; but his wife, on hearing of our arrival, immediately sent a message of welcome to us. We went to pay our respects to her, and the worthy dame, anxious to show us all the hospitality in her power, insisted on preparing for us a dish of *fifit* with her own hands. Emptying the contents of a gourd of curdled milk into a deep wooden basin, she added some crumbled *teff* bread, and then, stripping up her sleeve, she vigorously stirred the whole with her hand for several minutes. Then, a judicious admixture of *dillihh*, or capsicum-chutney, and a renewal of the stirring process followed, and the mess was pronounced ready to be served. Some amount of courage was required before we could bring ourselves to attack a dish so unlike anything we could remember in a European *menu*, but, unwilling to cast a slur on our hostess' hospitality, we at length boldly plunged in our hands; and notwithstanding the strange flavour afforded by this *mélange* of sour milk, sourer bread, and burning pepper, we contrived to do justice to the fare, and washed it down with a horn or two of rough beer, compared with which a Devonshire labourer's cider would seem quite sweet. We then bowed ourselves out, glad to exchange the smoky and stifling atmosphere of the small hut which formed the *châtelaine's* abode for the purer air outside.

The following morning there occurred a regular strike amongst our many hundred porters. The Tchelga and Dembea men refused to carry our baggage through Taccosa and the regions beyond. But Lidj Tesamma's mother, a fine old lady, who had joined us at Sarâbo, mounted her mule, and gallantly riding forth amongst the malcontents, eloquently harangued

them, and, whether by appealing to their better feelings, or by bringing before their eyes the dread prospect of King Theodore's vengeance, or what not, reduced them at length to submission. Eventually, however, arrangements were come to by which a change was made at the frontier of each district. This proceeding, though involving considerable delay, was so obviously dictated by justice that we could make no complaints.

We encamped the next day at Goja, on the very borders of the lake, and moved on the 16th to Belass. The country was deserted, the land untillied; and it was but rarely that we came across a village with a single inhabitant in it. At Arrico, a small hamlet mentioned by Bruce, we rested for half an hour at the house of a worthy old man, a carpenter by trade, as, indeed, were nearly all the people in the place. Belass is a large marsh, full of teal and other wild fowl, but we did not see any hippopotami, although the lake was said to be full of them. Soon after passing Dengel-bar (*Gate of the Virgin*), the next day, we entered the district of Wandigé, the hereditary property of Lidj Tesamma's family. On the road, we had turned aside from our path to examine an ancient church, dedicated to Kedoos Mikhail (St. Michael). Every one knows the style of architecture used for ecclesiastical edifices in Abyssinia. The inner circle, or holy of holies, in which the Tabot or Ark is deposited, and into which the priest is alone permitted to enter; the outer ring, in which the worship of the laity is carried on, and the verandah beyond, which none may overstep save those possessing inward and outward purity, have been so repeatedly depicted by pen and pencil of late, that it is a work of supererogation to do more than glance at them here. The grotesque representations of saints, angels, and devils with which the walls are bedaubed, are never remarkable either for beauty or antiquity. The exploits of favourite princes of modern days are mingled with selections from ancient history, sacred and legendary. Next to the wise and valiant Sab'a Gâc's, who is quietly transfixing with his lance an elephant, who appears to submit to this phlebotomising treatment with equal composure, may be seen Pharaoh crossing the Red Sea at the head of a compact phalanx of musketeers. In a thinly-wooded country, a church as it crowns some eminence, and its cross-surmounted roof peeps out from a grove of dark green cedars, may appear picturesque and imposing enough; but a near approach soon dispels the first feelings of awe and veneration, and the only wonder is how there can be even a pretence of devotion amidst such gross and sacrilegious semblances of all that is usually held most holy, as look down on the worshipper from the walls.

Such, at least, were my impressions at the moment. Time and experience have induced me to modify them to some extent; still, in the present narrative, it has chiefly been my aim to record images just as they were stamped upon the retina of the mind, but, if it were required to comment upon them, to do so in the light of a more advanced knowledge of the people. In judging of the religious observances of the Abyssinians, the very complex character of the nation must always be borne in mind. Impulsive, yet calculating; brave, and yet cowardly; now a traitor, and now a very Abdiel: one man will exhibit all these traits, and his conduct will be guided accordingly by the ruling passion of the moment. It was from his perfect acquaintance with the character of his people that

* This name should be properly spelt Takessa, but I prefer an orthography in use with the pronunciation. I may mention here that the letter *g* is always hard in Amharic, and that in words ending with the fifth vowel form (*â*) the accent is nearly always on the penultimate, as in Wandigé, Wanzigé, Taccarâ, &c. *G* is nasal, and should be pronounced like a French *g* (champagne), or Spanish *â* (Señor).

the late king was able to keep his hold over them so long; and it was probably from an equally intimate knowledge of the Ethiopian race that Athanasius found it an easy task to implant amongst them a religion that, in the midst of enemies, has flourished, with scarcely a change in its constitution, for fifteen centuries. The warm blood of the south has always demanded a more materialistic faith than the frigid north: more saints, more festivals, more pomp and bravery of

and who after a short and miserable reign, died by an assassin's sword. But, while thus keenly affected by the contemplation of the avenging hand of Heaven stretched forth in wrath, the recollection does not deter the Abyssinians from the commission of crimes equal in enormity to that of the royal parricide. Many a soldier, without hesitation, and almost without compunction, slew his father or his brother at the bidding of King Theodore. One of our guards at



VIEW NEAR TCHELGA, ABYSSINIAN PLATEAU.

sacerdotal attire, these have been the *panem et circenses* that Romans since the days of Constantine have cried for. But the Abyssinian requires more than this. To please him effectually, virtue must be visibly recompensed and vice as openly chastised. Reward and punishment, viewed as the result of Divine intervention, touch him, and awaken his religious sympathies. I have seen a lad almost moved to tears as he recounted the tale of Takla Haimânot Ergoom (*The Accursed*), the hue of whose complexion, after the murder of his father, Hatsé Yâsu'e, changed to a deep black,

Magdala was notorious for having betrayed his nearest relatives into the merciless hands of the king. He was emphatically styled among us "The Murderer;" yet, after a day spent in treachery and crime, he would offer up his prayers with as much simplicity and earnestness as a guileless child. It is hard to judge these Africans by our northern canons. Before they can be enlightened and improved, their character must be fully understood, and that can only be done by men of wider sympathies and more catholic views than those who have hitherto attempted the task.

Routes across the Himalaya.

To the north of the broad valley of the Ganges stretches the vast range of the Himalaya, the highest, though not the longest, of the mountain chains of the world. A glance at the map of Asia will show that to the north-west of Hindostan there is a great mountain-knot, from which diverge four ranges of mountains: to the north the Bolor Tagh (the Cloudy Mountains) to the west the Hindoo Koosh, to the south the Solimaun, and to the east the Himalayan, ranges. The ranges of the Himalaya make a grand sweep of nearly eight degrees to the south-east, and then run eastward. A line from their most northern to their most southern declivities would traverse a distance which, due north and south, would measure about 560 miles.

The Himalaya consists of no single line of peaks, but of many parallel chains. Seen from the plains of India, these chains seem to rise distinctly one behind another. The lower and middle hills appear of the blue grey tinge which distant mountains generally show, but above and beyond them rise the snow-covered peaks of the highest summits. At great distances—from 120 to 200 miles off—in the plains, the highest only of these mountains can be seen, just breaking the horizon-line. At a distance of from fifty to sixty miles from the mountains, the three clearly-marked parallel ranges are easily to be made out; but, on a nearer approach, the lower of the mountain ranges hides from sight the more elevated and distant peaks. The apparent uniformity of outline disappears; spurs with their dividing valleys become distinguishable; and at last, when the traveller enters the hill region itself, one valley with its bounding mountains is all that he beholds.

The average height of the Himalayas is 20,000 feet—more than 4,000 feet greater than the height of Mont Blanc—and the highest peak of all, Mount Everest, has an elevation of 29,002 feet above the level of the sea—a height almost as great as if two Mont Blancs were piled one on the other.

Clothed at their feet with the perpetual verdure of the tropics, the Himalayas rise into increasingly colder levels of the atmosphere, though the climate even of the higher valleys is milder than is found in other countries at similar elevations. Corn has been grown at a height of 18,000 feet; birch-trees with tall stems are found at a height of over 14,000 feet; the vine flourishes in some of the high valleys; and forests of the Deodar cedar are found almost up to the snow-line. The snow-line occurs at elevations of from 15,500 to 18,000 feet; and in the upper valleys of the mountains are found some of the largest glaciers in the world. As the northern part of the mountain system is approached, the remarkable dryness of the atmosphere is manifested in the fact that, even at elevations so great as that of the Karakorum Pass (18,200 feet above the sea level), a traveller in the month of August found only patches of snow. There are, however, so many lofty summits rising thousands of feet above even the highest snow-level, that the name applied to the range, Himalaya, "the dwelling of snow," has a striking applicability to these mountains.

The vast extent of the Himalaya is perhaps more easily realised by comparison with some elevations better known to most Europeans. At their smallest breadth the Himalayan range is 400 miles across—that is, farther than from London to Edinburgh. The Alps would take, it is calculated, at the

outside, three days for a man to cross, and a good walker can go from a village on one side to a village on the other in a summer's day. But from any point in the Punjab it takes a man, assisted by a pony, sixty-six days to cross the mountains; even if a man tried his utmost, he could hardly do it under fifty-five days. For twenty-five marches, the road is never under an elevation of 15,000 feet; and during forty-five marches, never descends below 9,000 feet. A native of India who traversed the Himalaya, in the service of the Great Indian Survey, by the Karakorum Pass, took twenty-five days to march from the last village south to the first village north of the pass.

Distinctly defined as the ranges of the Himalaya appear to be when the mountains are viewed from the plain, it is found that, in traversing them, there are vast numbers of intermingling spurs which join one series of heights to another. From one valley, by means of a high pass, the traveller reaches another valley or small plain, higher than that which he has left; and thus stage after stage he rises, the elevation attained being indicated not so much by the actual steepness of the ascents as by the changes in the vegetation, the presence of snow, and the greater rarity of the atmosphere. Long branches from the Himalaya cross the table-land of Tibet and join the Kuen-lun range; indeed, though the Himalaya are sometimes spoken of as the southern, and the Kuen-lun as the northern boundary of Tibet, neither of them can be well separated from that lofty table-land, which has an elevation of from 15,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Practically, it is difficult to define where the Himalayan ranges end, and those of the Kuen-lun begin.

Beyond the range of the Kuen-lun, however, there opens out a wide, and in many places fertile, plain, known to geographers as the plain of Yarkand and Khotan. After crossing the Himalaya and Kuen-lun and arriving at Ilchi, the capital of Khotan, the traveller feels as if he had left the hills altogether, and as if he were in the plains of Hindostan. No hills are to be seen in any direction, except on a clear day, when the lower ranges of the Kuen-lun are visible. This plain is of considerable width, and is bounded on the north by the volcanic range of the Thian-Shan, whose singular forms have given rise to many legends of the influence of Shaitan in causing the contortions of the rocks. Westward stretches the Bolor Tagh, the western edge of the great central table-land of Asia, of which the Himalayas form the southern boundary, and eastward the fertile Yarkand plain merges gradually into the sandy desert of Gobi. The slopes of the Kuen-lun, the Bolor Tagh, and Thian-Shan mountains, send streams down to water the plain. These, of which the chief are the Kashgar, Yarkand, Khotan, and Kiria, unite to form the Tarim, which loses itself in Lake Lop Nor, one of the numerous salt lakes which abound on the great table-land. The soil is generally sandy, and free from stones and rocks. It is very productive, and a fine dust, which is blown by the east wind from the desert over the fertile plain, is looked upon by the inhabitants as a kind of manure for the soil, without which no vegetation would thrive. Indian corn, wheat, barley of two kinds, buckwheat, and rice all grow in great perfection; olives, pears, apples, peaches, apricots, mulberries, grapes, currants, and melons are produced

of large size and delicious flavour; cotton of valuable quality, and raw silk abound. There are forests of poplar, willow, and tamarisk, and abundance of good grass. Between the towns of Khotan and Aksu there is for twelve marches a forest so dense that travellers are said to have lost themselves in it. Minerals are found abundantly, especially in the Kuen-lun mountains; those that are known are gold, silver, iron, lead, copper, antimony, salt, saltpetre, sulphur, soda, and coal; jade is also found in large quantities. Gold and precious stones abound in the beds of the streams which flow from the Kuen lun range, and it is said that more than 3,000 men are at work on the gold-fields. Gold is abundant, and is only about half the price in Khotan which it is in Kashmir, on the southern slopes of the Himalaya. The current coins are made of silver and copper; gold is not used for coin, but is sold in small packets of varying value. The wild animals are chiefly the Tibetan species of the goat, wolf, jackal, fox, and hare. In the great forest before mentioned, bears, tigers, and leopards roam at large. There are many wild birds, among them a species of hawk, which is kept by the natives for the purpose of hunting wolves, jackals, &c. Camels and asses are employed as beasts of burden, horses for riding and drawing wheeled conveyances. Most of the horses are imported. Goats are to be met with in large flocks, and they yield the material of which the fine shawls are made. Geese, ducks, and fowls are the domestic birds, and are very abundant.

This fertile plain is not very thickly populated; but in the great towns considerable numbers of people are collected together. The town of Yarkand is said to have a population of 120,000; the inhabitants of Ilchi, the modern capital of Khotan, number 40,000; and there are other large cities, of which Kashgar and Aksu are two. Kashgar is an ancient city, one of those that have escaped the encroachment which the desert has from time to time made on the inhabited country. Not all of the towns of the plain have been so fortunate. The province of Khotan contains several of these buried cities, one of which is only a few miles distant from the present capital, Ilchi. The shifting sands of the Gobi move along in vast billows, overpowering everything, and they are said to have once buried 360 cities in the space of twenty-four hours. There is probably considerable exaggeration in this statement; but some of the buried cities are known, and from out of their ruins various articles are dug. In one of them large quantities of brick tea are found, which has a ready sale, now that trade with China is stopped. Gold coins, some of them weighing four pounds, and various other articles, have also been discovered; and it would seem as if the cities had been suddenly buried, so that the inhabitants had no time to remove their property. There is something weird in this modern utilisation of the things discovered in these old cities, of whose name and date there remains no record known to us, and whose position, even, is a secret carefully kept by a few.

The people are fine-looking, with a Tartar cast of features, and are well-dressed and cleanly. They are Mahomedans, and are apparently very strict in the observance of their religious duties.

The commerce and trade of the country is carried on in the cities by means of bazaars held periodically in each. Yarkand is the chief seat of what may be called the foreign trade, and to it are brought goods from Russia and Bokhara by means of caravans, which visit Yarkand twice a year,

employing as many as a thousand camels. British goods, up to the present time, have also reached Yarkand and other cities of Eastern Turkestan by means of a circuitous route, which brought them first to Bokhara, and then, along with other things, through the narrow passes of the Bolor Tagh, to the cities of Kashgar, Yarkand, and the rest. Into Yarkand are imported sugar-candy, loaf-sugar, cloth, wrought-iron, brass, iron vessels, horses, China tea, and silks. From China there are at present no direct imports. Ilchi is a great manufacturing town. Silks, felts, carpets both silk and woollen, and coarse cotton cloths, are made and sent all over the country. The bazaar of Ilchi, which takes place weekly, is frequented not only by natives, but by Kashmirees and Cabulees; it is held chiefly in a long street, running east and west, which is covered in with a roof of reed matting. The bazaar presents a very lively scene, both men and women being anxious to buy and sell.

Up to a recent time—not much more than five years ago—Eastern Turkestan, the fertile country which has just been described, formed an integral part of the Chinese Empire. But, as is well known, the Chinese government has been unable to retain power even in provinces nearer the capital than this, and it is therefore not surprising that the Khan of Khotan was able, in 1863, to raise a rebellion against the Chinese, which resulted in the massacre of many of these people, and the expulsion of the rest from Khotan. Yarkand, Kashgar, Aksu, and other cities, followed the example given; and all direct communication with China was thus ended. This change of circumstances seems chiefly to have inconvenienced the inhabitants of Eastern Turkestan with regard to their supplies of tea. The readiness with which the brick tea from the buried cities was brought up is evidence of this; and it is certain that, did safe routes exist from Hindostan to Eastern Turkestan over the Himalaya and Kuen-lun ranges, the bazaars of Ilchi, Yarkand, &c., would afford excellent markets for the sale of Indian-grown teas. All the people of these districts are great tea-drinkers. Mr. W. H. Johnson says that, when he was at Ilchi, "all who visited him, rich or poor, asked for a cup of tea, which is drunk with sugar, but without milk." As a mark of respect, a cup of tea was presented by the Khan of Khotan himself, on Mr. Johnson's first interview with him.

To ascertain the existence of routes across the Himalaya and Kuen-lun fit for use in trade is a matter which, within the last two years, has become of vast importance. Communication with China being stopped, the inhabitants of Eastern Turkestan have become dependent for foreign supplies either upon caravans from Russia to the west, or upon goods sent from British India to the south. At present, goods passing from British India to Kashgar and Yarkand—and of late years large quantities have been sent—are forwarded up the Indus from the port of Kurrachee, or from other places, to Dera Ismael Khan, thence they are taken to Peshawur, and by the Khyber Pass to Cabul. From that place they pass to Bokhara, and thence by Khotan to Kashgar and Yarkand, where, even after so long and circuitous a journey, they have competed successfully with goods from Russia. This route is a long-established one, and there is comparatively little difficulty in carrying on trade by it; but it has the disadvantage of being extremely indirect.

The direct route over the Himalayan range leads from

Umritsur, or one of the neighbouring towns in the Punjab, to Chumba, and other places on the lower slopes of the Himalaya, where the living of a large class of the population depends on this trade. From these lower regions the road passes through various ranges of the Himalayas, rising gradually till it reaches the plains of Ladak, and arrives at the town of Leh, on the Indus, the capital of this province. The plains of Ladak are elevated about 15,000 feet above the sea-level. In itself, Leh is not an important place. It is the chief city of a thinly-peopled district; and its only greatness arises from its being an entrepôt of commerce between distant countries. But towns not more promising in themselves have become great with even less trade than that of which Leh is the centre; and the crowded state of its bazaars, and the piles of goods from Yarkand, Kashmir, and the Punjab stored up in its houses and its courtyards, show how active is the commerce carried on there.

From Leh, the various routes over the Karakorum and Kuen-lun ranges diverge, some being more easy to traverse than others. One of these routes goes over the Karakorum Pass, and presents many difficulties. Among others, travellers have to march for six days consecutively without finding a blade of grass for their cattle. This is the route which, up to the present time, has been chiefly used. It is so dangerous and difficult that traders are obliged to take three spare horses for every one laden, and it is calculated that a fourth of the animals die on the road. The road to this pass traverses some of the most desolate regions of Tibet. Everywhere barren precipices, heaps of rocks, and monotonous deserts, meet the eye. The pass itself is a rounded ridge (18,200 feet above the level of the sea), connecting two hills, which rise somewhat abruptly about 1,000 feet above it. There is no view to the north, for the hills which are not snow-covered close in about half a mile distant. To the south the mountains are round-topped and covered with snow. Vegetation is entirely wanting at the top of the pass, and the rare atmosphere makes exertion fatiguing, and produces a dull headache. From the Karakorum Pass, the road leads either north-east to Khotan (Ilchi), or north west to Yarkand. The difficulties of the Karakorum route have not hindered the development of trade; it has even shown a tendency to increase, since the excessive duties which used to be levied by the rulers of Ladak—and which were the real obstacles to commerce—have been removed.

In describing the second route from Leh to Ilchi—one that has only recently been opened for trade—it will be necessary to name two of the smaller streams which rise in the Himalaya, and the valleys of which will play an important part in enabling intercourse to be carried on between the two cities. One of these rivers is the Changchenmo (a name suggestive of Chinese rather than Indian nomenclature), which rises on the southern face of one of the outlying spurs of the Himalaya, and, flowing westward, joins a tributary of the Indus. The other stream is the Karakash, which, rising in the Kuen-lun, flows first west and then north-east to Ilchi and the Khotan river. This second route from Leh to Ilchi is to the east of that by the Karakorum Pass, and is called the Changchenmo route, from its being partly in the valley of that river. From Leh the road runs eastward and then northward, into the valley of the Changchenmo. On leaving that, it goes over a pass more than 19,000 feet above the sea; but taking it as

a whole, this route is nothing more than passing over a series of vast undulations, which present no real obstacle to enterprising traders. Grass, wood, and water, are found along this line, which, passing over the head-waters of the Karakash, crosses the Kuen-lun, and descends upon Ilchi. A modification of this route has been suggested and followed, which is that, instead of crossing the Kuen-lun, the traveller should proceed the whole way to Ilchi in the valley of the Karakash, after having once struck the course of that river. This change makes the road somewhat longer, but saves the ascent of a very high pass over the Kuen-lun, and shortens the journey by two days' march. This route has been opened for trade by a party of Punjab traders with horse-loads of Kangra tea, which they were taking to Yarkand.

When Mr. Johnson, who has been before mentioned, paid his visit to Ilchi, in 1865, he heard of an open road, which passes from that city, going round the end of the Kuen-lun mountains, by the Changthang plain, to the Changchenmo valley near Leh. This road is said to be available for wheeled carriages; water, grass, and wood are found everywhere on the route; but opposition may be expected from the shepherds who inhabit part of the Changthang plain. Though this road would be of immense advantage, were it open and as passable as it is reported to be, little can be said about it, as no one has yet explored it.

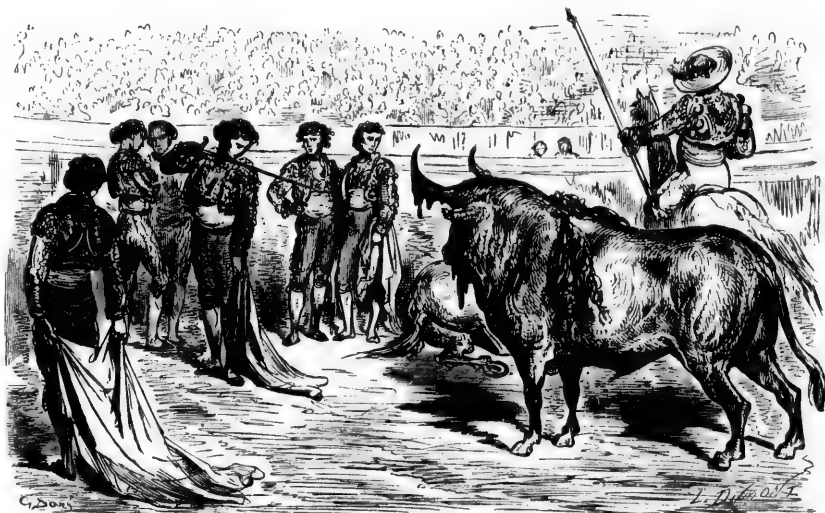
The British Government has recently done much for the improvement of the road from the Punjab to Leh, by building bridges and rendering steep ascents more easy; and now that the exactions of Ladak are done away with, the trade over the Himalayas between Western India and Turkestan is likely greatly to increase.

Another route is known to exist, which leads directly from North-Western India to Turkestan, and which is said to be practicable for laden carts all the way from India to Central Asia. This road passes from Jellalabad up the valley of the river, called the Chitral valley, to its source. From this point it proceeds by an easy road over the Hindoo Koosh into the valley of the Oxus. Of this route, however, we know at present but little, except from the itinerary of a native Yarkandi merchant; another native report given of it states that "the trade through Chitral is confined to certain adventurous Afghans alone, and that natives of Yarkand seldom traverse this route." The road is subject to incursions by the Kafiristan tribes. It is for this reason, probably, that Yarkandi traders prefer either the longer route to India by Bokhara and Afghanistan, or the more difficult one over the Himalaya, through Ladak and Kashmir. It is possible that more detailed accounts of this route may be furnished by Mr. Hayward, a traveller who is now devoting himself to explorations in the region between North-Western India and the upper valley of the Oxus.

The opening of any new routes for trade is a matter not only of interest to the merchant, but of congratulations to all who see in the multiplication of commercial relations the surest guarantee for the advancement of nations, not only in material prosperity, but in civilisation, and in increased probabilities of peace. Our communications with Eastern Turkestan are as yet too much in their infancy for us to do more than hope for good to result from them. It is not to be denied that in Turkestan the advances of British commerce will come somewhat into contact, perhaps into collision, with those put forward by Russia. But, whilst it is not to be for-

gotten that Russia is advancing towards Eastern Turkestan, there are few who have read the descriptions of the roads which lead from that country to British India, that will fear the entrance of an army, either by the Karakorum Pass or the valley of the Changchenmo. The routes that suffice for

traders would be quite impossible to be traversed by armies; and so long as the physical barriers of the Kuen-lun and Himalaya remain what they are, it is not from the direction of Eastern Turkestan that the approach of Russia need be feared.



THE ESPADA.

Notes on Spain.—IV.

THE BULL-FIGHT: THE NATIONAL SPORT OF SPAIN—LITERATURE OF THE RING—STARS OF THE PROFESSION—ROUTINE OF THE SPECTACLE—BURLESQUE BULL-FIGHTS—CRUELTY.

IN our last number we mentioned one or two of the things usually put in evidence to support the charge of barbarism against Spain. But *the barbarism par excellence*, the heaviest item in the act of accusation, is, of course, the bull-fight; and, hackneyed as the subject may be, we must give it a place in our notes. It is not necessary, however, to enter into any very elaborate description of the spectacle, for, thanks to the perseverance of travellers, every reader is by this time tolerably familiar with the nature of the national pastime of Spain. There is, indeed, something amusing in the *naïveté* with which tourists generally record their experiences and impressions in the matter of the bull-fight: in the anxiety they display to witness it, the haste to secure places on the first available opportunity, the gusto with which the scenes in the ring are described, and the inevitable homily on the moral degradation of a people who can find pleasure in witnessing so barbarous an exhibition. If they were always content with this form of protest, it would not matter much, but the *vis à vis* expression of indignation frequently to be heard at Sunday *tables-d'hôte* in Madrid or Seville during the bull-fighting season, must sound at least somewhat inconsistent to Spanish ears. The French

tourist (as a general rule, tourists in Spain are either French or English) seldom takes up his parable against the bull-fight with any degree of fervour. If he is not blinded by the merits of the *spectacle* to the demerits of the exhibition, at least he has too keen a sense of the ridiculous to stultify himself by denouncing as disgusting, and fit only for savages, a sight which he has taken considerable trouble to see, and sat out unflinchingly to the last; nor does he condescend to plead that most transparent of excuses—pure philosophical desire to study national character. We, however, do not always display the same discretion. British virtue is very great, and we are justly proud of its greatness; but it has this peculiarity, that it must always be talking. It is by no means satisfied with a silent existence, and the bull-fight affords it a too tempting opportunity for declaring itself. But may not *Españolismo* fairly reply, "Why, O British virtue! if this sport of ours is so sickening and revolting and unendurable to any but a depraved taste, do you lend it your countenance, as you do, upon the whole, pretty regularly whenever you have a chance? Every hotel-keeper knows that in general your first question is, whether there is a bull-fight to come off, and that, if anything will

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BOYS PLAYING AT BULL-FIGHTING.

induce you to stay, it is the prospect of a corrida on Sunday. We do not want your company at it any more than we want your lecture afterwards. You know perfectly well what it is like, and, indeed, as we have often remarked, you describe it with considerable vigour and circumstantiality. You cannot say you are entrapped into assisting at an entertainment of the nature of which you were ignorant. Why not be honest, as well as great? Why not admit that, lofty as you are, you have still the human weakness of curiosity, and that you cannot resist the temptation of a wild, semi-barbarous spectacle, only to be witnessed in this semi-civilised country, as you kindly call it? You needn't plead guilty to cruelty if you don't like, but pray be honest, and confess to the curiosity and love of excitement which affect us all more or less."

But, apart from the inconsistency of the proceeding, it is scarcely courteous in a foreigner to rail in such good set terms at a national sport, and by implication therefore at the nation that indulges in it. For the bull-fight is unquestionably the national sport of Spain. It is only in a rare instance here and there among the upper classes, as in the case of Prim, that Spaniards are sportsmen in our sense of the word. Hunting, shooting, and fishing are undreamt-of amusements. They have no turf, and no games, except perhaps a species of fives which is played a good deal in the northern provinces. For all these, and also to a certain extent for the stage and the opera, which have no great hold on the affections of the Spanish people, the bull-fight is the one substitute. It is the sole vent for the sporting instincts of the nation, and for that love of athletic display, skill, dexterity, and pluck, which every nation possesses in a greater or less degree. It is at once to the Spaniards what the drama is to the French, a source of excitement and a field for criticism, and what the turf is to us, a sport, the enjoyment of which is open to all classes. There are, it is true, plenty of Spaniards who regard the diversion with anything but favour; nor are these exclusively of the educated and cultivated classes, for we have many times heard peasants denounce the bull-fight in language as strong as any foreigner could use. But with the great mass of the people, and with the town populations in particular, the love of "Bull-feasts"—*fiestas de toros*—as they used formerly to be called, is little short of an absorbing passion. It is no exaggeration to say that they imbibe the taste with their mother's milk. Our playbills say, "Children in arms are not admitted," but a Spanish bull-fight bill is more liberal. It invariably sets forth that "*los niños que no sean de pecho necesitan billete*,"—children not at the breast must have tickets, but babes and sucklings are free of the plaza. We have now before us a document which shows that, whatever may be said of the backward state of education in Spain, the early training of the young Spaniard in Tauromachy is by no means neglected. It is a broadside containing some four dozen rude but truthful woodcuts representing the various scenes of the bull-ring, to which are appended explanatory nursery rhymes for the better edification of the youthful mind. It is, in fact, a compact compendium of the art of bull-fighting, describing in proper scientific terms the various events of the combat, and presenting with great accuracy the principal tableaux which the spectacle affords,—the procession of the performers, the entrance of the bull, the performances of picador, banderillero, and espada, all in their proper order. Nor are the possible accidents of the game omitted. One cut is a lively representation of a wounded picador, helped out of

the ring, "*es un picador herido al hospital conducido*;" and the whole appropriately winds up with a tribute to the memory of that martyr to science, *Pepe Illo*, who was killed in a bull-fight at the beginning of the century, and is here depicted borne aloft on the horns of a charging bull, while his fate is recorded in a couplet which may be roughly translated—

"All through being caught and tossed,
Pepe Illo's life was lost."

It is no wonder, therefore, that playing at *toro* and *torero* should be the favourite game of the young urchins of Spain, and that the scene which is the subject of M. Gustave Doré's spirited sketch, should be among the commonest of Spanish sights. Occasionally the game is played in the more elaborate way described by Blanco White in his "Letters," when the boy who acts the part of bull carries a board, to which are attached a pair of horns and a piece of cork, so that the banderilleros may plant their banderillas *secundum artem*.

For the adult mind, there are several manuals of the science by eminent hands, such as Montes and Pepe Illo above mentioned; and there is—though the *Times* correspondent omitted it in his amusing review of the Spanish press, some time back—a weekly paper published at Madrid, under the title of *La Fiesta Española*, which reviews the performances at the capital, and inserts reports from the provinces, and even telegrams, stating how corridas in the country are going on—thus: "Segovia, 8.49, evening. All well and content." This journal is severely critical, sparing neither men nor beasts if their behaviour in the ring has been unsatisfactory. The memory of defunct bulls who were deficient in energy is assailed with such epithets as "blando, receloso, cobarde;" and the human performers are sharply taken to task for having been "wanting in flexibility and uncertain in their lunges." There is a magnanimity about it, too, as when, in reference to one torero who is "not quite cured of the severe wound he received on a former occasion, and still suffers in his leg," it says, "This circumstance relieves us from the necessity of passing judgment upon this swordsman." It can be also drily sarcastic, as in the comment, "It is only a management as celebrated as ours that could entice into the plaza a man in such a condition."

The same earnestness and gravity governs the composition of the bills and affiches by which a bull-fight is announced. "More for the sake of keeping up the credit of our plaza than with any view to profit, the management (*la empresa*) has determined," &c. &c. So provincial notices frequently begin, and with due solemnity it is set forth that, "weather permitting—*si el tiempo no lo impide*—an extraordinary corrida will verify itself on such and such a day, and that competent authority will preside in the plaza." Then follow the names of the principal combatants, or lidiadores; the espadas, or "swords," for the term "matador" is never used in correct tauromachian language; the supernumerary espada—*sobresaliente de espadas*—for whom it is always stipulated that he shall be "without prejudice to stick banderillas into any bulls that may suit him;" and the picadors, "with others in reserve in case any should 'inutilizarse,'" render themselves useless. The latter happy phrase is a good illustration of the elegant, delicate, and, at the same time, strictly business-like tone with which the whole of the literature of the bull-ring is inspired. Furthermore, the public is requested to abstain from throwing into the plaza any object which might interfere

with the combatants or interrupt the combat, and to refrain from insults and contemptuous reproaches. This last injunction is almost always disregarded, even in the plaza of courtly Madrid; and should there be any joke or stigma attached to the name of any torero, he is pretty sure to hear of it if he shows the white feather, or is unskilful, or, what amounts to the same thing, unfortunate. On the other hand, a popular performer, *sans peur et reproche*, is allowed some latitude. If he kills his bull in a bungling manner (*con trabajo*), his awkwardness will be passed over with what the *Fiesta* calls "silencio fatal." But he must not trespass too far upon the indulgence of a critical public; the best of characters will not cover repeated mistakes. Public opinion is not a power in Spain except in the Plaza de Toros, but there it is despotic.

The hand-bill of a corrida in the regular season at Madrid has an additional peculiarity, which is worth notice as illustrating the spirit in which the aficionados (the amateurs) regard the spectacle: the back of the bill is divided into columns, to enable the fancy to check off the points of the game as it proceeds. The first contains the names of the bulls—or, rather, of the breeders of the bulls, for the time has gone by when the animal entered the arena under his own name, like Harpado in the ballad of "The Bull-fight of Gazul." The second is for scoring the number of puyazos, or punctures of the garrocha, the lance with which the picador receives the charge; and as this is not capable of inflicting severe injury, but quite punishing enough to test pluck, the score furnishes the means of forming a fair estimate of the bull's character. The second is headed "Caidas de picadores"—falls of picadors.

Casualties to horses have two columns; one for the killed another for the wounded. In another, the number of pairs of banderillas planted may be entered; and the last act of all has three columns—one for the number of passes of the muleta, the red flag with which the espada entices the bull to charge, the others for estocadas and pinchazos, the two forms in which the death-stroke may be administered. Thus the whole, when filled up by a scientific hand, is a complete register of the events of each course, and at once a record of the achievements of each bull individually, and of the sport shown by the whole number collectively.

Of course every town in Spain—it would be more correct, perhaps, to say everything above the rank of a village—has its Plaza de Toros, which, next to the cathedral or iglesia principal, is the most conspicuous, if not the most imposing, of its public buildings. By the size of the plaza, a traveller can generally form a tolerably correct estimate of the population of the town; and there is very often a still closer relation to be traced. Thus, Madrid, the largest, shabbiest, meanest, and most commonplace of Spanish cities, has a huge plaza, with a seedy, lath-and-plaster, mushroom air about it; while beautiful Valencia, at once the brightest and stateliest city in Spain, owns the handsomest plaza in the Peninsula—a really noble building, which would be an ornament to any town. Gloomy, grim, brick-built Saragossa has a heavy, sullen-looking plaza, which might be taken for a house of detention. In devout, heretic-roasting Seville, the colossal statue of La Fe (The Faith), on the tall tower of the Giralda, looks down upon the bull-ring, and superintends the sport; and the warlike little city of Ronda, as if mindful of its rocky site, and of the part it played in the Moorish wars, has built itself an impregnable plaza, like the keep of a frontier fortress. But the most characteristic of all

is that of Merida. In the ancient capital of Lusitania, modern Spain sits upon Roman ruins, like a moss or a mildew; and at Merida the Plaza de Toros is—or rather was, for Merida can no longer afford the luxury of the bull-fight—grafted upon the ruins of a Roman theatre. The semicircular mass of masonry on the east side of the town, known as the Siete Sillas (the Seven Chairs), is perhaps the best-preserved specimen of an ancient theatre in existence, at least as regards the audience portion, the theatre proper. The Spaniards completed the circle after their fashion, and so it came to pass in the fulness of time that the seats on which the Emeriti of Augustus once took their pleasure, were occupied by the holiday-makers of Merida, Terence being replaced by toros. But if those old stones were capable of feeling bitterness at the degradation, they must be comforted now. While they rest firm in their beds, as they did sixteen centuries ago, a few heaps of rubbish, and a few yards of crumbling wall, are all there is to show the quality of the Spanish work.

It is commonly said that the best bull-fights in Spain take place in Seville; but this is not the case now. Centralisation and money have produced their usual effects, and Madrid draws the talent of the kingdom, and in the regular seasons—Spring, and from September to November—turns out the best-found and best-appointed corridas to be seen in Spain. Seville, however, is well supplied with brilliant local performers. Most of the stars of the profession come from Seville or the Seville district of Andalusia, and it yields to none in its devotion to the sport. An impressive spectacle was witnessed in that city a couple of years ago. A veteran espada, long retired from the arena, full of years and honours, partly in deference to the wishes of the public, partly yielding to the impulse of the old war-horse, was tempted to re-enter the ring and kill one more bull before he died. The touching manner in which the good old man performed the operation excited the greatest enthusiasm. Many, it is said, were affected to tears.

The head of the profession, at present, by general acknowledgment, is Cúchares, a portly but powerfully-built man, with an expression of grave humour in his face, and a peculiar twinkle of the eye, which are much more suggestive of a *farceur* than of a bull-fighter. Indeed, he bears a very remarkable likeness to the late Edward Wright of the Adelphe. The forte of Cúchares does not lie in that lofty chivalrous bearing which made Pepe Illo so generally beloved and deeply lamented, or in those marvellous feats of agility which were so much admired in Montes, but rather in the exquisite *aplomb* and *sangfroid* with which he does his work. Cúchares, as he stands eyeing his bull, sword in hand, is a picture, and he seems to throw a kind of glamour over the animal, to puzzle and disconcert him, by his masterly coolness. He never seems to dodge or make any exertion to get out of the way of a rush. All that can be made out is that the bull has missed him, until the proper moment has arrived, and then it is perceived—how the thing was done requires a quick eye to see—that the sword is no longer in the hand of the man, and that its little red hilt just appears in front of the shoulder of the bull. "Capulo tenus abdidit ensem," and he stands with a grave half-smile upon his face, and almost winks. He would not for worlds do so actually, but he goes as near it as his personal dignity and the circumstances allow. He has many rivals, however, whose style of art is by some considered even superior. There are the great Tato, the stalwart Cayetano Sanz, El Gordito—"Fatty,"

as we should say—and half a dozen more, whose *cartes* may be seen competing successfully with those of Prim, Olozaga, Espartero, or Serrano, in the photographers' or printsellers' windows. The coming man we take to be Frascuelo, a slim, lithe youth, whose soul is clearly in his profession. He is not at present of sufficiently high standing to appear generally as a *primer espada*, a position somewhat analogous to that of a leader in a law case, but he has a very good practice as a *sobresaliente*, and is highly thought of as an accomplished *banderillero*. The common *banderilla* is at least two feet in length, but he in his pride loves to plant *banderillas* not more than three or four inches long. Also he has a passion for literally taking the bull by the horns—at least, it seems to be a point of honour with him to touch the horns of every bull he

railway system in Spain, for the provincial towns are now no longer dependent on mere local practitioners, but can always get down, per rail, any amount of the highest talent from the metropolis. The more eminent members of the *torero* profession are by no means fixed stars, but seem to be perpetually on the move, the man that appears on Thursday at Saragossa having performed perhaps at Valladolid on Tuesday, and being set down for a part at Madrid on Sunday. Thus the provinces get their fair share of the ability of the kingdom, and on great and special occasions, such as the *Santa Semana*, at Seville, or the Festival of the *Virgen del Pilar*, in the middle of October, at Saragossa, the *corridos* are, bating a slight tinge of provincialism, just as good as those at Madrid in the height of the season. The usual course is for some individual, or an *empresa*,



THE BANDERILLERO IN THE CHAIR.

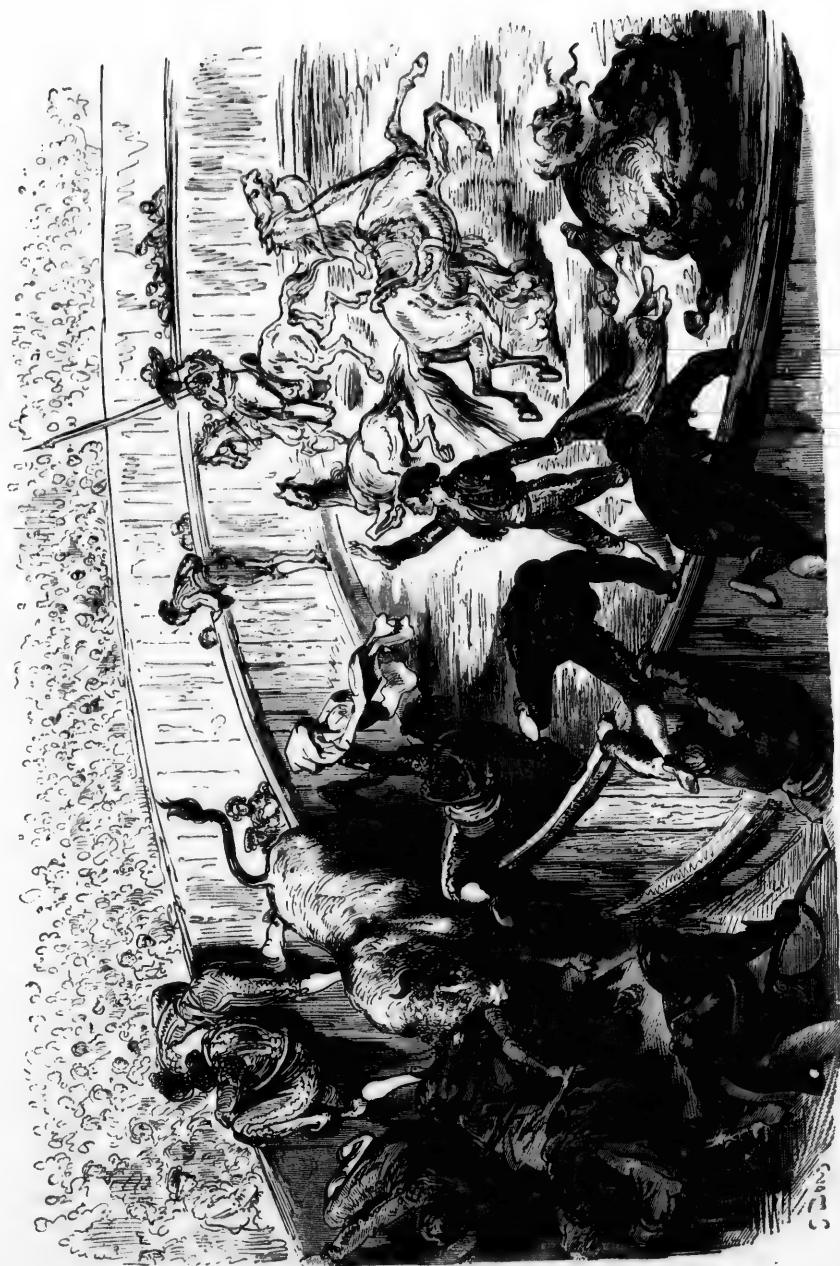
meets in the way of business. But his wonderful agility very soon relieves the mind of the spectator from any apprehension as to his being really in danger. The chair feat, that of planting *banderillas* while sitting in a chair—a new refinement introduced into *tauromachian* art, of which M. Doré has given us a sketch—is one which he performs to admiration; and he is frequently called upon by public acclamation to take the office of *espada*, which he does in a manner that justifies the opinion of his admirers, and presages a bright career in the highest walks of his profession. To any of our readers about to see a bull-fight, it is our duty, of course, to say "Don't." But if they persist, as no doubt most of them will when they have a chance, we should say, "Then see a good one;" and if Frascuelo—who, it appears, is also known in private life as Salvador Sanchez—is mentioned in the bills, that opportunity will probably be a fair one for testing how far the sight has any redeeming features.

Even bull-fighting is favoured by the development of the

or management, to hire the *Plaza de Toros*, which generally is the property of the municipality, and contract with some eminent professional as *primer espada*, who brings down with him his company, assistant *espadas*, *picadors*, and a competent *quadrilla* of *banderilleros*, the *empresa* finding the inferior attendants, and the bulls and the horses to be killed; for, it must be confessed, the death of the horses, or at least of a fair proportion of them, is almost as much a matter of course as that of the bulls. They are consequently the part of the preparation upon which the least money is spent, and are generally specimens, not of horse-flesh, but of horse-gristle or horse-bone, such as may sometimes be seen in the shafts of a London night cab, but rarely anywhere else. Now and again, a battered broken-down steed, with unmistakable signs of breeding about him, shows in the ring. We remember once seeing a gallant old grey, horribly gored, carry his rider unflinchingly through three combats (in one of which, by the way, he fairly beat off the bull with his heels), and drop at last in

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THE BULL LEAPING THE BARRIER

the fourth course, untossed and unconquered, amid the cheers of the arena; for at a bull-fight pluck is always applauded wherever it appears, in man, bull, or horse. But in general the horses are miserable worn-out screws, with neither spirit to face the bull—the right eye is usually bandaged with a handkerchief—nor strength to resist the shock of the mildest charge.

Still, with all its drawbacks, the spectacle must be admitted to have striking features. The first view, as you emerge from the dark passages and galleries into the interior of the bright open plaza, is even grand and imposing. The larger rings accommodate from ten to twelve thousand spectators, and the vast space is filled with pleasure-seekers bent on their "Roman holiday." The sunny side, *el sol*, is all of a quiver with the red and yellow fans, that make it look like a tulip garden in a gale. The central space is occupied by a lounging, chatting crowd. These are the *aficionados* proper, the genuine sportsmen, somewhat akin to those who visit the Paddock at the Derby. How they are all to find places is a mystery, for the benches round seem already densely packed; but somehow they do, and the *despejo*, the clearing out, is effected with even less difficulty than our boasted clearing of the course on a Derby day. The scene, indeed, in many points, reminds one of that great occasion. There are always individuals upon whom the crisis comes when they are at the farthest possible distance from their party, and who have consequently to walk across the empty space under a brisk fire of "chaff," and to smile as if they rather liked it, or else look as if they were deaf. Vague persons there are too, who have no precise idea as to where their seats are, and are repulsed from time to time, and much flurried by the insistence of the officials, to the immense delight of a seated and settled public. But in some unknown manner even these outcasts get stowed away somewhere, and, sharp to the time announced (for in this matter Spain, for once, is punctual), one of the four entrances to the ring is thrown open, and the procession enters, headed by the *alguaciles* in short cloaks, and hats and feathers, and mounted on capering steeds, which have evidently been subjected recently to some of the recognised stable processes for stimulating action. Behind them walks the *primer espada*, bright as a butterfly in gay satins of his favourite colour, gold lace, and silk stockings, followed by the other *espadas* in their colours, and the *sobresaliente* in his; then come the *banderilleros*, a brilliant cluster, followed by the *chulos*, the men whose business it is to draw off, bewilder, and distract the bull, all with their bright-lined cloaks draped picturesquely round their shoulders. Behind them, on their sorry steeds, ride the *picadors*, glorious as to the upper man in their rakish broad-brimmed hats and gorgeous jackets, but very clumsy below in their buff leggings, which are padded so as to make them look more like gout or dropsy patients than bold bull-fighters. Behind them, gaily tricked out with worsted trappings, come the mules, whose business it is to drag out the bodies of the slain; and behind them, in a well-appointed arena like that of Madrid, come the dogs, tugging and straining at their leashes, and, dog-fashion, trying to cultivate an acquaintance with everybody and everything within the range of their vision. The dogs, it should be observed, are sometimes called for to stimulate a very slack-mettled bull, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance, and even *banderillas de fuego* fail to exasperate.

The procession, having made obeisance before the box of

the presiding authority, whoever he may be, files out, all but two *picadors*, who take posts at opposite sides of the ring, and the *chulos*, who station themselves at the palisade, with one foot on the lower ledge, ready to vault over, should the bull prove a nimble customer. The key of the toril, where the bulls are confined, is thrown from the president's box, and carried across by an *alguacil*, and a sudden and deep silence and stillness fall upon the whole arena. Not a fan flickers; not a whisper is to be heard; of twenty thousand eyes, there is not one—bad cases of squint, of course, excepted—which is not fixed on the door at which the key was delivered. A grating sound of bolts and hinges, a pause, and a rush of a black or dun-coloured object into the middle of the plaza. Then the tongues are unloosed, and a buzz runs round the ring. That is criticism: they are discussing his points, those of his horns in particular. Meanwhile *Toro*, brought up suddenly by the unexpected nature of the liberty given him, wheels and stares, and with quick turns of the head surveys the crowded ring with the air of one looking out for a friend, whose face he expected to recognise somewhere in the mass. Poor *Toro*! he has come to the wrong place for that. If he quits himself like a bull of spirit, applause he will get without stint; but he will descry no friendly face in all that crowd—nothing but

"Wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see him die."

In truth, he is a noble object, that Spanish bull. To English eyes, accustomed to the slow mounds of meat that here represent his family, he seems at first small and small; but he is as fine as an antique bronze. He is built like a lion—light and wiry behind, massive and powerful before; with broad, deep chest; vast neck thickly coated with muscle; and small, clean-cut, broad-browed head, topped by a mighty pair of horns, curving forwards and upwards, and sharp as spears—veritable "*astas*," as in correct ring language they are called. But his port, as he stands, has been already taken by a master hand.

"His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shaggy mane, like billows curled, ye see.
His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night.
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might.
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcayde's shock."^{*}

He does not stand long, however. Failing to find a friend, he soon spies a foe; and, with a fierce snort, he dashes at the nearest *picador*, who receives him with his *garrocha* on the shoulder, and fends him off, if he can, much as a man in a boat with a boat-hook fends off another boat. This is the crucial test. If the bull be a thoroughly good one, the wound received only exasperates his rage, and leads to a second charge, so fierce and determined that the poor staggering horse, shaken by the first assault, goes down, or it may be up, heels over head; and then the business of the afternoon begins, and connoisseurs and critics settle themselves in their places, and prepare to give their minds to the spectacle. If, however, as rather more frequently happens, the bull is checked by his first reception, he careers over the arena until he comes across the other *picador*, at whom he goes, in the hope that he may prove less "cunning in fence"

* "The Bull-fight of Casul." Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

than the first; or else, perhaps, he makes a wild dash for freedom, and clears the barrier between the circus and the narrow corridor that separates it from the spectators. Sometimes even, by a clever "in-and-out" jump, he will get among the public—a feat which we have seen once or twice performed by active bulls. But, as we said in the beginning, the incidents of the bull-fight have been too often described to justify a minute recapitulation of all the scenes in the circle; and indeed it must be confessed, however strange and striking those scenes may be, the work of description would not be always agreeable. One feature, however, we must refer to, as it is missed in the spirited and otherwise accurate sketches of M. Gustave Doré. The routine of a bull-fight is as inflexible as the laws of the Mædes and Persians. It is a tragedy in three acts, with distinct actors in each, and therefore to represent banderilleros and picadors, or picadors and espada in the ring together, as M. Doré has done, is a solecism of the same sort as bringing on the Grave-diggers and the Ghost in Hamlet in the same scene. The bull is first picado, met by the picadors, then banderilleado, stuck with banderillas, the stimulus of fuego, banderillas with fireworks, being applied if he has shown a want of mettle. Then comes the last act of all, and the most impressive, when the espada, dressed more as if for a ballet than for a bull-fight, with the red flag in one hand, and a thin light sword, a mere riband of steel, in the other, stands face to face with the fierce panting beast, all of a glow with rage and pain. Even the bull, in his fury, seems impressed by the temerity of his antagonist, and stares at him with a puzzled kind of "what now?" expression. But even this scene, imposing and intensely exciting as it is, has often something of the disagreeable in it. Often the first, and the second, and even the third thrust fails to do its work, and the gallant brute, with the sword half buried in his body, charges madly round the plaza before he drops, and the cachetero can put an end to his misery. Then the trumpets blow up, the team of mules dashes in, a rope is hitched round the horns of the carcase, and with a whirl of dust and jubilant music out goes poor brave Toro, and in four-and-twenty hours he is stewing in scores of pucheros in the back lanes of the city.

Bull-fights are not, however, always such painful spectacles. At Madrid in the off-season, and occasionally in the larger towns, there are corridos of a less sanguinary sort, in which toros embolados, or bulls with knobs on the points of their horns, figure, as well as novillos, or two-year-old bulls, which are generally incapable of inflicting severe injury on the horses. Sometimes, too, the public is invited to enter the ring and bait a few novillos, just for the fun of the thing. This, however, is not necessarily a sport to be indulged in with impunity: in one of these encounters we saw a youth tossed three or four times in quick succession. The landlord of the hotel, in discussing that bull-fight the next morning, observed that it had proved a better one than could have been expected, five horses and a man having been killed. But if there are tragical, there are also comic incidents. Sometimes Don Quixote and Sancho on Rozinante and Dapple—Rozinante, it is needless to say, looking the part to the life—will engage an embolado bull; or burlesque picadors, mounted on donkeys, will come in to be tossed: that is to say, the donkeys come in for that purpose, for the men, of course, always take very good care to fall off, and get clear at the first touch of the bull. One noble jackass we saw on such an occasion inspired us with the liveliest admira-

tion. He had been knocked down, and then jerked up into the air, half a dozen times—spun aloft as a boy would spin a halfpenny, legs, ears, and tail revolving like the spokes of a wheel,—and as he lay on the ground, his long grave face wore a most thoughtful and resolved expression. He had clearly made up his mind about this singular game. Its object appeared to be to keep him in a recumbent position. As fast as he got upon his legs he was knocked off them; and so he came to the determination that, as he was down, down he would stay, and so save trouble to all parties, and some personal inconvenience to himself. And down he did stay. When the officials with much labour raised his fore-quarters, his hams appeared to be afflicted with paralysis, and when they hauled him up by the tail, he knelt. There was nothing to be done with him, and at last he had to be dragged out sitting, with his legs tucked under him, shaking his long ears, and looking the picture of stolid determination, while the plaza rang with applause at his gallant obstinacy.

Bull-fights of this sort, however, are looked down upon by the aficionados; and though there are generally one or two toros de puntas, bulls whose horns are not tipped, and toros de muerte, or bulls doomed to death, the genuine sportsmen of Spain regard them with somewhat of the same contempt that a regular opera-goer here feels for the English opera out of the season.

One word in conclusion as to the morality of the Spanish national pastime. We have no intention of attempting such a hopeless task as a defence of the bull-fight; but it is, we think, unjust to set it down, as is frequently done, as a proof of the innate cruelty of the Spanish character. It is unquestionably a cruel sport; but there is cruelty, more or less, in every sport in which animals are concerned—in hunting, shooting, fishing, coursing, even in racing. It is a question of degree; in the bull-fight there is more suffering to the animals engaged; but the object is not the production of suffering any more than in any of the other cases. The object is to test pluck, endurance, address, skill, as in any other sport. An instance may occur of actual delight in the exhibition of suffering, as in the case mentioned by Ford, of the old lady who called his attention to the dying horse. But that is not the prevailing sentiment. Look round the ring at Madrid, and you will not see in any face a gleam of pity; but the excitement does not flow from any idea of the infliction of pain. The fact is, that the ordinary Spaniard's mind is on this subject a *tabula rasa*. Its condition is what Johnson would have called "stark insensibility" to the idea of suffering, especially in his fellow-creatures of the animal world. He has never been taught, and it has never occurred to him, that the beetle finds as great a pang as when a giant dies. He has never been led to bestow a thought on the subject of "corporal sufferance." If he is cruel, it is from thoughtlessness and ignorance, like a child, not from actual pleasure in cruelty, like a savage. The bull-fight is not the only proof of this. Most travellers in Spain must have been shocked many a time at the manner in which they have seen animals of all sorts treated, from the horses and mules of the diligence, to the wretched poultry carried to market hung in bunches, and flung about as if they were some tough and hardy species of vegetable; and perhaps the commonest toy which the parents of Spain put into the hands of their children is a live bird, to be taken to pieces as if it were a puzzle, or a dissected map.

Easter Island.

RAPA-NUI, or Easter Island, as it is more commonly called, is a solitary island in the midst of the eastern part of the Pacific Ocean, in lat. $27^{\circ} 10'$ S. and long. $109^{\circ} 26'$ W. It is about $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and so far out of the ordinary track of vessels, that but little is known of it. Cook visited the island in 1772, remaining there a few days to examine the colossal statues which Roggewin, the Dutch navigator, had seen, but which no one had hitherto closely inspected. At first sight, the island presents a barren appearance; not a tree is to be seen, and, save the few spots planted with sweet potato and sugar-cane, forming green patches, all is covered with sun-dried grass. On the western side lies Cook's Bay, where our great navigator anchored. It is opposite this bay that the native village of Angaroa lies, just above a small sandy beach; close to the sea are two buildings belonging to the mission, and beyond these are the huts of the natives, about a hundred in number. They are built of grass and reeds, of an oval shape, something like a boat bottom up, and are not more than six feet high, with a small square hole for an entrance.

It is only within the last three years that the missionaries have effected a landing, whites having always been repulsed by the natives. The first who arrived led a life of slavery for a year, but through his perseverance and industry all the savages have become Christianised; lately he has been joined by two others. The natives now number not more than six hundred men and three hundred women. Their dress consists, in most cases, of a girdle round their loins, sometimes with the addition of a piece of cloth hanging loosely over their shoulders. In their former savage state they wore large head-dresses made of birds' feathers; they also had necklaces of shells strung on a piece of thread. Their food consists of sweet potato and sugar-cane; the only animal food they have at present is the flesh of rats, but sheep and poultry have lately been added to their stock, and fowls have greatly increased. Water is very scarce, there not being a stream on the island anywhere; the supply is obtained from pools of rain-water formed in the beds of the craters, of which there are three. The largest volcano, Teranokau, is about two miles from the village; its circular crater is about 1,700 yards across at the top, 1,400 yards at the bottom, and about 500 feet deep; the bottom is perfectly flat, covered with reeds and moss, and containing the pools where the natives get their water; the sides slope evenly down to the bottom, though rather steeply, and are covered with vegetation. The other two volcanoes are situated at each extremity of the island. The crater of Ototo-iti at the bottom is about 300 yards in diameter, and is occupied by a pool of water, on one side of which are several of the gigantic images, some standing erect, others fallen down. The features are generally well chiselled; the largest one measures fourteen feet from the top of the head to the chin, nine feet across the shoulders, and eighty feet long. Outside the crater there are also a great number of images; in fact, there are quantities strewn about all over the island, but nowhere in such numbers as at Ototo-iti. It is generally supposed that these images were constructed at a remote period by some former inhabitants of, possibly, a different race; the subject offers, indeed, an interesting problem to the ethnologist. The soil of this remote island, though light, is fertile, and the climate is healthy.

South Polar Lands and the Transit of Venus.

THE necessity of observing the transit of the planet Venus over the sun in 1882, from a station in a high southern latitude—nearer the pole, in fact, than 72° —is already beginning to excite discussion and action among astronomers and geographers. The Astronomer Royal opened the subject in a paper read before the Astronomical Society three months ago, and it has been taken up by Commander Davis (a member of Sir J. Ross's memorable expedition of 1839-43), and discussed at a meeting of the Geographical Society on the 22nd of February. On the accurate observation of the time of the planet's ingress on the sun's disc and egress from it, at stations as wide apart as possible on the surface of the earth, depends the accuracy of the astronomer's calculation of our distance from the sun; and the choice of stations, of course, is limited to those parts of the earth where the sun is sufficiently above the horizon at the hours of occurrence of the phenomenon (between 2 hrs. 5 min. and 3 hrs. 2 min., Greenwich mean solar time), and to areas of land having a climate likely to ensure clear skies for the observation. Two transits of the planet take place in a century; the two occurring at an interval of eight years. The first of these now approaching is on December 8th, 1874, and the second on December 6th, 1882. In the transit of 1874, the position of the planet and sun is such that the method of observing it from two widely distant stations, so as to secure the widest difference of parallax, cannot be carried out, owing to the required stations being in mid-ocean; but in 1882 it happens that the points suitable for the observation, at either side of the earth, are on land; one being in the northern part of North America, and the other on the shores of the south polar continent. The enormous difficulty of approaching this land of perpetual ice and snow, and the little that is known of it, give rise to doubts in the minds of the Astronomer Royal whether the observations, so ardently desired by all men of science, will be carried out. One of the positions suggested by him is Sabrina Land, a tract of the polar continent discovered by Balleny, in 1839, and lying due south of Western Australia. But our knowledge of this portion of the land, and of Terre Adelie, a little further east, discovered by Dumont d'Urville, is of the most shadowy nature. They were not visited by Ross; and Commander Davis believes the coast there to trend east and west, backed by a range of high lands which would intercept the view of the sun, so little elevated above the horizon at the time of the transit, from observers on the shores. Another desirable station is Possession Island, much farther south, on which Ross's expedition landed. This high latitude could not be reached from Van Dieman's Land or New Zealand (one of which must be the starting-point) in time to erect the observatory the same summer, so that the party of savans must be landed the previous summer, and pass a winter in these desolate regions. The islands off the coast abound in penguins, but the whole region lies almost beyond the zone of vegetable life, a few scanty lichens alone covering the rocks laid bare by the brief summer thaw. Such an expedition, of course, must be a Government undertaking, and whether it is to become a reality or not depends on the expressed desire of the British public that so noble an enterprise be carried out.



THE GATE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

Notes on Spain.—V.

GENERAL VIEW OF SPANISH SCENERY—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PENINSULA, ITS PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY AND STRUCTURE—MOUNTAIN CHAINS—THE CITIES—CAPITALS PAST AND PRESENT—INLAND, COAST, AND MOORISH CITIES.

THE scenery and cities of Spain constitute too large a portion of the attractions that entice travellers across the Pyrenees to be passed over without a note; though it must be confessed, to judge by the impressions they seem in a majority of cases to have produced, their title to rank high among the attractions is not, in the estimation of travellers, a very strong one. The commonest verdict about the scenery is, that it is dreary, savage, and monotonous; and that about the towns is, in effect, much to the same purpose; that, picturesque as they are, there is a sameness in their picturesqueness, and, with much that is in the highest degree noble in architecture, a large proportion of what is mean and commonplace. That there is a good deal of truth in this statement of the case cannot be denied; but, if the result is disappointment, it is, as we have before pointed out, because in the case of Spain especially people expect to find as a general rule that which is and must be exceptional. A slight glance at the physical geography of the Spanish peninsula will explain how it comes that, while some speak in raptures of the grand mountain scenery, and the richness and verdure of the plains and valleys, others seem to have had no experience but of the "tawny Spain" of the poet, a vast Sahara of bare, burnt-up steppes. Looking at any tolerably well-executed map of Spain and Portugal, and at a proper distance for generalisation, it will be seen that the framework, or rather the skeleton, on which the mass of the peninsula hangs, is, roughly speaking, a T-shaped structure; the horizontal part being the Pyrenees and their continuation, the long range that under various names runs parallel to the Bay of Biscay and terminates in the

north-western corner, in Galicia; the stem, or down stroke, being represented by an irregular mountain chain, which branches off from the other a little beyond the point where the Pyrenees proper end, and, with many bends, but on the whole a due south direction, runs down to the Mediterranean. This latter is the backbone of Spain, and the watershed of the streams that flow into the Atlantic on one side and into the Mediterranean on the other. It varies considerably in height, at one part rising, according to some measurements, to almost 9,000 feet, in the Moncayo near the junction of Old Castile, Navarre, and Arragon, while in others it is not much more than a third of that height. It is, however, rather a central ridge than a mountain range rising above the surface of the country, for, in many places on the eastern side and most on the western, the ground slopes away with a gentle declivity; so that, if it were possible to take a bird's-eye or balloon view of the entire peninsula, it would be seen to resemble somewhat the roof of a house, or an open book lying face downwards on a table. It will be observed, also, that this range or ridge divides the peninsula into two very unequal proportions; that while on the western side the Atlantic coast descends in a line parallel with the ridge, on the eastern the Mediterranean coast-line inclines inwards towards it, and meets it at the south-eastern angle at the Cabo de Gata. Thus there is a square on the left-hand side of the T, and a triangle on the right; consequently, the declivity on the right, or east, side is greater towards the lower angle of the triangle than that on the other side, and the warm winds and clouds coming from the Mediterranean are soon intercepted, and as they rise to cross the

barrier are robbed of their moisture, which falls back towards the coast. Hence it is in this angle that we find the garden of Spain, that luxuriant strip of country that extends from Murcia up to Catalonia, in vegetation the richest and most varied tract in Europe, where everything seems to flourish, the date-palm, the pomegranate, the carob, the aloe, and the cactus, as well as the plants and fruit trees more properly belonging to the temperate zone. To this strip may be added what in reality is its continuation—the narrow border running westwards to Malaga. For, though for clearness sake we have described the stem of the T as ending at the Cabo de Gata, it in truth bends to the left and finishes in a becoming flourish with the lordly Sierra Nevada, the Ronda mountains, and Gibraltar.

With the other, the western side of the ridge, the case is very different. There the winds from the Mediterranean arrive desiccated in their ascent; while those which come from the Atlantic have to travel some hundred of miles up-hill, shedding their moisture as they go. Portugal takes heavy toll of them as they pass, and consequently Spain is left high and dry. There is, therefore, stretching across the peninsula nearly from north to south a broad belt of the most rainless country in Europe, except perhaps some parts of Russia. Nature having done so much, man has given a helping hand. The Spaniard's carelessness and even dislike of trees has denuded the mountain side of the forests which, as we can see by the samples left on the Guadarrama Sierra and on one or two other spots, have once covered them more or less completely. There are no sponges to retain, no reservoirs to catch and gradually distribute such rain as does fall, and it can only roll off the pent-house roof by those great natural gutters, the Douro, the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquivir. Those rivers themselves, indeed, tell the story plainly enough. They suggest a life alternating between drought and flood; for the most part, either wandering over vast expanses of gravel, or else rolling along between steep high banks, in deep troughs cut by the force of rushing waters. So it comes that, while on the one side there is a rich moist country teeming with vegetable life in every form, on the other there is a country, not indeed barren, for it yields corn, wine, and oil in abundance, but parched and bare to the eye, with little vegetation except wheat, vines, and olives, a true "Belad-el-jard," a dry and stripped country. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that a traveller crossing the middle of the peninsula from north to south might count the trees he will pass between the Bidassoa and the Bay of Cadiz; or at least from the moment when, issuing from the Pyrenean defiles, he leaves behind the green woody Basque country, and enters upon the genuine tawny Spain by the plain of Vittoria, until, approaching the sea, he comes within sight of the hills of Jerez. Beyond Valladolid he will see some stone-pines, with their round green heads dotting the great yellow expanse across which the railway stretches. Turning a corner of the Guadarrama mountains, he comes upon a few stunted firs together with some masses of more refreshing foliage about the Escorial. Madrid has some instances of what, for the nonce, may pass for trees, in the Royal Park, in the Buen Retiro, and along the line of the Prado; but there is not one between it and that patch of greenery at Aranjuez, about which the Spaniards (and who can blame them?) brag as if there were no other trees and water in the universe, and in which they revel, wallow, one may say, like the hippopotamus in his tank. And then, except for an evergreen oak or elm or two on the

sides of the Sierra Morena, there are no more all the way across La Mancha and through Andalusia, down the valley of the Guadalquivir. There are, to be sure, plenty of olives along the banks of "that sweet river," as Lord Byron called it. It is, in sober truth, about the most monotonous, muddy, and generally ugly stream in Europe, and at Seville—where Don Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont—usually the reverse of sweet. But, "such tricks hath strong imagination," that it gives "deep blue eyes" to the peasant girls of the Rhine; mounts the picadors at the bull-fight on "gallant steeds;" and sends out the corse of the bull "piled high" upon a "decorated car." Olives, however, cannot be allowed to count as trees; and, not counting them, all the trees the traveller will see on either side of the road during that journey of about 750 miles might be enclosed within the limits of Kensington Gardens without overcrowding.

The secondary mountain chains must not, however, be omitted in the bird's-eye view. Of these, it will be seen, there are four, branching off from the central stem in a westerly or rather south-westerly direction, and dividing the slope into as many compartments. The first is the great Castilian chain which springs from the Moncayo above-mentioned, and under the various names of the Guadarrama, Gredos, Bejar, Gata, and Estrella Sierras, divides Old Castile from New, the province of Salamanca from Estremadura, and crosses Portugal to the Atlantic. The next is the range made up of the Sierras of Toledo and Guadalupe, separating the basin of the Tagus from that of the Guadiana. Then comes the long line of Sierra Morena between the Guadiana and the Guadalquivir, and forming the northern boundary of Andalusia; and, lastly, there is that compound chain which, as we said before, is more properly the termination of the main ridge than a branch from it, the Sierra Nevada, the Sierra Tejada, and the confused mountain mass of the Serrania of Ronda.

Of these, the three first are crossed in the course of the journey described above, but the passage affords but little true mountain scenery. The old road from Valladolid, across the Guadarrama, by Segovia and San Ildefonso, rising in zigzags through the great pine forest, and topping the barrier at one of its grandest and boldest parts, had in this respect a great advantage over the modern railway line, which, taking advantage of the dislocations of the chain, merely winds along slopes strewn with granite blocks, and lands the traveller in front of the Escorial without having given him any one of the sensations due to the crossing of a great mountain range. The truth is that, though the positive elevation of these mountains is very considerable—the culminating point of this portion, the Peñalara, is said to be 8,500 feet, and is, probably, not much less—their height relatively to the plain or slope out of which they rise is not great. The town of Avila, a little beyond which the railway begins the ascent, is already some 3,500 feet above the sea level, two or three hundred feet higher than Chamouni; and the Escorial on the other side, where the plateau of New Castile commences, is very little lower, so that there is here very little elevation to be got over. Further on to the west the chain does indeed assume the features of a lofty mountain range, where, while the plain slopes away towards the sea, the mountains rise in height, reaching, in the Picos de Gredos and Sierra de Bejar, to about 10,000 feet, and, though not actually snow-capped, preserving snow in considerable quantities all the year round. It is the

same with the other chains. Indeed, at the point where the high road to Andalusia and the railroad pass it, the elevation of the second of the four above-mentioned ranges is not even perceptible to the eye. Far away to the right the Toledo Sierra may be seen, but here the mountains, to use the expressive phrase of French physical geography, "*s'effacent peu à peu dans le grand plateau*," and there is nothing to mark the line of their ridge but a few gentle undulations that are not even hills. The passage of the Sierra Morena by the fine wild gorge of the Despeñaperros is certainly not deficient in grandeur, but the pass is not on such a scale as to enable the traveller to realise the fact that he is crossing a mountain barrier some 6,000 feet high. Even the Sierra Nevada itself, the loftiest of all the Spanish mountains, and, next to the Alps, of all the mountains in Europe, fails to convey a true idea of its height, for the elevation of the Vega of Granada, from which it is usually seen, robs it of about 2,500 feet of its stature.

It will be seen, therefore, that the traveller passing through the heart of Spain by the ordinary beaten track will see little to justify the eulogiums he has heard passed on Spanish scenery, and much to confirm any previous ideas he may have had about the bareness, bleakness, and monotony of the country. Not that there is not a certain grim grandeur about these vast lifeless plains. To the eye accustomed to the green rolling landscapes of England there is even a kind of charm, for a time at least, in the boundless, treeless, tanned expanses of Central Spain. For varied scenery he must extend his wanderings, and penetrate into the nooks and corners of the peninsula; for, though Spain is, after Switzerland, the most mountainous country in Europe—being, as we have already shown, properly all one mountain—the Spanish mountains are not like the Swiss. They do not come to meet the tourist wherever he may choose to wander; if he wants them he must do as Mohammed did. The search will frequently be attended with some degree of personal inconvenience, and perhaps it is, on the whole, a quest in which those who have an insuperable repugnance to what is generally understood by the phrase "roughing it," had better abstain from engaging. But any one who can endure occasional rough travelling and rough lodging will find abundant compensation. The Spanish side of the Pyrenees, for instance, is in many respects better worth the attention of the lover of mountain scenery than the French. The differences between the two sides are very considerable. The Spanish is much less wooded than the French, nor have the valleys so much of that deep ravine-like character which prevails on the north. The "cirque" formation also, which in two or three places is such a striking feature in the scenery of the French Pyrenees, is hardly at all represented on the Spanish side. On the other hand, the mountain forms are much bolder and more imposing, the valleys grander and more tortuous, and the views more extensive. Besides which, it is on the Spanish side that the highest summits of the Pyrenees are found, rising out of spurs which project southwards from the main chain, and here also are to be found all the glaciers that deserve the name, that of the Vignemale excepted.

The prolongation of the Pyrenees to the westward, by what is sometimes called the Cantabrian chain, contains also some of the finest scenery in Spain. The mountains are indeed less elevated, approaching the height of only 10,000 feet in one or two places, as in the Picos de Europa, between Santander and Oviedo, and consequently have no snow or glacier beauties to

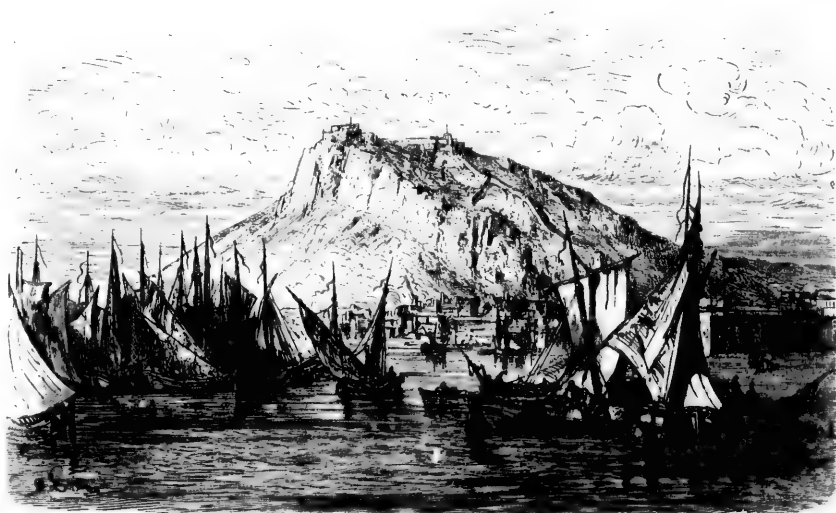
boast of. But they abound with glens and valleys of a beauty equal to, if not surpassing, that of those belonging to the Pyrenees proper, and their proximity to the sea has in most parts clothed their sides with a wonderfully rich and varied foliage. The narrow strip of country lying along the shore of the Bay of Biscay, and made up of the Basque provinces, Santander, the Asturias, and Galicia, is in fact in some degree the complement of that other strip above-mentioned, stretching along the Mediterranean coast, and the same causes have produced the same effects, the difference being that due to the difference of latitude, and of Atlantic and Mediterranean influences. In the one case we have date palms, pomegranates, and carobs; in the others, oak and walnuts, apples and pears. On the one side the gardens of Damascus; on the other the hills of Devonshire. The passage, too, from this coast country into the interior illustrates what has been already said about the structure and features of Central Spain. The high road, for instance, from Oviedo to Leon mounts up-hill for about five and twenty miles to the Puerto de Pajares, the latter part ascending by zig-zags, like those of the Simplon or St. Gothard, and all, except the last thousand feet or so, through a richly-wooded country. Arrived at the puerto the traveller sees spread out before him, and almost on a level with him, the vast plain of Leon, stretching away apparently to infinity—a great yellow expanse without a sign of verdure, except some lines of poplars in the far distance, which mark the site of the city of Leon. There are a few miles of very gradual descent, and then commences the great plateau, or rather slope, of Central Spain. The Castilian chain, though not uniformly a grand mountain range, has here and there its intervals of grandeur, as above San Ildefonso, and further on in the neighbourhood of Bejar and Plasencia. In the main ridge of the Peninsula there is at least one portion affording scenery of a high order; that intricate knot of mountains in the Cuenca district, about half way between Madrid and Valencia in a straight line, where the Tagus takes it rise. But perhaps, on the whole, the grandest and most varied mountain scenery in Spain is in the lower part, the westerly bend formed by the Sierra Nevada and its continuation to the Straits of Gibraltar. Indeed, the whole of upper Andalusia, the region included by the old Moorish kingdom of Jaen and Granada, is a rugged highland country, a fit stronghold for a race of mountaineers like the Berbers; and in this respect it presents a strong contrast to the flat dreary plains of Cordova and Seville. Fine as is the view of the Sierra Nevada from Granada, it gives no idea of the scenery that lies hidden in its inmost recesses, among the precipices overhanging the glacier source of the Genil, and in the wild valleys of the Alpujarras, where eternal snow glitters above, while below lies the blue Mediterranean, fringed with the vegetation of the tropics. Here, and in the range that runs on to Malaga, and in that wonderful network of mountains, the Serrania of Ronda, is some of the finest mountain scenery, not only in Spain, but in Europe; scenery, too, of a sort that has no other example in Europe, for it is here that "Europe and Africa on each other gaze," and there is in these mountains a distinct reflection of the rich glow, as well as of the fierceness and savageness of Africa.

The summary we have given will perhaps serve to show what travellers who adhere to the beaten tracks have to expect in the way of scenery, and also, to some extent, what there is to be seen by those who choose to diverge from them. A word

or two must now be devoted to the cities of Spain, considered from the same summary or bird's-eye point of view. Madrid is, of course, for many reasons, the city of Spain of which foreigners see most, and from which they take most of their impressions about Spanish towns, and it is unfortunate that it should be so. It is not merely that the capital is not a good representative Spanish town. That may be said of Barcelona, for instance. But if Barcelona is not strictly Spanish in aspect, it is thoroughly Catalan, and full of distinctive character; while Madrid is wholly characterless, being, in fact, a kind of general town, very much like the coat of the modern Mediterranean, in which you have the French cut imitated in Spanish materials by a Spanish tailor. There is nothing dignified, picturesque, venerable, or even respectable about Madrid. From a distance,

possessing a capital as noble in site as in pedigree. The present little city on its rocky peninsula would of course have been insufficient, but it would have made a magnificent citadel or arx, while half the development that has been thrown away upon Madrid would have sufficed to supplement it with the most grandly planted city in Europe. With that bold curve of beetling rock sweeping round it on the south crowned with buildings, the gorge between spanned by lofty bridges, the glorious cathedral cleared of the incrustations that have formed round and hide its base, and for a royal palace the great Alcazar towering high above the Tagus, Toledo would have made a capital that Spain would have gloried in and Europe envied.

The true capital, however, of the Peninsula would, of course, have been Lisbon, had the union with Portugal lasted.



ALICANTE.

indeed, and from one or two points of view, such as that on the north side, where the Royal Palace and Park form the foreground of the picture, the city does look rather imposing. A stranger, too, is apt to be taken at first by the famous Puerta del Sol and the Calle de Alcalá and the Carrera de San Geronimo, about which there is at first sight a certain kind of stateliness, and perhaps he will think the line of the Prado, all things considered, a very fair imitation of the Champs Elysées. But he will probably find in the end a strong flavouring of the commonplace pervading these and the other more ambitious efforts of Madrid at metropolitan magnificence. There is, to be sure, one portion of the city which will find favour in the eye of the artist, the fine old Plaza Mayor, the Calle de Toledo, and one or two of the older streets in that neighbourhood; but, in general, the back streets of Madrid are mean as the great thoroughfares and aristocratic parts are commonplace. Most people who visit Toledo after Madrid will lament the fickleness or wilfulness of Charles V. that robbed Spain of the chance of

Toledo has the advantages of a central position, prestige, historical associations, venerable antiquity, and a lordly site; but all these would scarcely have counterbalanced the commanding situation of Lisbon and its land-locked port, where all the navies of the world might ride within a cable's length of the city. Valladolid is another of the ex-capitals of Spain, but without any of the claims of Toledo. It is, however, immensely superior to Madrid, even in situation, which is its weakest point. Valladolid is a good specimen of the genuine old Spanish city—the city of the central provinces; a city which has everywhere about it an unmistakable air of having seen better days, by no means melancholy, only grave, and without much light-hearted display in the way of colour or elaborate architectural ornamentation. Of these the old Spanish cities are somewhat sparing, as far as their own private adornment is concerned, being, for the most part, massive and severe rather than light or graceful in architecture; but they bestow it freely on the Church, as may be seen in the cases of Burgos, Leon,



PALM GROVES OF ELCHE, NEAR ALICANTE.

Salamanca, Avila, and Segovia. Cadiz and the Mediterranean coast cities, Malaga, Alicante, Valencia, and Barcelona, wear a very different aspect, partly owing to the difference of climate, partly to commerce, which has kept them free from the rust that has settled upon the old-fashioned towns of the interior. They are brighter and more lively, more cosmopolitan in style, and less stately, sombre, and dignified. Another group of cities, distinct from both of these, is that of the Moorish cities of Andalusia, of which the best representatives are, perhaps, the capitals of the four kingdoms, Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada. Here the prevailing tone is that of the true Oriental city, with its narrow winding streets, adapted to the wants of pedestrians and horsemen only, and full of contrivances to keep out the rays of the sun and the prying eyes of humanity, with awnings overhead stretched from roof to roof, small jealous-looking grated windows, and narrow doors, through which, as

you pass, you catch a glimpse of the cool shady patio inside, with its shrubs and galleries. The chief architectural ornaments of these cities are, of course, chiefly Spanish. The crowning ornament of Seville, it is true, is the beautiful minaret of the Giralda, which now does duty as the belfry of the cathedral; but the Moors rarely bestowed any pains upon the outside of their buildings. To look at the studiously unpromising exterior of the great mosque at Cordova, or of the Alhambra, the tower of Comares, and the Casa Real, no one unused to the ways of Moorish architects could suspect the existence of the world of beauty that lies inside. A description of these, however, does not belong to our plan. A score of books, not to speak of the exhaustive pages of Ford, have made every reader familiar with the relics of Moorish art scattered through Andalusia; and our object has been merely to give a general view of Spain and of some of the *Cosas de España*.

Overland Route to the Pacific through British America.

THE approach towards completion of the United States trunk line of railway across the continent, to connect New York with San Francisco, naturally draws attention to the facilities for a similar inter-oceanic route on British soil. The territories lying between the new dominion of Canada and British Columbia have been subjected to a succession of scientific surveys for that purpose, and the Inter-colonial line, now in the hands of the contractors, will form no inconsiderable portion of such a line. The Inter-colonial (with its continuation, the Grand Trunk, now running) will establish railway communication between the Atlantic and the Great Lakes. Thus the traveller, landing at Halifax, will find himself within a day's distance of Ottawa, the political capital of the Canadian Confederation. Arriving at Ottawa, he may now, under present arrangements, proceed on to Chicago by Grand Trunk; and thence to the shores of the Pacific by the United States line, whose completion is promised within the present year. Of course, it is a question for consideration whether this combination of Canadian and United States lines of railway, now or very soon to be in complete working order, would not seem sufficient, for a period, for communication between our Atlantic and Pacific settlements, as well as for such through traffic across the American continent as we may need for China, Japan, and our own Australasian colonies. However, as the practicability of an overland route, purely on British soil, has been the subject of much discussion, we devote a few words to the geographical features of the country lying between Ottawa and the British portion of the Pacific seaboard. The general opinion appears to be in favour of such a route breaking off from existing railway lines at Ottawa. A still longer adherence to the Grand Trunk system has been suggested, but without attaining much general concurrence.

Proceeding due west from Ottawa, we reach, at about 200 miles' distance, the boundaries of the new dominion, and enter upon the vast territories of the Hudson's Bay Company. These 200 miles lie through the least inviting portion of the whole of the British Confederation. This belt of country,

known under the title of the Laurentides, and which, from its geological formation, has added a well-known name to the science (the Laurentian formation), commences with the northern shores of the St. Lawrence, proceeds for some distance in a westerly course, and then sweeps round towards the north, in the direction of the Polar regions, finally entering within the Arctic Circle. It presents a rugged, infertile surface, broken into countless watery wastes of lake, pool, and marsh. In the great abundance of most excellent agricultural and pastoral lands lying on each side of it, there is little probability of the belt of the Laurentides being the scene of any immediate settlement. They are rich, however, in mineral wealth, which, as they form the northern shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, now finds its way to the Atlantic seaboard by water communication. This traffic a railway route would, doubtless, divert into its own channel. For their own sakes, however, the Laurentides are very unlikely to call for railway communication, and their probability of obtaining it must depend on other and ulterior inducements. Beyond the Laurentides we are upon the chartered territory of the Hudson's Bay Company. The boundaries between company and colony have never been very clearly defined. The original charter of Charles II., granting to "the Company of Adventurers of England" this portion of the American continent, conferred upon them "all lands watered by streams flowing into Hudson's Bay." Now the whole of the continent to the north of the United States boundary line forms a continuous network of streams, lakes, and springs, more or less connected with and flowing into each other. Accordingly, an extreme interpretation of the Company's title might cause it to overlie the whole of British territory; and, at periods, such an interpretation was certainly put upon the charter; and, as practical assertion of it, the "forts" and "houses" of the Company are still to be found in various portions of the new dominion, from whence they stretch to the shores of the Pacific and its islands. The resumption by the Crown, however, of such prodigious slices as Vancouver

Island and British Columbia from the Company's hunting grounds, and their erection into British colonies in 1838, have established a precedent for Parliamentary interference. The Company now intimates its willingness to cede the whole of its remaining possessions for fair compensation, and the determining this compensation, with its mode of payment, is understood to be the only impediment to throwing open the whole soil of British America to colonisation.

Proceeding 500 miles north-west through the Company's territory, the confines of Red River settlement are reached, on which it is necessary to say a few words. After leaving the Laurentides behind, the whole aspect of the country begins to assume an appearance of fertility and attractiveness. With the Red River settlement we enter on the great fertile belt, which presents so marked a contrast to the regions to the north and south of it. On the south there is the arid midland desert of the United States, on the north the tract of "strong woods," marsh grounds, and ice-bound morasses, which thence stretches to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. This fertile belt consists of a rich, deep vegetable mould, in which most beautiful prairie country alternates with the finest English park scenery. The chief drawback to Red River colonisation has been the labour and expense of communication with the seaboard settlements, under which this singular little community, originally planted in the heart of the continent by the Earl of Selkirk, with the hardy inhabitants of the Orkney and Shetland Isles, on territory purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company, has languished now for some half century. Canadian communication cannot be said to exist at all, and, hitherto, dealings have been with the United States by way of Minnesota. There are vast wheat lands and illimitable pasture plains; but, in the absence of markets, the farmer has been obliged to burn his superabundant crops, and cattle increase to very little purpose. A bush track is now in course of construction from Canada to Red River settlement, which will confer considerable advantages on its inhabitants. These advantages would, of course, be increased beyond measure by railway communication with the seaboard.

From Red River settlement the fertile belt proceeds at an average breadth of 200 miles until it strikes the base of the Rocky Mountain range; throughout its progress it is readily available for an inter-oceanic route. At its western extremity it undergoes a further extension toward the north, throughout the large district drained by the Peace River and its tributaries. Though lying in higher latitudes, this extension of the fertile belt preserves all its chief characteristics of fertility, salubrity, and highly picturesque appearance. Hitherto, however, its distance from the farthest advance of settlement, in the heart of a vast continent, has left its solitudes untouched, save by the explorer and the servants of the Company. With the discovery of the Cariboo gold mines in British Columbia, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, the capabilities of the Peace River district for settlement to supply the Cariboo markets was considerably discussed; but as yet no appearance of colonisation has been the result. With the Rocky Mountain range, the termination of the Hudson's Bay Company's possessions is reached, and we enter on British Columbia.

At the base of the Rocky Mountain range, commence in earnest, as may be readily supposed, the real difficulties of an inter-oceanic railway route. The range rises abruptly from the plain on its Canadian side, and no actual break or gap exists in its stupendous wall. The various passes hitherto from time

to time discovered, are either mere depressions of the culminating ridge, or long, tortuous, intricate, and sunless gorges, through which the various streams of the range, after sweeping through several hundred miles of mountain valley, bend their courses to the great chartered territory below. The former of these two kinds, or passes proper, are all more or less steep in their own incline, several miles long, and not free from a considerable depth of snow during six or eight months of the year. The United States route is somewhat fortunate in its pass, for, though attaining to a high elevation (7,000 feet above sea level), yet the rise is so gradual as to be unperceived by the traveller until he reaches the highest point. No such pass has been found to exist on British territory, where, though the elevations are generally less, the incline is more rapid. The Peace River Pass, though the nearest to the Cariboo gold field, is protracted and toilsome, and has long been regarded as the most difficult of all the "portages" to be surmounted by the servants of the Company in their frequent intercourse between its Atlantic and Pacific hunting grounds. Of the various other passes, which late explorations have brought to light, opinion appears to be generally in favour of the Yellow Head Pass, in lat. $52^{\circ} 54'$. It is the most considerable gap yet discovered in the range, rising only to the height of 3,760 feet; and there are other considerations in its favour which we shall endeavour to explain as briefly as possible.

Having crossed the range, the great question remains—what portion of the Pacific coast are we to direct our steps to? The port of New Westminster, the capital of the colony, might appear, at first sight, the most desirable. A slight examination, however, of the territories on which we have now entered, will be found not to bear out this view. British Columbia possesses a Pacific seaboard of 500 miles long, in a direction nearly due north and south. The Fraser, on the banks of which New Westminster stands, discharges its waters at the extreme southern extremity; the bulk of the population, all the mining activity, and much, it would appear, of the agricultural resources of the settlement, lie toward its northern extremity. A route from Yellow Head Pass, or any other neighbouring pass, to New Westminster, could not be accomplished under 600 miles. A route from Yellow Head Pass to the nearest Pacific port of the settlement need not exceed 200 miles. But this is very far from all the disadvantages under which New Westminster labours. In the first place, its site is fifteen miles from the mouth of the Fraser, which at its entrance is not free from shifting banks and shoals; and though New Westminster could be made accessible to the ordinary coasting trade at no very considerable expenditure of labour and capital, yet it would always remain objectionable as a port for the great ocean-going vessels, with which, it may be reasonably expected, the Pacific will, at no very distant period, be amply furnished. In the second place, the nature of the country from the shores of the Pacific to the culminating ridge of the Rocky Mountains is not favourable to such a route, while highly suggestive of shortening all unnecessary distances. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any very satisfactory means of communication could be opened between New Westminster and the interior, either for steam or horse power. Midway between coast and range runs a secondary range, known as the Cascade Range. The land rises abruptly from the seaboard until the summit of the Cascade Range is reached, beyond which there is a level and fertile plain to the foot of the Rocky

Mountains. A desirable pass through the Cascade Range appeared even more difficult of attainment than a Rocky Mountain pass; and certainly none is known to exist as far south as the latitude of New Westminster. The most feasible pass hitherto discovered is that known as the Chilcoatin Pass,

traced by Mr. A. Waddington, now representing the interests of British Columbia in this country. The Chilcoatin Pass leads by a level valley to the head of Bute Inlet, on the Pacific, eighty-four miles distant. Bute Inlet is very favourably spoken of as an ocean port.



A JAPANESE GOVERNOR.

A European Sojourn in Japan.

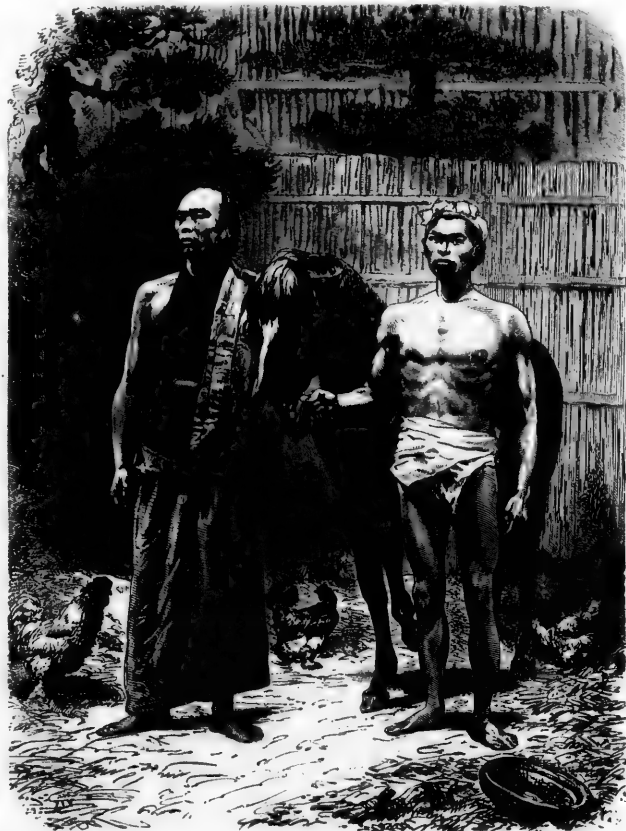
FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

At daybreak, on the 26th of April, 1863, on board the Dutch corvette, *Vice-Admiral Koopman*, I caught sight of the six small mountainous islands which look like outposts of the Gulf of Yeddo. One of them, Myakésima, is remarkable for a lofty and broad peak covered with perpetual snow. The sun soon rose on the horizon, and presented, through the sea fog, the appearance of the crimson globe, which, depicted on a white ground, forms the national arms of Japan. Its first rays lighted up the point of Cape Idsu, on the mainland of Nippon, on the larboard, while, on the north-east, we saw the smoke ascending from the two craters of the island of Ohosima. The town of Simoda, at the extremity of a little bay in the promontory of Idsu, is the first, but least important, of the seats of commerce which is met in ascending the Gulf of

Yeddo. The Americans obtained permission from the Government to form a settlement here in 1854. Subsequently the roadstead was destroyed by an earthquake, and this town was not included in the treaty of 1858. Along the coast we perceived a number of fishing boats, and some larger vessels coming from Nippon and the surrounding islands. This animated picture presents a remarkable harmony of colouring; the sky is of a dazzling azure, and the sea, no longer of that dark blue colour which shows a great depth of water, is of a green shade, and possesses that peculiar limpidity which characterises the rocky coasts of Japan. The islands clothed in the brilliant foliage of spring, the dark brown rocks brightened by streaks of ochre, contrasting with the white sails of the native vessels, the snows of Myakésima, and the smoking crater of Ohosima,

combine to form a most charming picture. After passing the volcanic island, on which we observed wooded hills, and even some cultivated fields and villages, we doubled Cape Sagami and entered a narrow channel called the Uraga Canal. Uraga is the town which Commodore Perry visited with his squadron in 1853. The American envoy explained the object of his mission to the delegates of the Japanese government,

and the western world. The recollection of this successful mission is preserved in the names of the various places which we passed. Above Uraga is Susquehanna Bay; opposite, on the eastern coast, there is Cape Saratoga; and higher up, on the western side, Mississippi Bay; these three names being those of the principal vessels which formed the American squadron. Perry and Webster Islands, on the west coast,



JAPANESE GROOMS (BÊTOS).

and gave them a letter for the Tycoon, with which the President of the United States had entrusted him, informing them at the same time that he would return for an answer the following year. On his second visit, in 1854, he resisted the attempts of the governor of Uraga to detain him before that port, and pressed on with his squadron towards Yeddo; but not wishing to outrage the national susceptibilities, he cast anchor eight miles to the south of the capital. Six weeks later, on the 31st of March, 1854, he signed the treaty of Kanagawa, which inaugurated new relations between Japan

and the western world. The recollection of this successful mission is preserved in the names of the various places which we passed. Above Uraga is Susquehanna Bay; opposite, on the eastern coast, there is Cape Saratoga; and higher up, on the western side, Mississippi Bay; these three names being those of the principal vessels which formed the American squadron. Perry and Webster Islands, on the west coast,

"the unparalleled mountain," an extinct volcano which rises to the height of 12,450 feet above the sea. It is about fifty nautical miles from the western coast of the bay, and completely isolated, with the exception of the chain of hills of Akoni at its base. It is almost impossible to describe the effect of this enormous, solitary pyramid, covered with snow. It gives an air of great solemnity to the landscapes of the Bay of Yeddo, which independently of this are of a sterner character than those of the gulf. This is caused by the closer proximity of the two shores, the slightly muddy appearance of the water, and the number of cedars, pines, and other gloomy-looking trees which crest the hills along the banks.

At last we doubled Treaty Point, a picturesque promontory, where the agreement was signed between Commodore Perry and the Tycoon's deputies; and then the town of Yokohama, extending along a marshy shore, and enclosed on the south and west by wooded hills, burst suddenly on our sight. About twenty ships of war and merchant vessels of various countries were riding in the harbour, nearly opposite the Frank quarter, which we recognised by its white houses and the flags of the various consulates. Some native junks were anchored at a little distance from the pier head and custom-house stores. We steamed slowly past the Japanese city, the houses in which, with the exception of some of the warehouses, are of wood, and appear to consist of only one storey above the ground-floor.

When we arrived at the Benteu quarter, situated at the end of the beach, and at the mouth of a large river, our vessel selected an anchorage near the Dutch legation, which was at that time the only European dwelling in that part of the native town. I disembarked the following morning, and my kind host, M. de Polsbroek, consul-general, installed me in the detached building which he occupied himself. The Dutch residence in Benteu was built by the Japanese government, which took advantage of the opportunity to solve an interesting international problem, namely, the suitability of native architecture to the wants of a civilised people. The principal building forms a long square composed of two high walls, with gables on the east and west, and two long, low side-fronts on the north and south. They are built partly of bricks and partly of wood and clay. A spacious wooden verandah, like those of the Swiss chalets, surrounds the north, east, and west sides, and is intersected at each front by a graceful portico leading to the garden. Every room in the house opens on this verandah with glass folding-doors, which take the place of windows. There are four of these doors on the east side, which is entirely occupied by the sitting-room, and eight on the north. The principal entrance is on the west front. It opens into a wide, lofty corridor, leading to the sitting-room, and communicating with the other apartments, which are all independent of each other, having each two doors, one opening into the corridor, and the other into the verandah. The south side contains the kitchen, pantry, cellar, and several bed-chambers and bath-rooms. The loftiness of the ceilings, and the size of the lobby and kitchen, secure a free circulation of air. The light is a good deal intercepted by the verandah; but this is remedied, to some extent, by the number of glass doors. Such was the ground-floor of our dwelling at Benteu; and, in fact, the whole of it, for the rest of the immense structure consisted of a com-

plicated roof, the framework of which was quite hollow, without garrets, attics, or skylights. The object of this style of architecture, peculiar to Japan, is to enable the largest buildings, such as temples and palaces, to resist the shocks of earthquakes and the frightful hurricanes known by the name of typhoons. A zigzag staircase ascends the outside of the roof on the south side, and leads to the top of the building, on which there is a terrace. From this airy observatory we have often watched the arrival of the packet with the European mail. And when the proverbial dilatoriness of the Japanese government has condemned us to whole months of inaction, we have ascended there, and imagined ourselves passengers on board a becalmed vessel. Yet, when we cast a glance upon the harbour, with its squadron of foreign ships, and on the European city in course of construction, we felt that the great work of opening Japan to the world was making a real, if slow progress.

The house which I have just described was inhabited by four persons only, the consul-general of the Netherlands, his chancellor, myself, and my Dutch secretary and interpreter; but we were surrounded by a colony of domestics and officials, located in several small houses which were scattered about the thickets in the garden. In one of these, close to our western portico, and which was inhabited by the constable of the consulate, I had established our little photographic studio, and a guard-room for the marines belonging to the Dutch station. At a little distance behind this building, there is a fireproof store, hermetically closed by iron doors and shutters. The porter's lodge is by the side of the gateway, in the strong fence which encloses the garden on all sides except that next the bay, where it is replaced by a bamboo-cane barrier, fixed horizontally above the water, and on a level with the terrace which extends along the shore. This gateway, which is painted black, the same as the fence, and ornamented with copper on the top of the principal pillars, contains three doors: a large double one in the centre, which is only opened for the master of the house and his guests and their visitors, and a small one on each side for the purveyors, native shopkeepers, and domestics. These are open all day, but closed at sunset. The chief porter, a worthy man, and the father of a family, exercises a sort of patriarchal authority over the other servants, and even in the neighbourhood generally. His lodge, in which tea, pipes, and tobacco are always ready, is the rendezvous for all the loungers and gossips in the Benteu quarter. This does not interfere with their duties being performed with an accuracy with which we must be satisfied in the extreme East. The functions of the porters, or monbans, as they are called in Japan, are not confined to guarding, opening, and closing the entrances confided to their care; they have to strike the hours, day and night, on gongs suspended at the door of their lodge; by which means they also announce the rank of the person visiting the residence, one stroke being given for a merchant or a citizen of the Frank quarter, two for an officer or interpreter, three for a consul, commander of a vessel, or Japanese governor, and four for a minister or admiral. The distance from the entrance-gate to the house allows time enough to prepare for the suitable reception of the visitor. Finally, the monban has to undertake the responsibility, either in person or through his assistants, of the night rounds, which are made twice an hour, around the

houses and through the alleys of the enclosure. The man who goes the round gives notice that he is passing, by striking three blows, one long and two short, with two square pieces of wood which he carries. In case of danger, he must give the alarm by striking rapidly on the gong.

Along the south side of the fence there is a succession of buildings and yards, carefully concealed behind thick trees. We first come to the laundry, which is managed by a Chinese laundryman; then to the stables, opposite to which are the houses occupied by the grooms or *bêto*, who are all Japanese. Each horse has his own *bêto*, who never loses sight of him; in fact, when any one goes out for a ride, no matter how long, the *bêto* runs before him or at his side, so as always to be in readiness, if required, to take charge of the animal. These hardy attendants form a regular corporation, with their special jurisdiction, whose chief enjoys the right of wearing a sword in the exercise of his office. These *bêtos* are generally of middle size, but well proportioned. They pass their lives in a state of almost entire nudity. When they accompany their masters, however, they wear sandals and a blue jacket of slight material, and a head-dress composed of a handkerchief of the same colour. One of our *bêtos* was married, and every morning at daybreak, seated beside the well, he threw pails of fresh water alternately over his wife, his children, his horse, and himself. Next to the stables comes the kennel, tenanted by a couple of greyhounds, a beagle, a watchdog, and a cur; then the poultry-yard, stocked with cocks, hens, geese, and ducks of the native breed. At last we come to the dwellings of the comprador, the cooks, and the *koskeis*. The first is what the Japanese call a Nankingsan—a man of Nankin, or merely, for shortness, a Nankin—that is to say, a Chinese. Our Nankin wore his national costume, and a plait of hair, of which he was very proud, for it reached almost to his knees. The functions of the comprador are similar to those of a steward, and these duties are generally entrusted by Europeans in the extreme East to Chinese, who have a talent for the kitchen, the pantry, and the market, and, it must be added, know how to take care of their perquisites. Our cooks were natives, and, under our superintendence, practised an ingenious culinary eclecticism, borrowed from the schools of Europe, India, China, and Japan. We had as butlers two Japanese called respectively Siden and Sariden, and a little Chinese belonging to the sect of the Taipings, who wore his hair long, and cut at the back of the head in the Malay fashion. He answered to the name of Rebelle. The great rebellion of the Taipings against the Manchu dynasty has created a traffic (through the open ports of China) in young boys and girls who have been carried off by the imperial troops or their allies from the insurgent districts which were given up to the sword and fire.

Thus it was that our little friend "Rebelle" passed from the hands of the Franco-Chinese legion into the market at Shanghai, and from thence to Japan. It happened one day that an express messenger from the French Legation, belonging to the African light infantry, was admitted to our dining-room to present a despatch. Immediately on seeing him Rebelle was seized with a fit of trembling, and quickly disappeared through the verandah door. The poor boy retained but one recollection of his childhood, which thrilled him with horror whenever a chance circumstance recalled it to his memory. It was that of

being in the midst of burning houses, when a man in red trousers appeared, who seized him in his arms and carried him away from his home and family.

The duties of valets-de-chambre are performed by the *koskeis*, who are all natives. Each inhabitant of the residence had his own *koskei*; mine was a young man of the name of Tô. Like most of the Japanese, he did not know his exact age, but it was evident that he still ranked amongst the youths, as the front of his head was not yet shaved to the top. Tô was gifted with considerable intelligence and lively humour; he was not inferior to our other Japanese in the silence and quietness with which he performed his duties; and he had the advantage of them in a superior education and a kind and lively disposition. It was from Tô that I received my first lesson in Japanese; he gave me the key to it in three words, and without his being at all aware of it. The method he made use of was quite philosophic. The operations of the mind may be resolved into three primary ones: enquiry, negation, and affirmation. As soon as one can express these three operations, the remainder is merely a question of vocabulary, and it only remains to store the memory with a selection of common words to be drawn upon when the occasion requires. We commenced with the enquiry, and I first learnt how to express "is there?" *arimaska*; then we passed on to negation, "there is not," *arimasai*; and lastly affirmation, "there is," *arimas*. Then we proceeded to the words which I was most likely to require, such as *Nippon*, Japan, Japanese; *tchi*, fire; *tcha*, tea; *ma*, a horse; *misu*, water; *funé*, a boat or ship; *kinkwa*, war, &c.; to which he added words which have become naturalised in the country, such as *Hollanda*, Dutch; *English*, English; *Frants*, French; *ministiro*, minister; *admiral*, admiral. I took every opportunity of practising my lesson. For instance, on my return from a walk, I ordered Tô to bring tea, saying, *Tcha arimaska*? he replied, *Arimas*, and immediately placed the refreshing beverage on the table. Hearing an alarm sounded on the gong, I inquired if there were a fire: *Tchi arimaska*? Tô answered, *Arimas*; and a little while after, when the fire had been subdued, he returned with the agreeable information, *Arimasi*. In the same way I would give him orders to put the water on the fire or to the tea; to call the *bêto*, and have my horse saddled; and on his part he would inform me whether it was the English mail which had just entered the harbour or a man-of-war, or if the Japanese ministers had gone on board the French admiral's vessel. I learned some new words every day, and our conversations became gradually extended.

I have now completed the list of people in our service, with the exception of the crew belonging to the consular sloop, which consisted of four rowers and their commander, who was as skilful in the use of the oars as his subalterns. The commander was a married man, and lived in a cottage on the shore; the rowers generally slept in the boat. These people form a distinct caste, and are called *Sendos*. This strange mixture of various classes and elements was not peculiar to our establishment, but is common in British India and the extreme east. In our age of freedom and industry we no longer attach countries to ourselves by mere visible force; on the contrary, we unite them to us by the ties of self-interest, by the interchange of commerce, or by rendering their labour remunerative. Too often, despite the principles professed by them, our representatives are guilty of acts equally unworthy with those permitted by the old system of slavery; still it

must be acknowledged that avarice and brutality have less share than formerly in the conquests of civilisation, and that never before has there been so much power and intelligence devoted to the cause of pure science, of social progress, and of Christian charity. To ignore this aspect of our contemporaneous history, even in a simple narrative, would be to exclude the most pathetic and characteristic points of interest which it presents.

That portion of the Japanese town of Yokohama called Benteu derives its name from a sea-goddess, who is worshipped in an island to the north-west of the Residence. Previous to the European settlement, this sacred locality was

surrounded only by a straggling village, composed of fishermen's and labourers' huts, and separated by a marsh from the equally small village of Yokohama. Now, however, quays, streets, and modern buildings cover the entire space between the foot of the Treaty promontory and the river, from which we were separated only by a street of barracks and Japanese watch-houses. The island of Benteu alone has not undergone any alteration. Situated at the extremity of a creek, which the river forms at a short distance from its opening into the harbour, it is protected on all sides by a facing of blocks of granite, and communicates with the streets on the shore by a bridge, which is scarcely visible amongst the mass of shrubs, reeds, and bamboos, which, in that part, overrun the channel. But it was at another point, in the western direction, that we discovered an approach worthy of the sanctity of the place to which it leads. Amongst the streets connecting Benteu with the chief market-place of the Japanese town of Yokohama

there is one which appears to be shaded by a plantation of pines; and after crossing the municipal barrier, which is closed at night, we found ourselves opposite a long avenue of pines, to which the entrance was through one of the sacred gateways called *toris*. These are formed of two pillars bent towards each other in such a way as to meet in an acute angle were they not terminated at a certain height by two cross-bars, the upper one being stronger than the other and having its ends slightly bent upwards. The *tori* always denotes the vicinity of a temple, a chapel, or some other sacred place. What we call natural curiosities, such as a grotto, a spring, a gigantic tree, a fantastic rock, are to the Japanese the objects of pious veneration or superstitious terror, according as their minds are more or less influenced by the Buddhist demonology, and the *bonzes* give expression to these popular feelings by erecting a *tori* in the neighbourhood of any of these remarkable objects. Some-

times they place a number of these *toris* at certain intervals along the avenue leading to a temple, thus reproducing, with rustic simplicity, the architectural idea which we see embodied in the Greek propyleum and the colonnade of St. Peter's at Rome. The trees in the avenue of Benteu are very tall and slender, and, for the most part, bent in the same direction by the sea breezes. Long transverse poles are fastened to them, here and there, to which the *bonzes* suspend garlands, inscriptions, and banners, on festivals. At the end of the avenue there is a second *tori*, not so high as the first, in order to add to the effect of the perspective. On reaching it we were surprised to find that the avenue made a bend, and extended to the right.

There the ground was covered with tall grass, and brushwood, and light silvery pines, with airy branches; on our left was a sheet of transparent water, and opposite us a steep and wooden bridge, constructed with simple elegance, and beyond was a third *tori*, standing out against the dark foliage of a mass of large trees. There was an air of mystery about the whole scene calculated to inspire awe. It was by this bridge, the pillars of which are ornamented with copper, that we at last reached the sacred spot. The third *tori*, which is decorated at the top with an inscription in letters of gold on a black ground, is built entirely of fine white granite, as are also the various monuments placed along the left of the avenue. The temple was before us, but so much hidden by the foliage of the cedars and pines which surrounded it, that we could scarcely perceive the staircases on which the worshippers kneel when performing their devotions before the altar of the goddess. If the temple is empty, they can summon one of the at-



TÔ, M. HUMBERT'S VALET-DE-CHAMBRE.

tendant *bonzes* by ringing, with a long cloth bell-pull, a cluster of little bells fastened to the door. The *bonze* immediately comes out of his lodging, and proceeds, according as he is required, to give advice, to distribute wax lights or amulets, or undertakes to say low masses or musical ones according to the sum paid. It is necessary for every Japanese to wash and dry his face and hands previous to presenting himself before the sanctuary. For this purpose a little chapel is placed at some distance to the right of the temple, containing a basin of holy water for these ablutions, and silk crape napkins hanging on a roller, like the towels in a sacristy. Two neighbouring chapels are used, one to protect the big drum, which is used instead of a bell, and the other to contain the votive offerings of the faithful. The *bonzes* who serve the temple at Benteu did not appear rich; their dress was generally slovenly and neglected, and the expression of their countenances stupid, sullen, and even

malignant to foreigners, so that we felt inclined to remain at a respectful distance. I never had an opportunity of seeing them officiate, except once in the procession of their patron saint. It appears that at ordinary times they confine themselves during the day to holding conference, and I have seldom seen any one availing himself of their ministry, except country people, and fishermen's wives, and passing pilgrims. But more than once—at sunset, and even far on in the night—I have heard the sound of the tambourines, which form the

nature; and this is the reason that, as a matter of fact, its appearance provokes, independently of the prejudices of our Christian education, an indescribable and instinctive feeling of repulsion.

The indispensable accompaniments of Japanese temples are tea-houses, or restaurants, where they consume principally tea, and *saki*, an intoxicating drink made from fermented rice; but also fruit, fish, and cakes made of rice or wheat. The passion for opium is unknown in Japan. They smoke very



BONZES PRAYING.

entire orchestra of the temple of Bente. The *bonzes* keep up an interminable beating on these monotonous instruments, always with the same rhythm; for instance, four loud blows followed by four dull ones, repeated over and over again for whole hours, probably during the time necessary for dispersing malignant influences. Nothing can equal the melancholy impression produced by this dull, measured sound in the silence of night, mingled only with the sighings of the cedar trees and the murmur of the waves breaking on the shore. One can easily perceive that a religion which finds expression in such customs must oppress the minds of the people, and is far from being a natural religion. Paganism is the enemy of human

small metal pipes filled with tobacco chopped very small, but quite free from narcotic preparations. These establishments are always served by women, and generally with perfect propriety, but most of them have, notwithstanding, a very bad reputation. This is especially the case with regard to those of Bente, and may, perhaps, be traced back to the period when the little island dedicated to the patroness of the sea still attracted a concourse of pilgrims. The shrine is now comparatively deserted, but the entire space between the island and our residence is occupied by the quarters of the military, or *Yakonins*, as they are called. They are the government officers employed in the custom-house service in guarding the port and public

places, keeping a watch on the outlets of the Frank quarter, &c. They wear no distinguishing dress, except a round, pointed hat of glazed pasteboard, and two sabres on the left side of their belts, one of them large, with a double hilt, and the other small, for close fighting. There are several hundreds of these men, who are generally married; they each have a separate lodging, and are all treated with perfect equality in this respect. The plan which the government of the Tycoon has adopted for the arrangement of these dwellings is so characteristic of their love of exact military organisation that it is worth describing in detail. It consists of a group of wooden buildings built in the shape of a long parallelogram, showing to the street outside merely a high planked enclosure, with low doors at regular intervals. Each of these doors opens into a yard, which contains a small garden, a water-tank, a cooking-range, and other offices. At the bottom of the court, and on the same level, is a spacious chamber, which can be parted off into two or three rooms by means of sliding partitions. This yard and chamber form the whole domestic

accommodation of a family of Yakonins. Each of these parallelograms of which the streets of the quarter are composed, contains, on an average, a dozen of these dwellings, six in a row, and back to back. The roofs of the chambers are all of uniform height, and are covered with grey tiles. The Yakonin quarter is a triumph of the genius of pipe-clay and uniformity. The streets are generally deserted, for the men spend the greater part of the day at the custom-house or on guard, and during their absence each family keeps inside its own enclosure, the door of which is usually shut. This does not arise from any jealous feelings on the part of the men, but is rather the result of the social position which custom gives in Japan to the head of the family. The woman looks on him as her lord and master; in his superior presence she devotes herself to domestic affairs, without being distracted by the presence of a stranger, and during his absence she conducts herself with a reserve which may be attributed less to modesty than to the feeling of dependence and submission which marriage entails on her.

Ten Days' Journey in Southern Arizona.

BY WILLIAM A. BELL, B.A., M.B. CANTAB., F.R.G.S.

If the reader will glance for a moment at a map of the western portion of the United States—he will mean that which lies west of the Rocky Mountains—the two most southerly territories will be found to be New Mexico and Arizona. Across the southern portion of these regions a river, called the Rio Gila, will be seen, passing from east to west until it reaches the Rio Colorado.

The district lying between this river and the present boundary line of old Mexico is often called the "Gadsden ten million purchase," because, in 1854, it was bought from Mexico by the United States for that number of dollars. The boundary line at first proposed, after the war of 1848, was to have been, for most of the distance between the Rio Grande del Norte on the east and the Rio Colorado on the west, the bed of the Rio Gila. But even as far back as this, the Americans were contemplating a trans-continental railway, and the explorations which had then been made tended to show that the only great depression in the centre of the continent, between the lofty chains of the Rocky Mountains and the still grander ranges of Central America, lay a little below the Rio Gila.

It was said, and with perfect truth, that if the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans were to rise to the height of 4,000 feet, they would meet about the 32nd parallel of latitude in the vast plateau, the Madre Plateau, which lies south of the Rio Gila; while the greater part of the continent to the northward, as well as the plateaus of Mexico to the south, would form two huge islands separated by this strait.

In Colorado territory, the greater part of which averages from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea, the Rocky Mountains bifurcate to the southward and gradually become less and less in height, until, on reaching the 36th parallel, they can no longer be said to exist. Between these forks rises the Rio

Grande del Norte, discovered by the Mexicans before De Soto saw the Mississippi, and called *del Norte* because it was to them the most northern river on the continent. It crosses the Madre Plateau, and, in fact, separates it from the *Llano Estacado* and the plains of western Texas.

The Madre Plateau, then, is a vast plain, extending from the Rio Grande on the east for three degrees westward, and separating the Rocky Mountains from those of Mexico. In the summer of 1867 I became a member of a very extensive surveying party, organised by that Pacific Railway Company which is constructing a trans-continental railway from St. Louis, westwards through Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and California to San Francisco, and it fell to my lot to cross this plateau in my wanderings in the Far West.

Two surveying parties were entrusted with the survey and examination of the districts south of the Gila river, each consisting thereof of the following: Twenty-five engineers, made up of levellers, transit-men, topographers, draughtsmen, axe-men, flag-men, &c.; thirty cavalry, furnished by the government as escort; cooks, teamsters, strikers, &c. Seven wagons carried the provisions and baggage, and three more were required by the escort, so that in all each party mustered about seventy men, including two or three native guides, ten wagons, sixty mules, and about forty horses; we also found it most desirable to drive a small herd of cattle along with us, to enable us to kill an ox once or twice a week, as occasion required. One party was under the direction of a Mr. Runk, the other of Mr. Eicholtz, both capital fellows, and able men in their profession as engineers. I was attached to Mr. Eicholtz's party, and had at my disposal, in addition to a good riding horse, a four-mule ambulance, in which I carried my medical stores and photographic material, for I combined both the offices of doctor and photographer.

Upon leaving the Rio Grande, and turning our course westward, our party occupied themselves in trying to find a practicable route as far to the north of the Madre Plateau as possible. Several mountain spurs extend down from the north into the plateau, and our object was to discover any short cuts through them, while Mr. Runk's party were running a continuous line in the more level country to the south of us. The first obstacle we encountered on leaving the Rio Grande was Cooke's range, and through this we discovered a fine pass ten miles long, with easy gradients and a good supply of water; we then crossed a plain about forty miles wide, a continuation northwards of the "Great" Plateau. About half way across this plain is a large hot spring, called *Ojo Caliente*, which issues from the top of a mound some thirty feet high. It is probably the crater of an extinct volcano.

From this point the following narrative of ten days' travel begins. I may here add that a complete description of my wanderings in these territories and Northern Mexico will soon be published, and that Major Calhoun, the contributor of the thrilling adventure, "The Passage of the Great Cañon, of the Colorado," which appeared in the first number of the "Illustrated Travels," was one of my companions in this expedition, and did not exaggerate in any respect the almost incredible incidents there recorded.

On Friday, October 25th, 1867, we left Ojo Caliente, and came, in less than three miles, to a very fine spring, which bubbled up vigorously from the ground in a little basin surrounded by lofty cotton-wood trees. The water, however, was hot, but not so hot as that we had left. Here we camped while a reconnaissance was made in advance to discover water and to direct the course of the survey; for we had followed neither road nor trail since leaving the Rio Grande. In the evening the little party returned, and reported open country ahead, but no water, at least for twenty miles, the distance they had been. It was, however, determined to fill up the water-kegs, eight in number, each holding ten gallons, and to push forward to some willows and cotton-wood trees about eighteen miles distant, where we hoped by digging to find a spring. At sunrise next morning (Saturday) we started, traversing a slightly undulating plain, covered, as far as the eye could reach, with the most magnificent pasturage. For five miles, as we followed a dry valley or trough in the plain, our route passed through a continuous grove of cactus plants, averaging from ten to twenty feet in height. Here and there a Yucca plant, or "Spanish bayonet," shot up its lofty stems amongst the cacti, adding very much to the grotesqueness of this curious vegetation. The cactus groves were as thickly stocked with the Gila "quail," a species of grouse, as a moor in Scotland with its feathered game of a similar kind. Enormous coveys of thirty or forty brace rose up on each side as we passed, and ran along in front of our horses.

On reaching the willows, all our digging failed to produce a drop of water; so after trying several places, both up and down the dry bed of a stream, we were obliged to put up with a dry camp. The poor horses, as usual in such a plight, looked the picture of misery after their dusty march, and seemed to ask with their eyes, "Why are we forgotten?" We chained up the mules with extra care, and let them kick away to their heart's content, and make the night hideous with a chorus from their sixty dry throats. Sunday, throughout the expedition, was generally kept as a day of rest; but this

was an anxious day to us, for, besides the mules, we had forty horses and five oxen, and scarcely water enough for cooking and drinking purposes. I joined the water-hunters at day-break, and, armed with spades and picks, as well as our carbines and "six-shooters," we directed our course towards the Burro mountains, the next obstacle to the westward. We had, in fact, nearly crossed the plain between Cooke's range and these mountains, and soon entered a ravine leading up to them. After ascending for seven miles, we were gladdened by the sight of a little water trickling over some rocks. The first glance satisfied me that all was right, and in a few minutes holes were dug in the dry bed, which quickly filled with good spring water.

The water question being thus satisfactorily arranged, a messenger was sent back for the whole party, while we continued our ride, for the purpose of exploring the mountains, and of finding a cañon* supposed to cut through them near our point of junction. We had received very conflicting reports about this range (the Burro Mountains). At a distance of some twenty or thirty miles it does not appear an imposing obstacle, for it seems to consist of three mountain masses, united by two long low ridges; but on approaching these ridges they turned out really to be only long undulations of the plain, which hide from view very rough and formidable mountains behind them. Our first surprise occurred when, on reaching the top of the ridge, we found the real mountains still in front of us. We pressed on, however, and after a few more hours' riding the crest of the main range was gained, and one of the grandest of panoramas burst into view at our feet. To the south lay numerous isolated ranges and peaks, whose names we did not know, stretching far into old Mexico, and rising out of the great Madre Plateau, which lay between us and them, like lofty rock islands from a motionless sea. To the south-east the graceful Florida mountains retained their usual outline, while far beyond them the curious peaks of the Oregon range, whose fluted basaltic columns justly suggest the name, "organ mountains," were distinctly visible near the horizon, although situated east of the Rio Grande, more than 100 miles distant from us. Due east of us lay the range we had left, with Cooke's Peak rising nobly from its centre, and the exit of our pass (Palmer's Pass) distinctly visible. Still following the circle towards the north, the confused mass of the Miembres Mountains came into view; then those of the Santa Rita and Pinos Altos, semi-detached portions of the same. Quite to the north, twenty or thirty miles distant, some very high snow-capped mountains were conspicuous, forming part of that great system of mountains—the Mogollon Ranges, north of the Rio Gila, the home of the bloodthirsty Apache—which has never yet been explored.

The elevation upon which we stood was, in fact, the dividing ridge of the North American continent; the little watercourse at our feet was the first we had reached which flowed down the slopes leading to the Pacific; and the broad arid plains which lay between us and our next obstacle to the westward gave a most extensive forecast of our future course. Nearly forty miles of almost complete desert, with little chance of a drop of water, formed the undulating plain between us and the next westward range—the Peloncillo Mountains. To the south-east a secondary range, called from its conical peaks

* This word is derived from the Spanish, and signifies a deep gorge with perpendicular walls.

the Pyramid range, filled up further south a part of the centre of this vast tract. Our field of vision did not even end with the Peloncello Mountains, for Juan Arroles, our guide, pointed out in the dim horizon, far beyond them, the rounded peak of Mount Graham, and the two sharp heads of the Dos Cabasas, the most prominent landmarks in the Pino-Ileno range, and the boundaries on each side of Railroad Pass. These ranges all lay far below us; they evidently rose from a much lower level, and seemed to show, even to the eye, that the ground sloped rapidly down towards the west. So extensive a panorama as that which I have attempted, however feebly, to describe, could never be witnessed in Europe, or in any country where the atmosphere is much impregnated with moisture. For more than one hundred miles, in almost every direction, nothing seemed to limit the extent of our vision but the incapability of our eyes to distinguish objects which were rendered too small from their remoteness.

Our guide knew the cañon we were in search of, and brought us next day directly to its head. It was not by any means a gap in the range, but only a large and well-defined gorge on the western side. We followed it down to the plain. Two miles from the summit a large spring of clear cold water flowed from beneath a perpendicular mass of rock, and formed a stream, which we followed until the cañon, cut out by it, became so narrow and so filled up with rocks and vegetation that we were obliged to bear away to the right, and strike it again lower down. The stream had disappeared in the interval, and the cañon from this point gradually widened out, lost its fertility, and entered the plain as a dry open valley, trending towards the Gila, scarcely twenty miles distant. The length of this cañon, from its head above the spring to its entrance as a cañada or valley on the plain, is about thirteen miles. For half its course many large and beautiful trees adorn the path, amongst which we recognised sycamore, a very beautiful species of evergreen oak very much resembling holly, a black walnut (*Juglans Whippleana*), rough-barked cedar (*Juniperus pachydermia*), pines, piñons, acacia, cypress, mesquit (*Algarobia glandulosa*), plum, and several species of cactus. An Indian trail led through the entire length of the cañon, including the two miles of very narrow gorge, as well as over the hill, by which route we avoided the latter; and it was evident from the recent pony-tracks that the red men still used it, and were probably well acquainted with all our movements. Other signs were recognised by our guide, such as bunches of grass tied up, and arranged so as to point in particular directions, and were looked upon as conclusive evidence of the activity and watchfulness of our hidden but ever-present enemies. Game was abundant; two kinds of quail, black and white-tailed deer, bear, beaver, squirrels, and hares innumerable. Extensive fires had burnt down the bushes and laid bare large tracts of land all along the base of the mountains. While taking advantage of the delay which the difficulties of the country necessitated to enjoy a little deer-stalking and grouse shooting, Lieutenant Lawson, who commanded our escort, and myself were attracted during our rambles by a curious wall of rock which fringed, like a trap-dyke, the summit of a rather lofty range of foot-hills. On reaching the top we found that it consisted of a thick stratum of marble, which had been tilted up vertically to the height of from seven to twenty feet above the ground, and that it extended for miles both ways along the hill-tops. This wall was beautifully variegated with white, grey, and red marbles,

and presented the finest, as well as the most singular, exposure of the kind I have ever seen. In many places through the mountains we found quartz ledges, giving good indications of gold; and near the marble wall a vein of galena cropped out, of considerable width. Over this vein I shot a new and beautiful species of mountain grouse. Four days were occupied in trying to find a good pass through the range, but our efforts were useless. We found, after surveying to the summit of the ridge which skirted the base of the mountains, that it was 1,208 feet higher than Ojo Caliente, twenty-three miles distant, and that the average grade for the last three miles had exceeded 160 feet per mile, and this, too, before the mountains themselves had been reached. These Burro Mountains were not, as they appeared to be, an ordinary range rising from the plain, but the crowning ridge or summit of the great continental water-parting; and, although they rose from a much higher base than the ranges to the east and west of them, the slope up to their base was not rapid enough to be distinctly apparent without the aid of our surveyors' levels. Nothing remained for us, therefore, but to abandon the line which we had been surveying, and to pass around the southern extremity of the range, twenty miles distant, on the great Madre Plateau, in which level district Mr. Runk's party was then at work.

October 31st.—A march of seventeen miles parallel to the mountains brought us to Soldier's Farewell, a solitary ruin which was once a station on the mail route, during the short time it was established along the thirty-second parallel. Two miserable water-holes are the great source of attraction in this place. We feared they might have been empty, as it was the end of the driest season of the year, but a shower of rain early that morning had providentially filled them partly up again. While we looked at the thick green puddle, full of creeping things, slime, and all sorts of abominations, from which we had to drink, a feeling of dread for the future involuntarily crept over us.

The whole country had changed, for we had at last entered that vast plateau upon the thirty-second parallel, which had so long been considered the only practicable line for a railway route across the continent. How thoroughly I pity the lover of the beautiful in nature who is obliged to traverse this frightful plain from El Paso on the Rio Grande to Apache Pass. Although the mountains were still close to us, the landscape was as dreary as could well be conceived. At the bottom of a hollow, caused by some broken ground, lay the two putrid water-holes or ponds, over-looked by the tumbled-down walls of a corral and ranche. Before us extended an endless parched-up waste; some places were covered with poor grass, others were perfectly bare; and as the wind swept over them clouds of dust were driven along, or whirled up into the air like pillars of smoke.

From Soldier's Farewell we marched westward to the next water-hole, "Barney Station" (twenty-one miles), also an uninhabited ruin like that we had left, and, if anything, more dreary. There were no mountains near it, the land looked a dead level on every side, and not far distant towards the south lay what the Mexicans call a huge "playa," or dry lake. Over such a tract you may travel fifty miles in a straight line, without crossing a water-course. When it rains the water collects in whatever part of the almost mathematically level flat happens to be slightly depressed, and it often covers many square miles of land to the depth of a foot or even less. In such



FORT BOWIE, ARIZONA: SCENE OF THE APACHE ATTACK. (From a Photograph.)

places even the scanty grass of the desert will not grow, and the whole earth becomes covered, as soon as the rain water has evaporated, with a hard white shining crust resembling cracked china, thus forming a "playa." The water-hole was here (Barney Station) even more disgusting than those we had left, for it served to water not only the men and stock of the "bull trains" and troops which passed through the country, but all the wild animals dwelling within a radius of many miles. Flocks of birds, large and small, trooped to and fro all day long; it was a beautiful sight to see them all swoop down together like a sheet of feathers, flutter for an instant over the pool, and then flit away. At sunset might be seen at a great distance a V shaped figure approaching from the clouds: this would be a flock of ducks, geese, or teal coming for their evening bath. Unhappy stags and herds of antelope would stealthily approach, and not liking the look of the intruders make off again. Not so the wolves and coyotes; those fellows seemed to suffer frighfully from thirst, for after we had been in camp for a few hours they would become so bold, or rather so eager for water, that neither the whiz of our bullets about their ears nor the crack of our rifles were able to keep them away from the pool.

The extraordinary vividness of the "Mirage" is one of the great peculiarities of this region. We recognised it often on the plains of Western Kansas and elsewhere, but it is not seen to perfection until the Madre Plateau is reached. Half an hour after sunrise is usually the best time to watch for it; then the distant mountains become distorted into the most grotesque and fairy forms. Magnified to many times their natural size, they appear lifted into the sky, and are there cut up, sometimes horizontally, sometimes vertically, by the peculiar magical haze which surrounds everything. Often they looked like terraced citadels, sometimes the phantasm takes a pillared form, and presents to the eye ruined temples like those of Greece or Egypt. This is not only the case with the mountains, for at a little distance everything appears distorted; the horses are changed into giraffes, the tents become elongated into snow-capped peaks, while the tufts of grass and the meagre scrubby vegetation are transformed into noble forests of gigantic trees; every little "playa" becomes a beautiful lake, from the waters of which are seen reflected the magical transformations which all surrounding objects have undergone. So complete is the delusion, that I have often remarked to a companion, as we watched the horsemen ahead of us dashing through the midst of a phantom lake, in which waves, shadows, spray, and sunlight were all portrayed to perfection, "How is it possible thus to disbelieve one's senses in broad daylight?"

Barney Station is 4,211 feet above the sea, and this is about the average height of the entire plateau. During the two days' march from our camp at the foot of the mountains we had descended 2,000 feet. The sun was setting, and I was just securing a striking picture of desolation—that is, a photograph of Barney Station in ruins, when two strange objects appeared in sight. The one developed as it approached into a most dilapidated and old-fashioned coach, the other into an equally shaky spring-cart, and both were drawn by mules; two ladies occupied the former and half a dozen armed soldiers the latter vehicle. The gentlemen of the party, four in number, rode on each side of the coach, and completed the travelling "outfit."

Between the Rio Gila and the Mexican boundary, Arizona boasts of possessing one town, Tucson, on the Santa Cruz river,

now I believe the capital of the territory. This was the destination of one of the fair travellers, a very pretty girl of sixteen, in whose veins the fiery blood of Spain had been softened, but not obliterated, by union with that of our own race; she was returning with her father, an American, having just completed her education at St. Louis. Her companion was on her way to join her husband at Fort Bowie, and to share with him the anxieties and solitude of a post which guards the most dangerous pass in Arizona—Apache Pass. We shall presently get a glimpse of what such a life is. It is easy to fancy what extreme pleasure the presence of our fair friends gave us. They were just entering the most dangerous part of their journey, where defiles had to be passed through, in which half a dozen soldiers and four civilians were a very insufficient escort, so that we were delighted to render them the protection which increase of numbers afforded. On the afternoon of November 2nd Mr. Runk's party came in sight, and completed their survey up to our camp that evening. Since parting from us a month ago they had met with open country, and no obstacles but Cooke's Cañon, through which their route lay. The Apaches had succeeded in driving off half their oxen, but beyond this all had gone well with them. Altogether we mustered a large party at Barney Station, and notwithstanding the mud puddle, of which we thankfully drank, and the dreariness of the place, we managed to make ourselves exceedingly jolly. A little whiskey was discovered amongst "somebody's luggage;" the fatted calf, our best bullock, was killed and cooked; and many good stories and bold adventures were told around the camp fires.

Next morning Lieutenant Lawson, commanding the escort, started with nine of our men and some empty wagons, to Fort Bowie, for rations and forage; and our new friends, with Captain Colton, my tent mate, and myself, completed the party by joining him also.

For twenty-one miles we traversed the level plateau, and then entered the next range of mountains, the Peloncillo range, halting a short distance within a pass leading through it, known as Stearn's Pass. At this spot was situated the only spring to be met with on the road. It was, however, dry on the surface, and we had not time to deepen it. A beautiful conical mountain, Stearn's Peak, forms a good land-mark for this pass and spring. From Stearn's Peak to Fort Bowie, in Apache Pass, leading through the next mountain range (the Chi-ri-ca-hui), the distance is thirty-six miles, without a drop of water, making in all a "jarmada" of fifty-seven miles, without one drinking station.

We rested until sunset at Stearn's Peak, in order to avoid the heat of the sun, and then started through the grandest part of the pass. The moon was almost at its full, the night was perfectly calm, and a liquid softness pervaded everything. These mountains were infested with Indians; and the ladies were rather nervous, as now and then we passed through a narrow part of the gorge, or underneath some lofty crag. To keep them in good heart we sang songs and choruses, in which they soon joined; these were re-echoed again and again from side to side. The cavalry rode in front, and the infantry brought up the rear. Now and again the horses' hoofs would ring out and rattle over a bed of rocks; or the moon, obscured behind the mountain, would suddenly throw a flood of light over the white wagons and glistening rifles of our party. The air had become very cool and refreshing, and

the scenery for at least eight miles through the pass was so grand in its rugged barrenness, that, seen at such a time, it left an impression never to be forgotten.

A march of five hours, at the rate of four miles an hour, brought us to the Cienega de San Simón, where, as the name Cienega implies, there is, at some seasons of the year, a small marsh, with a little stream running through it. We found, as we had expected, no signs whatever of water, but plenty of good grass; so here we made our midnight halt.

Before daybreak next morning our fires were rekindled and our coffee made, for we had carried wood with us from the pass; and before the sun had peeped over the eastern mountains we were again on our way.

Amongst the party was the mail contractor for this road. Twice a week a mail carrier rides from Tucson to Fort Bowie, 106 miles; another then carries the mails on to Soldier's Farewell, 86 miles, where he meets the solitary mail carrier, who had come from La Mesilla, 129 miles to the eastward. The mail bags are exchanged, and each returns the way he came. The men who thus pass unguarded backwards and forwards through a hostile Indian country, require no small share of reckless bravery. Their pay is high, being 200 dollars in gold (or £40) a month. The contractor told me that a year never passed without one or more of his mail carriers being "jumped" by the Indians, under which circumstances he always made a point of carrying the mails himself for a fortnight, at least, over the very section of road upon which his man had been killed; after which he had never any difficulty in finding some one else sufficiently reckless to risk his life for the ordinary remuneration.

During the latter ten miles of our march most of the route lay through thick brushwood, composed of mesquit, grease-weed (*Obione canescens*), two species of aloe, yucca, a very large species of prickly pear, and other cacti, besides many kinds of thorny bushes, which formed an almost impenetrable thicket, very well adapted for an ambuscade. Here and there my companion pointed to spots where one or other of his mail carriers had been killed, or where he himself had been jumped, and related how he had escaped at this place by the speed of his horse, or at that by good service done by his revolver. Many of his anecdotes were most exciting, yet there was no apparent tendency towards exaggeration; while, on the other hand, he openly avowed that the more you have to do with Indian warfare the more you dread the Indians and try to keep out of their way. "Men may be very brave at first, but the continual anxiety soon takes the dash out of them—you bet!"—and this avowal came from a man of undoubted courage.

On reaching the mountains at the entrance of Apache Pass, he pointed to a foot hill on the right, and gave me a little sketch of the Chiri-ca-hui Apaches during his residence on the spot. Until the winter of 1861-62, the Apaches of that range had not shown any very determined hostility to the Americans, and the mail company, for the two years during which they ran coaches along this route, kept on good terms with them, by giving occasional presents of blankets and food. At the breaking out of the rebellion, however, an upstart Federal officer, named Barkett, was sent to take charge of this part of the country, and soon after his arrival at the entrance of Apache Pass, where he formed his camp, some Mexicans applied to him about a boy of theirs, whom they

suspected had been stolen by the Apaches. Barkett summoned the chief, Cachees, and his head men to the camp. Being on friendly terms with the troops, the Indians immediately responded to the summons. Cachees and his six head men, however, positively denied the charge of kidnapping the boy; upon which orders for their arrest were immediately given. Cachees, in a moment, slit open the canvas of the tent with his scalping-knife, and escaped; his companions were all secured. A man named Wallace, who had long lived on the most amicable terms with the tribe, volunteered to go alone and treat with them. He did so, and sent back a message to Barkett that, in his opinion, the boy had not been stolen by them, but added that he himself was retained as a hostage in their hands. Barkett became furious, and swore that he would hang the red men if the boy was not returned that night; and he kept his word. On the hill to the left, those half-dozen savages were strung up next morning; and, shocking to relate, poor Wallace, who had trusted so implicitly to the personal affection shown for him by the red-skins, was immediately hanged on the summit of the hill on the opposite side of the pass. This tragedy over, Cachees and his entire band fled back once again to their mountain fastnesses, never more to come in contact with the white man, unless in the execution of their unquenchable revenge.

Fort Bowie is situated about six miles up the pass. It consists of a small collection of adobe houses built on the summit of a hill, which rises as a natural look-out station in the centre of the defile, and commands the road both ways for two or three miles of its length. The only officers at the time of our visit were Lieutenant Carrol, Lieutenant Hubbard, and the resident surgeon; the only troops, one small company of forty men. The officers insisted upon Lieutenant Lawson, Colton, and myself, sharing their quarters; they had not had a visitor of any kind for months, and had almost forgotten that the world was inhabited. After luncheon I strolled out upon a higher hill-top to choose a good position for taking a photograph of the fort and pass. The view was a very beautiful one, for we were hemmed in on all sides by lofty mountains, the most conspicuous of which is Helen's Dome, well shown in the engraving. Some two miles distant in the pass the sheep and oxen belonging to the fort were peacefully grazing, when suddenly I perceived a commotion amongst the garrison. All were hurrying to the highest part and looking towards the cattle, from which direction I heard a few shots fired. It appeared on inquiry that the mail carrier going west to Tucson had only gone on his way a short distance past the cattle, just beyond the turning in the road which hid him from the fort, when he suddenly came upon two Indians who were stealthily creeping up towards the stock. Shots were exchanged, and he immediately turned back to give the alarm to the men guarding the cattle, and to the sentinels at the fort. The Indians showed themselves two or three times in the open and then disappeared. It was useless for us, with our wearied horses, to join in the chase after a couple of naked red men, so we remained behind.

So poorly supplied was this little fort, if such a term may be applied to a collection of mud huts, that two horses represented the entire stock. It was customary to keep one of them with the herd and the other in the stable, and the favourite chestnut of the lieutenant's, a high-mettled, splendid creature, happened this day to be at home. It was immediately saddled. Carrol was

quite young; he had only seen eighteen summers, and looked even younger, for his hair was very fair, and he had not the least tinge of whisker on his smooth cheeks. I remember watching him spring with one bound from the ground into his saddle, wave his hand merrily to us, and then dash down the steep winding road which led from the fort to the pass below. Again we saw him racing as fast as the horse could gallop along the pass after the mail carrier, who, being previously mounted, had started off with the infantry. I went back to my photography, for there were many views I wished to obtain, but my friend, Lieutenant Lawson, could not remain long inactive. He was a great character. Although very short, quite grey with years, and not in the least like a military man, he was the gamest little fellow I ever met. So fond of soldiering did he become during the war that he could not settle down again to business. Though one of the steadiest of men, and a religious man—a great rarity out west—he actually left his good wife and family comfortably settled at Cincinnati, changed his social position from wholesale hardware merchant and ex-colonel of volunteers to simple lieutenant in the regular army, and started to join a western regiment. The merest chance of a brush with the Indians was irresistible; so he ordered out his six men and their six jaded horses, and off they went down the winding road, and then away out of sight along the pass.

As the afternoon went by most of the infantry returned by twos and threes, and we were just sitting down to dinner when Lieutenant Lawson and his men rode into the fort. They had hunted about all over the mountains and through the ravines, but had encountered no savages, nor even caught a glimpse of a red-skin. Carrol, to our surprise, was not with them. We made inquiries, and found that all had reported themselves except the lieutenant and the mail carrier. We questioned those who had gone the farthest, and a shepherd just back from over the hills, and these agreed that they had heard the distant report of fire-arms, coming apparently from the western plain. This was the direction the two red-skins had taken. So we saddled our horses without a moment's delay, and, with sickening forebodings in our hearts, started across the mountains to the western plain. We scrambled up the base of Helen's Dome, which was so steep as almost to baffle our horses, well trained as they were to all sorts of bad places; then, after skirting the side for some distance, we crossed a ravine to another mountain slope, down which we plunged, over large blocks of limestone and marble, leading our horses by the bridles, and clambering through them as best we could. And every moment was precious, for the sun had almost set before we reached the plain. Then we spread out in line, nine in number; for there was no enemy in sight, and our only hope was to strike the trail; for we knew they must have passed somewhere in this direction. Every eye was fixed on the ground, every blade of grass was closely scanned; our souls were in our eyes. At last one marked "pony tracks," then another called out, "This way they lead," not two, three, or four tracks, but many; perhaps a dozen. The white men had evidently followed too far in pursuit, and, falling into an ambushade, had been cut off from their comrades. Most of the hoofprints were naked, but two were shod. These were certainly those of the missing horses. We could not hurry on very rapidly without losing the trails, and yet there was not

half an hour's daylight. For three miles farther we pressed on, carefully "tracking our way." We passed a spot much trampled down and blood-stained. Here the poor fellows had made a stand; had probably tried to cut their way back through their enemies, who were driving them from the fort. A little further, and all hope of *one* life was gone. The mail carrier lay stretched upon the open plain—scalped, naked, and mutilated—in the setting sun. This poor man wore whiskers, and the savages produced even a more startling effect than usual by scalping one of them. Thus half of the face was stripped of skin, and the bleeding muscles were laid bare.

We could not stop a moment; but, dragging up two huge magay plants to mark the spot, we followed the pony-tracks. The sun sank, and it was only by the red glare thrown up from behind the horizon, and reflected by the bare mountains of rock to the east of us, that we were able to track our way. So difficult was it at last that we began to despair of ever learning the fate of poor Carrol. We longed to see his dead body; for the idea of being taken alive to be tortured and roasted over a slow fire, whilst the fiends danced round him, and exulted over his agony, was the one dread consummation which made our blood run cold. No one spoke, for we all knew well that such would be his fate, if that sun had not shone upon his corpse.

As we took a last searching look over the dimly-lighted plain in front of us, we saw an object move slightly on the grass. We quickly rode towards it, and in half a mile further we found that it was the faithful dog of the lieutenant. He was guarding the stiff and lifeless body of his master. So we wrapped the naked body in a saddle-cloth, and tied it on a horse.

But for the moon, we should not have found the spot where the mail carrier lay. We placed him also on another horse, and then turned our faces towards the pass. The wolves were already gathering round the spot, and the night winds were blowing up cold and chill. The night before, that same beautiful moon, which now shone peacefully down upon us, had lighted us through the noble gorge in the Peloncello mountains, while we sang choruses and enjoyed the grandeur of the scene. This night she lighted us through another gorge, in another range of mountains—Apache Pass—but how different were our feelings, as slowly we marched in mournful silence over the nine miles which led up to the fort! Thus ended the 5th of November.

Next morning we buried the poor fellows in the little graveyard amongst the mountains. The doctor read the burial service, and Lieutenant Hubbard, Colton, Lawson, and myself, were the chief mourners. When the final volley had been fired over our two poor comrades, and I turned to glance at the tablets of their companions, I read on the wooden crosses over every grave but one the same sad story of their fate—

"KILLED BY THE APACHES."

When Cachees' six best warriors were wantonly hanged five years before, that bold chief vowed that for every one of his lost comrades, a hundred white men should die by the hands of himself and his band. Two more scalps were thus added to the long strings of those which already hung from the belts of the Chi-ri-ca-hui braves.

North Polar Discovery.

BY J. E. DAVIS, STAFF COMMANDER R.N., F.R.G.S.

Who that has had the good fortune to travel in Polar regions can ever forget the strange but pleasurable impressions attendant on such a voyage? Even if it be but a pleasure trip to Spitzbergen, or along the coast of Labrador, there is a peculiar charm about it which, once felt, remains for ever afterwards amongst the most cherished memories. The eager tumbling up in the middle of the night—broad daylight—to see the first iceberg, the approach to it in the early morning when the rising sun is converting its upper surface into frosted silver, and its pendant icicles into brilliants of the first water; the indescribably beautiful and intense blue of the fissures and caverns, which ending (in reality) at the water's edge is, if calm, repeated by reflection in the clear water below, while the vast mass immersed is seen until its outline vanishes, without terminating, in the immeasurable depths of the ocean. Or who, on a calm still night at sea, the ship rolling lazily to the swell, has beheld the glorious Aurora Borealis without emotion, spanning the heavens and shooting its brilliant, soft, and ever-changing beams high towards the zenith, making the pale stars glimmer in lessened light through them?

These are scenes witnessed only in the Polar seas, and the impression they produce remains uppermost in the mind of the traveller, whatever other parts of the world he may afterwards visit.

Polar voyages have always had an unmistakable charm for the youth of our country. The hair-breadth escape of the ships from ice; the bear, seal, walrus, or whale hunt; the discovery of lands whereon the eye or foot of civilised man had never rested; the long Arctic night, with the employments, amusements, theatricals, and schools; the preparations for the spring; the wearisome travel with sledges and dogs, the joyous start, daily perils, privation, and difficulties, and the exhausted return; all these incidents of Arctic exploration have been recounted in many vivid narratives, and have been read by our youth with an interest equal to the perusal of the wildest fiction, and, let us hope, have stimulated them to deeds of enterprise and daring.

The thundering plaudits of the undergraduates that greeted the discoverer of the fate of Sir John Franklin, on the occasion of his receiving the honorary title of LL.D. at Oxford, told full well that the youth of our country are as alive to the charm as their forefathers in their younger days; but, alas! it seems that, as far as England is concerned, our feelings and our enthusiasm are to be expended only on bygone deeds, for with the search for Franklin and his companions our polar voyages have come to a close, leaving us only to record the proceedings of explorers belonging to other nations.

In the present article it is intended to give some account of expeditions to the north polar regions, undertaken during the last few years, or since the close of the search for Sir John Franklin, and to take a glance at the present position of north polar discovery, and the different modes and routes proposed for attaining the polar axis itself.

It will be necessary to preface our account with a summary of the various arctic voyages and travels that have been undertaken since the commencement of polar research.

The first English polar expedition of which we have any detailed record was commanded by Sir Hugh Willoughby in 1553, who, after reaching Nova Zembla, as is well known, perished.

"Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm."—THOMSON.

In 1576, Martin Frobisher, with three small vessels, visited Greenland and Labrador; the principal result of the voyage was the discovery of the strait that bears his name, up which he sailed about one hundred and fifty miles, where he met with—"salvage people like to Tartars, with long black hair, broad faces, and flatte noses;" a boat's crew of five men were here missed, and although searched for, were never seen again. Among the specimens of natural products brought home was a large stone, which, being submitted to the gold-finers, was pronounced to contain gold.

The next year Frobisher again proceeded to the same strait, where, from an island, he collected a quantity of the ore, and returned to England. In the third voyage the following year fifteen vessels sailed, having on board miners, gold-finers, and skilled men of other trades; also the frame of a large house. Before reaching the strait one of the vessels, having part of the house on board, foundered, the remainder reached Countess of Warwick's Sound, but in such a dilapidated condition that Frobisher resolved to abandon the enterprise, and return to England. It is needless to say that the discovery of gold proved to be a fallacy.

Frobisher was followed by the not less celebrated John Davis, whose name has been immortalised by its being linked to the strait he discovered; he made three voyages and attained the latitude of seventy-two degrees north, on the west coast of Greenland.

The last arctic voyages of the sixteenth century were those of Barentz, a Dutchman, who reached the northern point of Nova Zembla, and also discovered Bear Island and Spitzbergen; he died from exposure and want in an open boat, to which he and his crew had been obliged to take, after enduring intense sufferings when wintering in Nova Zembla.

In 1607, the well-known name of Henry Hudson appears on the list of polar voyagers; first, in an attempt to reach India by crossing the pole; second, to reach the same country by way of Nova Zembla; and third, by the north-west passage. The means furnished him for his first voyage are little in keeping with the outfits of the present time, and one cannot but smile and wonder that a man could be found to undertake so perilous a voyage with such scanty means: the small vessel assigned to him was manned by a crew of ten men and a boy! All he accomplished in that voyage was to reach Spitzbergen.

Hudson's second voyage was without any result, but on the third he discovered Hudson's Strait; believing he had found an opening that would lead direct to India, he sailed up the strait until winter overtook him, when he could neither advance nor return; a season of severe trial and hardship was passed, and when at last the ice broke up and the ship prepared to sail, the crew mutinied, and Hudson was sent adrift in a small boat with only one man and those who were sick. In such a clime and at

such a distance from any civilised country, it is not surprising that nothing was ever heard of the gallant Henry Hudson and his companions. There is some satisfaction in remembering that but few of the mutineers ever reached England.

After nearly a century of inactivity in the cause of polar discovery, an expedition, consisting of two ships, the *Racehorse* and *Carcass*, under Captain Phipps, was sent to attempt to reach the pole by the most direct route, but he found, like his predecessors, that the region north of Spitzbergen was entirely blocked up with ice; Phipps vainly endeavoured to encompass the island east and west, the ships got beset, with every prospect of remaining so for the winter, an eventuality for which they were unprepared; by a sudden break up of the ice the ships were extricated, and, after refitting, sailed home. It is worth recording that a lad served in this expedition who was destined to become a great hero, and rise to the greatest honours in the service to which he belonged—this was Nelson.

The pole having been repeatedly assailed on the eastern side of the great continent of America, an attempt was made to reach it by way of its western shores, and to accomplish this the renowned Captain James Cook left England in 1776; he reached Nootka Sound in the following spring, and coasting north through Behring strait, he attained latitude $70\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, or as far as Icy Cape, which cape was so encumbered with ice as to prevent further progress eastward. Other minor attempts were made in the same direction, but without greater success.

Polar discovery (as is well known) has not been entirely prosecuted by ships; the expeditions undertaken by land must not be overlooked, not only from the importance of their discoveries, but from the energy, bravery, and devotedness with which they have been conducted—those of Mackenzie, Franklin, Dease, Simpson, and Back, and later still, of Richardson and Rae, will ever be remembered in connection with polar discovery.

Mackenzie started from Fort Chipuoyan, embarked on the river that now bears his name, and descended it to the mouth. The gallant John Franklin, from the same place, descended the Copper-mine river to the entrance, and after a series of sufferings which have seldom been equalled and perhaps never surpassed, returned, but not before one of his party had been cruelly murdered by one of the Canadian Indians who accompanied the party. Franklin's second journey in 1826 was in connection with other expeditions, he then explored the coast from the Copper-mine river to nearly the 150th degree of west longitude.

Back descended the Great Fish river, and reached Port Booth in King William Land, and after an absence of two and a half years returned to England.

During the three years following Back's return, viz., 1837-39, Dease and Simpson—both officers of the Hudson's Bay Company—succeeded in tracing the remaining portion of the arctic shores of the American continent, and thus virtually solved the problem of the connection between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in the north.

The later journey of Richardson and those of Rae were connected with the search for Sir John Franklin; Dr. Rae, it will be remembered, succeeded in obtaining several articles* that had belonged to the missing expedition, and such information as verified the worst apprehensions entertained as to their fate.

* The articles brought home by Dr. Rae are deposited in a case and placed in the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital.

Returning again to the eastern side of the continent and the eastern coast of Greenland we must mention the persevering explorations of Scoresby, the captain of a whaler, who combined rare qualities of observation and love of science with energy and courage; he added much to the knowledge of that coast, and also attained a higher northern latitude than any previous voyager.

The attempt of the *Dorothea* and *Trent* to attain the pole failed from the accumulation of ice north of Spitzbergen; a gale obliged the ships to "take" (or run into) the pack for shelter, and in so doing they were nearly crushed, one being rendered almost unseaworthy; they, however, escaped, and returned in safety. Franklin was a lieutenant in this expedition.

After Commander John Ross's ineffectual attempt in 1818, in the *Isabella* and *Alexander*, to proceed west by Lancaster Sound, Captain Parry, with the *Hecla* and *Griper*, not only passed through the Sound, but discovered all the land, straits, and channels to Melville Island, and, passing the 110th degree of west longitude, returned and wintered at Melville Island; the following year he discovered Banks' Land, and being unable to proceed westward on account of the ice, he returned to England; his second voyage was not so successful.

In 1827, Captain Parry made his memorable attempt to reach the pole by means of boats from Spitzbergen. Leaving the ship at that island on the 22nd of June they proceeded eighty miles before meeting ice; then came a struggle, for it was soon evident that a southerly current was setting them south almost as fast as they were travelling north; by dint of great labour and perseverance they reached latitude $82^{\circ} 43'$; then, finding that instead of progressing they were receding, returned to the ship.

Two years later Captain John Ross, in a private expedition, the *Victory*, went down Regent inlet and discovered Boothia Felix; but the greatest and most important discovery of the voyage was that made by Captain Ross's nephew, James Clark Ross—the magnetic pole; this in itself was sufficient to immortalise the voyage, as it has the name of Sir James Clark Ross himself. After being frozen in for two years, the *Victory* was abandoned, and another winter was spent at Fury Beach. In July, 1833, they travelled north, and were fortunately rescued by the whaler *Isabella*.

The expedition under Sir John Franklin in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with the various expeditions sent in search of him, are so fresh, and have been so repeatedly before the public, that it is unnecessary to say more than that, by land or sea, public and private, they were carried out with a zeal and earnestness too well known to be commented on. Geographical science was advanced by them, and—over the ice—the north-west passage was made. Although from first to last nineteen vessels were engaged in the search, only one small one—the *Advance*—was lost; five fine ships in good order and well-provisioned were abandoned, but with what show of reason or prudence posterity will decide, with calmer judgment than can be arrived at now.

DR. HAYES' VOYAGE TO SMITH SOUND, 1860-61.

DR. ISAAC J. HAYES had accompanied Dr. Kane in his second Arctic expedition to Smith Sound in search of Sir John Franklin, and distinguished himself by his celebrated boat journey from Renssalaer Harbour, in the endeavour to reach Upernavik, a journey of great trial and difficulty, which, although unsuccessful,

has stamped him as a man of energy and nerve, fit to act as a leader in any expedition. On his return to the United States, in 1855, he immediately commenced agitating with a view to further research in the same direction; in this endeavour he was ably seconded by the learned societies in the United States, and although the success attending M'Clintock's voyage in the *Fox* in 1858 had set at rest the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions, the spirit of discovery had taken so firm a hold, that it was resolved to continue the exploration and surveys of the shores of the Polar seas, and also, if possible, to confirm the discoveries reported by Dr. Kane.

A man with less perseverance than Dr. Hayes would have been overcome by the difficulties he had to contend with, but by 1860 the means were forthcoming to fit out an expedition, which, although assuming very modest proportions, was not the less important from the nature of its object. The expedition consisted of one small schooner, of 133 tons, which was patriotically re-christened *The United States*; the crew numbered fourteen in all, and among them a gentleman of much scientific ability—Mr. Augustus Soontag—who accompanied the expedition as astronomer, and who eventually sacrificed his life to his arduous in the pursuit of science.

Early in July Dr. Hayes sailed from Boston, and after being much baffled by fogs off the coast of Newfoundland—which were nearly the means of bringing the little expedition to a premature end, by running on Cape Race—got safely into Davis Strait; on the 30th the arctic circle was crossed, and the event duly celebrated by hoisting bunting and firing guns.

Dr. Hayes seems to have selected the right kind of men for his work; for they were cheerful and contented, notwithstanding the trials and discomforts of the passage up the Strait.

Arrived at Pröven, Dr. Hayes immediately set to work to complete his crew; for although he had well furnished himself with a biped one for arctic purposes, it was incomplete without being supplemented by a quadruped one. To Dr. Hayes' dismay, he found that there had been a pestilence among the dogs, and there was scarcely one to be procured; hoping for better success at Upernavik, on the 12th August he proceeded in his vessel to that port, where he and his companions were hospitably treated by the Danish authorities. Through the kindness of Mr. Hansen, the Danish chief trader, some dogs were obtained, Mr. Hansen generously yielding his own team; an addition was also made to the crew in an interpreter, two sailors, and three dog-drivers, and the little vessel sailed.

On his way to Tessuissak, amongst the icebergs, Dr. Hayes had many opportunities of studying the conditions of these floating monsters, and at times his vessel was in much danger from their sudden irruption; on one occasion the doctor ascended a berg to a height of nearly 200 feet, and from it counted no fewer than 500 bergs, when he gave up the enumeration in despair.

On the 21st, *The United States* was off the settlement of Tessuissak, the last outpost of the Royal Greenland Company, and Dr. Hayes was enabled to complete the number of his dogs to four good teams, thirty dogs in all; their incessant howling and fighting kept Dr. Hayes and his companions alive, although not in the most agreeable manner. An iceberg, that lay grounded off the settlement, was measured by Dr. Hayes, and by his computation contained about 27,000,000,000 of cubical feet, with a weight of about 2,000,000,000 of tons.

Leaving Tessuissak, the expedition safely crossed Melville Bay, and approaching Cape York a look-out was kept for natives, Dr. Hayes hoping to meet a man who had accompanied Dr. Kane in his expedition. A group was seen, one of whom proved to be Hans, the man sought for; with very little persuasion he agreed to accompany Dr. Hayes, and, with his wife and child, was taken on board, and the little schooner again bounded on her onward course.

With wild weather they entered Smith Sound, and were obliged to seek protection under the land, southward of Cape Alexander, the lofty peak of which was enveloped in a white cloud, a sure token of wind in these regions.

It was Dr. Hayes' wish to get across to the west shore of the Sound, but pack ice obstructed him; and after much crushing from the ice Dr. Hayes succeeded in getting into a snug little harbour in Hartstene Bay, in latitude $78^{\circ} 17'$, about twenty miles to the southward of Renssalaer harbour, and eight north-east from Cape Alexander. This harbour Hayes named Port Foulke, in honour of one of his earliest and firmest supporters and friends, Mr. William Parker Foulke. Ice soon closed them in, and preparation was made for passing the winter.

Many reindeer were found in the vicinity of the harbour, and the natives whom Dr. Hayes had shipped at Upernavik were brought into use to hunt them, and many were secured, and carefully added to the stock of provisions. An observatory was erected, and the record of observations duly commenced. The dogs were formed into teams and practised along the smooth surface of the fiord, and great was the amusement caused by the attempts of Dr. Hayes and Mr. Soontag to manage their canine teams; the vigorous exercise of the whip-arm and the constant application of the lash being absolutely necessary to their well-being and well-doing.

Dr. Hayes visited the glacier discovered by Dr. Kane in 1855, and called by him, "my brother John's glacier." On the 22nd, with men and sledge lightly equipped, he reached the foot of the glacier and encamped for the night; the next day he succeeded in getting on the glacier; at the sides the ice was very rough and much broken, but free from snow; as he approached the centre it became more smooth. Dr. Hayes succeeded in travelling between sixty and seventy miles towards the interior, and attained an altitude of 5,000 feet above the sea; he was then obliged to return, from the severity of the weather.

The winter now set in in earnest, and the time was beguiled away in the usual manner of arctic voyagers; a school and a newspaper were established; but before entire darkness set in, sledge parties explored the neighbourhood; in one of these expeditions Mr. Soontag and a party struck the trail of two bears, which they followed up, and after a most exciting attack by the dogs, the bears—a female and her cub—were captured.

The most severe check and blow to Dr. Hayes was the death of Mr. Soontag, already alluded to; his loss was irreparable—a trusty friend and an earnest enthusiastic fellow-labourer. Being away in January on one of his excursions, he fell through the ice into the water, which so paralysed him, that all efforts made by his companions to restore circulation proved unavailing, and in a few hours he died.

With the approach of spring, when travelling to a greater distance became possible, Dr. Hayes proceeded to Renssalaer Harbour in search of his old ship, the *Advance*, abandoned by Dr. Kane in 1855; but beyond a small piece of deck plank, not a vestige of her was to be seen.

Preparations were now made for a more extended journey; and on the 3rd of April he left the vessel to make his way across Smith Sound, to continue the survey of the west shore from the termination of his discoveries in 1854, and to carry out the great object of his voyage—viz., to reach the shores of the open polar sea.

The incessant labour and difficulty of travelling amongst hummocky ice, and the great severity of the weather soon told on his crew, some of them becoming much exhausted, so that Dr. Hayes resolved to send the greater number back to the vessel, and proceed with only three men and his dogs; this was done on the 28th, and, then, with his reduced party he struggled on, and after thirty-one days' travel reached the opposite shore, the real distance travelled being only eighty-one miles. Proceeding north, the shores of the Sound and of Kennedy Channel were examined, and remains of native huts found as far north as the 80th degree.

Determined to press forward, and, if possible, obtain a sight of the open sea, Dr. Hayes strained every nerve, but his purpose was nearly frustrated by one of his companions breaking down by becoming lame. So near the purpose of his heart, and to be foiled by an accident! it was not to be thought of; and leaving the lame man in charge of one of his companions, and accompanied by the other—a lad only eighteen years of age—Dr. Hayes dashed forward, and finally reached a position somewhat to the northward of that attained by Morton in Dr. Kane's voyage, Dr. Hayes' latitude being $81^{\circ} 35'$. To his delight and gratification the open polar sea lay before him. Justly proud was Dr. Hayes at his success, and justly proud was he when, from the lash of his whip, he unfurled the flag of his country—the "star-spangled banner"—on the most northern land the foot of civilised man had ever trod. There lay the sea, the existence or non-existence of which had caused so much dispute, far as the eye could reach, the bold shores stretching about sixty miles to the north.

Time, shortness of provisions, the two men left behind, and

the rotten state of the ice, prevented Dr. Hayes from continuing his journey northward; and, as if parting from a first love, with many a longing look behind, he began to retrace his steps. Returning to his companions (the lame one being much restored by rest), Dr. Hayes succeeded in regaining his vessel, after an absence of sixty-one days, and without the loss of a man.

A careful survey of his vessel convinced Dr. Hayes that she was not strong enough to encounter the ice more than could be possibly avoided; he did not, however, give up all hope of sailing his little craft in the open polar sea, and thus complete by fact what his vision had convinced him to be quite possible; such repairs as could be extemporised were made in the vessel, the sails were overhauled and repaired, the stores re-shipped, and every preparation made for the breaking up of the ice, pending which Dr. Hayes took every opportunity of adding to his store of information, and the presence of some natives in the vicinity enabled him to learn much that was interesting and amusing.

On the 11th of July, 1861, the ice broke up, and although the disruption had nearly caused the loss of the vessel, she was once more free; Dr. Hayes then made the attempt to proceed north, and succeeded in getting within ten miles of Cape Isabella, but ice and prudence forbade nearer approach, and he was obliged to make good his retreat. Crossing Melville Bay he arrived at Upernavik on August 12th, and having discharged his Esquimaux and the remainder of his dogs, he made the best of his way down Davis Strait, and after touching at Halifax for some repairs, arrived in safety at Boston.

Dr. Hayes, while in the north, had planned an expedition for the following year, in which to follow up his important discoveries; but, alas! on his return he found his beloved country steeped in civil war, and all prospect of prosecuting further research in the north, at least for some time to come, was destroyed.

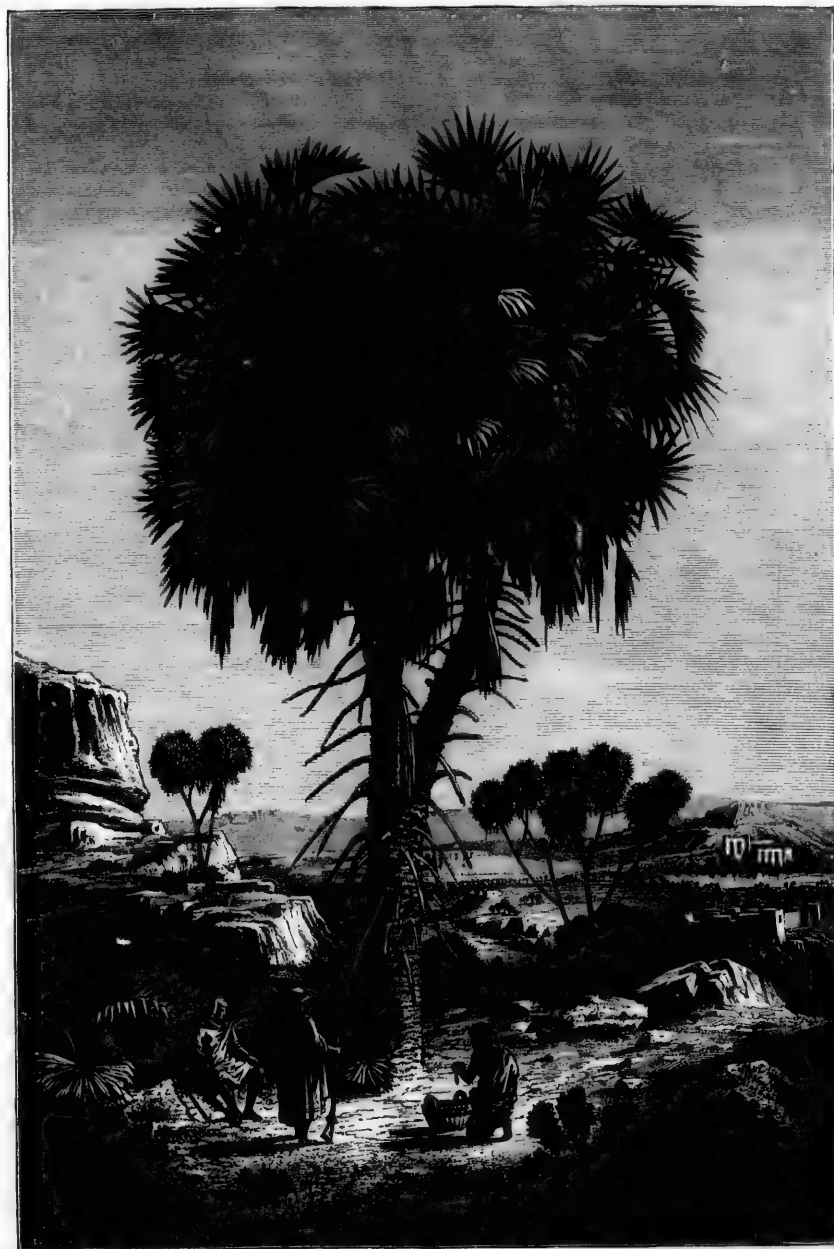
A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

V.—WESTERN ABYSSINIA—WANDIGÉ—ATCHAPAR—AGOW MEDER—THE ROYAL CAMP.

No person can reside in Abyssinia beyond a month or two, and fail to be struck by the number of fasts and festivals enjoined by the church of that country. Besides those days which are held sacred throughout the whole Christian world, there are numberless others, which to western eyes seem only to serve as mementoes of superstition, and almost of idolatry. The *Senkesar*, or calendar, contains within its pages legends of saints and miracles unrivalled in any collection of our own *Acta Sanctorum*. The conversion of the devil by *Abba Aragawee*, the anchorite of Dabra Dâmo, and other similar tales, occupy a place in the estimation of the people at large

corresponding to that in which we hold the miracles recorded in the Gospel. And the reason is obvious. On every day in the year is commemorated at least one saint, often two or three, and occasionally half a dozen. During the early morning service, which begins at cock-crow, the acts of this saint, and the wonders performed by him, are publicly read to the congregation, who have no means of discriminating between the authenticity of the *Senkesar* and the Bible. The Seven Sleepers of Antioch, or St. Samuel, who rode upon a lion, are as real to them as St. Peter or St. Paul. But beyond these, there are other festivals which have a more special significance, and which are usually celebrated with a considerable amount of pomp and display. Of them I may mention



DOUM PALM, OF THE SOUDAN.

Maskal, or the Invention of the Cross by the Empress Helena, on which feast a review is generally held in camp or garrison, and the soldier has a regular gala-day. On this occasion the sordid *shama* of every-day life is thrown off, and the warrior mounts his horse clad only in the bright silken shirt, with the thick *lamd* flaunting loosely over his shoulders. A gay and inspiring spectacle, it must be confessed. Still, these frequent feasts, and the long abstinence of Lent and before Christmas, together with fasts every Wednesday and Friday, are in reality only so many incentives to idleness, and retard, amongst a naturally indolent people, all civilisation and improvement.

It was our fortune to arrive at Wandigé on the eve of *Temkal*, or the Epiphany, one of the most important festivals of the Abyssinian Church. We were, however, too much occupied in pitching our tents and making ourselves comfortable to have leisure to notice any of the ceremonies which are observed on the day preceding the great feast. We saw, it is true, a procession in the distance, moving with slow and measured steps towards a small brook which watered the base of the hill on which the village of Kanohâ was situated, and we found on inquiry that the Tabot, the sacred symbol of the Ark of the Covenant, was being conveyed thither, to be guarded and watched over by the priests belonging to the neighbouring church, who, after a day of fasting, would keep their vigils during the night by the margin of the stream. In the morning the portals of the church would be opened to receive again the Tabot, and this ceremony we were invited to witness by the Waizero, or Lady Paramount of the district. The pleasure of the day was marred by a sad occurrence. One of the porters, a mere lad, was bitten by a snake during the night, and neglecting to give an alarm immediately, the ready assistance of Dr. Blanc was summoned too late, and the poor fellow, after considerable suffering, died in the course of the morning. Snakes, so far as my experience goes, are not common in Abyssinia; we rarely heard of fatal cases during our sojourn in the country, and I believe this was the only one which came under our personal observation, although there is no doubt that the doctor was instrumental in saving the lives of other persons who applied to him before the venom had time to do its deadly work, especially in one instance of a woman who was bitten while we were at Magdala.

After breakfast we mounted our mules, and escorted by Tesamma, Shâroo, and Tâshoo, rode off towards the church. As we were on the direct route from the brook, we soon fell in with the procession. A large number of priests and deacons, singing at the utmost pitch of their voices, surrounded the consecrated emblem of the Ark, and by uncouth dances and genuflexions strove to imitate the holy joy of David as he came from Kirjath-jearim. It was almost impossible for a stranger in the land, and one unused to its ways and customs, to avoid smiling at what seemed such gross caricature; yet I am sure that if ever devotion fills the heart of an Abyssinian priest, it is at moments such as these. But enthusiasm, to be respected, must be consistent; and to the outward world, earnestness ceases to be such when it fails in dignity. We know the ordinary life of the sacerdotal class in this country—with rare exceptions, laziness, ignorance, and sensuality are its predominant characteristics. To me, as well as to many others of our party, there was always something repulsive in the very look and gait of a priest; a too *prononcé* air of sanctity, so to speak,

in the broad turban and the white *shama*, from amidst the folds of which would peer forth the cunning eyes and the bearded face, dark by nature, but appearing preternaturally so through its contrast with the bleached garments; for, contrary to the usual habits of his countrymen, it is a point of religious honour with the priest to go forth attired in white raiment. I will not say their lives belie their professions, for of the latter, except in outward appearance, they make but few; holiness does not reside in their hearts, which are unseen, but in their office, which is visible to every one. A priest's hand is kissed by an ignorant peasant, in the full confidence that thereby absolution is accorded, simply because it is a priest's hand. What is there left to strive for further? Sermons do not form a part of the usual service of the Abyssinian Church, but occasionally one of the ascetics, who reside within the enclosure, will deliver a *Targoom*, or Exposition, which is generally acceptable, and often, I have been assured, worth hearing. Reverence, on account of personal holiness and purity of life, is felt for the hermits, which would be withheld altogether from the illiterate priests, were it not that their sensuality and ignorance are condoned by the habit which they wear, for few of them are able to do more than recite from memory the Psalms, which they cannot read. The deacons are boys between nine and sixteen years old; when they have attained the latter age, they are supposed to fix their vocation, and should they desire to return to the world, they are at liberty to do so. This is the case with the majority, but brought up as they are entirely by the priesthood, they exhibit intense bigotry and intolerance at an early age, and the smattering of religious and doctrinal knowledge which thus leavens the whole population, and which, while it is sufficient for superstition, is not enough for enlightenment, is probably the greatest bar to the establishment of a purer system of Christianity which could exist.

In the rear of this motley throng we took our places. The priests were clad in silken chasubles, and the deacons, if possible, were more gorgeous still. Crooks were brandished and crosses were waved, and a show of brilliant umbrellas marked the place where the Tabot was being carried. But the procession was not yet complete. We were told that the young maidens of these and the neighbouring villages would also join in the dance before the Ark. This sounded well—a "*Danse des Vierges*;" there was something fascinating in the very sound, enough to inflame the imagination of a manager of a transpontine theatre to the highest pitch. Or, perhaps, on an occasion like this, they might closer resemble such a chorus as Æschylus saw when he imagined the *Choephora*, or as appeared to Euripides when he dreamt of the graceful daughters of Phœnicia or Troy. We could hardly believe our eyes when the damsels did appear.

Nothing but a troop of squalid children met our eyes, the youngest of whom might perhaps have numbered six summers, and the eldest thirteen or fourteen. They were merely dressed in the usual coarse cotton shirt of the country, with a few lengths of the same material as a girdle. But was this a fair specimen of the maidenhood of Abyssinia? We could not help asking ourselves. If so, when did it end, and womanhood begin? Or was there a *tertium quid* unknown in less happy lands? Not so, for longer research will tell one that a girl is a girl so long as she is a *shadolla*, and this depends upon herself. When the hair of a little baby-girl has grown long enough to be plaited, the crown is carefully shaved, with the exception

sometimes of a small top-knot, but one row of tressed hair is left to encircle the head. Every year the shaven portion (or *addoola*) grows less and less, while the plaits increase like the rings in the trunk of an oak-tree. Now, properly speaking, as soon as the damsel arrives at nubile years she should leave off shaving altogether, but in these degenerate times few can be induced to do this, and a bare patch, the size of a crown-piece, is generally left, in order to show, that if the lady is not yet provided with a husband, it is from no lack of inclination on her part. Some, even after marriage, find it difficult to part with this emblem of youth. Our little dancing friends, who were all most fully entitled to this badge of virginity, clapped their hands and danced in childish glee before us, but ragged and dirty as they were, presented anything but a pleasing spectacle. Their elder sisters, disdaining to take a part in the procession, followed in the rear, with the attendants of the Waizero, and cast shy and curious glances from their dark eyes at the stranger guests of their Lady. It did not take us long to arrive at the church. It is situated in another village, called Ferohé, and is dedicated to Jesus. We did not enter it while the ceremony of the reception of the Tabot was being conducted, and which only lasted a few minutes, but remained outside with the majority of the villagers. At its conclusion, the Waizero invited us to a repast at her house at Kanohá, and thither we accordingly repaired; and after being regaled with various *wats*, or made dishes, and some glasses of mead, in a manner which displayed the strongest desire to show us all possible hospitality, we retired to our tents.

As our porters had to be changed here, we could not get away the next day (19th of January), but on the following morning we were able to resume our march. We bade adieu to the old Waizero with real regret. Her two sons were to accompany us to the King's camp, but she preferred remaining at her native village to encountering the fatigues attendant on a longer journey. She paid a visit to Mr. Rassam the evening before our departure, and appeared truly solicitous about our future welfare. Her place was filled in the *cortège* by a handsome sprightly lady, whom we will call the wife of Lidj Tesamma, bravely clad and adorned as became an Abyssinian dame of high degree. A finely-woven *shama*, or toga, was loosely thrown over the embroidered *kamees*, or shirt, with its folds nearly concealing the rich *olivâtre* tints of her face. Tight trousers, embroidered with various-coloured silks so as to match the shirt, peeped from below the *shama*, and allowed a glimpse of the little feet, shaded off, as it were, by the silver fringe of the *igr-kittbs*, or anklets. A *tilsam*, or collection of worked silver and leather talisman-cases, alternately strung on a blue cord, and a *dirac*, or necklace, composed of five or six silver chains connected together by stamped or filagree plates, completed her attire. As far as I remember, she was hardly great lady enough to wear a "burnoos," or blue embroidered mantle of silk or satin. Followed by a saucy black-eyed Abigail, she ambled on gaily enough, but as demurely and circumspectly as could be desired.

We halted at Dankora, in the district of Atchafar. The country in the neighbourhood is flat, but we were fortunate enough to secure an excellent camping ground on an eminence, beneath the shade of some fine sycamore trees. The villagers, who had heard of Dr. Blanc's fame as a Hakeem, came in shoals to solicit his assistance, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the stalwart Godjámeé Kása, who acted as a

kind of chamberlain, could keep the clamorous crowd at a distance. An old friend came to pay a visit to Mr. Rassam at this place. His name was Walda Selásyé Gobazyé, a merchant of good repute at Gondar, while that town was flourishing as the centre of commerce in Western Abyssinia. After it had been destroyed by Theodore, he attached himself to the service of the King, still retaining his business as a trader. While Mr. Rassam and I were staying at Kásáwa, we were favoured with a visit from this man, ostensibly from motives of courtesy only, but in reality, as we well knew, in the capacity of a spy from his master. Mr. Rassam's conversation and behaviour made such a favourable impression on him, that on his return to the royal court, he could report nothing but good of the Franks he had seen at the coast, and it is supposed that this had a good deal to do with our invitation into the country. Be that as it may, I believe he personally both liked and admired Mr. Rassam, and he took advantage of being in Atchafar to pay us a visit. While he was sitting in the envoy's tent, chatting away in the friendliest manner, the stern figure of Godjámeé appeared in the doorway, and in a tone which admitted of no refusal, ordered him off. It was in vain that Gobazyé appealed to his old friendship with Mr. Rassam, and pointed to the silken shirt which he wore, the badge of court favour and distinction. The orders of his Majesty were distinctly that we were to have no intercourse with any natives of the upper classes, except those specially told off as our escort; and so the poor merchant, very loth to leave so hospitable an entertainer, was forced to obey.

The following morning we continued our march to Nefása, passing on the road a large village, called Ismála. Nefása, with its pretty church, is situated on a low hill; its houses are nearly all in ruins, Atchafar having been one of those districts on which the plunderer's hand pressed hardest. The country through which we passed was on the whole level and uninteresting, with a chalky soil, varied with red marl. The next day we crossed the Kiltée, which was a streamlet only a few yards broad, and encamped at Timha, on the banks of another inconsiderable river, called the Brante. These two streams unite a few miles further up, and fall into the Lake Tsána at its south-western corner. As we had now entered the province of Agow-Meder, which had always been treated with consideration by the King, signs of cultivation increased, and flourishing villages, sequestered churches, and snug homesteads were by no means infrequent. The crack of the *jerif* constantly resounded in our ears, as we rode through the fallow fields, where the ploughman was busy at his labours. This is a kind of stock-whip, with a two-foot handle, and a lash of twisted cow-hide three or four times that length; when wielded by a practised hand it resounds louder than a pistol-shot. In other places, the green barley had attained a height of six or eight inches from the ground, and everything betokened happiness and contentment.

Agow-Meder,* from time immemorial, has been divided into seven districts, and has generally been governed by a Dedjazmátch of its own. The grassy uplands and level plains of this magnificent province are well adapted to pasture the immense

* That is, "The Agow-Country." More properly, it should be spelt "Agáú," but, in accordance with pronunciation, I prefer to represent the Amharic letters Alef-Waw by the English *aw*, as Professor Chenery, in his valuable and scholarly translation of the *Makámát* of Al-Hariri, does the corresponding Arabic letters.

herds of cattle and droves of horses that are everywhere to be seen. For a long time past the villages have been free from molestation, and the inhabitants were the first we saw who wore anything like an air of comfort and independence. This may be in some degree owing to their frank and martial character. Father Jerome Lobo, writing of them at the beginning of the seventeenth century, speaks of them as "numerous, fierce, and unconquerable, inhabiting a country full of mountains, which are covered with woods and hollowed by nature into vast caverns. . . . To these recesses the Agaws betake themselves when they are driven out of the plains, where it is almost impossible to find them, and certain ruin to pursue them."* In the old Jesuit's time Christianity was beginning to make some progress amongst them, but was much interwoven with the old pagan rites and ceremonies. Bruce, a hundred and fifty years later, mentions these caverns in which the Agows were accustomed to take refuge upon any alarm of an irruption of the Galla, but he nevertheless bears testimony to their warlike prowess. Krapf also speaks of their "character of savageness, spirit of independency, bravery in warfare, irascibleness, revengefulness, and rapacity," though he admits that the Christian religion, which they have now all embraced, has to some extent tempered these bad qualities. Their origin is lost in obscurity, though there is little doubt that the Agows of Agow-Meder and those of Wág and Tchera, near the Tacazzé, spring from common ancestors. To say nothing of the similarity in personal and moral characteristics, a very brief examination of their vocabularies will suffice to prove this. The derivation of the name given by Bruce,† referring to the Nilotic cult of the Pagan Agows, may be set aside as a fanciful distortion of fact to support a theory. But, as I take it, whether Autochthones or not, the Agows have a right to be considered at least the "oldest inhabitants" of the country, and a comparison of the different languages spoken in Abyssinia will prove at once that they are entirely distinct in origin and race from Amhara, Galla, or Falasha.

* Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia," Johnson's Translation, p. 110.

† "Ag-Oha," *Shepherds of the River*.—*Vide* Bruce, vol. ii, p. 327, ed. 1805, 8vo.

Korkuera is the name of that district of Agow-Meder through which we had first to pass. A beautifully undulating country, with but few trees. As we rode past a large village, named Zoogda, a husbandman ran out to meet us, and pressed on our acceptance as a gift a young "tota," one of the pretty little green monkeys which are so common in all parts of Abyssinia. They are shy at first, but soon become reconciled to human society. Lidj Tesamma, who had borrowed a fowling-piece for a few minutes, soon after came back with one of the poor little creatures in the agonies of death. He was quite disappointed to find that his feat did not meet with the approbation which he felt sure it merited.



ABYSSINIAN MUSKIER.

We took up our quarters for the night (23rd January) in a pretty rural spot, on the banks of a small stream. The tota is remarkably fond of the wild sycamore fig, and we found a pleasant camping ground close to a grove of these magnificent trees. The road next day was much pleasanter, as it lay through a succession of shady spinneys, with a carpet of green-sward and wild flowers. In the evening we reached Saha Bandja, near which some few years before a sanguinary battle had been fought between the forces of King Theodore and those of Tadla Gwálu, the insurgent chief of Godjám. Our friend, Godjámee Kása, had been in the action, and had a long story to tell of his deeds of "derring-do." Seven or eight champions had fallen victims to his sword and spear. Of course he had been on the right side, that of his present master.

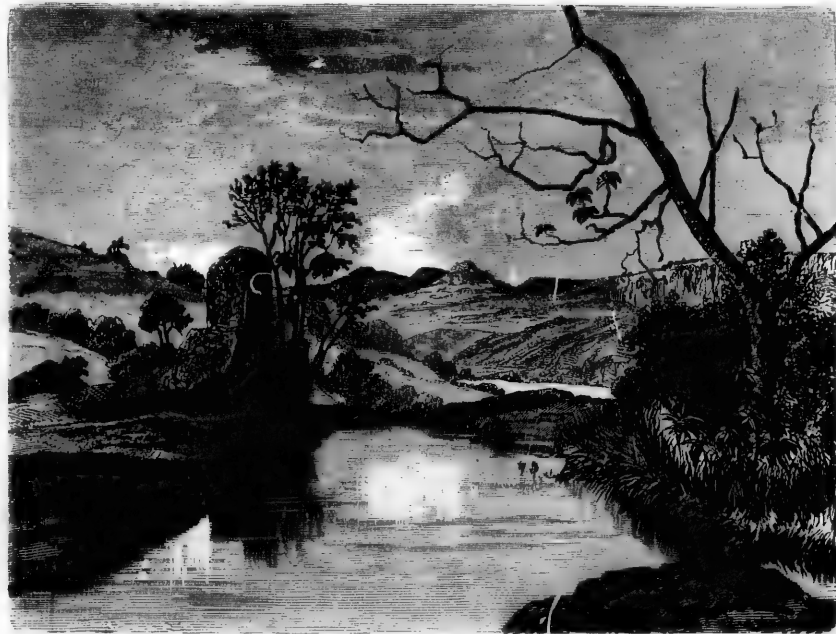
We encamped near a beautiful grove of kosso-trees, which, with their drooping pink blossoms, seemed to overshadow a spot all too fair to be marred by the wrath and strife of man.

And yet, years before, they had witnessed a still more dreadful scene of carnage. Bandja has a name in Abyssinian history as the place where the great battle was fought in 1770 between Waragna Fásil, the Galla chief of Godjám and Metcha and the Agow allies of Rás Mikhal, in which the latter were entirely defeated, and seven of their principal chiefs killed. I never saw the kosso attain a more luxuriant beauty and size than at this place. Besides its well-known anthelmintic virtues, it rivals our most imposing forest-trees in majesty and grandeur, whilst its delicately-tinted clusters of blossoms, contrasting

with the rich green of its foliage, altogether form a picture unsurpassed in nature.

The following day we resumed our march, which led us over the brow of a low but precipitous hill, into a lovely plain, thickly tenanted with guinea-fowl and antelope. The tall bare cliff of Injabara, pointing like a sculptured obelisk to the skies, lay on our right, and formed a conspicuous landmark for many miles around. We had scarcely reached our camping ground, when the overcast sky and the distant rumblings warned us to take shelter as soon as possible from the approaching storm. Our tents had not yet arrived, but on looking round, we perceived a small Agow village at no great distance. Thither we

narrow doorway, which is always kept closed up, an Abyssinian house is perfectly innocent of any aperture by which the outer atmosphere may be admitted, and the light of day is thus placed under the same ban. The walls are blackened with smoke, the roof is encrusted with the soot of generations; and when the traveller's eyes have become sufficiently habituated to the murky darkness which reigns within to enable him to distinguish between the cackling fowls and sprawling children which encumber the floor, and the figures of the master and mistress of the mansion, who are squatting round the central fire, thinking intently on nothing at all in particular, than his eyes, smarting as if a thousand needle-points were concentrated



VIEW ON THE BRANTEE.

repaired, and knocking at the door of the largest house, requested admittance. But the inmates, who had probably never seen a white face before, persistently kept the door shut, until our escort, growing desperate at the idea of crouching beneath the narrow eaves of the roof for perhaps another hour, almost forced their way in, and we followed after them. But although, judging from the *gwotas** of corn and jars of beer which were snugly ensconced in the recesses of the walls, the house evidently belonged to a well-to-do family, there was nothing in it to tempt us to make a longer stay than necessity compelled us to do. It takes some time to bring one's mind to the fact that fresh air and cold water are such utterly superfluous luxuries as savage man deems them. With the exception of the low and

in them, force him to rush out of doors as the only means of preserving his sight. Why, in this instance, such reluctance to admit us should have been shown I cannot say, and can only attribute it to the inhospitality and distrust of strangers which Abyssinians usually exhibit, and which stand in such unfavourable contrast to the behaviour of the Arab, who will plunder you in the desert and feast you in his tent with equal *bonhomie*, conscious that, according to his creed, he is doing a virtuous action all the while.

We were now approaching the spot which King Theodore for some time past had made his head-quarters. Stories had been current ever since we were at Wandigê that he would come and meet us with a select body of cavalry, and we were now in daily expectation of receiving a visit from him. In this way we accounted for our slow progress and the frequent delays

* A *gwota* is a tall cylindrical vessel, seven or eight feet high, made of wicker-work, and plastered with cow-dung, used as a receptacle for grain.

en route. On the 27th we made a short march to Dangwiya, and halted in the centre of a bare and level plain. We had hardly begun pitching our tents, when the rain came down with terrific violence. It ceased an hour afterwards, the sunbeams flashed through the opening clouds, and a magnificent double rainbow encircled the horizon, and was unhesitatingly hailed by our whole party as an omen of success.

The next day we were left in uncertainty as to our movements till long after breakfast. Our escort then came to us, and said they had received instructions to proceed to the royal camp. This was indeed pleasant intelligence for us. We were growing wearier as each day's march brought us nearer to our goal, and we gladly lent our aid to strike the tents and assort the baggage. We had proceeded a mile or two on the road, when Lidj Tesamma advised us to discharge our firearms, if they happened to be loaded, before we entered the precincts of the camp. We acknowledged the prudence of this course, and, halting in the open, amused ourselves and our conductors with a little pistol practice. Then we crossed the River Fatsam, which separates the provinces of Dämot and Agow-Meder, and empties itself into the Abai or Blue Nile. Chief after chief now began to ride up, probably with instructions regarding our progress, with a view to "timing" us well for the reception we were to meet. A little further on, we were informed that it was now time we should put on our uniforms, so as to appear presentable in case the King should come to meet us. A small Indian tent was pitched, and we were not long in investing ourselves with these emblems—as our friends imagined, of the personal favour we were held in by her gracious Majesty—and mounting again. A devious pathway led us through a tangled thicket, and prevented us from seeing far before us, when turning a corner, the curtain seemed lifted with almost theatrical suddenness, and a scene, barbarous maybe, but still in its way grand and imposing, became visible to our eyes.

On either side dense masses of foot-soldiers, spearmen, and musketeers formed an avenue beyond which cantered gaily three or four hundred of the best mounted warriors of Habesh, all equipped in their holiday attire. Behind each chieftain was his henchman, bearing on his left arm the shield of his master, a round target of buffalo or rhinoceros hide, covered with silver stars and bosses, and in his right hand a long and quivering lance. Two horsemen advanced to meet our party, leading between them a caparisoned mule. To the right was Räs Engeda, at that time owner of the finest stud in Abyssinia next to the King, mounted on his favourite dark bay charger, and to the left was Aito Samuel, on his pretty grey galloway, Dälitch. The Räs was a man of about forty years of age, of the middle height, slender and active in make, with an intelligent face, an expression of great pensiveness generally characterising it. His plaited hair was drawn away from a handsome and well-formed brow, and a very scanty beard and moustache clothed the lower part of his face. He was a native of Agow-Meder, and was generally said to be of a good family, claiming kindred with Räs Ali, although his detractors, who of course were pretty numerous, in virtue of his position as court favourite, used to aver that his origin was much more ignoble. Walda Gabriel told us he was nothing but a knife-cleaner—a statement to be received with some caution, inasmuch as such an office is wholly unknown in the domestic economy of the Abyssinians, unless indeed he meant

us to infer that the Räs had passed his early life in attendance on the feasts of his more wealthy countrymen, when there is always an array of small urchins, who share with the dogs of the establishment the duty of effectually clearing away all the remnants that remain in platter or jar. However that may be, Theodore, then Dedjadj Kāsa, took a fancy to the youth, when he was but a struggling *shifta* (rebel) himself, and placed him as a pupil in the monastery of Tchankar, the place where he had received his own early education. He was soon afterwards enrolled as a soldier under the banners of his master, and the star of the young Engeda rose as surely, if not as loftily, as that of Kāsa himself. After his coronation as King of the Kings of Ethiopia, Theodore, like Napoleon, established a court and an official hierarchy. In the first rank were the Rāses—Engeda, Hailu, and Oobyé, and of these three the first was the only one who had retained his rank and influence up to the time I am now speaking of. Oobyé was a chained prisoner at Magdala, Hailu was disgraced and powerless in the camp, but Engeda was still chief minister and favourite. This was attributed to the fact that he was never known to say "No;" in short, to his knowledge of the first arts of a courtier. Still, his life proved his loyalty, his death his devotion, and this in the face of much subsequent ill-treatment, and a long march to Magdala in fetters.

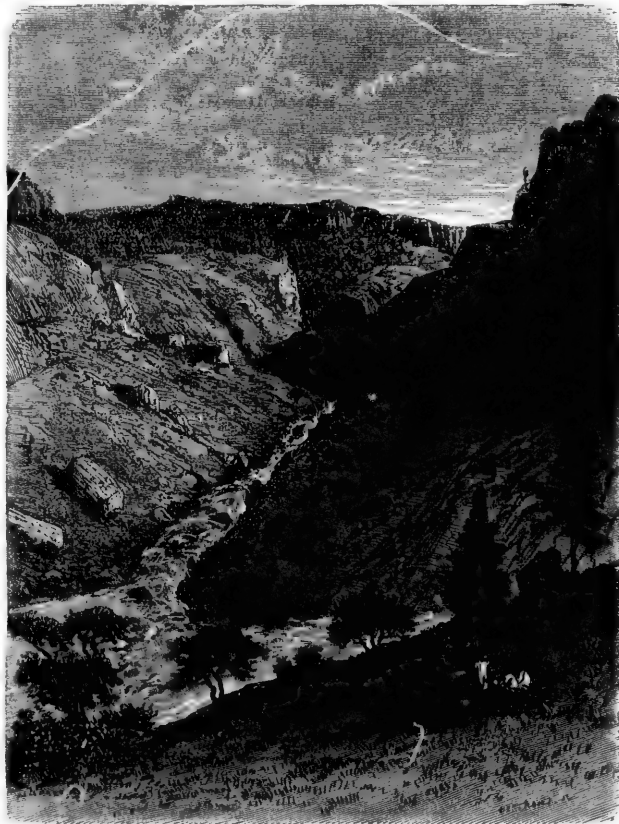
Aito Samuel was a personage of quite a different stamp. The son of a petty Mohammedan chieftain of Akula-Guzai, on the frontier of Tigré, he was converted when quite a youth to Christianity, and was baptised at Cairo by the late Mr. Lieder. After travels which had led him as far as Bombay, he settled in Shoa, and his fascinating manners, his address, and his perfect knowledge of Arabic, as well as of the Abyssinian languages, soon brought him into high favour at the court of Sahhela Seläsyé, the king of that country. He was there at the time of Major Harris's mission, and there was an idle story that a lameness with which he was afflicted had been caused by an injury received at the hands of a member of the embassy, and that in consequence of this, he had vowed eternal vengeance against all Europeans. After the downfall of Shoa and Tigré, and the establishment of the monarchy, he attached himself to the fortunes of King Theodore, and although at the time holding quite a subordinate position, and not even a "Bäl-a-Kamees,"* he was selected by his master to accompany Consul Cameron on his journey to Massäwa as *Baldaräba*, or intermediary agent. On his return to Gondar he was invested with the shirt, and appointed Steward of the Household, and Superintendent of the Pages and personal servants of the King. In person he was prepossessing and almost handsome; with a lofty but narrow forehead, aquiline nose, and thin lips, shaded by a slight moustache, and a well-shaped head covered with bushy grey hair, strongly approaching the unmistakable wool of the African. This was rather against his pretensions, on which he plumed himself, of being a descendant of a great Arab family, a son of Hashem; his grandfather having, as he said, emigrated from San'a many years before. In character he was timid, dissimulating, crafty, a time-server, and a sensualist, but so were all his countrymen; and, to give him his due, he was not without his good points, and had it not been for his presence and assistance at Magdala, we should have fared much harder than we did.

* The title assumed by the wearers of the silk shirt, or symbol of nobility.

Dismounting, the two courtiers made a neat little speech of welcome, and offered the mule to Mr. Rassam, as a present from his Majesty, apologising at the same time for the meanness of the gift. A red flannel tent, on a slight eminence at the distance of a quarter of a mile, was pointed out to us, and we were informed that we should rest there for a short time, until the King's pleasure should be known. We were accordingly conducted thither, and received a cordial welcome from the

were, as he said, hungry, it would be better if we saw him immediately. This put us on the *qui vive*, and we were not long in getting ready for the interview.

The royal tent was situated higher up, and, owing to the inequalities of the ground, was not visible from the place on which ours was pitched, but a walk of a few yards brought us in view of it. A double line of musketeers, facing inwards, was stationed along the path, and as we, accompanied by Aïto



JUNCTION OF THE KILTEE WITH THE BRANTE, AGOW MEDEK.

Râs on entering it. Soon after servants arrived, bearing huge platters of the finest *teff* bread, jars of *dillikh* (chutney) and *gombos* of strong mead, on which we were invited to regale ourselves. Before we had finished our repast, a note arrived for Mr. Rassam, in which the King said he should not be able to see us that day; but he soon changed his mind, and in the afternoon, when we were beginning to think of throwing off our uniforms and making ourselves comfortable, another missive was received, to the effect that as his Majesty was about to leave soon in order to procure supplies for his soldiers, who

Samuel, and followed by the interpreters, approached them, they saluted us with a *feu-de-joie* in really capital time. When the file-firing had ceased, a voice cried out "*Indyet aduratchhu!*" (How are you?) to which, it being a breach of etiquette to return a verbal answer, we respectfully bowed, and Aïto Samuel, kneeling down, touched the ground with his forehead. This was repeated three times, and we having then arrived at the entrance of the tent, an invitation to enter was heard, and on the curtain being drawn aside, we found ourselves face to face with King Theodore of Abyssinia.

Kuriyán Muriyán Islands.

THERE are many spots on the earth's surface the very existence of which we are unconscious of, until a war (of which they may be the subject), or the marches of contending armies over them, raises them from obscurity; for it must be readily conceded that wars greatly add to our geographical knowledge; but, fortunately, it is not to war that we are indebted for the additional information concerning these islands, but to the more peaceful pursuit of science, in the establishment of submarine electric telegraphs. The position of these islands rendering them a desirable station on the great line to India and Australia, they have lately been visited by Her Majesty's ship *Hydra*, with a view to the examination of their neighbourhood.

Kooria Moorla, Kuria Muria, or Kuriyán Muriyán as they have been variously designated, are a group of five islands lying in an east and west direction off the south-east coast of Arabia, about twenty miles from the mainland, they are Hásikí, Sódah, Hulláníyah, Jezírat Jiblíyah, and Kirzáwet or Rodondo, of which Hulláníyah is the largest, being eight miles long and four and a half broad. The whole group are barren, ill-favoured spots, and are described as the "abomination of desolation," the only tree being the tamarisk, and all the other visible vegetation a little grass which struggles for existence on the east side of Hulláníyah. The general appearance of the islands is that of a number of coner many having a rugged and fantastic appearance. They are composed of granite resting on a limestone base, the hills in Hulláníyah running to a height of 1,500 feet, while those of Jezírat Jiblíyah do not attain a greater altitude than between 500 and 600 feet. Deep gorges of the wildest and most desolate appearance run from the shore inland.

Jezírat Jiblíyah is a great guano depôt. For some time past it has been worked by an Englishman, but as the anchorage around the island is bad, it must be a labour of considerable risk and difficulty shipping it. The only island at present inhabited is Hulláníyah.

The English took possession of this group in 1816 (the Union Jack left there at that time by Captain Moresby was hoisted on the arrival of the *Hydra*), but they have since been formally ceded by the Imaum of Muskat for the Red Sea and Indian telegraph cable; and the English Government formally installed the principal man of the inhabitants in charge, with the munificent salary of—two dollars per annum! which at the time of the *Hydra's* visit was six years in arrear. There are twenty-seven inhabitants on Hulláníyah, half of whom are Arabs and the others aborigines. They exist entirely on fish and such other articles of food as they can obtain from exchange with the Arabs of the neighbouring coast. Fish literally swarm round the islands, and are caught by the natives (who have no boats) by standing on the shore and throwing a line and hook, as fast as they can possibly bait the latter, into the sea; some of the fish weighing from forty to fifty pounds. Oysters and other shell fish also abound on the rocks in enormous quantities, but the natives (not the oysters) do not consider them fit for food.

The examination of the sea bottom round the islands proved unfavourable for the purpose of submarine telegraphy, it being rocky and uneven.

The *Hydra* liberally supplied the inhabitants with provi-

sions (although there is no mention of their having paid the arrears of the Governor's salary), for which they were very grateful; but tobacco and fish-hooks were the articles most coveted.

French Expedition from Cambodia to the Yang-tsze-Kiang.

THE recent survey-expedition undertaken by the French from their possessions in Cochín-China, up the Mekong river, and across the unknown country between its upper waters and those of the Yang-tsze was an extremely bold undertaking. Hitherto public curiosity has not been gratified by the publication of a full account of the journey. The expedition was an official one, and conceived probably with a view of extending the political influence of the French among the independent States lying between the British possessions and the western provinces of China; but as several scientific gentlemen were included in it, results interesting to the world at large must have been obtained. The party left Saigon on the 7th of June, 1866, under the leadership of Captain de Lagree, accompanied by eleven Europeans and eight natives. Of the former five were chosen for their scientific abilities, each one representing a certain branch of knowledge; one to take notes of the botany, another of the geology, a third the topography, a fourth agriculture, and the fifth trade. The other six Europeans were French sailors. On leaving Saigon they directed their course to the Tali-sap, or great lake of Cambodia, and spent a month in studying the magnificent ruined temples of Ongcor and other places near its shores. They then crossed to the main river, Mekong, which they found obstructed with rapids at about 300 miles from the sea, thus limiting the usefulness of this fine river as an artery of commerce. Still advancing northward they reached Bassack, on the frontier of Cambodia, where they had to remain four months, waiting for passports from Peking. On the 5th of June, 1867, the party arrived at Stien-Kong, on the extreme borders of Laos; the country was found to be sparsely populated, the chief town, Luang-Trabong, containing not more than 8,000 people. Still navigating the Mekong they reached Muong-lin, where they had finally to leave their boats, as the river had become too shallow, and abandoning all their baggage, except a change of clothing, they marched on foot to Muong-Yong. At the end of October they succeeded in entering the Chinese province of Yunan, and having arrived, after a long march, and amid much privation and suffering, at Tung-chuen, the leader became too ill to proceed. He was left there whilst the party pushed forward to Tali-fu, the capital of the Mahomedan part of Yunan, which has lately thrown off the yoke of the Chinese emperor. They found this remote and little-known place to be a town of 40,000 inhabitants, situated on the borders of a lake about 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. On returning to the town where they had left their leader, they found he had died during their absence, and exhuming the corpse they made their way, with as much despatch as possible, to Su-cha, on the Yang-tsze, where they embarked in a native boat, and reached the European settlement at Han-kow on the 9th of June, 1868. Captain de Lagree was known to have been long occupied in Cambodia in studying the ancient remains strewn so abundantly over a large portion of the country, and it is to be lamented that he has not lived to enjoy the fruits of his zeal and enterprise.



PERSIANS OF BUSSORAH.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER I.

THE "COMET"—VESSELS AND NAVIGATION OF THE TIGRIS—
BUSSORAH AND ITS INHABITANTS.

WHEN I was serving on the Persian Gulf station, in one of the ships of war of the late Indian navy, I received an invitation from the Surveyor-General of Mesopotamia to accompany him up to Baghdad in the river steamer he commanded. His house in that city was offered, at the same time, as a base of operations for journeying into ancient Babylonia, or wherever the spirit of travel and adventure might lead me.

I gladly closed with my friend's offer, not only because I had long been anxious to visit the historic sites of Mesopotamia, but also because my friend enjoyed a wide-spread reputation for free-handed hospitality. I have learnt since how well-earned was this reputation, on reading in the works of more than one traveller returned from those distant climes how he, the voyager, has desired to place on record his great obligations to Captain —, who is too modest to desire that his name should be brought before the public.

The vessel in which I was serving sailed up the Shatt el Arab, or river of the Arabs, past the earthworks of Mohamrah, situated at the mouth of the Karun, probably the ancient Pasitigris, up which the fleet of Nearchus ascended, and which was destined, more than two thousand years afterwards, to

witness the memorable defeat of Persian arms by British valour—a defeat that drove the haughty Shah to sue for terms of peace, releasing thereby, in time to take part in the Indian mutiny, the expeditionary force, and those two brilliant soldiers, Outram and Havelock, who led the very men that fought at Kooshab and Mohamrah to achieve the greater glories of the re-occupation of Cawnpore and the relief of Lucknow.

Some few miles higher up the stream than Bussorah is a small place called Marghill, and here we cast anchor. A British vice-consul had been stationed at Marghill since the time the East India Company withdrew their semi-political semi-commercial agent from Bussorah, and it was usual for one of the ships of the Indian navy to sail up to Marghill, to which place the flat-bottomed river steamer that protected the British interests in the city of Baghdad would also occasionally proceed, for the double purpose of conveying despatches from the consul-general at Baghdad to the vice-consul, and of bringing back on its return voyage documents of a similar character from the Indian government, under whose authority the consul-general was placed.

The little *Comet* was a small armed steamer, constructed with the object of navigating in safety the shallow waters of the Tigris, and was equipped with a picked crew of British man-o-war's-men, who were well trained to the use of the cutlass and

rifle, which were kept on deck, ranged in arm-racks, and in condition for instant and effective service. The armament of the *Comet* consisted of one pivot 32-pounder, and several 12-pounders and 3-pounders, with wall-pieces fixed in swivels along the tops of the bulwarks, so that fire could be opened upon an advancing foe from any quarter, and with overwhelming effect. Indeed, the decks of the little steamer—with her heavy battery of guns and her bright array of arms, from which the sun's rays glinted as if from a mirror, not to mention the round shot and shell, canister and grape, ranged in racks round the "coamings" of the hatches, in close proximity—presented the appearance of a diminutive arsenal.

Not unworthily did the *Comet* represent that proud navy whose flag is seen on every sea; and the martial and restless tribes of Arabs, through whose territories she passed on her way to Baghdad, had learned to respect the British ensign, and the officer whose pennant floated at her mast-head.

The word Mesopotamia, as is well-known, means "the country between the two rivers." It was called by the Hebrews, equally with Babylonia, Aram-Naharaim; while in Egyptian monuments it is inscribed Naharaina. The Chaldeans of Kurdistan, who, there is little reason to doubt, are the descendants of the ancient Assyrians, are known in Scripture under the name of Casdim. I do not purpose to enter here into the vexed question of their origin, which has been discussed by Layard and a host of authorities, but will only say that it is very probable they derived their name from Chaldaus, an Assyrian king, fourteenth in succession from Ninus, and who built Babylon near the Euphrates, and placed the Chaldeans in it; and which theory is greatly strengthened by that passage from Isaiah (xxiii. 13), "Behold the land of the Chaldeans; this people was not, till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwell in the wilderness: they set up the towers thereof, they raised up the palaces thereof." Abraham, also, according to the Book of Genesis, came from Ur of the Chaldees, though the use of the term Chaldean, like that of Assyrian, appears to have been very vaguely applied; and the situation of Ur is purely conjectural, though Orfah is generally supposed to stand on its site.

Ancient Mesopotamia extended, according to Strabo, between the Tigris and Euphrates, whilst the Taurus separated it from Armenia on the north. Pliny speaks of the two rivers forming its boundaries to the east and west, with the Persian Gulf to the south, and the Taurus to the north; thus having a length of 800 miles and a breadth of 360. The modern country of the same name extends from 38° 7' E. long. to the estuary of the old Karun in 48° 45', and from 31° 7' to 37° 31' N. lat.; its greatest width being 170 miles, and its extreme length 735. Mesopotamia is a vast plain, a part of its surface between Baghdad and the Euphrates being occupied by salt lakes and marshes. It is hard to believe, from its present desert aspect, that its soil was correctly described by Herodotus as the most fertile in the world, though those portions that in the present day have the advantage of irrigation works are very productive.

While lying at Marghill we paid occasional visits to Bussorah, which is under the authority of the Turkish Pasha in Baghdad. The trade between the two cities is considerable, though not so great as in the days of Rauwolff, who thus speaks of it in his "Travels:" "In this town there is a great deposition of merchandises, by reason of its commodious situation,

which are brought here by sea as well as by land from several parts, chiefly Natolia, Syria, Armenia, Constantinople, Aleppo, Damascus, &c., to carry them further into the Indies, Persia, &c. So it happened that, during the time I was there, on the 2nd of December, 1574, there arrived twenty-five ships with spice and other precious drugs, which came over the sea by the way of Ormutz to Balsora."

The city of Bussorah is enclosed within a wall eight miles in circumference, but this would give a very deceptive idea of its actual size, for the greater portion of this space is laid out in gardens and plantations of date trees. Bussorah is said to be the dirtiest town even in the Turkish dominions, but having a lively impression of the filthiness of Jeddah and Mocha, not to mention other cities under the rule of the Sublime Porte, I am unable to award the palm with a sense of doing justice to all the claimants for the unenviable distinction. Suffice it to say the town is ineffably mal-odorous, and that the olfactory nerves are assailed at every corner, nay at every step, by fresh, rather let us say *novel*, stench, in such numerical force as to baffle the arithmetical calculations even of a Coleridge, who, I believe, counted seventy distinct smells in the ancient and picturesque city of Cologne. The authorities make no endeavours at sanitary improvements, and the streets, being narrow and irregular, make the accumulation of nastinesses of all sorts an easy matter.

Some few houses are built of kiln-burnt bricks, but the vast majority are of mud; from these latter project long spouts made of the trunk of the date tree, which convey filth of every description into the streets, there to breed cholera and other diseases by which the population of the town has been so often decimated. The old bazaar is extremely mean. Rafters are laid across the top and covered with ragged mats, which give but small protection from the sun. Under these are numerous coffee houses, large unfurnished apartments, with benches of masonry built round the walls about three feet from the ground, and constructed for customers; on these mats are placed, while at the bar are ranged numerous coffee-pots and pipes of different descriptions.

Bussorah boasts of three large canals, which are used for transporting goods and passengers, and for supplying the city with water for domestic purposes. The northern and southern ones flow along by the city walls, on the outside and close to the fortifications, and uniting outside form a sort of ditch round the city. From these large canals smaller channels branch out in different directions, acting as irrigants to the soil through which they pass. The central canal enters from the river about midway between these two, and traverses the whole length of the town, irrigating the gardens and date groves within the walls, and carrying passengers into the heart of the city, as well as goods to the markets. All these canals are filled by the flood, and left dry by the ebb tide, twice in every twenty-four hours, though they show symptoms of filling up, through want of care in dredging, and perhaps at no distant date will be impassable even for boats of light draught.

The chief means of locomotion for passengers are the native boats, known as "bellems." These are canoes, having a light awning overhead and a mat in the bottom for a seat; they are propelled by two boatmen who stand in the head and stern, and with long poles fitted for the purpose, push the "bellem" along with sufficient velocity to keep up with ordinary four-oared boats. These are the smallest vessels

employed, and as they draw only a few inches of water, can be used almost at any time of the tide.

Another sort of boat, and one peculiar to these rivers, is the kufah. This is made of basket-work and covered with bitumen, and is of circular shape, reminding one of the ancient "coracle" in use by our naked, woad-painted ancestors, the ancient Britons. The kufah is generally from six to eight feet in diameter, of shallow draught, and is capable of carrying about half-a-dozen passengers. These are used both on the canal and on the river, and spin along with a circular motion by means of paddles. Herodotus speaks of circular boats made of reeds, in the form of shields, and with an external covering of skin (which is not considered necessary to the kufah of our day), as in use on the rivers of Babylonia upwards of 2,000 years ago.

The species of boat employed to transport heavy burdens is quite of another description, and is known by the name of "donak." It presents a singular appearance, rising at each extremity with so great a "sheer" as to resemble a crescent in shape, and towards the waist "falls out," thus offering great resistance to the water. The bottom or floor is quite flat, but sharp at the stem and stern, which are decked over and rise to a considerable height above the water. On the platform stands the helmsman, who steers by means of a long crooked pole, terminating with a fan or blade; the whole boat's surface is covered with a thick coating of bitumen. The donak varies in length from thirty to forty feet, and is chiefly employed to carry wood or other bulky cargoes; they are tracked up the stream by hand, but return with the current.

The Arab boatmen who ply on the canals are stalwart, muscular-looking fellows, and many of them would make good models for a Hercules. Their costume usually consists of a loose brown shirt of very coarse texture, and does not greatly interfere with the prosecution of their laborious avocations.

The whole of the canals are simply dug out without any lining of masonry, and the bridges that span them are of the meanest description. Near the entrance from the river to the central canal is a building called "El Mekam," which signifies the residence of the lieutenant-governor—the palace of this official, who is known as the Mutesellim, being situated in the city.

The other chief houses are the custom-house, the old English Residency, and the palace just mentioned. These three edifices, and some few of the principal mosques and mansions of rich merchants, are the only buildings that are constructed of kiln-dried bricks, the remainder of the city, together with its walls, being built of sun-dried bricks; in all, scarce one-fourth of the entire space enclosed within the walls of Bussorah is occupied by buildings.

There are some large caravanserais, or "khans," built for the accommodation of travellers at the public expense. A caravanserai, as is well-known to all who have travelled in the East, is constructed in the form of a hollow square, the sides of which consist of ranges of apartments with arched fronts, and a broad colonnade, within which the merchant takes up his quarters. The centre is open, and over it are scattered in every direction packages, matchlocks, bales of goods, &c., presenting an appearance of confidence in the honesty of one's fellow-travellers that it would be well one could cultivate in Europe. In this open space, while halting for the night, the merchant drives his bargains, in which he is as good an adept

as his Christian brother nearer home. The largest of these khans is in the eastern quarter of the city.

The population of Bussorah—like that of all great oriental cities which are subject to the fluctuations induced by conquest or the ravages of epidemics, or to commerce making for itself new channels—has varied very considerably at different periods of its history. When in its most flourishing condition, the *maximum* has been said to reach half a million, while a *minimum* of 50,000 was attained after the direful ravages of the plague in 1773. Niebuhr, while passing through the place in 1764, nine years before the visitation referred to, estimated the population scarcely to exceed 40,000 souls, at which figure I am inclined to put the present number of its inhabitants.

The Arab inhabitants, like their Turkish masters, are of the Sonnee sect of Mohammedans; those of the upper classes, who are chiefly merchants, dress in Indian muslins during the summer months, while in winter they wear fine broadcloths of the brightest hues, Indian stuffs, and Cashmere shawls, presenting a very gay appearance. The Arabs from the sea-coast and Nedjed universally wear the Bedouin head-dress, or handkerchief called the "keffeah," which the poorer classes bind round their heads with bands of camel's-hair thread made into a sort of rope. This "keffeah" is the distinguishing mark of the descendants of Ishmael, whether in town or country, and no matter what the social position of the wearer. The more wealthy wear a rich Indian shawl as a turban over it. Over the thick shirt and loose drawers of the same material is worn, in summer, the Baghdad cloak of light cloth, with alternate stripes of reddish brown and white. The poor wear one of a similar pattern, but thicker material, in winter; but the rich Arab merchants sport cloaks of a black colour, with a broad stripe of gold woven into the cloth, and descending from the top of the right shoulder down the back.

The Persians of Bussorah, like their countrymen elsewhere, are of the Sheeah sect of Mohammedans, and form the great bulk of what we would call the lower middle class; some few, indeed, are well-to-do merchants, but the greater proportion are writers, shopkeepers, and mechanics, for which their address and conciliatory bearing, superior to that of the haughty Arab, render them desirable acquisitions.

The Persian dress differs greatly from that of the Turks. The curling hair of the men falls behind a high-pointed black lamb-skin cap, and, instead of the ample flowing garments of the Sonnee, the Sheeah is to be distinguished by a dark caba, or coat, fitting very close to the shape as far as the waist, with tight sleeves left open towards the wrists, a rolled shawl-girdle, containing a short dagger or, if the wearer be a mirza, the writing materials. The lower part of the garment, however, is loose as far as the ankles, and this, to a stranger, gives him a feminine appearance, especially with the addition of high-heeled green slippers, or the shoes made of quilted cotton or leather, which usually form part of the walking dress. When mounted, boots replace the shoes, and a pair of loose trousers (shulwars) are worn, which are sufficiently large not only to enclose the skirts of the coat, but occasionally to carry some provision for the journey. On these occasions an outer caba, or cloak, is added, generally of sheep-skin, with the fur inside; a garment of the latter kind, or more frequently of thick, pliant felt, thrown loosely over the shoulders, a high-pointed felt cap, with cloth bandages round the legs, compose the usual winter attire of the shepherd, the muleteer, and poorer peasant.

Ornamented stockings, drawers loose to the ankles, flat small girdles rather below the waist, with a loose dress either of rich tissue or simple stuff, and an embroidered muslin mantle, form the usual costume of the superior class of women, with the addition, however, of pearls, rings, and armlets. Their hair, which is adorned with pearls, and gold or silver coins, falls in thick tresses behind in a manner far more becoming than that of the Turkish dames. Within doors their attire is both slight and simple. The head is enveloped in a large kerchief, generally black, and a kind of white bed-gown, with a pair of loose trousers, and high-heeled slippers, completes the dress. Out of doors the Persian female strictly follows the ancient style of dress. Those of the middle class wear wide trousers pressed into ample yellow boots, with an upper garment of either white or dark cotton. This is very loose, and is covered with a checked cloth of such

young, are strikingly beautiful, but they age early in life—indeed, at about twenty-five, they become fat and unwieldy in person, while all beauty leaves them; altogether, they form a marked contrast to our English matrons. Still, as I have said, as young girls they oftentimes come up to one's ideal of perfect female loveliness, not only in face, but in figure, which offers a striking combination of grace and dignity. I write this, having a vivid recollection of two fair daughters of a wealthy Armenian merchant in Baghdad, one of whom was at the time receiving the attentions of an English officer; indeed, numerous instances occur of our countrymen, in that and other neighbouring cities, taking to themselves wives from among the best Armenian families.

In dress, they confine themselves to dark colours, and wear black, blue, or brown cashmere shawls for turbans, never indulging in the gay colours affected by other nationalities.



KELEK, OR RAFT OF INFLATED SKINS, ON THE TIGRIS.

dimensions that it envelops the whole person, with the exception of a small portion of the face, which may be seen through a kind of gauze mask.

The Turks are few in number, and hold nearly all the official positions, or are attached to the Mutesellim's personal staff. This small party of Turks, numbering scarcely more than 500 men, maintain firm possession of the city, aided by a soldiery consisting of some 2,000 men, who are paid by government, but supply their own arms and clothing; except among the body-guard, there is consequently no regular uniform, each man dressing according to his nationality. On the whole, there can be no doubt that the Turkish rule is popular in this part of the Sultan's dominions; for though they may be considered, having regard to numbers, as an alien race, yet their system of government is mild, and does not press hardly on either Arab or Persian, while the taxes are light.

The Armenians, though few numerically, form not an unimportant element in Bussorah society. They are a quiet, industrious race, and are greatly respected for their honesty in business transactions. In complexion they are fairer than many European races, and some of their women, when very

The Jews are to be found here, as in every other part of the world; but they form only a small portion of the community, and keep to themselves. They dress, like the Armenians, in sober-coloured garments, but wear a distinctive head-dress.

The Subbees are a sect of Christians who call themselves followers of John the Baptist. Little is known of their peculiar tenets beyond that they admit the divinity of Jesus Christ, and lay claim to the possession of a Gospel of their own, written, as they say, by John the Baptist himself, and this Gospel is their authority in all matters of faith and doctrine. One of the chief peculiarities of their religion is that frequent repetitions of baptism are necessary; thus, after every important change or event, as on a marriage, becoming the parent of children, recovery from sickness, after a death, and on other solemn occasions.

The Porte maintains a semblance of a navy at Bussorah, and at other points of the river; but the ships, five or six in number, are totally unseaworthy, and, in fact, never proceed to sea, but lie at anchor "grounding on their beef-bones," as we say in the navy. It was different during the time of Suliman, Pasha of Baghdad, when the fleet of twenty well-

armed and manned ships of war were strong enough to venture into the Persian Gulf, and engage the pirates' craft that thronged its waters. Groves of date trees grow along the banks of the Shatt el Arab, but the country around Bussorah is a dreary waste, and there is no verdure to relieve the monotonous sameness of the prospect. For about six months of the year this tract, level as the sea, is inundated from the overflowing of the river, and is at times even so deep as to admit of the passage of boats between Bussorah and Zobeir, a town distant about eight miles from its walls.

CHAPTER II.

KOORNA—AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT—CTESIPHON—SELEUCIA.

AFTER leaving Bussorah in the little *Comet*, on our way to Baghdad, the first place of note we passed was Koorna, the

presents a dead level, flooded in many parts so as to be almost impassable. Two miles above Koorna is said to be the site of the garden of Eden, though the present sterile nature of the soil would seem to belie the popular belief. What a contrast does it not present to the beautiful account of its delights, as set forth in the Scriptures! The prophet Joel writes in the second chapter and the third verse of his book, "The land of Eden before us, and behind us, a desolate wilderness." The desolate wilderness remains, but the swampy marshes that meet the eye near Koorna are all that remain of Paradise. The Arab sheikh who holds his head-quarters here levies a species of "black mail" on all travellers up and down the stream, notwithstanding the unhappy voyager may have paid handsomely to the chief of the Montafik Arabs, to whom the great man of Koorna owes allegiance and pays tribute. Of course the Honourable Company's Ship, *Comet*, paid toll to



MILK-WOMAN AND ARABS CROSSING THE TIGRIS.

ancient Apamea, situated at the extremity of the narrow delta of land formed by the junction of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. It was so called by Seleucus Nicator, in honour of his wife Apama, the daughter of Artabazus, king of Persia, and though now an insignificant village, its former greatness is attested by the extensive ruins still existing on its site.

This Seleucus Nicator, according to Prideaux in his "Connection of the Old and New Testament," founded thirty-five cities in greater and lesser Asia, sixteen of which he named Antioch, from Antiochus his father; nine, Seleucia, from his own name; six, Laodicea, from Laodice, his mother; three, Apamea, from Apama, his first wife, of which this city is the chief; and one, Stratonicea, from Stratonice, his last wife.

During the time of the Caliphs, Koorna was a place of great importance, but it has now dwindled down into a miserable village of some thirty or forty huts, principally occupied by a Turkish guard, who levy tribute on passing boats.

From Koorna, the Euphrates branches off due W.S.W. by compass; and a little above the delta, which is covered with plantations of date trees, all fertility ceases, and the country

no sheikh or chieftain on these inland rivers, be he never so potent, ashore or afloat.

The Montafik Arabs are a powerful tribe of Bedouins, possessing that part of Mesopotamia which lies between Bussorah and Baghdad, and can bring, it is said, 70,000 warriors into the field, though this estimate includes every male capable of bearing arms.

On losing sight of Koorna, the first object of any great interest that we passed—except an occasional Arab encampment with its swarm of indigent occupants, who stared wonderingly at the steamer, clad in long brown shirts, extending to the knees and confined at the waist by a girdle—excepting these dirty, yet rather picturesque groups, we saw nothing worth chronicling till we arrived at a tomb called by the Arabs Ozair, and which is said by tradition to hold the ashes of the prophet Ezra. A good sun-burnt brick wall surrounds it, inside which is a spacious domed cloister, enclosing a square sepulchre; the interior is paved with sky-blue tiles, which also cover the dome, affording a rather pretty effect when the sun shines upon them. This tomb is an object of great interest to the Jews of the neighbouring

cities, who make pilgrimages to its shrine, and complacently undergo being waylaid and robbed by the Arabs, to whom they never dream of offering resistance.

Occasionally, while steaming along, we would pass some Arabs crossing the river on inflated sheep or goat skins; the most primitive, one would think, of all methods of voyaging. On these, Arabs, male and female, with their burdens commit themselves to the perils of crossing the broad and rapid waters of the Tigris; the women even carrying bowls of milk this way. The next step in the art of river navigation, is the using of two goats' skins attached to one another by means of a hoop; then comes a species of raft called a "kelek," which can be made of any number of goat-skins ranging between four and two hundred. These skins are taken off with as few incisions as possible, and then dried and prepared, after which the air is forced in by the lungs, and the aperture tied up with string. Four such skins being attached by means of withes of willow or tamarisk, there is placed over them a kind of platform consisting of branches in layers at right angles to one another, and reaching from side to side. This constitutes the smallest kind of "kelek," on which may be seen an Arab family moving with the stream from one pasture ground to another, and carrying their bags of corn and worldly effects.

For commercial purposes, or when proceeding long distances, a larger construction is made, as follows: A rectangular, or more generally a square, platform, having a sort of well or inlet at one end, is first constructed by means of successive layers of branches of trees, or poplar beams and reeds, crossing at right angles till the whole has become sufficiently stable, which is usually the case when the flooring is eighteen inches or two feet deep. On this platform there is a fire-place, or hearth, within a little enclosure of damp clay, to prevent accidents from fire. Rough planks are then laid over the rest of the space, which is occupied by the boatmen and the merchandise; inflated skins are then tied to it by osier and other twigs. The raft is then moved to the water, and launched, while care is taken to place the skins with their orifices upwards, so that in case any should burst or require re-filling, they can be easily opened by the raftmen and replenished by means of a reed pipe; the inlet already spoken of giving access to those not at the sides. People of wealth have small, rude huts constructed on their keleks, while their poorer brethren ensconce themselves, during the journey, among the bales of goods with a most commendable patience, only carrying with them a small earthen chafing dish, containing a charcoal fire, which serves to cook their food.

The ordinary "kelek," or raft, ranges in length from sixteen to eighteen feet by fourteen to sixteen in diameter, and is supported by about thirty-three skins, but the larger ones are thirty or even forty feet in length, and have at least fifty skins, while some require three hundred to support them; it was with rafts of this size that Mr. Layard was enabled to float the gigantic winged bulls he removed from the ruins of Nineveh. When under weigh they are kept in mid-stream by means of two rude oars made of the branches of trees, with blades of palm branches. On the cargo reaching its destination the raft is broken up, and the materials are sold for fire-wood, with the exception of the skins, which are carried back to be used afresh.

Chesney states that similar rafts were used by merchants and cultivators of the soil when conveying their fruit and

wares from Jellalabad to Peshawur and the Fort of Attack. The Portuguese traveller, Pietro della Valle also writes of rafts of this description, while history speaks of numerous instances in which they were employed for military purposes; notably when Xenophon's army, as mentioned in the "Anabasis," crossed the Euphrates, opposite Carmandæ, on rafts made with the skins of their tents stuffed with rushes and tightly sewn together.

There is another sort of boat built and used exclusively upon the Euphrates, which does not require particular notice, as it is not very generally employed; it is usually about forty feet long, and coffin shaped.

The "kufah," or basket boat, I have already described; they are constructed of all sizes, from a diameter of three feet eight inches to fifteen feet, which latter can convey a camel, but in the present age are not made as large as is mentioned by Herodotus. Chesney speaks of their having been employed by the late Duke of Wellington, for crossing the Malpoorba river, in his Indian campaign of 1803, and I am rather inclined to think that these were the vessels spoken of as pontoons, and which gave rise to a somewhat fervid controversy in the columns of the *Times*, between Captain Tyler and the Chaplain General.

Three or four times during our passage to Baghdad, the *Comet* "brought to" alongside the river bank at certain stations, and took in fuel for supplies of wood that had been previously stored ready for her use. On such occasions, as we were detained some few hours, the captain with one or two of his officers and myself, taking with us an armed escort, amused ourselves by going ashore to shoot wild duck, or any other game that offered itself, not to take into consideration a probability of encountering lions, which we frequently saw at the river's brink. We were never fortunate enough to kill any of the noble brutes, though we followed their tracks. However, we had good sport with our fowling-pieces, and never came into collision with the desert Arabs, whose encampments we stumbled across oftentimes in the most unexpected manner. The men only scowled at us at a respectful distance, while the women and children stared with all their might, in one or two instances mustering up sufficient courage to cry after us for the inevitable "buck-sheesh."

We passed an ancient building on the right bank of the Tigris, consisting of a large square mound of sunburnt bricks, which tradition assigns as having been built in honour of a lady of rank in the reign of Kisa, or Cyrus, a name applied to the kings of Parthia, much as Cesar was to the Roman emperors, and Ptolemy to the rulers of Egypt, but which is generally meant to denote King Chosroes Nurshirvan, surnamed the Just, the greatest sovereign of his line.

The Tigris, under the name of Shatt el Amarah, preserves a course of E. by N. for a distance of about twenty-eight miles. Its greatest distance from the Euphrates is at a point ninety-five miles from a bend in the latter river. We found the current running very powerfully, owing to the recent November rains; but it decreases and swells at irregular intervals, till the different feeders are, in the month of January, bound up by the frost and snow in the Kurdistan mountains. This retards for a time its periodical great rise, which, like the Euphrates, does not usually begin till the middle of March. The river may be said to be at its greatest height between the middle and end of May, when its velocity is 7.33 feet per second, or about five miles an hour. Though the length of

the Tigris is only 1,146 miles, being little more than half the length of the sister stream from its sources to Koorna, yet it discharges a greater body of water, owing to the numerous tributaries it receives on its eastern side.

We now arrived at Koote, a village half-way between Bussorah and Baghdad, and situated opposite the canal Hye, which joins together the waters of the Euphrates and the Tigris, running into the former river at a place called Sook Sheikh, or the Sheikh's Bazaar. The canal Hye is more than a hundred miles in length, with an average breadth of 150 feet; it is dry in the summer months, but in winter and during eight months of the year is or was navigable, as has been proved by Lieutenant (now Captain) Lynch, C.B., of the Indian navy, who in 1828 passed down its entire length in a steamer.

During the navigable season, the canal is preferred by the boatmen to the passage along the main stream, on account of the heavy dues exacted by the Beni Lam Arabs, who infest the banks of the Euphrates. The Tigris appears to preserve its original size, notwithstanding the diminution of its waters in consequence of the canal diverging from it. A few miles below Koote may be traced the ancient bed of a branch, now dry, running in a direction through the ruins of Wasit, and onwards from thence in the same course under the name of Shatt Ibrahim, till it enters the Euphrates about midway between the Hye and Koorna. This appears to have been the bed of the river described as passing between the two towns of Wasit, which were in former times, according to Albulfeda, the Arabian geographer, connected by a bridge of boats; and the state of the ruins on each side, as well as the size of the ancient bed, confirm the opinion. The tract about the canals is marshy, and resembles that of Lumlum, near the Euphrates, to which, also, it corresponds in latitude. Chesney thinks it may be a part of the celebrated Chaldean Lake, which at the season of floods extended not only across Mesopotamia, but also to some distance eastward of the Tigris, so as to receive the waters not only of the Karun, but of the Kerkhah, with which river it communicates near Hawizah, by means of the El Hud.

The town of Koote is the head-quarters of the Montafik Arabs, who spread themselves hence to Sook Sheikh. The Hye canal is said to have been cut by two powerful Arab tribes. Lions and other wild beasts haunt its banks in great numbers. Two miles north of Koote are some extensive ruins, which we did not, however, explore; and, indeed, from this spot to Baghdad, the banks of the Tigris present a constant succession of remains of ancient cities, that make the journey deeply interesting to every educated traveller.

Near Koote, we passed a large encampment of Arabs, who appeared very bellicose, and expressed their impotent hate and defiance of us unfaithful dogs of Feringhees, to adopt the uncomplimentary and expressive phraseology which they habitually employ when speaking of Christians, by following us on horseback a long distance along the banks of the river, and shaking their spears at the *Comet* and her crew in a manner intended to denote what they would only do for "each and several" of our number could they but catch us on their "native heath." They rode small, weedy-looking horses, but though in appearance there was nothing striking about their mounts, these latter were full of that wonderful blood and stamina for which the breed has been ever famous. Before quitting the subject of the Arab horses, it may be interesting

to state that the generally received opinion as to the utter uselessness of attempting to induce an Arab to part with his mare (a delusion fostered, if not engendered, by a well-known poem, in which a Bedouin hesitates before parting with his "Arab steed," in exchange for no end of gold mohurs, and soliloquises that dumb, but intelligent quadruped, while taking a rapid survey of his family, in which their comparative value is set considerably below the said steed), is, like many other harmless bits of romance, a fallacy, founded on a mistaken conception of the desert Arab's character.

It is true that the exportation of mares has been expressly forbidden by a mandate from the Pasha of Baghdad, owing to an idea that it would militate against the interests of the stud department of the army in the event of a war; but the business was found to be so advantageous in a pecuniary point of view, in that a heavy duty was paid on every horse or mare exported, that the carrying on of the trade was at first winked at, and ultimately openly conceded by the authorities at Bussorah, the chief port of embarkation. The supply has always equalled the demand, and provided your offer is liberal enough, you can carry off the most valuable and highly-domesticated mare that was ever foaled in "Araby the Blest."

The country on the banks of the Tigris abounds in brushwood, where capital partridge and hare shooting is to be had; and we took advantage of its capabilities. Shortly after passing some mounds at Hoomania, the colossal remains of one of the most famous cities of antiquity break upon the sight. Before us, as we turn a bend of the river, is all that time has left of Ctesiphon, whose fortunes fill so conspicuous a place in the works of Gibbon and other historians. Although the whole surrounding country, which is almost a dead level, is covered with mounds, denoting the remains of a populous city, there is one feature of the landscape alone that rivets the eye. This is the Tauk Kesra, or arch of Kesra, or Chosroes Nushirwan. It is a truly magnificent and unique ruin, and is composed of two wings and one large central hall, extending the entire depth of the building. This wonderfully-preserved monument of by-gone years is built of fine, furnace-burnt bricks, each measuring twelve inches square by two and three-quarters thick, and coated with cement made of white lime, the layers of which are much thicker than is seen in any of the burnt brick edifices at Babylon. The full extent of the front or eastern face is 300 feet. It is divided by a high semicircular arch supported by walls sixteen feet thick, the arch itself making a span of eighty-six feet, and rising to the height of 103 feet. The front of the building is ornamented and surmounted by four rows of small arched recesses, resembling in form the large one. The style and execution of these are most delicate, evincing a fertile invention and great experience in the architectural art. From the vestibule a hall extends to the depth of 156 feet, east and west, where a wall forms the back of the building, a great portion of which, together with part of the roof, is broken down.

The wings leading out on each side of the central arch are now merely thick walls, but these had originally apartments behind them, as may be seen from undoubted marks that remain, as well as from the side-doors leading from thence into the great central hall. The walls which form these wings in the line of the front, were built on the inclined slope, being about twenty feet thick at the base, tapering to a thickness of ten feet at the summit.

The walls of the great hall seem also much thicker below than above, and Buckingham observed hollow tubes of earthenware or pottery in the masonry of the vaulted roof, bending with the arched form of the work, and also large beams of wood, still showing their ends, in the wall near the arch of entrance in front.

Both the wings are similar in their general design, though not perfectly uniform; but the great extent of the whole front, with the broad and lofty arch of its centre, and the profusion of recesses and pilasters on each side, must have produced an imposing appearance when the edifice was perfect, more particularly if the front was once coated, as tradition states it to have been, with white marble, a material of too much value to remain long in its place after the desertion of the city. The arches of the building are all of the Roman form, and the architecture of the same style, though far from chaste. The pointed arch is nowhere seen throughout the whole of the pile, but a pyramidal termination is given to some long narrow arches of the front, and the pilasters are without pedestals or capitals.

The front of the building, although facing immediately

towards the Tigris, lies due east by compass, the stream winding here so exceedingly that this edifice, though standing on the west of that portion of the river flowing before it, and facing the east, is yet on the eastern bank of the Tigris in its general course.

In the centre of the wall, or western face of the structure, a doorway, measuring twenty-four feet high by twelve wide, leads to a contiguous heap of mounds, extending to the bank of the river, about a quarter of a mile distant. The general shape of these hillocks is elliptical, and their circumference two miles. To the right are fragments of walls and broken masses of brickwork; to the left, and therefore to the south of the arch, are the remains of vast structures, which, though encumbered with heaps of earth, are yet sufficiently visible to fill the mind of the spectator with astonishment at the extent of these remains of remote antiquity.

The natives of this country assert that the ruins are of the age of Nimrod, of whom in Scripture it is said, "And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar" (Gen. x. 10). A celebrated French antiquary, M. de Broses, supposes that Calneh stood on the site of Ctesiphon.

North Polar Discovery.

BY J. E. DAVIS, STAFF COMMANDER R.N., F.R.G.S.

HALL'S JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF SURVIVORS OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the success attending McClinton's voyage in determining the fate of Franklin and his companions, Captain C. F. Hall, of Cincinnati, U.S., who had previously meditated going to the Arctic regions to join in the search, did not relinquish the idea, hoping still to find some of the hundred and five individuals who, according to the record found by Lieutenant Hobson, were alive when the ships were abandoned; in this idea he was supported by the well-known philanthropist, Mr. Henry Grinnell, and others interested in the cause of humanity.

Captain Hall's intended method of exploration was simply this—to be conveyed with a boat and such provisions and instruments as she could conveniently carry, to the entrance of Frobisher Strait, and then, accompanied by an interpreter, trust himself for progress and sustenance to the native Esquimaux; thus equipped he proposed passing through the strait to King William Land, at which place his search would probably commence.

Means were found to supply Captain Hall's modest requirements, and on the 29th May, 1860, he left New London in the barque *George Henry*, a whaler, the owners of which afforded him and his equipments a free passage.

On the 7th of July the *George Henry* reached Holsteinborg, and on the 24th crossed Davis Strait to Kowtukjua (Clark's) Harbour, and from thence proceeded to Rescue Harbour (a small harbour in a bay north of the entrance of Frobisher Strait), where the ship was to winter; this position was everything that could be desired for Captain Hall, it being so near

the entrance of the strait he was about to explore, and it was also frequented by Innuits (Esquimaux), who, with their families, encamped in the neighbourhood, among whom he was enabled to study their habits and language (his interpreter, a native who had been in the States, unfortunately died on the passage out). During the winter he made acquaintance with the Innuits, and exercised himself in many acts of self-devotion; at times he lived as they lived, and slept as they slept, conforming to all their habits, even to eating and drinking; he ate the raw flesh of a seal and drank its blood, or dined off the skin and krang (flesh) of the whale, and even the entrails of the seal were partaken of; all of which Captain Hall pronounces excellent, delicious, and ambrosial.

Captain Hall was fortunate in finding the Innuits in the neighbourhood of Frobisher Strait much farther advanced in civilisation than those of other parts of the Arctic regions visited by voyagers, and even than those of Greenland, who have had the advantage of a Christian education; such being the case it would follow that they must have improved from their original state much more rapidly than other tribes. Here is a description of their state at the time of Frobisher's visit. He found "both Islands and men void of all civility; they live upon raw flesh of wilde beasts, which they take by hunting; they eat also raw herbes, like brut beasts. Their houses are covered with whale skins. It is there most bitter colde. They learne their dogs to bear the yoake, and draw upon the ice all things necessary. Their weapons are bows and arrows and slings." They have "great store of harts, and as the countrie is barren, so are the inhabitants stupid and blockish, slow and dul, and without any spirit or understanding; the men are stout hunters,

and, above all, cunning foulers; they use a kinde of boat made of skins, wherein onely one man can sit, who hath no need of any oares but one; in his right hand he holdeth an instrument wherewith hee shooteth at birds."

Captain Hall found them possessing a great amount of intelligence, particularly in traditionary history, by which means he was enabled to identify a number of relics found by him as belonging to Frobisher's expedition; they were able to answer many questions; and one of the natives was so great an adept at drawing that he delineated the coast as they proceeded in the boat. This also contrasts strangely with the experience of others regarding such tribes as exist by the same means and live in the same way as those Captain Hall met. The most intelligent Esquimaux, as a rule, will answer about two questions correctly, but the third is not to be trusted implicitly, and the fourth not at all; in like manner they will, on a slate, delineate the coast line in their immediate vicinity with tolerable accuracy, but as they proceed they get wider from the truth, and put in islands and straits from fancy, with a desire to please the enquirers.

Of course, communication with whalers, who frequently visit that part of the coast, will account for many of the natives possessing muskets and other things appertaining to civilised life; but the visits of whale ships do not generally tend to the civilisation of savage nations and tribes; on the contrary, it is well known that the most strenuous efforts of the missionaries in New Zealand were neutralised in a great measure by the contamination of whalers.

To accustom himself to the mode of travel, and to inure himself to the climate, Captain Hall left the ship in January, when the temperature was thirty degrees below zero, with a sledge and dogs and two natives, for Cornelius Grinnell Bay, and after crossing a neck of land he reached the frozen surface of the ocean, on which he travelled, building each night, with blocks of frozen snow, an igloo (or hut) to sleep in; at times in these huts he was in great danger; and on one occasion, during a storm, he could hear the ice breaking up, and the waves lashing near them.

On the tenth day of travel he found himself short of food, and was obliged to subsist on black skin, krang, and seal; the natives he fell in with were very kind, and shared what food they had with the traveller. When on the verge of starvation a native came in with a seal, and, according to custom, a seal feast took place, a description of which would be rather disgusting than otherwise; however, Captain Hall enjoyed the seal-blood soup and the raw seal entrails. After an absence of forty-two days he reached the ship.

Previous to the above recorded trip, Captain Hall had found on Look-out Island a large piece of what he supposed to be iron ore, weighing nineteen pounds; this he afterwards ascertained to be an undoubted relic of "Frobisher's" expedition. He now made it his object to inquire of the natives what they knew concerning any strange objects in the vicinity, and learnt that timber, chips, and bricks were to be found at Countess of Warwick's Sound. An old woman, whose age must have been quite a hundred years, told him of two ships having visited Countess of Warwick's Sound, and after that three more; she related also that five white men were captured by the Innuits, and that all this happened many, very many, years ago. Upon making independent inquiries among the other Innuits he found the old woman's account

confirmed in every respect; comparing this with Barrow's "Chronological History of Arctic Discovery," Captain Hall came to the conclusion that the chips, bricks, &c., and the tradition, all coincided with the idea he had formed, viz., that he was undoubtedly on the track of that celebrated voyager Frobisher.

In the spring Captain Hall made short excursions from the ship, and on the 9th of August left for a longer cruise in a whale boat, with a crew of Innuut men and women. He first visited Niountelik, the island in Countess of Warwick's Sound, where the natives had told him the various articles would be found, and here he found a pile of coal, which discovery overwhelmed him with joy, for, by comparing the old woman's account with that of the Innuut who accompanied him, it appeared to confirm the conclusion he had come to, and convinced him that the coal had lain there for centuries. On asking what it was, he was told, "Innuut kook-um," meaning that the natives occasionally used it for cooking.

When encamped on an island near Niountelik, Captain Hall heard a noise resembling thunder, and at times felt the earth tremble, which, he relates, was caused by bergs falling from Grinnell Glacier, about forty miles distant.

On the 29th Hall reached a position which enabled him to determine that Frobisher Strait was in reality a bay. Here, on a mountain summit, he raised, with all the pride of a true American, the flag of his country.

The head of Frobisher Bay terminated in a river, near which Hall discovered a mount of limestone, half a mile long and over a hundred feet high, containing fossils; this he named Silliman's Fossil Mount. In returning down the bay Hall wished to keep on the south-west coast, but his Innuut attendants mutinied, and feeling that his life was in their hands, he was obliged to yield, and cross to the north-eastern side, returning down the bay by the route he came.

On reaching Countess of Warwick's Sound, Hall visited a small island called Kod-lu-naru, on which, according to native tradition, many years ago the white men built a ship. On examining the island he came upon a trench eighty-eight feet long, and six deep; this, Hall considered, was the commencement of a mine dug by Frobisher. On the north side of the island, at some distance from some ruins of stone houses, he found another trench, one hundred and ten feet long, running in an inclined plane towards the water, this was where, according to the natives, the ship was built. He also found coal, flintstone, fragments of tile, glass, and pottery, and in digging under the ship-trench found chips of wood. On the summit of the island were the ruins of a house built with stone and cemented with lime and sand.

After an absence of fifty days, Captain Hall arrived once more on board the *George Henry*.

He had learnt from the natives that another large mass of iron was to be found on the island of Oopangnewing, and from a model they prepared for him, and by the account of another who had been to the States, he ascertained that it was an anvil; this Hall also considered was a relic of Frobisher, and, anxious to obtain it, he made an excursion, and carefully examined the island, but without success in finding it.

Although Captain Hall's heart beat high at the discoveries he had made, he could not but feel disappointed at his inability to get to King William Land to execute the great object of his mission, viz., to ascertain if any of Franklin's companions were yet alive, as he felt assured, from the know-

ledge he had gained of the Innuits, that he would have gathered facts relating to that ill-fated expedition which would have astonished the world.

The *George Henry* was detained by ice a second winter in Rescue Harbour; at length, on the 9th of August, 1862, she was freed, and taking leave of his Inuit companions and friends, Captain Hall sailed in her, and safely arrived at New London on the 13th of September.

Some instances of animal sagacity communicated by the natives to Captain Hall are so curious, that they are well worthy of notice here.

According to the Esquimaux, the seal constructs its habitation beneath the surface of the ice in such a manner that it can enter it from the water below; here the young seal passes its infancy, and when the returning heat of summer has destroyed its igloo, or dwelling, the young seal is old enough to take care of itself; but this mode of lodging its young beneath the ice is well known to the bear, who with its keen scent soon detects the whereabouts of the seal's nursery, and in order to gain an entrance, the bear, retiring a short distance, makes a spring and comes down with all his weight on the roof of the igloo, crushes it in, and immediately seizes the young seal with its paw. Here it might be supposed the hungry bear at once devours its prey; but no, it is far too wary to do so, it knows full well that where a baby is there must of necessity be a mother, and that she will be in search of her darling, therefore the bear scrapes away the snow from the seal hole, and holding the young seal by the flipper allows it to flounder about, and when the mother approaches, the bear slyly draws the young seal towards it until the old one is within reach, when he seizes her with the other paw, and thus captures both.

The mode in which the bear captures the seal on the ice is very similar to that followed by the Esquimaux. When at a distance from a seal, the bear throws itself down and stealthily crawls or hitches along towards the seal, and if the seal looks up it lies perfectly still, and makes at the same time a noise which lulls the seal; the bear repeats the operation until it approaches its victim so near that escape is impossible, when it falls a prey to Bruin's appetite.

Another mode of obtaining food by the bear, is to watch from a cliff the movements of the walrus, who are fond of sunning themselves on the rocks, and when one of these has taken up a convenient position for the bear's purpose, the latter lifts a large piece of rock, and, with astonishing accuracy, throws it down on the animal's head. If the walrus is only stunned, the bear rushes down, and with the rock hammers its victim on the head until it is dead.

When attempting to capture a seal in water the bear sinks its body beneath the surface of the sea, leaving only the head above water, which resembles a piece of floating ice; when the seal raises its head above the surface, Bruin quietly sinks, and swimming under the seal, seizes it.

THE SUPPOSED OPEN POLAR SEA.

The existence or non-existence of an open polar sea has been a subject of much discussion among the geographers of our own and other countries, the information of some of the arctic voyagers who have penetrated farthest north having led to the belief that the sea in higher latitudes is navigable and free from ice. But the reports of Morton, who saw water

from one side of Kennedy Channel, and those of Doctor Hayes, who observed the same from the other side, are not sufficient to prove that an open polar sea really exists; nor do the enormous masses of drift ice in Smith Sound and near Spitzbergen, which are always moving southward, indicate that such is the case; all that can be concluded from these facts is, that when that ice breaks up and moves south there exists a space free from ice somewhere in its rear.

Some geographers are of opinion that the Gulf Stream which passes along the coast of Norway sends a current of warm water towards the pole, and exerts a great influence on the waters surrounding it; but the absence of a series of thermometric observations of the sea surface renders such an opinion very questionable, and prevents any accurate reasoning from analogy by isothermal lines; but it has long been asserted, and may be admitted as a fact, that inasmuch as the equator is not the belt of maximum heat, so the pole is not the centre of extreme cold, and the known direction of the isothermal lines of the globe tends towards that conclusion.

Another fact must not be overlooked in connection with this subject, and that is, that the surface water only retains the freezing temperature, and that the deeper the water the higher the temperature, until it reaches forty degrees, which is considered the mean temperature of the ocean; so that, towards the poles, the lighter body lies below the heavier, the warmer and therefore lighter water, in rising to the surface, is continually cooled by the temperature of the air until it reaches the freezing point.

Another and an astronomical reason in favour of the comparative warmth of the region round the Pole has been advanced by Mr. W. E. Hickson, who asserts that the temperature there must be more equable than that of any other quarter, because the Pole is neither the furthest nor the nearest point to the sun at any period of the year; but its power of transmitting heat is, of course, much less than where its rays fall directly on the plane of the ecliptic, on account of their striking obliquely on the Pole.

Without deciding whether these arguments are sound in themselves, they can only be considered in relation to the hypothesis of an open sea surrounding the pole, and, in that respect, they may be granted, as the question will resolve itself into one of mean temperature and the physical condition of the pole itself, rather than one of comparative temperature between the pole and a lower latitude; and if that mean temperature is below the freezing point (which may be conceded), it matters not whether it is zero or fifty degrees below it, as all water at a temperature of twenty-seven degrees becomes ice; therefore, all the surface water surrounding the pole must become ice. What form that ice takes we have no means of knowing, but if we may reason from what is known of the formation of ice near the southern pole much must depend on the presence of land to form a nucleus for the ice, and also on the actual depth of water about the pole.

In the antarctic region, at the seventy-eighth degree of south latitude from the southern termination of Victoria land, a perfect wall of ice, averaging 200 feet in height, runs eastward for a distance of about 450 miles, or one-twelfth the circumference of the globe in that parallel. Having been a member of Ross's Expedition, I have had the high privilege of beholding this stupendous icy barrier;

no other land was visible except the point where the ice commenced. Against this wall Sir James Ross found, in February, many miles of newly-formed ice, which in a few weeks would become pack ice, and which, with a few days' calm, would have frozen him in. The icy wall may be considered everlasting (with the exception perhaps of occasionally giving off bergs), for the newly-frozen surface of the contiguous sea becomes the pack of the following summer, which on breaking up and drifting northward, leaves a clear water space between the wall and the pack.

If there is the same physical formation near the North Pole, a similar space of open water will be found between the pack and the eternal ice; and Dr. Petermann's argument that "the pack once passed an open sea will be found," would be correct.

The drift-wood so frequently found on the east coast of Greenland, and the total absence of such in Kennedy Channel and Smith Sound, indicate that the sea seen by Morton and Hayes is closed, and also lessens the probability of an open sea to the pole.

The solution of this question is one of great interest and importance to all physical geographers, and although we cannot expect to derive from it any material benefit, it would not fail to throw light on the physical condition of a part of the globe with which we are not acquainted, and probably explain much that is at present obscure in its past history. Whatever may be the arguments in favour of or against the existence of an open polar sea, the only way to solve the mystery is to send out an expedition to decide the question, and there can be no doubt that sooner or later this will be done.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.

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VI.—KING THEODORE: HIS PERSON AND CHARACTER.—MARCH WITH THE ARMY THROUGH DAMOT AND METCHA.

We found ourselves in the presence of a man apparently between forty-five and fifty years of age—a period of life at which, in temperate climes, the frame has perhaps attained its *maximum* of physical vigour. I do not attempt to fix the exact date of King Theodore's birth. In a country where parish registers are unknown, and nearly all depends upon a mother's testimony, that, of course, is impossible; but putting personal appearance and historical evidence together, he must, I think, have passed his ninth lustrum. He was a native of the *Kwolla*, or low-lying country of Kwara on the extreme west of Abyssinia, and in many respects exhibited the characteristics which are described by that acute observer, M. Arnauld d'Abbadie,* as peculiar to the inhabitants of those depressed regions. He was about five feet nine inches in height; but, from his erect carriage, appeared taller. His frame, hardened by continual exposure and exercise, was lean almost to emaciation; his extremities, and especially his hands, were small, thin, and well-shaped; and as he walked, grasping his spear in his firm right hand, he looked every inch a king. He was well fitted to be the monarch of a people whose highest boast was of proficiency in deeds of arms, and in those martial sports which are the image of war. Unrivalled for his skill in the use of the spear, he delighted in the national game of *gooks*;† but, even in this mimic strife, his inherent cruelty of disposition would often lead him to inflict desperate wounds, even to the loss of an eye, as many a luckless tilter found to his cost. Dismounting from his horse, he would lead his followers on foot, and outstrip the fastest runner amongst them. His wiry

and muscular frame and his marvellous powers of endurance made this an easy task. The Amhara is seldom a good shot, and in this respect I do not think Theodore was superior to his countrymen; he generally, to all appearance, aimed point-blank at his object, and, of course, in four cases out of five, would miss it; still, to his credit it must be said, he never seemed chagrined at his failures. I am, of course, speaking of him on occasions when wild-fowl, and not human lives, were concerned.

His forehead was square and open, crossed by a few furrows, and well-exposed by the mode in which he wore his hair, which was drawn back from the brow, and plaited in three broad divisions; not, as I take it, in a dandified way, but simply as part of his uniform as a soldier, so to speak. Six or seven little twisted tails hung down the nape of his neck behind. He was careless about his hair, and had neglected it for months before his death. His eyes were dark and of medium size, and were surmounted by curved brows, which, at moments of emotion, wrinkled into a horse-shoe in the centre of his forehead. Their ordinary expression was mild and almost benignant, and though they were usually bloodshot, this was probably the result of debauchery, and not of any latent cruelty or ferocity. His nose was arched, and shaped much like that of Mephistopheles in Kaulbach's pictures. His mouth, though rather large, was not voluptuous, and, if anywhere, cruelty must have resided in those thin straight lips, which would warrant any physiognomical theory of this description. I have seen a pretty smile play on them, too, as he received a present, or listened to a neatly-turned compliment; and he could also bow, and return an appropriate reply, with as much grace and sincerity, as I have thought at the time, as a French marquis of the pre-revolutionary era. A scanty moustache and beard, the latter usually carefully shaved, shaded his lips and jaw; and his chin, which was rather rounded than square, hardly betokened that determination which was such a salient point of his character.

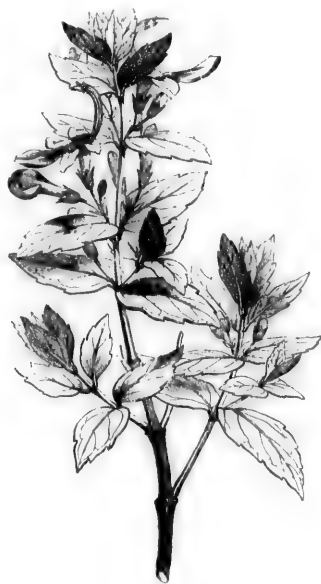
* See D'Abbadie's "Douze Ans dans la Haute-Ethiopie," tom. i., chap. 3., page 97. The passage, though full of eloquence, is too long for quotation.

† This game closely resembles the Turkish *Djerend*, and is played with spear-shafts and shields.

To conclude, his voice was commonly, "low, gentle, and soft"—an excellent thing in kings as well as women—but on occasions it would arise, ringing, clear, and nicely modulated as the tones of a trumpet, above all the clamour of a toiling and excited crowd.

Thus, to the best of my ability, have I attempted to portray the outward presentment of the living and breathing Theodore, as he has often stood before us. The strange complexities of his character present a problem which I shall not try to solve. Plato tells us, in the ninth book of his "Republic," that "a man becomes strictly tyrannical when-

the estimation of his fellow men as a demi-god. The Amhara has a yielding, plastic, *laissez-faire* kind of temperament; this man, with his Napoleonic force of character, could mould them to his will like potter's clay; but, iron himself, he could not purge himself from the taint of cruelty, which was inborn in him, and which ultimately caused his fall. I think he sometimes strove against it, and at moments had sincere, if transitory, fits of repentance. Still, the heaven was there; and men who once were almost ready to adore him, presently looked on him with loathing and aversion. His ruin then followed, worked by his own hands.



TEUCRIUM.



OBITU ABYSSINICUS.

ABYSSINIAN WILD FLOWERS.

ever, by nature or by habit, or by both together, he has fallen under the dominion of wine, or love, or insanity."* Those few words were written upwards of two thousand years ago, but not all the experience of later ages can assail their truth, and by their light can be explained much that would otherwise be inexplicable. The Phalaris or Dionysius of old is re-produced in the Theodore of to-day. A slave to wine and unbridled debauchery, the Negoos was at times indubitably insane, and the worst vices of the tyrant were then developed. His rise to power, and his mastery over the minds of his countrymen, were alike attributable to one cause. Where the Abyssinian is weak, he was strong; where soft, he was hard. An indomitable strength of will, which stuck at no obstacle, respected no prejudice, knew no remorse, was the engine which raised him to unexampled power, and caused him to appear in

He was seated on a low *alga*, or bedstead, at the further end of the tent, opposite the opening by which we entered. The walls were hung with silk of different patterns, and the ground was covered by a carpet of European manufacture. On either side stood a few of his principal officers, their *shamas* girt about their waist, and their arms folded in an attitude of respectful deference. Only the upper part of the king's face was visible, it being the custom in Abyssinia, on occasions when men of different ranks meet together, for the inferior to uncover as much of his person as is consistent with decency, while the superior covers up so much of his as does not interfere with his comfort. Mr. Rassam presented the Queen's letter, which Theodore took, and, without opening it, laid it by him on the *alga*. He desired us to sit down, and depositing our legs under us, we squatted as comfortably as we could on the carpet. He then entered into a detail of his

* Davies and Vaughan's translation, p. 308.

grievances, a subject which he was fond of airing on every possible occasion. It may save useless repetition if I briefly enumerate them here. The first was generally against the Aboona, or Metropolitan, of whom he would complain as being an intriguing, meddling, trafficking Copt in general, and in particular as having committed a most unjustifiable and unepiscopal offence against his own Royal honour. Consul Cameron invariably cropped up as number two, inasmuch as he hadn't brought an answer to his letter when he ought to have done so, but had gone to play with the Turks instead, and, in short, had grossly outraged all Ethiopian notions of

he would bring forward whenever we had an interview with him. The preceding references to them are quite sufficient to show what were the ideas ever uppermost in the poor, wandering, unsettled mind—shattered by wine, and lust, and irresponsible power—whenever he caught a sight of his white victims.

Although unarmed himself to all appearance, we could discern through an opening in the tent his trusty henchman and body-servant, Walda Gâbir, standing just behind his master, his girdle studded with pistols, and himself quite ready, to use them should occasion require. This man, a tall, fine.



METHONICA SUPERBA.

propriety. The missionaries, Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal, were usually served up as the third course. The head and front of their offending was, that Mr. Stern had in his book stigmatised *Madame Mère* as the vendor of a useful anthelmintic, universally employed in Abyssinia, while Mr. Rosenthal had placed upon record the fact that the clerks in her Majesty's Foreign Office had been ill-behaved enough to laugh at certain expressions contained in a letter from the king to Signor Barroni, at Massawa, inviting him to pay a visit to his Court, where they might drink and be merry together. Such, to the best of my recollection, were the serious offences for which the Aboona had been condemned to linger in a jail till he died, and the remainder until they were released by the victorious arms of a British force, after four years' imprisonment. I shall allude as little as possible to these grievances in the course of my narrative; indeed, I am not sure whether he touched upon them all on this occasion; but one or more

stalwart fellow, after leading a kind of vagrant life in different parts of Abyssinia and Egypt, had settled down eventually at Massawa, and had entered the service of the above-named Signor Barroni, who was an Italian merchant there, and for some time had filled the office of Acting British Agent and Vice-Consul. When Barroni accepted the kind invitation of King Theodore to come to him and participate in his merry-makings, Walda Gâbir accompanied his master. The latter unfortunately died on the road, and his faithful attendant, shouldering a rifle, marched off to the camp of his Majesty, whose service he entered, and whose fortunes he shared till death. I may mention here that Theodore had a curious fancy for surrounding himself with all the vagabonds he could pick up, who had at any time been employed by Europeans. His *entourage* was always composed of hang-dog looking fellows most unprepossessing and uncleanly in appearance, but by virtue of a slight smattering of French or Arabic, entitled to

friendly recognition at our hands. Most of them had been in the service of one of the Consuls, Plowden or Cameron. I do not know the reason for the king's partiality for these men, except that he may have considered they had had more favourable opportunities for becoming skilful shots than the rest of their countrymen. At all events, he employed them as a rule to carry his most valued rifles and muskets.

Our interview lasted about half an hour, at the expiration of which time we were dismissed with the most friendly expressions of goodwill. The favourable impression which Mr. Rassam had produced was speedily known among the courtiers, and we had scarcely reached our tents when we perceived our friend the merchant, Walda Selâsyé Gobazyé, and another old acquaintance, running down to us, each bearing a sheep across his shoulders, of which, with many congratulations, our acceptance was begged. Visitors of a different description came in soon afterwards. Aito Samuel, who had been appointed *Baldaräba* to the Mission, ushered in Alaka Engeda the King's secretary, and Walda Gäbir. They brought with them the Queen's letter, of which a translation was ordered to be made. The task occupied about two hours, and even then, I fear, it was accomplished in anything but a satisfactory manner. One of the clauses was garbled, and a phrase was inserted to the effect that Mr. Rassam was empowered to do everything the king required of him. It is needless to say that nothing of this import was contained in the original. It was the work of Theodore himself, and formed the pretext for much of his subsequent ill-treatment of us.

Early the following morning we were summoned to another interview, and found his Majesty standing outside the door of his tent, leaning on his spear, and talking to Räs Engeda. He invited us to enter, and after we had sat down, he asked a few questions about the interpreters, Omar Ali and Walda Gabriel, who had accompanied us. When he learnt that the former was a native of Massäwa, he expressed his satisfaction with him, saying that he had no quarrel with his country, but to Walda Gabriel he turned a decidedly cold shoulder, intimating that he could place no trust in any one who was born in Shoa, which had rebelled against him. The poor man, who had left his native country many years back, and had since principally resided at Gondar, where he had a petty business as a trader, looked aghast at the decision, which might have appeared to him as an omen of worse things to come, but of course he could make no reply. My own opinion is that our friend's birthplace had very little to do with the matter. Alaka Zenab, the keeper of the archives and royal historiographer, one of Theodore's most trusted adherents, was also a native of Shoa, and many of the court favourites, notably the Bedjerwands, or treasurers, came from Tigre, which was equally in a state of revolt. The king, who was no bad physiognomist, probably found it easy to discover in Omar's child-like open face the real simplicity and guilelessness of his character, whilst in the features of the other there resided all the craft and suppleness of the true Habeshee. As may be imagined, it was not Theodore's object at that time to have any people about him who might assist in cleansing the eyes of his friends from the dust which was thrown into them with so lavish a hand.

This important point being settled, a conversation of the usual character ensued, at the close of which the king directed his secretary, Alaka Engeda, to read an Amharic letter, which

he proposed to forward by Mr. Rassam to her Majesty, and in which he signified that he would release all the Europeans then held in confinement. It was written in a strain of deep humility and self-abasement, and concluded by requesting counsel and advice, pardon for his faults, and indulgence towards his shortcomings.

Well pleased with ourselves, the king, and the world in general, we returned to our tents, and began to employ ourselves in setting out the presents which we had brought from Alexandria and Aden for his Majesty. Towards three P.M. it was notified to us that the king was ready to receive them. Off we started, our interpreters and servants staggering up the rugged path behind us, one laden with the telescope-rifle, two others bearing each an immense cut-glass chandelier, while the rest conveyed barrels of gunpowder, rich carpets, drinking vessels of Bohemian glass, and other articles which we thought would prove congenial to Ethiopic taste. Once we heard a crash, and looking back, found to our dismay that one of the chandelier-bearers had tripped over a stone, and that one of the pendants had come to grief. However, the damage was not easily discoverable to any but civilised eyes, and we trudged on till we arrived at the spot where Theodore was sitting in a large open space before his tent. He was alone and unattended, except by his favourite, Räs Engeda; and a cordon of musketeers, posted at intervals of thirty or forty yards, kept guard around him, though considerably out of earshot. We sat down on a carpet which had been spread for us, and the presents were then carefully deposited on the ground near him. As each was laid down, the king inclined his head and murmured, "*Egziäbeher yisitihi*" (May God give it to you), the usual formula in which a gift is acknowledged in Abyssinia. When a large oval mirror, resplendent in its gilt frame, was produced, Mr. Rassam said that he trusted it might prove an acceptable present to the queen, whereupon with a deep sigh, his Majesty replied, that his domestic life had been very unhappy of late, but that there was a lady whom he hoped soon to raise to the position of his consort, and he would bestow the gift upon her. Soon after this we were dismissed.

On rising the following morning (30th of January), and looking around us, we soon discovered that the plain of Ashfa wore a very different appearance to that which it had presented the preceding day. All the little white and black tents had been struck, and nothing remained of the tiny green huts of the common soldiers but their charred and blackened skeletons. Theodore had left early with all his soldiers, and we were to follow him with the camp followers. We made all the haste we could, and shortly after starting, between ten and eleven o'clock, fell in with Räs Gabriyé, who told us that he had been deputed with his men to look after our luggage. We soon came up with the ruck of the army, chiefly composed of the families of the soldiers and servants of the chiefs. This day the road was level and open, generally speaking, but now and then we had to cross a small brooklet or pass over the sloping brow of a hill, and a scene of indescribable confusion was sure to ensue. As all the soldiers, except the sick and disabled, were on ahead, there was no one to preserve order; and women, bent double under the weight of jars of *tadj* or *talla*, old men who could scarcely crawl, and children who couldn't walk, were all huddled together, screaming and shouting, cursing and invoking all the saints in the calendar. Yet, strange to say, accidents rarely or never occurred; a fact highly

creditable to the temper of the thousands of led horses and laden mules which accompanied the throng.

Our road lay pretty nearly N.N.E., and we were four hours on the journey, accomplishing a distance of about seven miles. We encamped in the plain of Sáccala, only a few miles from those fountains of the Nile discovered by Paez and visited by Bruce. The latter mentions this territory as producing the very best honey in Agow Meder, but at the time we were there it was a perfect waste. Not a house, scarcely a tree, was to be seen; a sure proof, if none other were required, of the presence of the destroyer and his army. On arriving at the camp, an officer came to us from the king with a present of a gazelle and a brace of partridges. These are easily caught by the soldiers on the plains, as, on being surprised by this immense mass of men marching in line they know not whither to escape, and are picked up by the hand.

We were very desirous the next morning to be allowed to visit the famed springs of Geesh, which were so near, but our request to do so was met by a firm though courteous refusal. The march was a short one—only five miles I think—yet the road was so narrow and precipitous that it took us some hours to cover the distance. We halted at Bifâta, worn-out and exhausted, and quite satisfied with the experience we had gained whilst we “followed the camp” in Abyssinia.

But brighter days were in store for us. Early the next morning we received an invitation from the king to take our places amongst his retinue, as we should thereby be spared the inconvenience and discomfort inseparable from marching with the ruck of the army. We were up betimes, and took our places on the roadway by which his Majesty would pass. He soon came to us on foot, and, after bidding us good morning, told us to mount and follow him. Theodore, generally preceded by a peasant who acted as a guide, invariably rode in front of his army, followed at a distance of about twenty yards by Râs Engeda,* and then by his personal attendants, gun-bearers, and pages. A dozen or fifteen of the latter—young lads whose ages varied from eight to sixteen years—were usually in attendance on him; their fathers were often powerful chiefs at a distance from the court, and the boys thus played the part of hostages. Amongst them were also the greatest chiefs who were in partial disgrace, and who had been deprived of their commands. Râs Mashsha,† the king's eldest illegitimate son, a boorish-looking young man of two or three-and-twenty, generally rode in company with Hailu, one of Theodore's original Râses, a handsome bearded soldier, who had incurred the king's displeasure for some trifling fault or other. Behind followed the musketeers, in a compact mass, headed by their commandant, Râs Tsaga,‡ and the cavalry and spearmen brought up the rear. We did not march far this morning, halting within the confines of the same district as the preceding day. The army had a mission to accomplish, and we had no sooner encamped, than horse and foot were despatched in every direction, to burn, harry, and plunder any hamlet or cottage within a certain radius. Luckily, Theodore had been stationed so long in the vicinity that the inhabitants had had plenty of time to make good their escape, and the

soldiers found but little to gratify their cupidity and the monarch his cruelty. The latter rode out with a small body of cavalry in the afternoon, but returned after a very short absence.

We had encamped on a plain on the left bank of the Abai, or Blue Nile, and the army passed most of the following morning in fording the river. It was not more than ten or twelve yards in width at this spot, but the extreme steepness of the banks, and the rotten condition they were in after the recent heavy rains, made it a matter of extreme difficulty, both for mules and pedestrians, to cross in security. After the troops had passed by, Theodore still remained on the bank, leaning on his spear, and manifesting great anxiety for the women and children who had yet to get over this obstacle. He addressed them all with words of encouragement, and directed Râs Engeda and his attendants to assist in making the road a little better. Any work of this kind he had always to begin himself, but on the turf being cut, so to speak, by the royal lance, every one stripped and set to work with alacrity to improve the path, and in a very brief space of time the ascent was rendered comparatively easy. We encamped in a beautiful valley in the district of Gootta, which, under the name of Goutto, Bruce has so highly extolled. Not a village was now to be seen in this fertile and beautiful vale. The ground appeared to have lain fallow for many months, and the low hills on either flank were covered with the greenest verdure, enamelled with the blue and white of the many wild flowers which grow in unrestrained luxuriance in this part of Abyssinia. Mr. Rassam will, I dare say, long remember the loss of his *hortus siccus*, which he was able to fill with so little pains in this district, and which was afterwards plundered, with a good deal more of our property, when we fell into disgrace.

The next morning (3rd of February) we retraced our steps a part of the way, and diverged again to the north-west, a course which compelled us to cross and re-cross the winding Abai more than once. The king, who made us ride quite close to himself, was exceedingly chatty, and kept Aïto Samuel incessantly riding backwards and forwards as the medium of communication between Mr. Rassam and himself. The European artisans in his employ had, so far as they were able, kept his Majesty *au courant* with the events which had lately taken place in Europe and Africa; and he put various questions relative to the Russian War, the affairs of Ashantee and Dahomey, and other matters, his knowledge of which we were somewhat puzzled to account for. His curiosity to know the way in which defeated monarchs were treated by their victorious foes was ill-disguised, and most of his questions tended towards satisfying it. Two hours and a half brought us to Fagitta, a plain surrounding a low hill, within the province of Agow Meder. Readers of Bruce will recollect the great battle which took place here on the 9th of December, 1769, between the forces of the young king Hatsé Takla Haimânot, commanded by Râs Mikhail, and the wild Galla hordes under Waragna Fâsil. The defeat of the latter was said to be wholly attributable to the panic induced by the fall of one of their principal chiefs, who was killed by a chance bullet fired in bravado by a drunken buffoon called Walda Gabriel. The Galla, at that time, had an almost superstitious dread of musket-balls, or, as they called them in Amharic, *sabeeb* or raisins; now they are reckoned much finer shots than the

* Literally, “a stranger,” or “foreigner.”

† “A place of refuge.”

‡ This chief's name was originally Negroosyé (*My King*); but after the rebellion of Agow Negroosyé, in Tigre, all who bore the insurgent's name changed it, and this Râs called himself Tsaga—i.e., “grace” or “favour.”



VIEW ON THE RIVER ABAL.

Amhara. The terror formerly inspired by fire-arms has worn off, and the genuine *Watdder*, or soldier, much prefers the national weapons—the spear and shield—to the muskets, generally old and worn out, with which a certain proportion of the troops is armed. The *Farasegna**, or cavalry soldier, as he gallops to and fro shouting out his *fakāra*, or defiance to the foe, and vaunting his prowess, has a fine martial appearance, which is not possessed by the *Nāstagna*, or musketeer, although the latter has also a very characteristic war-dance, and a song with an inspiring chorus. The latter

* *Faras*, a "mare" in Arabic, signifies "a horse" in Amharic. *Nāst*, "a musket," is probably derived from the Greek *νάστος*, like the Arabic *nāstīl*, and Persian *naft*, which denote a clear combustible petroleum.

brags by his weapon, which to our ears has somewhat a ludicrous effect. After capering till he is tired, he shouts as long as he has any voice, in a fine *crescendo* movement, "*Ya-Galla gādai! Ba-Ingles gādai!*" Or, as the case may be, "*Ba-Toork gādai! Ba-Ibraheem Basha gādai!*" and so on; all which, being interpreted, signifies, "The slayer of the Galla! The slayer by the English" (scil. musket); or, "The slayer by the Turkish!"—i.e., one of those taken from the Turks, all of whom are typified by the doughty son of Mohammed Ali Pasha. These *fakāras*, or boastings, generally go on after a feast given by the commander of a regiment to his men, and while the wine—represented by vast *gombos* of mead or beer—is briskly passing round after dinner. At



ARMY OF THEODORE OVERTAKEN BY A FLOOD CROSSING THE BASHILO

reviews, or in presence of the enemy, the gallant warriors scream till they are hoarse, in the hope of encouraging themselves or their comrades. A cavalry man *fakars* by shouting out the name of his horse, as, "*Abba Boola!*" "*Abba Sangeyu!*"—"The master of Bayar! the master of the gelding"—which sounds tame enough in English, but makes an Abyssinian's blood run like quicksilver. Every chief, too, who has

fallen by his hand, in battle or by less justifiable means, is crowed over in what we should consider a cowardly manner, but which is looked upon as highly laudable, and, in fact, a point of chivalry in a country where it is sanctioned by the usage of centuries. These remarks lead one to the consideration of the army in Abyssinia, a subject which I shall pursue in the following chapter.

English Mission to Mandalay, and Treaty with Burmah.

BY HENRY WOODWARD CROFTON, M.A., H.M. CHAPLAIN AT RANGOON.

I.—TREATIES WITH BURMAH—MISSION OF 1867—VOYAGE UP THE IRRRAWADDY—CROSS THE FRONTIER—ARRIVAL AT MANDALAY.

SINCE the conclusion of the last Burmese war, in 1853, and the annexation of that large slice of Burmese territory in which it resulted, it has been one of the chief objects of our Government to obtain from the King of Burmah a satisfactory treaty, commercial and political. In the year 1853 a mission was accordingly despatched to the Court of Burmah, under the newly-appointed Commissioner of Pegu, Major, now Sir Arthur Phayre, whose long service in our previously-acquired district of Arracan, and intimate acquaintance with the Burmese language, literature, and character pointed him out as, *par excellence*, the man to whom this duty should be entrusted. The narrative of this mission has been given to the public in an interesting volume on Burmah, by Captain, now Colonel Yule, of the Bengal Engineers, which we would recommend our readers to consult. But it was unsuccessful in its object. The Burmese Government, though profuse in their professions of friendship, and cordial in their reception of the mission, refused most obstinately to grant a treaty. In 1862 Colonel Phayre was more successful. During the intervening period the suspicion with which the Burmese authorities regarded us had somewhat abated, while the value of commercial intercourse between both countries had become more apparent to them. Colonel Phayre had also kept up a friendly correspondence with the Burmese sovereign, and thus a "personal friendship" as the latter was wont to express himself, had been established between them. Accordingly, on his visit during this year to the capital of Burmah, Colonel Phayre succeeded in inducing the king to conclude a treaty with our Government. The chief provisions of the treaty were that the subjects of both Governments should be free to trade, travel, or reside in British or Burmese territories; provision was made for the transit of goods for the Chinese market through Upper Burmah, at a low charge, without breaking bulk; and the frontier customs duties were abandoned by the British Government, with an agreement for prospective reduction on the part of the Burmese.

Before long, complaints began to be made that the provisions of the treaty were almost entirely disregarded by the Burmese officials, and it became pretty evident that there could be no satisfactory commerce between both countries until the king could be prevailed on to make radical changes in his commercial system, and grant a new and greatly improved treaty. Our Government were therefore on the watch

for a favourable opportunity of renewing their endeavours to place our relations with the court of Burmah on a better footing.

In 1866 that opportunity seemed to present itself. A formidable rebellion, headed as usual by the king's own sons, broke out in August. After some months' fighting, the king's authority was re-established; and as there was no doubt that the moral support and friendly feeling which the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah had shown to him, during the rebellion, greatly strengthened his hands and enabled him to put it down, it was thought a favourable moment to renew our representations on the subject of a treaty. In the autumn of 1866 Colonel Phayre again presented himself before his royal friend, with congratulations on the suppression of the rebellion, and with a very excellent treaty which his Majesty was requested to consider. But either the flush of recent victory had unduly elated him, or, as he said himself, the country was too impoverished and unsettled after the late troubles for the introduction of changes, or for some other sufficient reason, he set his face steadfastly and determinedly against the new treaty. And so negotiations were abruptly broken off.

But a new spirit was soon to come over the king and his advisers. It was made evident to them that they had incurred the disfavour of their British neighbours by their pertinacious refusal of a treaty. Proposals had been made, which reached their ears, of the re-imposition of the frontier duties which had been taken off in 1862. No arms or munitions of war were allowed to enter the Burmese territory; and thus and in other ways the unwelcome truth was brought home to them, how entirely they depended on the powerful neighbour who held all the sea-board of the country, and through whose territories the great highway of Burmese commerce—the noble Irrawaddy—held its course for three hundred miles. The result was, that by the middle of the year 1867, the Court of Mandalay professed itself as anxious to enter into the treaty as it before had been averse, and negotiations were at once re-opened on the subject by the new Chief Commissioner, Colonel Fytche. All went smoothly; it was soon reported from Mandalay that every article of the treaty prepared by our Government had substantially been accepted, and that everything was ready for another mission to go up and conclude it.

All preliminaries having been thus arranged, the mission started for Mandalay on the morning of Friday, the 20th of September, 1867. It was composed as follows:—Colonel Fytche, the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, with Mr.

Edwards, the Collector of Customs in Rangoon, and Captain Duncan, the Inspector-General of Police, as his interpreter and secretary respectively. An escort of some sixty men of H.M. 24th Regiment, now quartered at Rangoon, and about a dozen artillerymen, with five officers, accompanied the mission, as did also Captain Hannen, of the Artillery, on leave, and myself. Mrs. Fytche, and Mrs. Lloyd, wife of the Deputy-Commissioner of Rangoon, were also bold enough to risk the perils and discomforts of the voyage.

The party embarked on Thursday evening on board the *Nemesis*, a small sea-going Government steamer, and the *Colonel Phayre*, a river steamer of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, with a flat, as it is called, attached alongside for the troops. Considerable crowds of the motley population of Rangoon assembled to witness and cheer the embarkation of the mission, in the success of which they all felt a lively interest, and a salute of thirteen guns from the cantonment, replied to by the same number from the *Nemesis*, announced the fact at last accomplished of the envoy being actually on board. Our voyage to the frontier was on the whole peaceful, pleasant, and prosperous. The first day was one of some anxiety lest we should have to pass the night (in river voyaging we always anchor for the night) in the Paulang Creek, which connects the Rangoon river with the Irrawaddy proper, and which is of deserved ill fame for its mosquitoes. Nothing but experience could enable one to realise the innumerable multitudes of these winged torments that at times invade the unfortunate steamer that is be-rigged there, and the exquisite misery which they inflict. The pathetic lament of the old Cardinal—Pallegoix by name—quoted by Sir John Bowring in his work on Siam, is scarcely above the gravity of the subject:—"Oh the misery of finding the blood sucked from every part of the body by myriads of winged insects, whose venomous incision causes the flesh to swell with an intolerable itching!" I have been credibly informed that in the last war two or three European soldiers, maddened by attacks of the Paulang mosquitoes, jumped overboard to obtain a temporary relief, and were unfortunately drowned. Our anxiety was, however, needless, for though, with all our endeavours, we could not get into the Irrawaddy for the night, the Paulang mosquitoes for once were merciful, or rather, a heavy fall of rain and a fresh breeze prevented their coming on board, and we passed the night in comfort. The next morning we found ourselves on the broad and noble Irrawaddy, the fresh southerly breeze usual at this season blowing up the river, and swelling the huge white sails of the numerous boats that ply between Rangoon and Upper Burmah. Life on board was pleasant, but after the first day or two monotonous. Until near Prome the country is flat and undiversified. You seem always to be passing the same villages; gazing over the same great plains, green with growing rice; watching the same boats sailing by or towards you; the same set of Burmese men, women, and boys coming out to look at you steaming by, and playing and sporting in the water like the half-amphibious creatures that they are. On board, the perpetual din of the paddles, the unceasing cry of the leadsmen, "teen bām, mila naheen" (three fathoms and no bottom), and the rush of waters around you, conduce to a dreaminess and drowsiness that few are able to resist. After we had been a few days on board I heard a long and animated discussion going on among the soldiers outside my cabin, as to what day of the week it was, and it took at least ten minutes and some

dozen speakers to settle the point. We had plenty of books on board, but it was hard not to fall asleep over them, under the somnific influences that surrounded us. Two large volumes in particular, one an Encyclopædia, the other Yule's narrative of the mission of 1855, seemed especially inductive of slumber; and one of our party was observed to fall asleep so often over one of these books, that we often wonder whether he can do so now without a heavy volume in his arms.

One of our favourite amusements was to converse with our friends in the other steamer by writing on a large black board, when smart questions and lively repartees were the order of the day. The progress the country had made under British rule was very evident, as we passed along, to those who remembered it a few years since. A large embankment, in particular, was visible at various points, the work of the last three or four years, by which whole tracts of country have been reclaimed from inundation, and made available for the cultivation of rice, the staple product of the country. The large native town of Prome, in particular, which after the late war was so unhealthy to the large garrison that occupied it, is now well-drained and laid out in wide uniform streets. Good substantial houses, with tiled or corrugated iron roofs, have replaced the thatched huts of former days. A large commodious bazaar, where all kinds of commodities are bought and sold in comfort, has been erected, and on the river banks several large pukka, or brick buildings, strike the eye, of which two are hospitals. At Thyetmyo, the frontier military station, the old mat barracks that many of our military readers of the 28th, 68th, 60th, and other regiments, may well remember, have all disappeared; and there are few stations where the British soldier has better and more spacious accommodation than in the fine new barracks just finished here. We reached Moyet-Myo on the 24th of September, the fifth day from our departure—a more rapid passage than usual. We did not land here, as the envoy was anxious to get to Mandalay as soon as possible. The regulated salute, however, of thirteen guns acknowledged the arrival of the chief Commissioner, and was returned by the *Nemesis* in better style than she had managed at Rangoon, where she took too long between each discharge. On the evening of the same day we passed the boundary pillars—two obelisk-like brick structures that mark on each side the line between British and Burmese territory. There is no kind of natural boundary whatever, and it is hard to say why the line was drawn here, as it was, by the late Lord Dalhousie, after the last war.

And now we realised to ourselves that we were actually on a mission to a foreign power. We were fairly out of British territory; no more English stations, civil or military, to be passed on our way; no more telegrams to be sent and received at each, for the telegraph-line which follows the banks of the river up to Thyetmyo proceeds no further. We were leaving all European civilisation and nineteenth-century associations behind, and entering a strange Asiatic land—the land of gold umbrellas and gilded war-boats, of perpetual pooays and pagodas.

Our first day in Burmese territory was unfortunate, the boilers of the *Nemesis* getting out of order, so that all we could accomplish was about twenty miles, instead of the sixty or seventy we had hitherto done. We anchored early in the afternoon at the village of Tsing-ponny-Way, on the left bank of the river. Here is the residence of the governor of the Burmese frontier, who, however, retains his old title of Meeaday-Won,

from the fort, now dismantled, of that name in our province. Like most Burmese names, the name of this village is significant—it means “elephant-raft whirlpool,” and is founded on an incident said to have occurred on the journey of one of the white elephants, which the Burmese so delight to honour, to the royal city. The raft on which he was conveyed got into trouble, near this, in one of the large eddies often met with in the Irrawaddy, and His Excellency the white elephant was compelled to land here, a circumstance handed down to posterity in the name of the village. In an unchanging, monosyllabic language like the Burmese, the information contained in names is not, as with us, hidden under the gradual corruption of the original word. Names remain for many generations as significant as when first imposed. The village itself, as the first we had seen in Burmese territory, was an object of close scrutiny. We were struck, on the whole, by its inferiority in the style of the dwellings, and in general appearance of comfort and prosperity, to those of the same class in our own Province. The difference was not, indeed, so apparent here as in many others which we saw afterwards, but yet, we thought, clearly perceptible to an impartial eye. Not that the people seemed very poor or miserable; the latter the Burmese never are, and generally they and their cattle are plump and well-conditioned; but there were not the same signs of wealth and prosperity as in many villages half its size in our territory.

We started the next morning, September 26th, with the disabled *Nemesis* in tow, and anchored off Maloon at night. This was formerly the residence of a governor, but is now a small village standing on the gentle slope of a hill, which rises behind to a peak crowned with numerous temples of various forms. This hill was the scene of an obstinate contest in the first Burmese war of 1826.

The scenery here, as it had been since Prome, was exceedingly picturesque. Long ranges of hills, clothed from head to foot in almost impenetrable forest, and with pagodas perched here and there on their summits, skirt the river side on the west, leaving between their base and the river a belt of low rich country, thickly wooded, in which lie numerous villages, for the most part on or near the river banks. On the east the country is more of the character of a somewhat irregular plateau, covered with thick jungle and small trees as far as the eye can reach. This is the general character of the country as it appears on each side of the river from Prome to Pagan. The next morning we had our first view of the Burman war-boats, of which we had read and heard so much. The news of our arrival at Maloon had been sent up sharp to Menhla, the Burmese frontier station, where customs are collected, and where certain officials, deputed by the Burmese Government to receive us, had been awaiting our arrival. Before sunrise the splash of many oars and the shouts of rowers were heard in the distance, and three war-boats soon shot round the corner and came alongside. It was, as we expected, a deputation from Menhla to bid us welcome. We soon, however, ascertained that the chief of the three personages, who had been deputed from the capital to escort the mission up, was not on board, and so our visitors were politely informed they would be received at Menhla, and not here. The Burmese are exceedingly particular on all points of etiquette, and one of their standing maxims, from the occupant of the throne to the lowest official, is to be as chary as they can of all marks of honour and recognition to the representatives of foreign

powers. Hence the necessity of extreme vigilance on the part of the British envoy, to permit nothing in the mode and manner of his reception that could possibly be intended or construed as an omission or slight. We steamed slowly up to Menhla, and had an excellent opportunity of observing the novel and peculiar scene that greeted us. On sighting the town, seven or eight war-boats, with a host of smaller craft, put out to meet us. Their boats were of various sizes and adornings, from forty-five to sixty-six feet long, and all more or less profusely gilded. Each contained a band of from forty to fifty rowers, sitting from stem to stern as close as they could pack. They rowed round and round us, as we slowly approached our moorings, managing their boats most dexterously in the strong current and crowded waters in which they performed their evolutions. As they passed us, every boat would raise a deafening cheer and song of welcome, led by one or two frantic-looking individuals, who stood erect, and gave time to the singers by the most strange and grotesque contortions of their arms and whole bodies. It was, as Yule observed, on a similar occasion, an “Owhyhee” scene, reminding us strongly of the accounts of the receptions of the first English navigators by the South Sea Islanders. After a short delay, the expected deputation came on board. All had been in readiness from an early hour for their reception, which it was thought right to make as formal and imposing as we could. We all assembled in our several uniforms on the quarter-deck of the *Nemesis*, which had been gaily decorated with flags, and screened off by a curtain from the forward portion of the vessel. A guard of honour of some twenty men of our escort—Artillery and 24th—was drawn up on each side of the deck, and at the stern a semi-circular row of seats awaited our visitors' arrival. The envoy did not himself receive the deputies at the companion-ladder, their rank not entitling them to that honour, but they were courteously handed up by some members of the mission, and conducted hand in hand to their respective seats. As they came on the quarter-deck the guard presented arms, the envoy rose and shook hands with each, and motioned them into their seats. The officers who came on board were the Poopa-Wondouk (or minister of the second grade), the principal personage of the deputation from Mandalay, a venerable, well-affected gentleman, who bore his part with much composure and dignity; the Padein-Won, also from Mandalay, a young, intelligent, shrewd-looking man, who spoke English well, having been educated in Calcutta; and the Ex-Won of Tsingoo, an old and pleasant-mannered officer of the court, who had frequently been employed on like duties. He received in a similar way the mission of 1855 to the court of Burmah, and had accompanied the Burmese ambassadors to Calcutta, when they visited Lord Dalhousie. The conversation which ensued was chiefly formal and diplomatic, consisting of repeated assurances on their part of the great joy they felt at our arrival, of the distinguished reception their royal master intended to give the mission, and of the instructions he had given them to let nothing be wanting to our comfort during the passage up.

They showed, as Burmese generally do, considerable tact and skill in making graceful, courtier-like, dignified speeches, with an under-tone running through them all, of their own and their sovereign's superiority to all the rest of the world. They told us of the arrangements for the journey; it was to be divided into ten stages, slowness being in their eyes an



THAPINYU PAGODA, AT PAGAN. (From a Photograph.)

essential requisite to dignity, and (a more cogent reason with us), the war-boats being unable to accomplish longer distances with convenience. After an interview of about half an hour, during which the heat was intense, they took their leave. The rest of the day was spent by some of the party in shooting, by others in strolling about the town, listening to the *pooy* or dramatic performance, which went on all day, and inspecting the arms, guns, and so forth, of the first body of Burmese warriors we had seen. After dinner, the chief commissioner and all the party went to the *pooy*, which, as in more civilised countries, was best and grandest at night.

The history of the next ten days is best given, for the purpose of these pages, in a brief notice of the principal points of interest, and not in the form of a diary. The ten stages, to which, with the exception of Tsagain, we adhered, were as follows, and may be traced on any good map of Burmah: Menhla, Magué, Yay-non, Khyonly-Pakham-nge, Tsile-Myo, Pagan-Konyua, Tsameit-Kiyon, Kyouk-taloon, Tsagain, Mandalay. The average distance between each was about fifteen miles. At each of these halting places we found a large roomy shed had been erected for our accommodation, with a raised bamboo floor at one end, on which to sit or recline. As many chairs—or foreigners' seats, as the Burmese call them—as could be mustered, were also provided for our use. In front of these buildings a company of Burmese actors and musicians performed, almost uninterruptingly, during our stay. As the steamers approached, the music struck up, and the actors stepped forward and executed one of their peculiar dances in our welcome.

The triumph of skill seems to be to twist and move all parts of the body in some peculiar way at the same instant. All members of the body—feet, legs, arms, hands, fingers, shoulders, and head—seem to move together and take part in the performance. The Burmese *pooy* or play, which was provided for our entertainment at each stopping place, has been admirably described in Yule's narrative, and by other observers. At first, most of us were much amused and interested by these performances, but the loud incessant music which accompanied them, the great sameness of the plots and character, and the interminable length of some of the scenes, soon made us think we had had enough of them. It is a strange and curious sight, no doubt, to see the great crowds of Burmese, of all ages and classes, gathered for the night to witness the performance of a play, and to observe the perfect good order and high delight which they manifest. There was never the least approach to disorderly conduct or disturbance of any kind among the multitudes at Mandalay, sometimes two or three thousand, who assembled on these occasions. They seemed altogether occupied with what they had come to see; and, except for the dresses of the actors and actresses, which sometimes were rich and handsome, especially at Mandalay, the *mise-en-scène* and surroundings of these plays were strangely rude and simple. The theatre, a few mats spread on the ground in the open air, with a green bough in the centre fastened to a pole; the lights, a few torches fed with rock-oil, and smoking most intolerably; the orchestra, some half-dozen or more of the musical instruments of the country, more

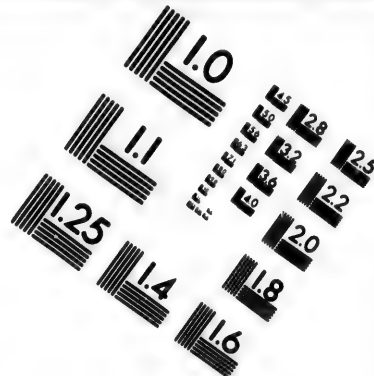
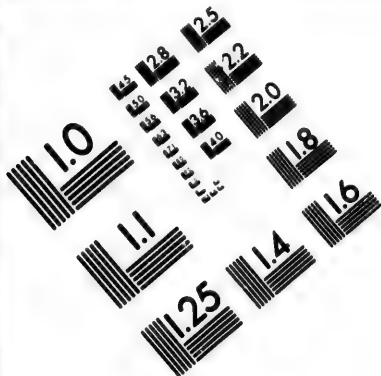
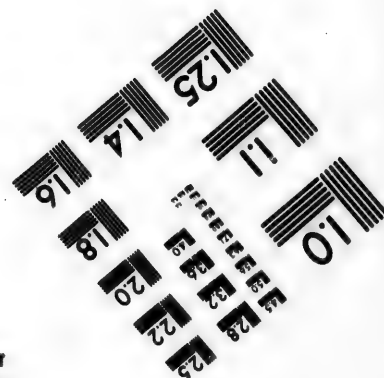
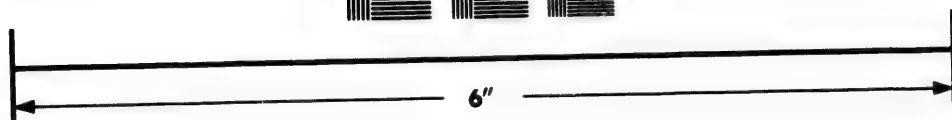
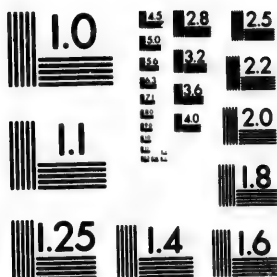


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remarkable for noise than melody; the drama and characters, always the same long love story of a prince or princess, the same courtiers and attendants, the same clowns, fakeers, tigers, *nats*, and *belvos*, *i.e.*, supernatural personages of all kinds. The chief part of these plays, as in our operas, is sung or chanted, but the dialogue, especially where the clown is an interlocutor, seems decidedly the most popular part. The hearty applause that would burst forth from the audience, as if from one man, during this part of the performance, was almost contagious. A good deal of this part of the play is, I am told, extempore, and local and personal in its allusions; hence, doubtless, the force with which it tells on the people. It is sometimes far from decent or refined, but we had no reason to complain on this score. I am told that there was seldom or never anything said at these plays that exceeded the average license of an English stage.

Another feature of our reception at the several stages of the journey was the furnishing of such provisions and supplies for our use as could be procured. Shortly after our arrival, a long train of men would come on board, bearing rice, pumpkins, cucumbers, fish, and fruit of all kinds in great abundance, to the great profit and delight, principally, of the native portion of our party—our servants and ships' crews—to whom such things were favourite articles of consumption. It was equally impossible to refuse these things or to pay for them, though one could not help pitying the unfortunate people, on whom these exactions, little profitable to us, and yet felt by them, were levied. It was the King's order we were to get them, and his order there was no disputing. I believe the King was charged with all these supplies, but whether the people were ever paid for them or not is quite another question. A third mark of attention that awaited us at our halting places was the assemblage of all the best ponies of the neighbourhood, saddled and bridled in Burmese fashion, for those of us who might fancy a ride.

We had several pleasant excursions about the country, thanks to this thoughtfulness on the part of our conductor. There were generally more ponies than we wanted, so some of the soldiers who accompanied us had a gallop sometimes up and down the banks of the river, to the great delight of themselves and their comrades. The Burmese saddle was decidedly difficult to manage, its stirrups being about half the length of ours, and intended for naked toes and not for boots. Several loose ponies generally accompanied our cavalcade, being of a sociable disposition, and not wishing to be separated from their companions. The chief places of interest at which we stopped were Yennankhyoung, Tsile-Myo, and Pagan. The former is celebrated for its rock-oil wells, which before the late discoveries of oil in America, were the principal sources whence this commodity was obtained. We arrived here on Sunday afternoon the 27th of September. The strong smell of petroleum which abounded everywhere, and the crowd of boats which were taking it in, at once proclaimed the staple industry of the place. We were sorry to observe here one of those renegade Europeans who are to be found here and there throughout the East, adopting the manners and customs, and sometimes the creeds of the natives, in preference to their own. This man, who was tattooed all over his body in Burmese fashion, and whose only attire was a cloth of by no means ample dimensions wrapped round his loins, was, we were told, a Dutchman, and one of a party of sailors who had some time since gone up from

Rangoon to the capital. He was now, however, alone, and was employed, we were informed, by the Burmese traders in taking cargoes of rock-oil to dispose of at Rangoon. The wells, which we all visited, are situated about three miles to the east of the village, in an elevated plain of a sandy reddish brown soil, intersected by numerous steep ravines on which a thin stunted vegetation grows. The wells are very deep, fully 200 feet on an average, and both dug and worked with considerable difficulty. It is impossible to remain below, where a considerable depth is reached, for more than one or two minutes. New wells are constantly being sunk, and old ones abandoned. They are the hereditary property of a family, or clan, and are worked, like our mines, by a special class of skilled labourers. The country round, as far as the eye can reach, seems of the same character and formation as that in which these wells are found, but we heard of none in the neighbourhood. There are some higher up the river on the west side.

The view of the valley of the Irrawaddy, towards the west, from the plateau is very fine; the river can be seen for some seventy or eighty miles of its course, with the fine mountains of the Arracan range in the background, illuminated, when we saw them, by the rays of the evening sun.

Tsile-Myo is a prettily situated village on the east bank of the river, and celebrated for the manufacture of that species of lacquered ware commonly called "Burmese boxes;" the best known and most popular with Europeans of the manufactures of this country. A large trade is done here in these articles, both for Rangoon and the Burmese capital. Our party invested largely in them, and, on the whole, at very moderate prices, about half what we should have paid in Rangoon. We saw them in every stage of finish, from the original frame of bamboo basket-work to the last coating of vegetable gum and colouring matter, with which the patterns, traced with an iron stylus, are marked out.

Our next station to Tsile-Myo was Pagan, certainly the most remarkable and interesting place between the frontier and Mandalay. The architectural remains for which it is celebrated far exceeded our expectations. We could have fancied, as we approached, that some great city of Italy or Spain, crowded with churches and ecclesiastical buildings of every variety and form, was before us in the distance. But a nearer view showed us that most were in ruins, that it was a silent forsaken city of the past, like Palmyra or Tadmor in the desert. The remains extend over an area of at least eight or ten miles long, on the east bank of the river, and from two to three or four miles wide. Pagodas of every size and form, hollow and solid, bell-shaped and octagonal; broken arches, crumbling walls and towers, mounds of rubbish, old roads and paths of brick pavement, are studded thickly over the whole of this large area. Most of the buildings were more or less in ruins, and an air of desolation and neglect pervaded the whole place. The square enclosures that surrounded the pagodas, and the once handsome paved approaches that led to them, were grown over with grass and bushes, in which hares and partridges abounded. Cattle grazed around the sacred precincts, and rested in the long corridors of the temples. In one temple only—the Ananda—we found a few people worshipping, whose voices sounded strangely, reverberating through the long vaulted passages. Here, too, they were making a new image for one of its quadruple shrines—the huge figure, thirty-two feet long

without the pedestal, lay along the ground, while the carpenters, in Isaiah's words, "stretched out their rules, marked it out with lines, and made it after the figure of a man." The three finest and most remarkable buildings at Pagan are unquestionably the three pagodas named the Ananda or the Eternal, the Thapinyu or the Omniscent, and the Gauda-pala or throne of Gauda. The general plan is the same—a succession of three or four gradually diminishing square terraces, each pierced by two arched intersecting passages, in the four entrances of which stand enormous images of Gaudana. From the highest of these terraces rises a high and graceful spire with rounded mouldings, and surmounted at the top by the gilt umbrella, to which are affixed a multitude of little bells that tinkle perpetually to the wind. When, our readers will naturally ask, did these vast and wonderful remains of former ages of Buddhist faith and Burmese greatness rise and flourish? Pagan was founded, the Burmese chronicles inform us, towards the commencement of the ninth century of our era. From this time to the year 1300 it was the royal residence, and most of its present remains probably belong to the latter portion of this period. The chronicle relates that, "Indignant at the murder of an ambassador by the Burmese King, the Emperor of China sent a vast army to invade Burmah. The King, in his anxiety to strengthen the defences of his capital, pulled down for the sake of the materials 1,000 large arched temples, 1,000 smaller ones, and 4,000 square temples. But under one of these temples a prophetic inscription of ominous import was found; the King lost heart, left his new walls defenceless, and fled to Bassein. The Chinese advanced, occupied the city, and continued to pursue the Burman army as far as Taroup-man or Chinese Point, a considerable distance below Prome. This was in 1284. Colonel Burney has indicated that this is the same Chinese invasion which is spoken of by Marco Polo. Turning to that traveller (in Purchas, vol. iii., p. 93), we find that when the great Khan minded to subdue the city of Mien (the Chinese name for Burmah), he sent a valiant captain, and an army chiefly composed of jesters, with whom his court was always furnished. It is curious enough to contrast the contemptuous view of the Burmese enterprise here indicated with the history of the same event as given by the Burmese in their chronicle. Instead of an army of jesters, they represent the Emperor to have sent a host of at least 6,000,000 horse, and 20,000,000 foot, to attack Pagan, and to have been obliged to reinforce these repeatedly before they could overcome the resolute resistance of the Burmese, who encountered the enemy near the mouth of the Baom river."

We were not sorry to arrive at our eighth station, Kyouk-taloon, on Saturday, the 5th of October. This was formerly the place where customs were collected, and is looked on as a kind of outpost to the metropolis. Here foreign ambassadors are wont to be met by deputations from the capital, and taken leave of on their return. No one, however, appeared during our stay there, which was accounted for by the fact we learnt on arriving at Mandalay, that the letters announcing our approach had not been received.

The next day, Sunday, we started accordingly for Tsagain, but had not gone far before the *Nemesis* got aground on one of the sand-banks that form in such abundance in this river towards the end of the rains. Things looked very bad at first. The Wondouk reported that the river was rapidly falling, and whether it would rise again was very doubtful so late in the

season. The whole day was spent in ineffectual efforts by the King's steamer (which had met us at Yaynankhyony) and our own to pull her off. However, during the night, the force of the current removed a good deal of the sand round the vessel's sides, and, to our great joy, she showed evident signs of moving. By eight o'clock she was fairly afloat again, and in a safer channel.

At 9 A.M. Captain Sladen, the British Resident at Mandalay, came down to meet us, and as we had lost a day by the accident in question, it was determined to go on straight to Mandalay, and so pass by the intervening station of Tsagain without stopping.

This day's run, as we approached the capital and our journey's end, was unusually interesting. We passed the sites of the two former capitals, now abandoned, Ava and Amarapoora, and beautiful and well chosen sites they seemed to be. The Shan mountains, bold and irregular in their outline, form an effective background to the well-wooded and well-watered plain that stretches between them and the river on its left bank; while, on the right, the long conical range of the Tsagain hills, crowned thickly with pagodas, approached by long winding flights of whitewashed stairs, bound the river most picturesquely for a considerable length. Yule is quite enthusiastic on the natural beauties of this neighbourhood. Both these cities stood on the left bank, about six miles apart, Ava the lowest. The only remains now to be seen of them are a great number of pagodas of all sorts and sizes, most of them in ruins. Ava was the capital of the empire for about 400 years—from 1400 to 1783—and is better known by name in England and America than either of its successors, as being the scene of the captivity and sufferings of Judson and his associates in the first Burmese war, and the seat of a British Residency for ten years, from 1830 to 1840. One of the members of the mission, Mr. Edwards, the present collector of customs in Rangoon, had lived here in the confidential employ of the Resident, Colonel Burney, for eight years, but the very site of his former habitation is now gone, having been washed away by the river, which constantly plays such freaks with its banks on either side. Amarapoora, the next capital, had a much more short-lived existence. It was founded in 1783; abandoned in 1822, on the death of its founder; for fifteen years then re-occupied; and, in all probability finally, abandoned in 1860. It was, however, *felix opportunitate vitæ*, in having received the mission of 1855, and having found so full and faithful a topographer in Colonel Yule. In 1860, the present King, induced partly by prophecies and auguries, which always exercise an important influence at the Court of Burmah, and partly, it is said, by the more rational desire to place the capital beyond the reach of a bombardment from the river, founded the present city of Mandalay, on an extensive plain about four miles to the north of Amarapoora, and three from the main channel of the river. This change of capital is of frequent occurrence in Burmese history, and is to be ascribed in most instances to a superstitious belief rather than to personal ambition. The unfortunate inhabitants, who have to migrate like bees with their sovereign, and build new habitations for themselves, their princes, and their religion, seem never to lift a murmuring voice, so long as the move is in accordance with the traditions and received opinions on the subject. At half-past two we anchored off the Thadan-Da, or royal wharf, lately erected by the King for the convenience of his own and other steamers, but so high above

the ordinary level of the river that it is useless except for two or three months in the year. The annual rise and fall of the Irrawaddy is enormous, being seldom less than thirty, and sometimes reaching to forty feet and more.

Our voyage thus successfully ended, we were naturally anxious to proceed to our destined residence in the city as

soon as possible; but it was necessary first that we should give a formal reception to the Burmese prime minister and high officials on board; and, secondly, that they should arrange for a grand public entrance and procession through the city for the mission party. How this important business was arranged I will now proceed to relate.



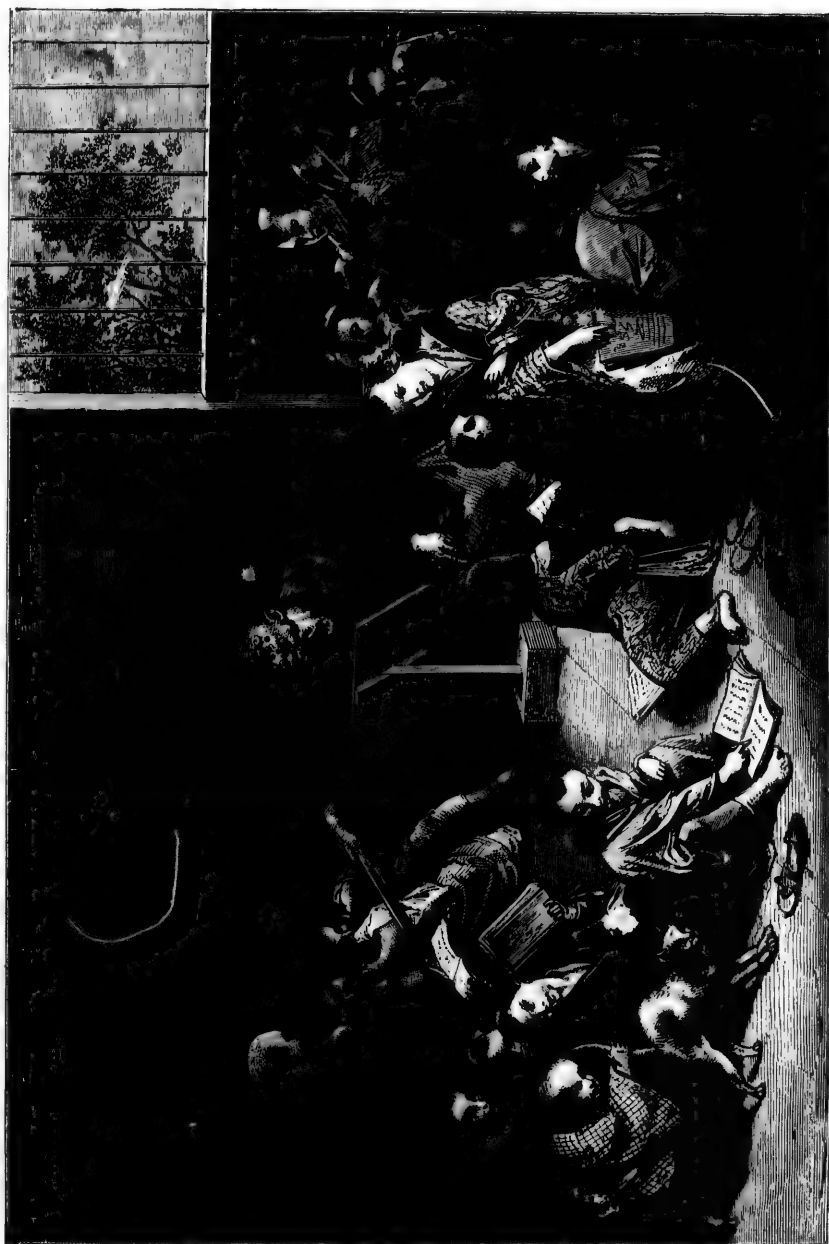
JAPANESE WOMEN GOING ON A VISIT.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—II.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

WE gradually established friendly relations between our Residence and the Yakonin quarter, by means of trifling presents, such as sugar and coffee, to some sick persons, which were gratefully received. One afternoon, when I was the only person at home, the monban came to tell me that a deputation from the Yakonin quarter wished to see me, consisting of females who had been authorised by their husbands to present their thanks, and who at the same time expressed a desire to be allowed to inspect the interior of the house, as they had never seen any European furniture. I told him I should be happy to receive them, and presently was heard the sound of a number of wooden shoes on the walk, followed by the appearance of a group of smiling faces at the foot of the steps leading into the verandah opposite the sitting-room. Amongst

them were four married women, two grown-up girls, and children of various ages. The first could be distinguished by the simplicity of their attire, the absence of bright-coloured materials or ornaments in their dresses; their faces were not painted, but their teeth were stained as black as ebony, according to the Japanese idea of what is proper for a matron. The young girls, on the contrary, heighten the natural whiteness of their teeth by colouring their lips with carmine, and rouging their cheeks. They wear bright-coloured sashes, and twist bands of scarlet crape through their hair. The children wear variegated robes or sashes; they have no head-dresses, and even have their heads shaved except a few locks, which, according to their sex, are either fastened up or allowed to float loosely. After the usual salutations and reverences, the spokes-



A JAPANESE SCHOOL

women (for two or three always spoke at the same time) made various complimentary speeches in Japanese, to which I replied in French, making signs to them to come in. I saw that they understood me, but were embarrassed about something. At last, between words and gestures, I made out that they did not know whether they ought to take off their shoes in the garden, or wait until they were in the verandah. I decided for the latter, on which they all came up the steps, took off their clogs, and ranged them along the verandah; the women had on socks made of calico, with a division for the great toe, but the children ran gaily over the carpet in their bare feet. They first appeared struck with astonishment, followed by universal merriment, when they saw themselves reflected from head to foot in the long pier glasses. Whilst the children remained riveted to the spot with admiration of this new and striking spectacle, the mothers inquired the meaning of the various pictures suspended round the room. I explained to them that they represented the Tycoon of Holland, with his wife and other members of the royal family, and they bowed respectfully before them, one girl timidly asking whether one of them was not a likeness of his Majesty's groom; and I had some trouble in explaining to her that it was the custom for a prince to have his portrait taken standing beside his horse and holding the bridle himself. After carefully examining the easy-chairs and sofas, they came to me to inquire whether they were not intended for sitting on cross-legged, and when I showed them our way of using them, they seemed to pity us very much for being obliged to sit in such an uncomfortable attitude, with our legs hanging down. My room, being the next, was soon invaded, and I cannot attempt to describe the numerous objects which excited the curiosity of these Japanese daughters of Eve. They seemed most tempted by some military buttons bearing the Swiss federal cross, and I was obliged to give them a few, though I could not imagine what use they would make of them, as the clothes of the Japanese, both men and women, are invariably fastened by silk cords. They were much pleased with a present of some articles of French perfumery, but declined a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, as cambric handkerchiefs are unknown in Japan. It was to no purpose that I showed them some beautifully embroidered ones, as they assured me that the humblest person would disdain to carry about her a piece of muslin which she had used to blow her nose! There is apparently no chance of our barbarous fashion supplanting the use of the little squares of paper which they carry in a fold of their dress, or in a pocket in their sleeves, and throw away as soon as used. Our visitors also considered themselves to have a decided advantage over us in the sort of writing materials they use, consisting of a roll of mulberry paper, a stick of Indian ink, and a pencil; they carry the former in their bosom, and the latter articles in a little case suspended from their belts, along with their little tobacco-pouch and pipe. In order to regain their admiration, I showed them a box furnished with pins, needles, and sewing cotton, and invited the Yakonin ladies to try them; they at once allowed their superiority over their own, which are not made by machinery; needlework, indeed, is not much practised by Japanese women, its place in friendly meetings is filled by the pipe. I ended by giving the children some prints of Swiss landscapes and costumes, and showing the women an album of family photographs, which they examined with touching interest. In the eyes of this people a traveller

is an object of profound pity, on account of his absence from his friends and family—all, in fact, which makes life happy. To this is added a feeling of religious admiration if he is performing a pilgrimage; but it is beyond their comprehension that anyone should leave his home and cross the ocean for merely worldly motives. They, therefore, supposed me to be the victim of political animosity, and that I was banished from my native country, so that on my explaining to them that I was neither an exile nor a pilgrim, they regarded me with a mixture of astonishment and compassion.

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

One of the attractions of our residence was the number of birds with which it was surrounded. A quantity of vegetable matter, as well as thousands of fish and mollusks, killed or stunned by the force of the waves, were daily washed to the foot of the terrace which bounded our garden next the sea. A crowd of birds, of various forms and plumage, assembled here at low water, to seek food for themselves and their young, and with the return of the tide flocked back to their places of shelter, some in the spacious roof of our house, and others in the cedars of the garden, the sacred groves of Benten, or the hills and marshes round Yokohama. I noticed amongst them the cosmopolitan sparrow, carrying on a noisy warfare against flies and other insects, and finding its reward in the stray grains which fell from the sacks of corn that were embarked in the neighbourhood. There was a colony of pigeons in our roof, which had settled there no one knew how, and lived in a most independent state. The ravens are somewhat different to those we are accustomed to see in Europe; they are smaller, and their croaking seems to form two distinct syllables—*kā-wā kāwā*. The crows utter a plaintive cry like the human voice. The shrill notes of the eagle and hawk are to be heard, mingling with the roar of the waves and the harp-like sound of the wind sweeping through the cedars. Our feathered neighbours were very tame; the hawks often perched on the flagstaves or on our roof, which probably served them as a store-house for their fish, and the crows and pigeons scarcely moved from our path when we walked through the garden. Besides these there were large flocks of gulls and sea-mews hovering round the vessels in the harbour, to pick up the refuse which is thrown overboard, and in the creeks which separated us from the village of Kanagawa, numbers of wild geese and ducks sheltered amongst the rushes, and at nightfall sought their homes in the canals of the distant rice-fields. I could see them describing geometrical figures in their flights, and perfectly silent, except now and then two prolonged cries, which sounded like the word of command given by a leader to rally his lagging troops. Amongst solitary birds there is none more picturesque than the heron, patiently watching for his prey, with his eyes fixed on the limpid water, and his body balanced on one leg, while the other is tucked under his wing, the dazzling whiteness of his plumage being shown by the background of rushes, and, perhaps, the branches of a weeping willow. The appearance of the crane, as it slowly descends from the upper air, is so impressive and majestic, that the Japanese associate it with one of the demi-gods with which their mythology abounds. They imagine this divine personage resting on the back of a crane, or "Tsuru," and even give it the title of "Sama," by which they address superior beings—"O, Tsurisama," his lordship the crane! The crane shares with the tortoise the

honour of being the symbol of longevity and happiness. A large proportion of Japanese, living on the shores of the bay, exist in a manner very similar to the birds which I have just described. While the fishermen spend whole days at a distance from land, floating in their frail skiffs, a swarm of women and children assemble on the shore when the tide begins to ebb, they follow it as it retires, and heap their wicker baskets with the abundant harvest it supplies, consisting of edible seaweeds, oysters, mussels, and shellfish. The crabs are objects of lively pursuit; bamboo-sticks, furnished with iron hooks, are used to draw them from amongst the stones in which they take refuge; they sometimes came up the steps of the terrace, and as far as the foot of the verandah, and one evening I discovered a very fine one under the washstand in my bedroom; it was no easy matter to induce him to take his road home, namely, a trench in the garden leading to the sea. I used to carry on friendly conversations with the people on the shore; the children brought me the prettiest shells, and the women explained the culinary properties of the ugly little sea monsters which they picked up. This friendliness is a trait common to all the lower classes of Japanese; often when I have been walking in the neighbourhood of Nagasaki and Yokohama, the country people have invited me into their enclosures, showed me their flowers, and gathered the finest to make a bouquet for me; they always refused to accept money in return, and never allowed me to leave without offering me tea and rice-cakes in the house. The season which is most agreeable on the bay of Yeddo is spring; from the top of one of the hills which surrounds it there is a view, extending as far as the foot of Fusi-yama, of wooded hills and cultivated valleys, intersected by rivers and gulfs, which in the distance look like lakes; villages are seen on their banks, half hidden amongst the trees, and farms surrounded by gardens scattered here and there over the country. The precocity of the vegetation in the rice-fields and on the cultivated hills, and the number of evergreen trees on all sides give a degree of sadness to the Japanese spring; and yet there is nowhere a more luxuriant flora. Tufts of flowers and brilliant leaves adorn the hedges and orchards around the villages; camellias, grown to the height of our apple-trees; cherries, plums, and peaches loaded with blossoms of two colours, red and white, sometimes on the same branch, for the Japanese cultivate and graft these trees only with a view to their producing a variety of flowers, and do not care for the crop of fruit. The bamboos, which are frequently used to prop the young trees, often mingle their light foliage with thin rafts of blossoms; but I prefer to see them growing in single groups, like sheaves of enormous reeds. Nothing has a more picturesque effect than their long, green polished stems and tufted crowns, surrounded by a multitude of smaller shoots and long waving leaves. Bamboo thickets are amongst the favourite studies of the Japanese artists, and they generally give animation to the picture by adding some of the living forms which haunt these leafy asylums—dragon-flies, small birds, butterflies, and, in lonely places, squirrels, and little red-faced brown monkeys. The roads are bordered with violets, but without any perfume, as is the case with most of the flowers; and it is remarkable that there are very few nightingales, larks, or other singing-birds. Perhaps it is the want of song and perfume, amid the luxuriance of animal and vegetable life, that prevents one experiencing the sort of pleasure that is excited in the mind by the sight of a beautiful landscape at this season in Europe.

The country here is almost over-cultivated; with the exception of the forests and plantations which Government insists upon being maintained, every spot is occupied by agriculture. As a specimen, I will describe the aspect of one of the valleys near the Bay of Yeddo in the month of April. On the skirts of the woods are large fields of buckwheat in full flower; a little further, wheat and barley, which had been sowed in November, nearly ripe for cutting. The Japanese sow corn as we plant potatoes, in regular rows separated by furrows, in which they raise a crop of beans, which shoot up when the corn is reaped. In another direction, and looking like a field of wheat in the blade, there was a large extent of millet which would be ripe in September—it is preferred to wheat by the natives; they grind and use it for cakes and porridge. On a neighbouring table-land, a countryman was preparing the ground by means of a small plough, drawn by a single horse, for sowing grains of cotton, which in September or October would each produce a plant two or three feet high bearing about twenty ripe pods. He was followed by some storks and cranes, who gravely plunged their long beaks into the furrow, and pecked up the grubs as they were turned up by the plough. The lower part of the valley is devoted to rice plantations; about a month previous they had been put under water by opening the sluices of the canal. When in this condition the soil is turned up by the plough, and trampled under the feet of the buffaloes and labourers; the latter up to their knees in the ooze, and breaking the obstinate clods with spades.

In rice cultivation, when the earth has been reduced to a sort of liquid paste, men and women proceed step by step along the surrounding banks, throwing handfuls of grain into the beds which are to act as nurseries, and which are then harrowed in order to make them level, and to bury the seed. After a time, the water is drawn off, and the young plants which are growing in a close mass are pulled up by the roots, and carefully transplanted, at regular intervals, into other beds, where they are left to grow and ripen till the month of October, at which time the crop is ready for the sickle.

In order to protect the ripening grain from the birds who come in flocks to devour it, different kinds of scarecrows are placed here and there; but they do not succeed in frightening the birds effectually, so, in addition, a sort of network of straw plait is stretched across the field, fastened to poles, and covered with a number of movable tails. These are kept in motion by a little boy, who has a cord which he pulls like a bell-rope; and when the bank of the rice-field is not high enough to afford him a convenient position, he is perched on a seat raised on four bamboos, and sheltered by a little roof made of rushes.

Japan produces several kinds of rice; the best is grown in the plains. The irrigation of the hills involves the formation of reservoirs at the top, and a number of canals to direct the water to the various terraces on which the rice-fields are formed. The Japanese have from time immemorial practised the succession of crops. Every rice-field is sown with wheat or millet every alternate autumn, but they never allow land to lie fallow. The tea-shrub is not much cultivated in this district; it is to be seen occasionally in favourable aspects, but the real tea district is some degrees further north. The production of silk is not much attended to, for want of room for the cultivation of the mulberry. To sum up, it seemed to me that the surrounding population, and, in fact, all the inhabitants

of the southern coast of Nippon, leave the production of the most important articles of trade—such as tea, silk, and cotton—to those in the interior, while they devote themselves either to fishing and navigation on the one hand, or to agriculture and horticulture on the other, united to the manufacture of articles made of straw, hemp, bamboos, and rushes.

Among the country population surrounding the Bay of Yeddo one meets occasionally some of the mountaineers inhabiting the mountain chain of Akoni, at the foot of Fusi-Yama, who have an appearance of greater vigour and independence than the former. They come down to trade in charcoal and timber. Some of them are employed in the transport of merchandise on horses, from the interior to some of the seaports on the bay, and others in towing boats along the canals. They supply recruits for a portion of the Tycoon's troops of the line, in which the use of European arms has been introduced. Unfortunately, the country to which they belong is almost inaccessible to strangers, for if the accounts given by the natives are to be believed, we should find among them, as in the mining districts of California, bridges, weirs, and aqueducts, which, considering the imperfection of their tools, must be really wonderful. Thus it is only in agricultural pursuits that we can see the Japanese at work; their dockyards, workshops, and manufactories, the most original conceptions of their self-regulated civilisation, are all closed to us by the policy of their government. Yet the day is coming when Japan will lay itself open to the investigations of Western science, as well in this as in everything else.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

In going from Bente to the country it is not necessary to pass through the Japanese town, as a wide causeway has been constructed on piles near the river, overlooking the low streets and marshes of Yokohama, inhabited only by some poor workpeople, and protected by a military guardhouse and a custom-house station. Here a fine wooden bridge, raised on pillars high enough to allow sailing-boats to pass under, crosses the river and joins the causeway on the left bank, following

which towards the north-east, we come to the great road of Kanagawa, and, towards the south-west, to the country roads leading to Mississippi Bay. We noticed many detached houses near the main road, and even some opening on the village streets, quite open on all sides; their inhabitants, in order to produce a current of air, draw back the sliding frames which enclose

their dwellings, and so leave them exposed from one end to the other to the view of the passers-by. Under these circumstances, it is easy to form an idea of their domestic life. The conventional division of classes amongst the Japanese is not founded upon an essential difference of race or manner of life. From the governor of Kanagawa's residence on the top of a hill I have had several opportunities of overlooking, on one side, a block of buildings appropriated to Yakonin families, and on the other, a group of houses and cottages belonging to artisans and field labourers, and I observed that the same habits and manner of living prevailed inside the enclosed yards which separate the military quarters, as in the public space in front of the plebeian dwellings. Subsequently, on associating with high government functionaries, I was confirmed in the opinion that the same general features pervade the domestic manners of the whole central population of the empire—that is to say, of the three large islands, Kiusiu, Sikok, and Nippon.

The Japanese are of middle height, much smaller than the people of the German races, but not unlike the inhabitants of Spain and the south of France in figure. There is a

greater disparity in the relative height of the men and women than amongst the European races. According to Dr. Mohnike, an old Dutch physician at Nagasaki, the average height of the men is five feet one or two inches (French measurement), and of the women, four feet two or three inches. The Japanese, without being absolutely ill-proportioned, have generally large heads, rather sunk between their shoulders, wide chests and hips; their legs are slender, and their hands and feet small, generally well shaped. The outline of their heads, seen from the front, often presents the geometrical figure of the trapezium rather than the oval. I have often noticed that the cavities of the



JAPANESE CITIZEN IN WINTER COSTUME.

eyes being somewhat shallow, and the nose a little flattened, the eyes have a more staring look than those of Europeans. Still, somehow, their general appearance is not of the same type as that of the Chinese Mongolian; the head is thicker, and the face longer and more regular in its features. To me they appear to resemble most the natives of the Sunda islands.

According to Dr. Mohnike, the head of the Japanese is of the Turanian type. Their hair is without exception smooth, thick, and as black as ebony; that of the women is not so long as amongst the Europeans and Malays. The Japanese have beards, which they shave at least every other day; the colour of their skin varies according to the different grades of society, from the tawny or copper-colour of the inhabitants of the interior of Java, to the dull white or sun-burnt shade of those of the south of Europe. The prevailing shade is an olive brown, but never the yellow tint of the Chinese complexion. Unlike Europeans, their faces and hands are generally of a lighter shade than the rest of their bodies. Amongst the children of both sexes, one sees the same rosy cheeks which amongst ourselves are considered the indications of health. The women have clearer complexions than the men, and amongst the higher and even the middle classes many are perfectly white; a dead white is looked on as the most aristocratic tint. Both men and women have black eyes and sound white teeth, regular, and somewhat prominent. It is the custom for married women to blacken them.

The variety of physiognomy and expression that one sees amongst the Japanese, is, I think, the result of a freer and more spontaneous intellectual development than is to be met with in the other Asiatic nations. The Japanese national dress is the "kirimon," a kind of dressing-gown, made a little longer and fuller for men than for women; the former fasten it across by means of a silk sash or narrow scarf, and the latter wear a wide piece of stuff, fastened in an odd-looking knot at the back. The Japanese bathe daily, they wear no under linen, but the women have chemises made of red silk crêpe. In summer the peasants, fishermen, artisans, and coolies, go

about their business almost naked, and their wives wear only a short petticoat round the waist. In rainy seasons they protect themselves by cloaks made of straw or oiled paper, and hats of bamboo bark, the shape of bucklers, like those of the Javanese. In winter the common men wear a close-fitting jacket and trousers of blue cotton, under the kirimon, and the

women wadded mantles. The dress of the various classes differs only in the materials of which it is composed; the nobility alone have the right to wear silk, but they only attire themselves richly to go to court or to pay visits of ceremony. Government officers wear full trousers, and instead of the kirimon, a short garment with wide sleeves, and not inelegant in shape. Every one is shod in the same way, with sandals of plaited straw, and socks of cloth or cotton, or wooden clogs fastened by a string. When the roads are muddy they wear a mere wooden sole raised on two pegs, and all on entering a house take off their sandals or clogs and leave them on the threshold. The floors are always covered with mats made of rice-straw carefully plaited; they are all of the same size, six feet three inches long by three feet two inches wide and four inches thick, and are used as a current measure, there is consequently no difficulty in suiting them to the different rooms, which can also be modified at pleasure by means of the sliding partitions which the Japanese use to divide their apartments. The mat supplies the want of other furniture; it is the bed on which the Japanese passes the night, wrapped in a large wadded covering, and his head resting on a stuffed



JAPANESE PEASANT IN WINTER COSTUME.

wooden socket; it serves as a table cloth on which to spread the porcelain and lacquered vessels which he uses at meals; it is the carpet which his barefooted children tread on, and the divan where, squatting on his heels, he invites his friends to seat themselves and enjoy a prolonged gossip, while sipping a decoction of tea unmixed with any other ingredient, and puffing tobacco in lilliputian pipes. In the inns we see what is called in Java a "bali-bali," a kind of table, raised only a foot from the ground and covered with mats, on it the traveller sits, eats, drinks, or takes his siesta.

One day I was present when half a dozen little boys were reciting their lessons, squatted in a group round their teacher, I asked the meaning of the words they were repeating in chorus; I was told they were reciting the "irova," a kind of alphabet consisting of four lines, in which are contained, not the vowels and consonants, but the fundamental sounds of the Japanese language, of which there are forty-eight. These, instead of being classed grammatically, are formed into a verse of poetry, the first word "irova" giving its name to the alphabet; I subjoin the verse as correctly as I was able to catch it, premising that the consonant *v* is in some dialects *f*, and in others *h* aspirate; that *vo* has the same sound as in English, and that they often confound the sounds of *d* and *t*, and of *g* and *k*, as well as of *s* or *ds* with *z* and *ts*. "Irova nivovéto tsirinourou wo. Wagayo darézo tsoune naramou. Ou wi no okouyama kéfou koyété. Asaki youmémisi evimo sézou oun." Its meaning is as follows:—"Colour and perfume vanish away. What can there be lasting in this world? To-day has disappeared in the abyss of nothingness. It is but the passing image in a dream, and causes only a slight trouble." There is more of the Japanese character to be learned from this national primer than from many voluminous works; generation after generation has repeated this popular philosophy of nothingness, the unsatisfying effect of which is to be traced in many details of their domestic life.

The dwelling of the Japanese is adapted every hour only to the needs of the hour, and retains for the time no traces of its uses at other periods. All that is poetical about it is owing to its harmony with the outer world for the time being. Thus, at the approach of night they close the windows and draw the partitions which form the sleeping places, and light a large lamp in a sort of cage covered with oiled paper, which diffuses a subdued light like that of the heavenly luminaries. But with daylight all that forms the arrangements for repose is carried away; the sashes are withdrawn, and the house swept from end to end; the morning air circulates through it, and the sun gilds the mats in broad streaks. During the afternoon heat they close the house so completely with hangings and screens that it seems like a dark cavern. This way of looking on existence as a mere succession of days, hours, and years—of living entirely under the influence of the present—gives a simple vivacity to all their enjoyments, a character of fatality to their sufferings, and of triviality to death which excludes repining. The children are the greatest gainers by this mode of life; and those travellers who state that Japanese children never cry, have only been guilty of a slight exaggeration of the real fact.

The Japanese are strict monogamists; the women marry very young, and preserve their childish character long after, their infants taking the place formerly occupied by their dolls. Custom, however, does not allow them to bring up their nurslings too delicately, and they make them hardy by exposing them daily to the air, and even to the mid-day sun, bare-headed. The countrywomen are often to be seen at work with an infant fastened on their back, between their chemise and kimono. At home they let them creep and roll about on the mats, as there is no furniture for them to hurt themselves against, and nothing that they can overturn or break. Their companions are domestic animals, little poodle dogs with fat round bodies and short legs, and a species of cat, with white fur, marked with yellow and black spots, very playful, but very bad mousers;

like those at Java, these cats have no tails. Every family that can afford it possesses an aquarium, stocked with gold, silver, and red fish; some of the latter round as a ball, others with long and wide tails, or webbed fins, which act as rudders. They also make pretty cages of bamboo bark, on the model of the most elegant dwellings, in which, on a bed of flowers, they confine butterflies, or large grasshoppers, whose monotonous noise pleases them continually. Such are the surroundings amongst which the Japanese child grows up. The paternal residence is little more than a place of shelter; its parents do not interfere in its games or amusements; its education consists in shouting in chorus the "irova," and other reading exercises, and in drawing with Indian ink, first the letters of the alphabet, and afterwards words and phrases; there is no coercion used, and yet the whole adult population of both sexes can read, write, and calculate. On the whole, the Japanese educational system is not to be despised.

ORIGIN OF THE JAPANESE.

When observing the habits of the Japanese, I have often asked myself, what was the origin of this interesting people, but I have never arrived at a satisfactory answer. Comparative philologists alone will be able to solve the problem in some degree, but there is a wide field of inquiry before them, for it will be necessary to go back as far as the nomadic Tartars of Turania; perhaps it will be necessary to direct inquiries into the languages of the Malayan Peninsula and the Indian Archipelago, and I have no doubt the result will prove that there is no connection between the Chinese and Japanese races, the two languages appearing to me to have no relationship. It is true that the supposition of the Japanese archipelago having been peopled by a Chinese emigration naturally suggests itself to the mind, and I will even admit that there may have been in very ancient times relations between the Corea, the north of Japan, the Kuriles, and even Kamschatka; for this chain of islands, extending from the Asiatic to the American continent, seems like the dismantled arches of a gigantic bridge, and suggests the idea of their having been successively peopled. But the southern isles of Japan appear to me rather to have been colonised by emigrants who came from still further south. Sea currents have probably played an important part in the still mysterious history of emigrations; by this means many voyages of surprising length have been accomplished. All the European residents in Yokohama know the Japanese interpreter, Joseph Hico, who once, when out fishing with some members of his family, was driven out to sea by a gust of wind, and caught by the great equatorial current which washes the south and east coasts of Japan, and describes a curve of some thousands of leagues to California. The unfortunate fishermen were carried far into the Pacific in a north-easterly direction, but they fortunately met an American vessel, which rescued them, and landed them at San Francisco. Navigation between China and Japan is difficult and dangerous, a counter current of cold water issuing from the icy seas near the North Pole, and flowing south through the channel which separates the two countries, whilst the great current of warm water proceeding from the Indian Ocean through the Straits of Malacca and Sunda, runs from south-west to north-east, and spends itself, not on the Chinese coast, but as I have already said, on the southern and eastern coasts of Japan, and on the north-western shores of America.

The first Europeans who landed in Japan were three Portuguese deserters named Antonio de Moto, Francisco Zimoro, and Antonio Perota; they embarked in a native junk from one of the ports of Siam, were driven out to sea in a gale, and carried by the equatorial current to the southern shore of the island of Kiusiu, in the year 1542. The very

way of suggestion, the whole subject at present belonging to the domain of conjecture. The natives themselves, when questioned, give nothing but evasive answers; either from ignorance, or from repugnance to unveil to profane eyes the sanctuary of their national traditions. Not that these have remained entirely unknown, for, on the contrary, they have



RICE CULTIVATION.

same thing happened to the famous Portuguese adventurer, Fernando Mendez Pinto, with his two companions Diego Zeimoto and Christopher Borello; when leaving Macao in a Chinese junk, they were cast on the Japanese island of Tanegasima in 1543. In connection with this subject, it

been the object of considerable research both by Roman Catholic missionaries and by physicians in the service of the Dutch East India Company. The "Archives of Nippon," published by F. de Siebold, contain some remarkable fragments of Japanese literature, devoted to cosmogony and



JAPANESE IN THE RICE-FIELD.

may not be uninteresting to recal the fact that at one time the island of Java with its dependencies formed a powerful empire, which carried on commercial intercourse, on one side with Madagascar and Arabia, and on the other as far as China and the archipelagoes in its neighbourhood. It is in this direction, and on the region peopled by the Malay race in general, that my thoughts involuntarily turn, whenever I am struck by any unlooked-for analogy between the public manners, or domestic habits, of the Japanese and people of Java.

I confess that I can only throw out these remarks by

national history. They were translated by the learned Dr. Hoffmann, of Leyden, with explanatory notes which leave nothing to be wished for. But such fragmentary gleanings, however conscientiously they may have been obtained and put together, are not calculated to give us the key to a civilisation so complete in all its ramifications as that of the Japanese. We will give in our next the history of the Creation, as the Japanese receive it from their priests and annalists; for it is only by adhering to their own account that an idea can be formed of the Japanese cosmogony.

The Country East of the Abyssinian Plateau.

THE numerous works which have appeared in consequence of the late Abyssinian war have made the British public tolerably well acquainted with the physical features of the Abyssinian highlands, or, at least, the eastern side of the great plateau, which rises abruptly to a height of many thousand feet from the plains skirting the shores of the Red Sea. It appears, from a narrative recently printed as an official document in Bombay, written by Mr. Werner Munzinger, our vice-consul at Massowa, that the region of plains stretching from the foot of the colossal wall which commences the interior plateau, are not much less interesting and extraordinary than the highlands themselves in their physical geography. Mr. Munzinger was requested by General Merewether, before the arrival of the English expedition, to explore this region, commencing from the port of Amphilla, with a view to its bearings on the approaching campaign; and he commenced his journey in June, 1867. The coast near Amphilla is a desert sandy tract, where there is neither tree nor shrub, and the village consists of about twenty huts, ruled by a chief who has no influence over the wild tribes further inland. After a short delay, in obtaining a guide, the journey was commenced, the party consisting, besides the guide, of Mr. Munzinger and eight well-armed attendants, furnished with instruments for making a rough survey of the route. They marched in a south-westerly direction, and after crossing, at a distance of forty miles from the coast, a ridge formed of gypsum, with fragments of shells and quartz, they descended into a level region called the Great Salt Plain, which was ascertained to lie below the sea-level. Part of the surface of the plain consists of clay, containing crevices filled with powdered salt; in other parts the ground resembles a ploughed field frosted over; and in others, where the salt is thicker, it presents the appearance of a frozen lake. In walking over the plain the hot wind was almost unendurable, and their mouths were filled with the particles of salt. This extensive tract of low land forms a huge basin, bounded by a high wall of gypsum with the volcanic peak of Artali to the south, from which smoke continually issues, and to the west the lofty, precipitous slopes of Abyssinia. The streams which descend from the slopes, producing fertility and beauty in the narrow valleys, all lose themselves in swamps on arriving in the plain, or are dissipated by evaporation. The region is inhabited by a singular race of people called the Afars, who work the salt, and prepare it for exportation to the Abyssinian highlands. They live during the whole year close to the plain, under the shade of palm trees or in caverns, and form a number of small tribes known by the names of Dumhoita, Danakil, Dahimela, and others, but all speaking the same language. Their villages are scattered over the country, many miles of desert intervening between them. Each tribe has a chief called *Makaben*, and, although the rank is hereditary, it is usually the cleverest or most energetic of the family of a deceased chief who succeeds him. The colour of the people is generally black, varying to light brown shades; the features are regular, except the lips, which are large and thick, and the hair is short and straight, the women plaiting it like the Abyssinians. The men wear a piece of cotton as a cloak, and another piece round the loins; and every man has a curved sword, worn on the right side, a long heavy spear, and a shield of buffalo-hide. The women wear a leather apron, embroidered with cowries, round the

loins, falling to the feet, and a few ear and wrist ornaments. Their houses are usually rude mat tents, or conical huts of palm-leaves. The Afars have camels, cows, goats, sheep, and asses; horses and mules are rare. The flocks and herds give very little trouble; they are in charge of the children and girls, and come of their own accord to the wells to be watered. Nominally the Afars are Mussulmen in religion, and subjects of the Viceroy of Egypt; but in reality they have little respect either for God or king; they pay no tribute, and neither pray nor fast. In disposition the Afars are avaricious, obstinate, false, and cruel. The slightest dispute provokes blows with the knife, and murder is considered honourable. Like the Gallas, they mutilate their slain enemies, and wear the spoils as trophies. But they have some good qualities. They pay great respect to old age, and have a profound disgust for stealing, which is an extraordinary virtue for so avaricious a people; yet, in the whole of Africa, there is not a race more barbarous than the Afars.

Mr. Munzinger succeeded in traversing the whole region peopled by these unamiable savages, from Amphilla to Ala, a little settlement on one of the lower elevations of the Abyssinian borders, a distance, in a straight line, of about eighty miles. He did not return by the same route, but marched to the north, along the base of the hills, until he struck the eastern side of Annesley Bay, whence he continued his journey by land, *via* Zulla, to the coast near Massowa. When about half way between Ala and Zulla, in 14° 30' N. lat., he came upon the river Ragolay, which, rising in the centre of Agamé, on the Abyssinian plateau, makes a breach in the mountains, and pours its abundant waters from the high country far into the Salt Plain. An oasis of so much fertility in the middle of the desert, and on the same level, filled him with surprise. The soil is fertile, clothed with rich grass, and, in some parts, densely wooded. This district Mr. Munzinger believes to be well adapted to the culture of cotton.

New Russian Expedition to the Coast of Northern Siberia.

THE Imperial Geographical Society of Russia sent, last autumn, a scientific expedition, under the command of Baron Maydell, to the country of the Tschukches, situated in the extreme north-eastern part of Asia, near Behring Strait. The Baron was accompanied by two competent assistants—one to attend to astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological observations, and the other to make a survey of the country. The instructions for the expedition were prepared by the veteran philosopher, Dr. Karl Ernst von Baer, and the attention of the travellers was particularly directed to obtain every possible information regarding "Kellett Land," a mysterious island, or tract of land, in the Polar basin, lying opposite the territory of the Tschukches, first discovered by Captain Kellett, H.M.S. *Herald*, in August, 1849, when in search of the memorable Franklin expedition. This land was again sighted in the summer of 1867 by the American whaler, Captain Long, who a short time ago published additional information regarding it. It extends towards the Pole, as a line of snow-covered peaks, north-west of Behring Strait, and about eighty miles distant from the Siberian coast. With so well-arranged an expedition as Baron Maydell's we may soon hope to learn more of this remote land, and, perhaps, of the nature of the Polar basin.



RIVER BERHAN, ABYSSINIAN PLATEAU.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.—VII.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

KUARATA AND ZAGE—GAFFAT AND DEBRA TABOR.

IN a previous chapter I have adverted to the fact that King Theodore changed, in the most radical manner possible, the ancient constitution of the Abyssinian empire, by subverting the old monarchical feudalism of the country, and substituting in its place a military autocracy. Under the preceding dynasty, each province was under the command of a *Dedj-azmâtch*, the literal meaning of which title is, "The Warrior at the Door," signifying that, if the royal army were to encamp within the boundaries of any particular district, the post of its governor would be at the entrance of the king's tent. Either side of the pavilion was to be guarded by the *Kgnâsmâtch* and the *Gerâsmâtch*, meaning respectively the "Warriors on the Right and Left;" but the position of honour and trust was always confided to the *Dedj-azmâtch*, and it was on his spear that the safety of the royal life was felt to depend. His position, in many respects, was similar to that of the Thegns in England under the Saxon rule; or, perhaps, to the earls and palatines of the Norman dynasty. At command of his suzerain, the *Dedj-azmâtch* of Godjâm or Dembea would collect his vassals and rally round the royal standard, just in the same way as the Earl of Chester or Lancaster would hasten with his retainers to the rendezvous when bidden by his liege lord. Within his own government the power of the *Dedj-azmâtch* was well-nigh uncontrolled. The symbol of his authority was the *naggreet*, or kettledrum, and if his sway extended over more than one province, he was entitled to a drum for each. His household was formed on the model of that at Gondar, and even the *Afa-Negus*, or "King's Mouth"—an officer who was always required to act as a medium of communication between any suitor and the great man—was not wanting. As

in most feudalisms, the arms of the vassal were as often directed against his suzerain as used in concert with him; and it is chiefly owing to this that the pages of Abyssinian history present such a confused picture of intestine struggle and anarchy, leaving the Christian people at times an easy prey to the Moslem and the Infidel—from the sixteenth century, when it was nothing but the stout hands and hearts of a few Portuguese veterans that saved the country from the ruthless Adal chief, Mohammed of the Left Hand, to our own times, when it required all the fervid enthusiasm of religion and patriotism, as exemplified in the Kâsa of those days, to stem the rapidly-advancing tide of Galla invasion.

Theodore, when his power was to some extent consolidated, saw that this state of things emphatically *would not do*. He therefore devised a plan for bringing the whole military power of the country within his own grasp. At the time of his coronation he found but little difficulty in effecting this. With the exception of the King of Shoa, who was shortly afterwards subdued, all the former governors of provinces—the post of *Dedj-azmâtch* had by time grown, in nearly all instances, into an hereditary office—had either fallen on the battle-field, were exiles, or in prison. His first step, then, was to place on an entirely new footing an ancient title and post, the origin of which is lost in the mists of antiquity. From the earliest times we read of the *Kâs*, or "Head," an officer who could only be appointed by the descendant of Solomon himself; a kind of *alter ego*, foremost in the council-chamber as in the field, keeper of the king's conscience as well as leader of his armies. From the days of Seïla-Krestos* and Atanâteos, to

* "The Picture of Christ," brother of Hatsé Susneos, and the principal leader of the Catholic party during that king's reign.

those of Mikail, Walda Selâsyé, and Gooksa, we always find that this office was bestowed on men of capacity and ability (whether for good or evil). Under a long series of weak or aged sovereigns the power of these functionaries gradually increased, until ultimately, like the *Maires du Palais* under the later Merovingians, they usurped every attribute of royalty except the name. After the fall of Râs Ali all that was changed by Theodore. Instead of one Râs, as heretofore, he appointed three, making the title that of a mere military office, and giving each the command of ten thousand men, with a corresponding salary. The number of appointments to this grade went on increasing, until at the time of the king's overthrow by our troops, I suppose there were at least a dozen, including those out of favour. Once a Râs always a Râs is the rule of Abyssinia, and the loss of command does not invalidate the title.

The next in rank to the Râs was the *Bitwâddad*.* Under the old régime the Râs was also specially named Bitwâddad by the king when confirmed in his rank, and the title was borne by no one else; but, under Theodore, it became the appellation of officers of a subordinate grade, having command of the wing of an army. The *Dedjazmâtch* was now no longer an official of great territorial power and influence, but held a post somewhat analogous to that of brigadier-general. Below him was the *Ambat*,† answering as closely as possible to our colonel. Here commenced the distinction between the horse-soldier, who gloried in his shield and spear, and the foot-man, who relied more on his gun for protection. The captain of cavalry was called *Yashalâka*, or *Shalâka*, signifying literally the "Chief of a Thousand," although, in practice, they were never in command of so many men. The officer of fusiliers was always denominated *Basha*, a title derived from the Turks, to whom the Abyssinians were first indebted for firearms. Beyond these were a crowd of *Hamsalâkas* and *Asralâkas*, or captains of fifty and captains of ten, until the humble *Watâdder*, or private soldier, was reached. All of these were, in theory at least, however badly they may have fared in practice, entitled to a fixed monthly stipend for their services, and a standing army was thus at once established in lieu of the old irregular feudal levies. The governments of the different provinces were bestowed by Theodore on favourites of his own, with various titles, chiefly military; but Dembea and Bagemder, the two nearest to the capital, and the most productive in grain, cattle, and sheep, were given to two brothers, with the title of *Asdash*, literally meaning "Commander," but generally signifying an "Intendant," or "Steward."

The camp of Theodore was always pitched with every attention to regularity and order, so that no one was ever at a loss to know his proper position in it. The king's marquee generally crowned the crest of some eminence; around it were the tents occupied by his women and household; while the surrounding plain was covered by those of the soldiers, who were told off into regiments and brigades. In the centre of each regiment was the tent of the commandant, generally made of a soft white material, like the common cloth of the country, and modelled after the Egyptian pattern, but occasionally differing in no way from those of the common soldiers, which

were simply sewn out of a coarse black stuff, called *mâk*, woven from the thick fleece of the Galla sheep. Two uprights supported a transverse pole, over which this stuff was thrown, and the tent was complete; and since there was no aperture at either end, the occupant had always to creep in and out *ventre à terre* whenever he wished to make his exit or his entrance. The chief was surrounded by his followers in such a way that from a height the ground appeared as if it were covered with a numerous series of concentric circles. If a stay of any length was made at a place, the soldiers used to construct for themselves little huts of branches covered with straw to keep the wind or rain out. From our tents at Fagitta, which were pitched near those of the king, an admirable view of the whole of the camp and its interior economy might be obtained.

In character the Abyssinian soldier is patient, abstemious, faithful, and obedient, even when only tolerably well-treated; but, on the other hand, vain-glorious in the extreme, and, though seldom cruel, fond of teasing and inflicting petty acts of tyranny. From want of discipline, though each man may be individually brave, courage and endurance are rarely displayed upon the field of battle. The result of the first shock generally decides the issue of the conflict. He is capable of enduring the greatest hardships, and of making the longest marches without a murmur; though, when in quarters, he is as idle and dissolute a reprobate as well can be. With regular pay, decent food and clothing, strict discipline, and a heavy hand always ready to enforce it, I feel no hesitation in saying that, properly trained under British officers, they would form as fine and trustworthy a body of irregular troops as can be found anywhere.

While we were at Fagitta we had another interview with the king, after which it was arranged that we should proceed, *viâ* the Tsâna Sea, to a large town in Bagemder, called Kuarâta, where we should reside until we were joined by the captives, an order for whose release was to be conveyed by an officer who was to accompany us. Accordingly, the next morning (February 6th) we started, escorted part of the way by a squadron of cavalry, under Râs Engeda. It took us three days to reach the lake, close to Kanohâ, where we were to embark. The governor of the district, Bâlambarâs Gabru, received orders to prepare at once as many boats as would be required to transport ourselves, our followers, and baggage. But this was no very weighty task. A sufficient number of bulrushes, which grow in abundance on the borders of the lake, having been cut, they are bound together so as to form a prow, curved up like the neck of a swan at one end, while the other is left so as to lie level on the water. A few bundles of stalks are laid crosswise, partly to impart a greater amount of buoyancy to the frail craft, and partly for the rowers and passengers to sit upon, and the *rankwa* is complete. Although for the most part flush with the water, and possessing a general air of insecurity, they are perfectly safe, and only get water-logged on the very rarest occasions. They vary in length from nine or twelve to eighteen or twenty feet, and are propelled by bamboo paddles, wielded sometimes by one, sometimes by two, rowers. Three days sufficed to get off the stocks a couple of hundred of these little canoes.

The shores of the lake are inhabited by a singular race, called Waito, who belong to one of the heretical sects of Mohammedanism. They are a quiet and inoffensive set of

* The etymology of this word is uncertain. A chief once told me that it was a corruption of *Ya-hé Waddâj*, i.e., "Friend of the [king's] House."

† I believe this is the same as *Wambar*, or "Chair," a title formerly given to the judges at Gondar.

people, much looked down upon by their Christian neighbours, and have a great predilection for hippopotamus flesh, which is an abomination in the sight of the Abyssinians. One morning, while we were waiting till our fleet should be ready, news was brought us that a large *Gomâr* was close in to the shore a little way off, and was presenting an easy mark to the rifle. Rassam and I immediately started off, and soon came upon him, standing with his body half out of the water and head on to the shore, at between twenty and thirty yards' distance. My companion let fly, and was fortunate enough to hit him just over the left eye, about the only vulnerable spot in his carcase, as they all declared. Down he went like a shot, but soon reappeared with his legs upwards, kicking and splashing about as if he still had lots of life left in him. But he soon sank, to the intense joy of the Waitos, who rushed into the water, and having tied a rope round the huge trunk, towed it quickly in to shore, and began immediately to cut it up. We put in a claim for a steak or two for our own private *cuisine*; and I can vouch for the fact that, barring a little toughness, the meat was as succulent and well-flavoured as any to be found in the city of London.

We started at an early hour (February 13th), and directed our course to the island of Dek, which lies almost in the centre of the lake. Tsâna, as every one knows, is the largest fresh-water sea in Abyssinia, and is of a rhomboidal shape, about sixty miles in length by twenty-five in breadth, with a large promontory jutting out at each end. That on the north, which is called Gorgora, was taken possession of by the Jesuits two centuries and a half ago, and formed the principal seat of the Catholic patriarchate. Schools and a church were founded, of which no vestiges now remain. The southern headland, Zagé, I shall have occasion to describe hereafter. We did not arrive at Dek till nearly evening, and were glad to find that some of the quicker canoes had already come to shore, and amongst them those which had conveyed Aïto Samuel and Agafree* Golam, the officer who had been commissioned by the king to proceed to Magdala with the order of release. They had made the best use of their time by foraging amongst the villages on the island, and had found plenty of good cheer to regale us with, as we landed half dead with thirst, after enduring all day the pitiless rays of the sun, reflected in the dazzling waters of the lake. They had also another errand, of which we knew not then. Before leaving Fagitta, Theodore had commanded Mr. Rassam's acceptance of ten thousand dollars—I say commanded, for at that time our peculiar position did not, of course, admit of our saying nay to any wish of the tyrant. A considerable portion of this sum, as we learnt afterwards, had to be supplied by these poor islanders: they were compelled to give up all their money and jewels, down to the ornaments which decked their little children; and as we stepped on board our canoes next morning, we left nothing but ruin and misery behind us. Agafree Golam was always in his element on occasions like these. He possessed such an unprepossessing cast of features, that his intimates would jestingly call him the "Shankela," or Negro; and the accidental loss of an eye little tended to make up for the churlishness of nature. Still, expert

as he was always held to be in the use of the stick and the torturing-rope, he showed great attachment to us; and I remember on one occasion, when our prospects were looking rather gloomy, he lamented, with tears in his eyes, his hard fate at perhaps becoming the unwilling instrument in expediting our exit from this world of troubles.

Dek is the principal of a cluster of islands almost in the centre of Tsâna. The others are mere reefs, but Dek is of considerable size, and there are, I believe, four villages and as many churches on it. It was formerly used as a state prison for distinguished criminals, and, from its insular position, has always enjoyed great immunity from those evils attendant on civil war, which are the curse of Abyssinia. It is nominally a dependency of the province of Bagender, but to all intents and purposes is under the rule of the priests, who swarm upon it. We slept on the island, and started betimes the next morning for Kuarâta, where we arrived about noon. Theodore had bidden two of the principal merchants of the town, Wandé and Kâsa, to give us lodging and board on our arrival, and as soon as we landed we found them—respectable elderly men—waiting for us, and accompanied by all the priests of the church, who, with their ecclesiastical paraphernalia, and amid much religious dancing and singing, conducted us to the town. We were allowed to ride through the steep and narrow lanes, a privilege denied to all Abyssinians, as Kuarâta is one of those sacred cities which should never be defiled by the hoof of horse or mule.

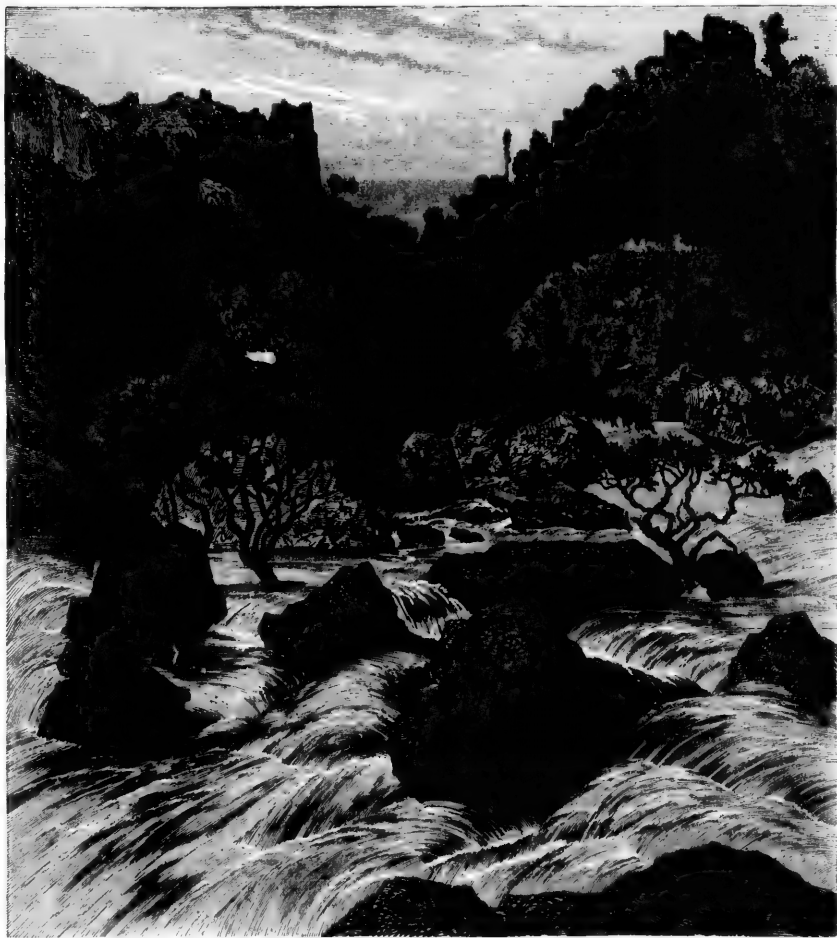
Although our worthy hosts had put us into their best houses, and did everything in their power to make us comfortable, we were yet troubled by so many nameless inconveniences, that we petitioned to be allowed to pitch our tents on the shores of the lake, and live there till our companions, whom we expected soon to join us under the guidance of Agafree Golam, should arrive. Our request was acceded to, and thither we repaired, with all our numerous followers, including a couple of lion-cubs and a *zorbo*,* the latest gift of his Majesty. We could not have chosen a more beautiful spot for our residence. A few hundred yards to our right, as we faced the lake, was the town of Kuarâta, built upon a gentle eminence, the houses rising one above the other, but scarcely visible, so deeply were they embosomed amongst the groves of cedars, juniper, and olive, which abound in this favoured clime. In front of us, at the distance of sixteen or seventeen miles, was the tall hill of Dek; and on some days far-away Metraha, and still more distant Gorgora, could be seen rising bluely above the haze. The green islet of Medhâné 'Alam,† whose sward the foot of woman has never pressed, was a stone's throw from us. To the left stretched out the long promontory of Zagé, on which the king had lately pitched his camp, after having destroyed the large and flourishing village of that name.

Here we lived for two months a regular and quiet life, unbroken except by two or three events: once when the captives arrived from Magdala, and shortly afterwards by a mock trial, which Mr. Rassam was ordered by the king to hold on them, and again when the mission paid a visit to Zagé, and was received by his Majesty with condescension and honour such as he had never before shown to living man. Looking back, this seems all so baseless and intangible,

* *Agafree* primarily signifies a "door-keeper." Two of these officers—for there are several attached to the court—always stand before the king, or chief, during a trial or state reception. The principal, called the Nagareet-Agafree, has under him the corps of *kettle-drummers* (whence the name), as well as all the executioners.

* This antelope very much resembles the neel-ga'e of India.

† So called from the church dedicated to "The Saviour of the World," the only building upon the island.



VIEW ON THE BASHILO.

although real enough to us then. Lastly, came the permission to depart for our homes, and a request that we would pay another visit to receive some farewell gifts and tokens of esteem.

It was on the 13th of April that we leaped into the *tankwas* to make our adieux to the monarch, of whom up to that day we ourselves could say nothing but what was good, however he might have behaved to our companions, who were also starting by the land route, and who expected us to join them at Tankal, in Taccosa. When we arrived at Zagè we were received as before by Râs Engeda, and a numerous train of attendants with caparisoned mules for us to ride. On our former visit we had been lodged in rich silken tents close to the king's palisade, but

on entering it now we looked in vain for them, and supposed that, as the heat of the weather had now much increased, we were to be put up in a large rectangular building towards which the Râs was conducting us. Several paces from the door we dismounted, understanding that the king was within, and then followed our escort; but no sooner had our feet crossed the threshold than we were pounced upon and seized by several sturdy ruffians (three had been told off for each of us), our swords and belts torn off, caps and sashes flung away, and our persons mauled and handled *sans cérémonie*. We couldn't for the life of us imagine the meaning of this strange reception. An idea crossed our minds at first that by an oversight we had



PUNISHED BY ORDER OF THE KING.

passed the king without the usual bow, and that our arrest was simply a vindication, by the well-meaning courtiers, of Ethiopic etiquette; but after we had been forced, like criminals, up to the further end of the room, we knew at once that we were the victims of no unintentional mistake on our part, but of as gross a violation of good faith and honourable dealing as the brain of a madman ever conceived. At that moment the mask fell: African royalty showed itself in its true colours; and fair words were ever afterwards held by us but as the precursors of foul treachery.

The room—a large one which had been built by Theodore as an *adderash*, or banqueting-hall—was filled by between three and four hundred officers, all in their gala costume, as if summoned to witness some holiday spectacle. At the further end, to which we had been dragged, were seated the Rases, and immediately below them we were placed, our captors still retaining a firm hold of us. Theodore himself was nowhere to be seen; he was, however, close by, and within earshot—as we were afterwards informed—of all that passed. After the German artisans in Theodore's employment had entered, his Majesty sent several messages to Mr. Rassam, through his foster-father, Kantiba* Hailu, and Aito Samuel. He asked why the released captives had not come to bid him farewell. As he had himself given them permission (by letter) to depart, he was reminded of this; and then he asked something else of equal pertinence, and so on for about an hour, when we were sent to a small tent which had been pitched close by, and left to make ourselves as comfortable as we could there. All our boxes had been opened, and our money and arms abstracted; the former because the royal treasury was somewhat empty at the time, and the latter for equally obvious reasons. We were rather uneasy at first with regard to our journals and papers, but were relieved to find them untouched, and lost no time in destroying them.

Our unfortunate companions had, in the meantime, been arrested at the first stage on their homeward route, and arrived at Zagé, coupled together with heavy irons, on the 15th. We were not allowed to see them, as they were confined within a thick hedge some distance off. The next morning we were summoned to an interview. We found the king, surrounded by all his officers and courtiers, standing before his throne in the open air, and in a tolerably good humour. He told us to sit down, and chatted away with Mr. Rassam in quite a friendly way. Half an hour afterwards the prisoners arrived. Captain Cameron and Mr. Bardel were at once released, and took their places on the carpet by our side. The wretched men had then once more to go through their justifications and excuses. A rather lame attempt—involving the summoning of divers witnesses, including the deposed emperor, Hatsé Johannes, who declined to appear on the plea of sickness—was made at reading the royal pedigree; then Rassam, Blanc, and myself had to answer for divers transgressions and offences which we had unconsciously committed; and, finally, we were dismissed with Cameron as our comrade, and Bardel as the king's. The next morning all the prisoners were sent to our tent; Mr. Rassam gave his personal security for their good behaviour, and the fetters were wrenched off. We all then went to the *adderash*. The king bowed his head and asked us

in the name of Christ to forgive him; we did so, and begged for pardon in return; and all seemed to go as merry as a marriage bell.

But, unfortunately, his Majesty had the same desire as his ancestor, Hatsé Takla Haimanot,* to introduce foreign arts and crafts into his land. He therefore indited a letter setting forth his wishes, and let us understand pretty plainly that we must make up our minds to remain his guests until Mr. Flad, whom he was sending to England on this mission, should return with what he wanted. Meanwhile, in order to gild the pill, he bestowed on us some of the best mules and horses in his stables; and shields, armlets, &c., ornamented with that silver-gilt filigree work, of which the knowledge came into the country over a century ago with some Greek artists who settled at Adwa.

The camp at Zagé had been formed on a low-lying piece of ground nearly level with the lake. The surrounding country was hilly, especially the extreme end of the promontory, the site of that formerly flourishing town which Theodore had destroyed. It was thickly overgrown with coffee and lime trees, and that dark-leaved shrub, the *géstou*, which lends the narcotic element to the national liquor, *tefé*. Picturesque and beautiful the scene often was as we rode along the devious pathways down the side of the hill, but still it was the beauty of desolation. From the top of the headland there was a fine view over the lake; but rarely was a boat, or even the smoke of a village, to be seen; for all the youth and manhood of that country was either a unit in the toiling seething mass below which formed Theodore's army, or had fled away from a spot where every breath was drawn at the risk of life.

We remained here for six weeks, not with the name of prisoners, but still far from being free men, for watchful eyes were on us wherever we went. We soon became inured to all the miseries of that court and camp. It was considered a bad sign with us when the king threw off all restraint, and gave vent to his wild passions, as he did now, thus showing that he was heedless and indifferent to the good opinion of Europeans. The crack of the murderous *jeréf* was often to be heard now, and prisoners were mutilated close to the palisading, though, we thanked heaven, never under our very eyes. But the tyrant felt no shame in flogging delicate women and brave chiefs to death within the hearing of those to whom he well knew such deeds were horror unspeakable. We never thought, however, that we had anything personally to fear, until the return of Mr. Flad, as we all thought, unsuccessful in his pleadings with the British Government.

At last the cholera broke out, and the king sent to ask our counsel as to how the scourge should be met. He was recommended to remove his camp at once from the low, unhealthy plains, full of miasmata and all uncleanness, which bordered the lake, to the high, breezy uplands of Bagender. For once, under the influence of the panic which such a visitation always inspires amongst barbarians, he yielded to good advice. On the 8th of June we started, marched but a short distance, and halted close to the lake again, in a thick, jungly district. Two large boas were almost immediately killed by the soldiers, and sent by the king to us for inspection, as he had a great idea of our always wishing to see whatever was rare or marvellous. They were from sixteen to eighteen feet in length, and no

* This is the title of an office somewhat analogous to that of an English mayor. The Kantiba of a large town was charged with all the police and sanitary regulations of it.

* See Bruce for an account of the commission which the emperor gave the Frenchman Poncet.

wonderful curiosities, as they abounded in the regions bordering on Tsána. Next day we crossed the Abai, at a point not far from the bridge, which was built by the Portuguese artificers of Hatsé Fasiúdas in the seventeenth century. Rain had fallen recently, and the river was considerably swollen, and nearly choked in some places by immense boulders. It was from forty to fifty yards broad, and the opposite banks were very high and precipitous, presenting much difficulty for the passage of the mules and followers. This river forms the boundary between the provinces of Metcha, in which Zagé is situated, and Bagemder. The following morning we resumed our march, and, after traversing a vast plain, arrived about mid-day at an eminence overlooking the town of Kuaráta, and here the camp was pitched. Mr. Rassam obtained leave for us to return to our old quarters, but we did not remain there long, as a couple of days afterwards all the troops removed to the other side of the town, and we were obliged to go with them. The disease increased in intensity and virulence. Hundreds were now daily carried off, and among them our old acquaintance Agafáree Golam. It was he who had brought the royal permission to pitch our tents on the old spot; he had cantered up with the message, and five minutes afterwards was rolling in agony on the ground. Dr. Blanc took his case in hand immediately, and he would probably have recovered had not his friends foolishly moved him from Kuaráta.

The town was now a perfect pest-house, and Theodore, becoming more alarmed, moved his camp on the 14th, and halted near the river Goomára, one of the small streams which flow into Tsána. The king, all through the march, displayed the greatest consideration for his troops, often remaining in the rear until the sick came up, and addressing words of comfort and encouragement to their relatives. Next day we crossed Ootoo, and halted near the Reb, and the following morning arrived at Debra Tábor. On the road we had heard the sounds of wailing and mourning in the distance, and, looking round, had seen a large funeral procession moving towards a village to our left. It was the unfortunate Agafáree being carried to his last resting-place, the burial-ground of his native village. He had died of weakness and exhaustion one stage out of Kuaráta, whither his injudicious friends had brought him. The king had already arrived at Debra Tábor,

and we had scarcely dismounted from our mules when we received orders to get ready again, as we were immediately to repair to Gaffat, the village where the homes and workshops of the European artisans were situated. Off we went, escorted by the king himself and a dozen cavaliers, through the heaviest hail-storm I was ever in. The stones beat down upon our unprotected hands until we could scarcely hold the bridles through pain; even Theodore himself was now and then obliged, when the storm beat fiercest, to take shelter beneath a tree. Arrived at Gaffat, which was about three miles off, we went, first of all, into a large building used as a factory, until the houses of the artisans, who were not to leave Kuaráta till after us, could be got ready for our reception. The king came in too. A large fire was soon kindled, and we sat down round the blazing logs warming ourselves and drying our wet clothes, while his Majesty chatted away in the most friendly manner possible. When the announcement was made that the houses were ready, Theodore led the way to Mr. Waldmeier's, which was the largest, and which he destined for Mr. Rassam. His throne—which, by the way, was nothing but a large *alga*, or bedstead, covered with rich silk—was placed at one end of the long room, and carpets were laid on the floor, which Theodore, in his usual impatience, assisted in spreading with his own hands. This done, he wished us good-bye, and returned to Debra Tábor.

On the following Sunday, shortly after our usual morning service, we were informed the king was coming to see us, and we accordingly went down to meet him. He was accompanied by the artisans, and we could see from their faces that they quite disapproved of the way we had taken possession of their houses. Theodore knew it too, and his principal object in coming was to instal us gracefully in other abodes. The large factory was cleared out, the walls were hung with white cloth, the floor carpeted, and the throne placed in the centre; so that which was formerly a dingy edifice of stone and wood, was transformed into a comfortable dwelling-place. But the king was not yet satisfied. The next morning he came again, and having turned out the native artisans from their houses on the hill over against Gaffat, gave them to us. Mr. Rassam's was again decorated with carpets and cloth, including the ceiling; but as he lodged a respectful protest against the throne, it was removed for good and all.

North Polar Discovery.—III.

BY J. E. DAVIS, STAFF COMMANDER R.N., F.R.G.S.

PROPOSED ROUTES TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE.

THERE are four modes or routes proposed by which attempts to reach the pole should be made, viz. :—

- 1st.—By Smith Sound.
- 2nd.—By the east coast of Greenland.
- 3rd.—By the open sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla.
- 4th.—By Behring Strait.

First, as to the "Smith Sound route." We have no greater enthusiast in the cause of polar discovery than Captain Sherard Osborn; he maintains that the route by Smith Sound would be

the best and most practicable to reach the pole, and it is but right to state that this opinion is shared by several who are well competent to form one on the subject. The arguments in favour of this route are :—1st. That the northern land of Kennedy Channel, discovered by Morton and Hayes, is the nearest known land to the pole. 2nd. That the Danish settlements extend along the west coast of Greenland as far as seventy-two degrees north. 3rd. That animal and vegetable life exist further to the northward in that direction than any other. 4th. That the distance to be travelled to reach the pole, from points already attained, is only four hundred

and eighty miles. And lastly, That such a distance has been repeatedly exceeded by the sledge and boat parties of former expeditions.

Captain Osborn proposes that two vessels should sail early in the year, so as to reach Cape York, at the entrance of Smith Sound, in August; one vessel should then be secured near Cape Isabella, and left there with twenty-five persons in charge of her, while the other vessel, with ninety-five souls, should press on along the western shore of Smith Sound as far as possible; taking care not to exceed a distance of 300 miles from her consort; the southern ship to connect herself in the autumn by depôts with the northern one, whilst the latter would place depôts towards the pole for spring operations; the next two summers to be devoted to sledge and boat operations for the attainment of the desired end, which having accomplished, the expedition would return, having been three summers and two winters in the arctic regions.

The advantages to be derived from an expedition of this nature, in addition to the fact of reaching the pole, are—Geographical discovery through an unknown area of upwards of a million of square miles; the ascertainment or otherwise of the existence of an open polar sea; contributions to science in general—for instance, botany and zoology, gaining a knowledge of the distribution of vegetable and animal life in the polar basin; and, in geology, the investigation of the phenomena of the great glaciers and ice streams; lastly, valuable observations in meteorology, of which we know but little in the arctic regions.

It will be seen that by this scheme the ships would proceed at once to a latitude within a few miles of the most northern limit ever reached by a vessel in that direction, one of them continuing, if possible, five degrees further north, from which point the calculation of the above-mentioned distance to be travelled is made. This distance is in a direct line, or as the crow flies; so that every mile short of the position to be taken up by the northernmost ship, and every sinuosity of the coast (supposing the land to run north) would increase the distance to be travelled by boats or sledges in a compound ratio; and if, as is possible, the region from Cape Union to the pole is of a similar nature to that between Smith Sound and the continent of America—namely, consisting of islands and straits—the additional distance and difficulties would be considerably increased. An expedition by this route, however, in connection with another by the open sea, is greatly to be desired.

The route to the pole by the east coast of Greenland has found less favour in the eyes of our arctic navigators than any other; this, probably, arises from the fact that arctic research has never been prosecuted in that direction, for, with the exception of the expedition under Captain Clavering, in 1823, who landed Captain (now General) Sabine on an island off the east coast of Greenland for the purpose of pursuing his pendulum observations, no Government expedition has made an attempt to approach this coast; and for our knowledge of the part delineated on our maps we are principally indebted to that expedition and Captain Scoresby. However, it has an advocate of no mean authority, for Dr. Petermann directed the German expedition (of which we propose to give an account), to pursue this route in an attempt to reach the pole.

Captain David Gray, an intelligent navigator, has noticed many interesting facts tending to support the evidence in favour

of an attempt by this route, which have been gathered from many years' experience in the whale fishery along this coast. He states that in the vicinity of Shannon Island, in latitude seventy-five degrees, which is about the northernmost known land of East Greenland, loose fields of ice have frequently been seen, with a considerable amount of open water, and a dark water sky extending to the northward, and also that, during the season when the south-west winds prevail, the ice separates from the land very fast, and being generally field or floe ice, it leaves broad navigable channels, through which a ship could pass by watching for a favourable opportunity, and, by pushing towards the land and keeping near it, easily proceed northward.

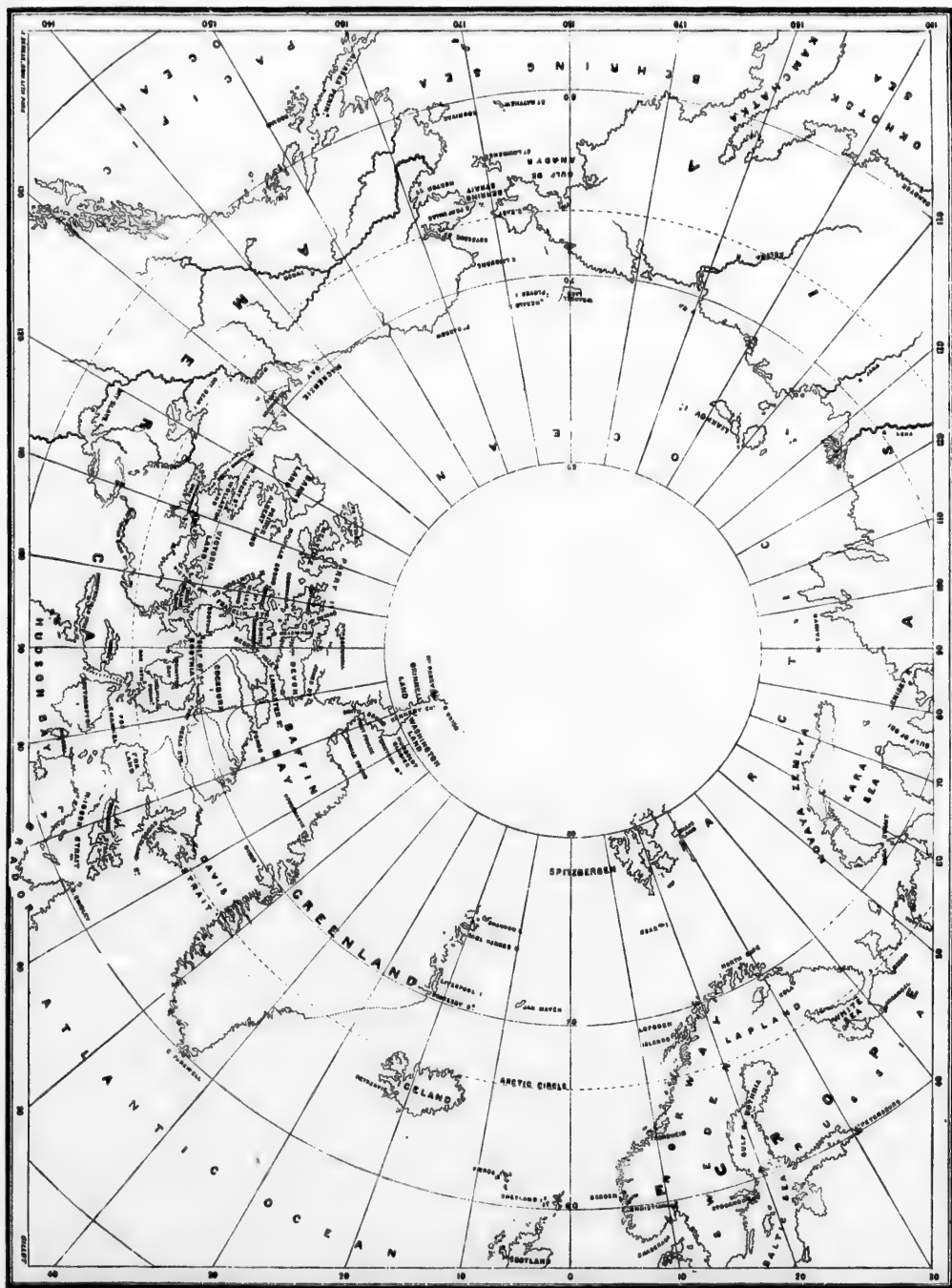
In considering this route much would depend on the trend or lay of the coast towards the pole; if it should continue in the same direction as the 300 miles with which Captains Clavering and Scoresby have made us acquainted, namely, due north, Captain Gray's reasoning is decidedly good; but if, as we are at liberty to suppose, it should trend to the westward, then the known fact that the current sets a vast body of ice to the south-west, would cause such an impingement on the coast as to prevent any ship from keeping in with the land, the main feature of the argument in favour of this route being based on the supposition that a sufficient space of open water exists along the eastern shores of Greenland.

There is no doubt that an expedition sailing from England could reach Shannon Island much easier and in far less time than Smith Sound; the difference would probably be as much as five or six weeks—an advantage of much importance in an arctic summer. This island could be made the base of operations, and the establishment there of a depôt would greatly contribute to the success of such an expedition. The vessels which pursue this route, at any rate would not be hampered in straits and narrow seas, through which the most experienced and persevering arctic leader might fail to make his way, and be foiled on the very threshold of his hopes.

In the event of its being necessary to winter in those latitudes, there is every reason to believe that the coast has some safe harbours, and from the accounts which have reached us, it appears that the country possesses an average amount of such animal life as would be very acceptable for food during the winter season.

The arguments in favour of the route by the open sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla are:—1st. That Spitzbergen being easily accessible to vessels, an expedition, accompanied by a transport, could start from the eightieth degree of latitude as perfectly equipped and provisioned as from any port in England. and. Because it could be effected in ships. 3rd. That the ice, which is always moving southward, and which baffled Captain Parry in his journey, must necessarily leave clear water behind, and being once penetrated, the ship would be able to proceed in clear water beyond it. 4th. That the problem of an open polar sea could be better solved by this route than by Smith Sound. And lastly, that if the ice was penetrated, and land met far north, the remainder of the distance to the pole could be accomplished by sledge.

The *modus operandi* of such an expedition scarcely needs description. Two ships, accompanied by a transport, would proceed direct to Spitzbergen, which would form a base of operations; a depôt would be established there as well as an observatory to carry on a series of observations simul-



taneous with those on board the ships; these latter would proceed along the margin of the ice, and, at a favourable opportunity, "take the pack," and force themselves through; if this could be done (as many believe it can), an open sea would be found, and the distance then to be accomplished would be about six days' voyage for a sailing ship; the ships would then proceed until they were finally stopped or the pole reached, and the flag of Old England hoisted over the axis of our earth.

The most speculative of the four proposed routes is decidedly the one we have last to consider, namely, that by Behring Strait. This arises from our scanty knowledge of the physical conditions of this part of the arctic regions; the little we do know of it is not very favourable, and deprives it, therefore, of the support it would otherwise merit; but, notwithstanding this want of information, it has its advocates, whose judgment deserves the greatest respect; and it has long been the opinion of many that, if ever a vessel should accomplish a passage from one ocean to the other by the north, it would be by way of Behring Strait.

A glance at the map will show that whereas the straits and channels leading into Baffin Bay widen and also deepen outwards, the great expanse of water on the other side of America converges at Behring Strait to a narrow, bottle-like entrance, towards which the water shallows. These conditions, arctically considered, are widely different; the one offering facilities for the escape of ice which the other does not.

The only discovery since McClure visited these latitudes has been made by some American whalers, and described by Captain Long of the *Nile*, who reported the existence of land towards the north-west of Behring Strait, in the same direction where Captain Kellet had already seen it in 1849, but under circumstances that caused him to mark its existence as doubtful. The land which was described to Captain Wrangell, in 1820, by the inhabitants of the Siberian coast, as being occasionally visible from Cape Yakan, refers probably to the same.

Captain Long describes the lower portions of the land as being entirely free from snow; it appeared green, as if covered with vegetation; one mountain, 2,840 feet high, was seen, appearing like an extinct volcano, and lofty mountain ranges extended in a northerly direction. Captain Long believes that the land is inhabited, because he observed on one cape a number of upright and prostrate columns in clusters of fifteen or twenty each, with intervals of several hundred yards between; but he met with no human beings. Other American ships passed within sight of this land, and it is considered that it may be safely mapped to 74° N.; drift-wood was seen, and many walrus.

Notwithstanding the unpromising features of this route as a means of reaching the pole, it not only meets the approval of many, but is actually the one entertained a short time ago by French geographers, who have had their attention drawn to it by the indefatigable exertions of M. Gustave Lambert, and great efforts were made to raise the sum necessary for the outfit of an expedition. Although the subscription list was headed by the Emperor Napoleon with the liberal donation of fifty thousand francs, the requisite amount has not yet been attained.

M. Lambert based his prospect of success on two principal features, the first of which is, that in the months of June, July, and August, when the temperature of the pole becomes

the same as that of the sixty-sixth degree of latitude, the annual phenomenon of the breaking up of the ice takes place, and at this favourable period it would be possible to penetrate towards the pole; and the second, that the ice seen by M. Lambert north of Siberia was not of the nature of berg ice, originating from glaciers on the land, but partook more of the nature of field ice of moderate thickness, and being much broken, he judged that a vessel could easily force a passage through it towards the polar sea.

There can be no doubt (and M. Lambert is perfectly aware of the fact) that this route is the most hazardous of all that have been proposed, and one requiring the greatest amount of public support in order to carry it out, as well as the greatest means for accomplishing it. Before the commencement of the real arctic work a long and tedious voyage, either round the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, has to be undertaken; but, having a due consideration to the inviting nature of the ice, in conjunction with the physical state of the sea, as described by various arctic navigators, he feels confident that to a bold sailor there is every prospect of success, and he is in full hope, and expects to achieve great results for the benefit of science in its several departments.

Although M. Gustave Lambert has not yet been able to accomplish the desire of his heart, he must not despair, but take courage from the example of others, bearing in mind that the old saying, "Rome was not built in a day," holds equally good with arctic expeditions. Frobisher laboured hard for thirteen years before he was furnished with ships to start on his celebrated voyage, and it is scarcely on record that an expedition, such as that proposed by M. Lambert, has not laboured under much disappointment and many difficulties before it has been matured.

Although honourably emulous not to be beaten in a field Englishmen consider peculiarly their own, they are not ungenerous when bold deeds and the cause of science are in question, and to no one will they hold out the right hand of fellowship with more free will or open heart than to the countryman of the gallant "Bellot"—Gustave Lambert.

GERMAN EXPEDITION, 1868.

AMONG the advocates of arctic exploration, the distinguished German geographer, Dr. Augustus Petermann, stands pre-eminent; not only has he taken a warm interest in the subject, and advocated the cause of polar discovery by his writings, but his enthusiasm has led him to make great sacrifices both of time and money in furtherance of the cause; in time, by creating an interest among his countrymen, and inciting them to furnish the means; and in money, by contributing largely himself to the formation of a German expedition. Although the means by which the German attempt to reach the pole last summer were ludicrously small, still the very smallness of the means is a proof of the spirit that animated the promoters of the undertaking, which deserved a better success than was attained.

A vessel of eighty tons was purchased at Bergen, and strengthened in the bows by additional planking to enable her to do battle with the "thick-ribbed ice." She was christened the *Germania*, and the command given to Captain Koldewey. The route by which the pole was to be reached was that already described as by the east coast of Greenland.

The *Germania* left Bergen on the 24th of May, and on the

16th of June sighted the coast of Greenland from Hudson's "Hold-with-Hope" to Sabine Island; here they were stopped by the ice, amongst which they had been struggling from the 5th; they, however, persevered in trying to get in with the land, but after speaking a Bremen vessel, the captain of which reported the ice everywhere very close, they gave up the attempt, and proceeded to the eastward, with the view of reaching Gilles' Land, to the north-eastward of Spitzbergen.

On July 3rd they made Spitzbergen, and after encountering much difficulty from the ice, succeeded in reaching a harbour, where they took in water and ballast, and again proceeded to sea and towards the Greenland coast, but again only to be doomed to disappointment. Most tantalising it was to have the coast clearly in view with no possibility of getting in with it, although for several days they remained close to the ice for that purpose. Returning to Spitzbergen, they hoped to reach Gilles' Land, but that object was also frustrated by ice, although they saw the desired land from the summit of Cape Fortell. Repulsed in the attempts to reach a higher latitude than had yet been attained, the *Germania* at length was steered towards the south, and reached Bergen on the 3rd of October.

Although this little expedition was unsuccessful as far as the great object of the voyage is concerned, it has not been altogether unproductive, for Captain Koldewey made some interesting hydrographical observations, on the edge of the Gulf Stream, and on the currents and winds generally. He attributes his want of success in getting near the Greenland coast to an unusually unfavourable ice season. He obtained some interesting statistics of, what may be called, the seal fishery. The seals are found in great numbers about Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen, and vessels make yearly voyages for the sake of the oil and skins (three good seals yielding a cask of oil); and as many as twenty-two vessels—principally from Peterhead, Aberdeen, and Dundee—have been seen together, all engaged in seal-killing. Some idea of their numbers may be gathered from the fact that the crew of one vessel killed nearly six thousand seals in seven days, and another vessel, the *Alexandra*, succeeded in capturing no fewer than three thousand four hundred in one day.

SWEDISH EXPEDITIONS TO SPITZBERGEN.

ALTHOUGH scarcely coming within the category of polar voyages, it will be necessary to mention here the Swedish expeditions to Spitzbergen, by which so much has been added to our knowledge of those far northern regions by a band of hardy men of science, with whom arctic men may well feel proud to be associated.

In 1858, Messrs. Otto Torell, A. Quennerstedt, and A. E. Nordenskiöld, in the yacht *Frithiof*, visited the western part of Spitzbergen, and made valuable geological and botanical collections and observations. Such was the success attending the expedition, that a second and more extensive one was soon after determined on, and the Swedish Government, Prince Oscar, the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, and many private individuals, generously aided the promoters in fitting out two vessels, which left Tromsø in May, 1861, under the leadership of M. Otto Torell.

In addition to other scientific observations, the second expedition had in view the measurement of an arc of the meridian, from the north to the south of the Spitzbergen

Islands; but this they failed to complete, although the results of the voyage were by no means barren, and great progress was made in ascertaining geographical positions and rectifying the extremely faulty maps of the country.

In 1864, a third expedition, under Professor Nordenskiöld, fitted out at the expense of the Swedish Government, visited Spitzbergen, and confined its exploration to the southern parts and Stor Fiord, or Wijde Jans water, which was delineated with an accuracy never before attempted; the heights of the mountains were correctly ascertained, and from the summit of one, White Mountain (about 3,000 feet high) they saw the distant and mysterious Gilles' Land, far to the east.

The results of these expeditions were so important, and brought so much credit to the country from which they emanated, that the king of Sweden resolved to despatch another in 1868, under the command of Professor Nordenskiöld. The mail steamer *Sofia* was equipped for the purpose, and furnished with the necessary provisions from the Royal Victualling Department. The vessel was commanded by Captain Von Otter, and left Tromsø on the 20th July, 1868, proceeding direct to Bear Island, the precipitous shores of which were sighted on the evening of the 22nd. One of the great objects of this expedition was to attempt to advance towards the pole, choosing the end of the summer for the purpose.

From Bear Island the expedition sailed to Spitzbergen, and reached Ice Fiord on the 31st July; here they met the late Marquis of Hastings, and other English gentlemen, enjoying the sport of reindeer-stalking. The geological specimens obtained at Ice Fiord were most interesting; amongst them were fossils of the miocene period, which proved that the island once enjoyed a more genial climate; colossal bones of animals belonging to the crocodile order were also found, between the coal and the miocene deposits. The whole of the interior of Spitzbergen, excepting a small portion between Ice and Bel Sounds, is covered with ice, broken here and there by rugged rocks; but the low land near the coast becomes free during the summer, and a scant vegetation appears; the line of everlasting snow being considered to lie at an elevation of from 1,200 to 1,500 feet; the average height of the islands is about 2,000 feet, although some two or three mountains exceed 3,000, and one, "Horn Sound Peak," reaches 4,500 feet. There are many good harbours round the coast, and many anchorages protected from certain winds; but the currents are strong, although the range of tide is not great. Considerable quantities of drift-wood are met with on various parts of the coast, a perfect god-send to mariners wrecked or left on the island. Along the shores large masses of strongly magnetic rock are to be found, and, indeed, so strongly attractive of the needle as to render the magnetical observations useless. Many rich layers of coal are in the mountains; one seam was found to be about a mile long and four feet thick.

As may be imagined, great quantities of sea-fowl find a habitation in these arctic isles, the crevices in the cliffs being well adapted for laying their eggs and hatching their young. The eider fowl keeps to the low islands, which are clear from ice early in the season, and it is believed that the same birds return each summer to the same breeding-place. A curious migration of birds takes place early in the spring, when great

flocks leave the coast and fly directly towards the north; this fact is very suggestive, and gives rise to much speculation. Next to the seal and walrus, to which animals the islands are solely indebted for the periodical visits of numbers of vessels, the reindeer is the most important, furnishing as it does the principal fresh animal food of the crews; the meat is excellent, especially in summer, when the animals fatten. Bears are to be found on the northern and eastern parts, but they are not numerous. Salt-water fish are not plentiful, but fine salmon are taken in the lakes.

In the attempt made towards the autumn to penetrate to the north, the expedition met with little success, on account of the ice; but the latitude of $81^{\circ} 22'$ was reached, and, like Parry, the ship was driven southward by the current. Another attempt was made a few days afterwards, and by dint of perseverance, and taking advantage of every navigable passage between the ice, they succeeded in reaching $81^{\circ} 43'$, but were then obliged to return. Again did they make the attempt, and getting amongst heavy ice, which was fast becoming consolidated by the formation of new ice over the water between the masses, they were again forced to retreat. On the 4th of October, in a gale, they were in great danger, and in a heavy lurch to leeward a hole was stove in the vessel's starboard side by the ice, and it was only by great exertions, in which the whole scientific corps were obliged to work at the pumps, that they succeeded in getting the ship into a harbour to stop the leak and repair damages. No sooner was this done, than they were warned, by the harbour beginning to freeze over, that it was time to get away, which they did as quickly as possible, taking on board a boat and a depot of provisions which had been left by the expedition of 1861, all of which was found in an excellent state of preservation.

Captain Von Otter is of opinion (and in this he is joined by Professor Nordenskiöld) that the only means of reaching the north pole is by sledges over the ice, in the spring, before the snow, with which the ice is covered, has lost its hardened crust.

CONCLUSION.

SINCE the completion of the above sketch of the history of polar discovery, considerable interest has been created on the subject, proving that, so far from polar discoverers and travellers being satisfied with resting on their laurels, they are as enthusiastic in the cause as ever; and although the inroads of time have made sad havoc in the ranks, and tinged with grey the locks even of the youngest of arctic voyagers, they still

"Shoulder their crutch, and show how fields are won."

The circumstance of the coming transit of Venus in 1882 being observable under very favourable conditions from some points on the antarctic continent has been brought before the scientific world by the Astronomer-Royal, and the possibility and probability of attaining so desirable an object fully discussed before the Royal Geographical Society; the almost unanimous conclusion arrived at was, that if so important an undertaking was to be entertained, it was absolutely essential that our race of polar men should be maintained and renewed by fresh expeditions to the arctic regions.

Whether the feelings of the Government will be influenced by these considerations remains to be seen, but private gentlemen of wealth and enterprise seem disposed to keep

up the national reputation in arctic deeds. Already has our gallant countryman, Mr. Lamont, sped his way north, on "daring deeds intent;" not, as we have been led to suppose, to win his way to the pole itself, for Mr. Lamont assured the author that he utterly disclaims the intention of attempting it, believing it, with his means, to be an impossibility. He modestly called his expedition "a sporting and scientific excursion to the polar seas." Mr. Lamont's steam-yacht, the *Diana*, of 250 tons, has been strengthened to resist the pressure of the ice, and the course intended to be taken is that between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, trusting that an exceptional season (which, undoubtedly, occasionally does occur) may open the ice more than usual, and enable him to push north. It should be remembered that this little expedition is fitted out entirely at the expense of Mr. Lamont, and well may we be proud of one who has so generously devoted his energies and fortune to the cause of science and discovery, and who has so modestly slipped away from England on his grand enterprise; well does he deserve success. He left Greenock for the icy north on the 20th of April last.

Nor is Mr. Lamont's the only expedition likely to take the field in arctic exploration this summer. Dr. Hayes, the American arctic navigator, already so greatly distinguished, is anxious to resume his labours, and explore the open polar sea beyond Smith Sound, hoping eventually to reach the pole by that route. For this service a patriotic fellow-countryman has placed a steam-vessel at his disposal. From Bremen, a screw-steamer, the *Bienenkorb*—the property of M. Rosenthal, a gentleman who has always taken a great interest in polar questions—sailed on the 21st of February, with the intention of visiting Jan Meyen for the purpose of seal-hunting, and then to attempt to sail north in June or July. The *Bienenkorb* is commanded by Captain Hagens, has a crew of fifty-five men, and is provisioned for eight months. Dr. Dorst, a scientific gentleman, is on board, and prepared to make magnetical, astronomical, and other observations.

As may be readily supposed, Dr. Augustus Petermann has not been idle during the arctic recess, and the German Polar Expedition this season will take the field far better equipped than last. It is expected to sail about the commencement of June. It will consist of a screw-steamer of about 120 tons and 30 horse-power, which will take the name of *Germania*; while her consort, the little *Germania* of last year's expedition, will be called the *Grönland*. The route proposed to be taken is the same as last year—viz., along the east coast of Greenland. It is proposed that the *Grönland* shall serve as a transport to the larger vessel, and keep up the communication with Europe, returning about October with a report of the results obtained. The expedition will again be under the command of Captain Koldewey, who will be accompanied by a complete staff of scientific gentlemen, and attempts will be made to measure an arc of the meridian in as high a latitude as possible.

The Swedes are also preparing to resume their polar labours, under the indefatigable Professor Nordenskiöld, and, doubtless, the experience gained in so many expeditions will enable them to take such precautions this time in the equipment as to ensure a better prospect of success. It is, however, with much regret we learn that the proposed French expedition to Behring Strait is at present in abeyance. With so many expeditions afoot, we trust that the patriotism of the French nation will not allow it to be given up altogether.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.—II.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER III.

RUINS OF CTESIPHON AND SELEUCIA—HISTORICAL SKETCH.

WE now approached the ruins of the famous Parthian city of Ctesiphon. All along the banks of the river, and between it and the Tauk Kesra, lie vast mounds, composed of furnace-burnt bricks as a foundation, and sun-dried bricks mixed up with chopped straw for the superstructure, one course separated from another by irregular layers of reeds. One of these measures 750 feet, with a height and thickness varying from thirty to thirty-six feet. The elevation of the wall that edged from out this mound in the margin of the river's bank was forty feet. It then formed an angle and stretched away north-west for 800 yards, when there was a breach or gap 135 feet wide, probably once occupied by some grand gate or entrance. The wall or rampart line then recommences, and runs on the same bearings for 750 yards more, when we come to another break, which Mignan supposes to be a canal, as the channel varied from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, the breadth being 150 yards, and therefore capable of admitting a large body of water. The direction of the dry bed of this channel was north-east, and appeared to extend to an unbroken ridge of mounds running north-west and south-east, at a distance of eight or nine miles. The high wall already followed embraces an extensive area, where no vestiges of former buildings exist, and runs to the verge of the river. Its summit and sides are covered with the remains of ancient buildings; and it is astonishing that after the lapse of many centuries those walls appear to have lost nothing of their regular construction. The foundations of these mounds are invariably composed of kiln-burnt bricks, while the superstructure is formed of sun-burnt bricks. Coins of gold, silver, and copper are dug out of these ruins in large numbers, and there is a regular trade in Baghdad in these antiquities.

Regarding the erection of Ctesiphon, Pliny says, "The Parthians, in order to do by Seleucia as the Greeks who built that place had done by Babylon, built the city of Ctesiphon

within three miles of it, in the track called Chalonitis, in order to dispeople and impoverish it, though it is now the head city of the kingdom."

Ctesiphon is said by Ammianus Marcellinus, the historian and contemporary of Julian, to have been built by Vardanes, and afterwards beautified and walled by Pacorus, a Parthian king.

In the expedition undertaken by Trajan against the Parthians, as the country near the Tigris produced little wood, he conveyed thither on carriages the materials prepared in the forests near Nisibis or Nisibeen, for the construction of a fleet; and on reaching the river he essayed to throw a bridge across it. The Assyrians, who were posted on the opposite bank, prepared to prevent his passage, yet this consummate general effected his purpose; parts of the vessel were lashed together to form the bridge, while others, with soldiers and archers on board were posted, as if to cover the operation of passing the river, or to manœuvre on each flank. Owing to this judicious plan of attack, and the consternation caused by the appearance of such a fleet in a country where, from want of timber, it could not have been constructed, the enemy fled. The Romans immediately crossed the river, and subdued the whole of that part of Assyria which is near Nineveh; from thence, and not meeting with any resistance, Trajan marched to Babylon. The historian, Dion Cassius, says that he descended the Tigris; but Chesney is of opinion that the Roman fleet passed down the Euphrates, as the name of one river is often confounded

with that of the other by ancient writers. Trajan at first proposed to transport his vessels from the Elphrates to the Tigris, and he commenced the canal now called Nahar Malka, for this purpose; ultimately, however, he abandoned the scheme, but carried his vessels, by means of carriages, across the intervening country, and, bridging the Tigris, he captured Ctesiphon.

About A.D. 230, Sapor, King of Persia, son of Artaxerxes, and the restorer of Persian power, after the signal defeat of his father by the Roman legions of the Emperor Alexander, invaded the Latin territories at the head of a numerous army,



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captured the cities of Nisibis and Carrhæ, and overran Mesopotamia; his success, however, was but short-lived, for Gordian turned the tables upon him by boldly taking the offensive, and wrested from him the cities he had conquered. Immediately succeeding this, Mesopotamia was the constant scene of devastation and pillage by the rival Persian and Roman armies, until at length Odenatus captured Ctesiphon from Sapor, A.D. 266.

After the wars of Sapor against the Arabs and Greeks, it is stated in De Sacy's "Memoirs" that the Persian king returned to his country, and laid the foundation of a city on those of Ctesiphon and Seleucia, which were united under the name of El Modain, the dual number of an Arabic word signifying a city. Modain was beautified many years afterwards by Chosroes Nurshirwan, surnamed The Just, with numerous stately palaces, the principal of which was the *Tauk*, or arch, just described. The sack of this same palace by the Saracens, in A.D. 637, is related in an animated style by Gibbon.

Abu Dawaniq, the Khalifah, was desirous of removing the materials of this city for the use of his projected capital at Baghdad; Sooleiman, his wazir, dissuaded him from this, saying that he would be reproached by mankind for the destruction of the city, to aid in the foundation of another, as betraying a want of resources.

The monarch reprobated his minister's lurking tenderness for the fame of the *Kesra*, and, commencing the work of destruction, soon found that the expense attendant on the disjunction and removal of the materials of the city would far exceed the cost of new preparations. He was now anxious to desist, but was reminded by the wazir that, having commenced, he should persevere, or he would be exposed to the imputation of being less powerful than the founders of the city. Sooleiman advised, however, at the same time, that the *Tauk*, or arch, should remain untouched, as a lasting evidence to mankind of the prophetic character of Mohammed, on the night of whose birth it was miraculously rent.

To the south-west, and consequently in an oblique direction between the *Tauk* and the river, stand the ruins of a mosque and two mouldering tombs, containing the ashes of Hadhaifah, the secretary of the prophet, and the caliph Moostasem Billah, who was killed by Hulakoo, a prince who established the Mogul dynasty in Persia, and grandson of the renowned conqueror Genghis Khan. As is usual over all the ruins and mounds in Mesopotamia, quantities of brickwork in a fragmentary state are mixed with loose pieces of tile and stone; and rubbish of this sort covers the space enclosed within the ruined quadrangular wall surrounding the tombs.

Crossing the river from Ctesiphon, one immediately finds oneself on the site of the scarcely less magnificent city of Seleucia, built by Seleucus Nicator, the immediate successor of Alexander the Great. Pliny, in the twenty-sixth chapter of his sixth book, writes of it:—"Seleucia was built by Seleucus Nicator, forty miles from Babylon, at a point of the confluence of the Euphrates with the Tigris by a canal. The territory on which it stood was called Babylonia; but it was itself a free state, and the people lived after the laws and manners of the Macedonians. The form of the walls was said to resemble an eagle spreading her wings, and the soil around it was thought the most fertile in the East. There were 600,000 citizens here at one time, and all the commerce and wealth of Babylon flowed into it."

Long before Ctesiphon was thought of, Seleucia was formed

on a Greek model, and received from the founder a free constitution. It was built with the object of effecting the ruin of Babylon, and gradually drew to itself the population and commerce of that city. The site of this city was on the west bank of the Tigris, in the neighbourhood of a place still more ancient, called *Coxe*, or *Coche*, at the mouth of a canal leading from the Euphrates to the Tigris. This canal is mentioned by Pliny, and is that already spoken of as the *Nahar Malka*.

It is somewhat singular that Seleucia was sometimes called Babylon. Dr. Prideaux writes on this head:—"It must be acknowledged that there is mention made of Babylon as of a city standing long after the time when I have placed its desolation, as in Lucan, Philostratus, and others. But, in all these authors, and wherever else we find Babylon spoken of, as a city in being after the time of Seleucus Nicator, it must be understood, not of old Babylon on the Euphrates, but of Seleucia on the Tigris. For as that succeeded to the dignity and grandeur of old Babylon, so also did it in its name. At first it was called Seleucia Babylonia—that is, the Babylonian Seleucia, or Seleucia of the province of Babylon, to distinguish it from the other Seleucias which were elsewhere—and after that Babylonia simply, and at length Babylon. That Lucan, by his Babylon, in the first book of his "Pharsalia," means none other than Seleucia, or the new Babylon, is plain; for he there speaks of it as the metropolis of the Parthian kingdom, where the trophies of Crassus were hung up, after the vanquishing of the Romans at Carrhæ, which can be understood only of the Seleucian or new Babylon, and not of the old; for that new Babylon only was the seat of the Parthian kings, but the old never. And in another place, where he makes mention of this Babylon, he describes it as surrounded by the Tigris. And as to Philostratus, when he brings his Apollonius to the royal seat of the Parthian king, which was at that time at Seleucia, then called Babylon, he was led by that name into this gross blunder, viz., to mistake it for the old Babylon; and, therefore, in the describing of it, he gives us the same description which he found given of old Babylon in Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, and other writers."

Seleucia continued to flourish for several centuries, renowned for such genuine Greek virtues as love of freedom and promotion of arts, as well as of all the military excellences that had made the parent state of Macedonia famous for all time. Pliny, who flourished 500 years after its foundation, says that even in his time it enjoyed the blessings of freedom. The walls of the city were strong, and, had patriotism continued to inspire her inhabitants, she would have been safe; but a dangerous enemy was posted at her very gates, and she did not learn the necessity of concord until too late. The Parthian monarchs, like the Mogul sovereigns of Hindostan, delighted in the pastoral life of their Scythian ancestors, and they quartered their soldiers in the neighbouring village of Ctesiphon, in which they also set up their court. Gradually the little village increased in wealth and importance, until a formidable rival arose within three miles of the gates of Seleucia, which in its turn was thus overtaken by a fate similar to that it had brought on Babylon. The Romans, in the time of Marcus, A.D. 165, penetrated as far as Ctesiphon and Seleucia. The Parthian city fought for her existence, while the Greek colony received the advancing legions as friends; yet a like fate awaited both, and Seleucia was given to the flames, while, it is said, 300,000 of her inhabitants fell beneath the Roman sword.

I have already described how the twin cities were united under the name of Modain. It is true that little remains to attest the grandeur of Ctesiphon, but suit less meets the eye of the traveller who wends his way over the ruins of Seleucia. Time, violence, and repeated inundations, have levelled everything, and one looks in vain for monuments or buildings of any kind; literally nothing remains but mounds covered with rubbish, similar to the contents of a dust-heap.

The reader will be better able to judge of the extent of the irregular mounds and hillocks that overspread the sites of these renowned cities when I tell him that it would occupy some months to take the bearings and dimensions of each with accuracy. The greater part of the remains of Ctesiphon extend in a northerly direction, whilst the masses of ruin on the site of Seleucia stretch away to the southward, and are altogether at a greater distance from the bank of the river. The Greek city appears to occupy a more considerable tract of country, although its remains are, to all appearance, of less magnitude than those of its Parthian neighbour.

Truly, never was desolation more complete than the desolation which broods over this once imperial city of Seleucia. Every sense and every faculty appears as if overwhelmed at the vastness of the chaos, that stretches around as far as the eye can see; an intense feeling of depression overcomes the mind, while the ear longs for some sound to break the stillness, oppressive as that of the tomb; and the eye looks in vain for some living or moving object on which to dwell, and so vary the sad monotony of mounds and bricks and tiles that strew the surface. Hark! a sound startles us, and it comes from a spot quite near at hand. We are wrong, then, in supposing that no living thing exists on this God-forsaken site. We turn round, and find that we had aroused some bitterns which occupied a neighbouring pool of water. Immediately there recurs to the memory that solemn passage in one of the prophets (Isa. xiv. 23), in which the anger of an offended God is pronounced against Babylon: "I will also make it a possession for the bittern and pools of water: and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord." Curiously and reverently we regard the fetid pool, and the bitterns, as they make their peculiar "boom" and sail away. The thoughtful traveller turns away from a spot accursed with the judgment of an offended Deity, full of sad musings on the fate of cities and nations.

CHAPTER IV.

BAGHDAD—ENGLISH POLITICAL RESIDENTS IN BAGHDAD—THE CITY; DEFENCES, GATES, PALACE, MOSQUES, CARAVANSARIES, BAZAARS, BRIDGE OF BOATS, PRIVATE DWELLINGS.

FROM the sites of Ctesiphon and Seleucia the white minarets of Baghdad, nineteen miles distant, can be seen at sunrise. The *Comet*, passing the mouth of the Diala—a river with steep banks, that discharges itself into the Tigris—soon steamed over the intervening space, and we were transported in a few hours from the contemplation of the sublime past to a practical experience of the squalor and wretchedness of a modern Turkish town. And yet there is very much to interest in this city of Baghdad; the very name arouses recollections of those delightful Arabian tales that whiled away so happily many weary hours in childhood. Without any heavy call on the imagination, one might wander about its streets at

the present day, and see the very sights and recal the familiar shapes, dressed in the costumes in vogue then as now. There is the identical barber's stall multiplied a hundred times; there are the merchants selling their carpets and wares in the selfsame shops; there is the bazaar, through which we will take a stroll; there are also the narrow lanes called streets; and the pariah dogs; and, listen! there is the muezzin calling the people to prayer, as in the days of the good caliph, the contemporary and rival, in the East, of Charlemagne in the West. Not only, also, is the air laden with the sounds and Oriental ejaculations of which we have read in that entralling story-book, but, as if to complete the parallel, and transport us bodily back to that picturesque mediæval period, music is heard in the distance, the people fall back, and, as we look eagerly forward, almost expecting to see the greatest of the Abbassides heralded with becoming Eastern pomp, we behold the Turkish Pasha proceeding with a gorgeous retinue from his palace to the mosque, like the procession of the caliphs eight hundred years ago.

Baghdad is situated on the Tigris. No river in the world washes the ruins of so many famous cities as the Tigris. Its banks on both sides are covered with an almost unbroken series of remains of places that at one time or other were the capitals of mighty kingdoms, and the seats of government of powerful dynasties. The thoughts of the traveller brood on the spectacle of fallen greatness as he floats down its broad and rapid stream. The canals which furrow the plain of Mesopotamia, and might still be made to irrigate and fertilise the country, rendering it again the garden of the earth, are, by the short-sighted policy of the indolent Ottoman Government, suffered to fall into decay. Any one having the happiness of the population at heart must earnestly join in the prayer that some political change may occur in the destinies of the country, seeing that by no turn of events can worse happen to the wretched inhabitants. Chesney states (and his words read like a corroboration of Herodotus, who has always been accused of painting the richness of the soil in his day in too glowing colours) that about seventeen miles from the commencement of the Dujail canal the country is particularly fertile, and this is owing to the works of irrigation being kept in a serviceable state.

Five miles below Baghdad is a canal that crosses Mesopotamia, joining, during the season of floods, the waters of the Euphrates and Tigris, and passing near Akerkuf. The Tigris may be considered as having an average width of two hundred yards from Mosul to Baghdad, with a current, in the flood season, of about four and a quarter miles per hour. The country from Mosul to Tekrit only is cultivated; for the remainder of the distance the cultivation either wholly ceases, or is of a partial character.

Baghdad has been singularly fortunate in the gentlemen who have filled the important post of British representative at the court of the Turkish Pasha who governs the province. Chief among these is the name of Mr. Rich, a diplomatist who was immensely popular with the natives of the state to which he was accredited, and was looked up to as the second most powerful man in the pashalick. Mr. Rich was appointed the East India Company's Resident at Baghdad in the year 1806. In 1821 he quitted that city on a visit to Shiraz (*vid* Bussorah and Bushire), whence he was destined never to return, being carried off by an attack of cholera, after an illness of eight hours.

Captain Felix Jones, who filled at Bushire the same post of Political Resident, at the trying time immediately preceding and during the continuance of the last Persian war, was also a man of mark, and his surveys of Mesopotamia are of great value, from their perfect reliability. Then we have General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., and late M.P., a man of world-wide fame as a profound Oriental scholar, antiquarian, and historian. Sir Henry Rawlinson, while an incumbent of the post, built the handsome and convenient Residency House, with its billiard-rooms and other luxurious adjuncts, and which those who have been in Baghdad, and enjoyed the hospitality of the Resident, will remember as the most comfortable and home-like dwelling in the city. I ought also to mention Captain (now Colonel) Sir Henry Kemball, C.B., K.C.S.I., of the Bombay (now Royal) Artillery, a gentleman of whose kindness and genial hospitality I have a lively recollection. These were all, not only able representatives of British diplomacy, but were also specimens of the English gentleman which, it was satisfactory to see, were fully appreciated by the quick-witted people among whom they were placed.

The whole of the country to the north and east of Baghdad, as far as the eye can reach, is one flat waste, with scarcely a tree or a hovel to be perceived in the distance. The city of Baghdad stands on this level plain, two-thirds lying on the north-east bank of the Tigris, which is spanned by a bridge of boats, and the remaining third on the Mesopotamian side of the river. The city is surrounded by a high brick parapet-wall, flanked at intervals with bastioned towers, and surrounded by a ditch. When viewed from a distance, but particularly from the river, Baghdad presents, like many Eastern cities, a truly beautiful appearance, due in part to the whiteness of its buildings, but chiefly to the luxuriant date-groves and rich gardens enclosed within its walls, and which contrast agreeably with the graceful minarets and green domes of its numerous mosques. A closer inspection of the streets, however, discovers a labyrinth of alleys, unpaved, and so narrow that three persons can scarcely pass; they appear almost empty, and one would fancy

that the city was stricken with plague, until a visit to the bazaar would dispel every such illusion. As the eye looks on either side, or upwards, one sees two hideous black walls; for windows opening on the thoroughfares are rarely seen, while the doors giving admission to the houses are small and mean. The streets of Baghdad are more intricate and winding than in most Eastern towns, and were it not for some tolerably regular

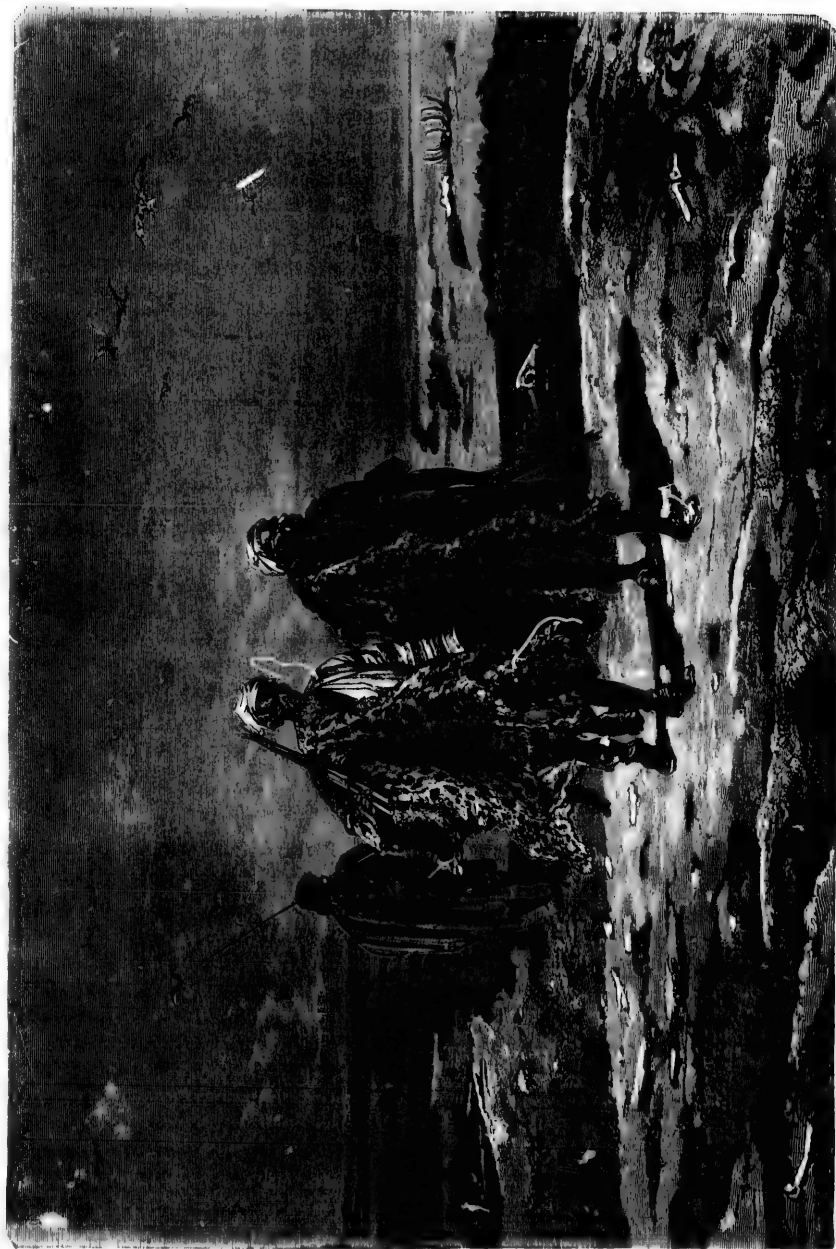
lines of bazaars, and a few open squares, the interior of the city would justly merit the title it has received from an eminent traveller, of "a labyrinth of alleys and passages."

There are three gates of entrance and outlet; one on the south-east, another on the north-east, and a third on the north-west of the city. The last of these is the principal one, and leads from the most frequented road to the most populous and busy part of the town. Near this gate is the exercise-ground for playing the Turkish game of the "jereed." The Talisin gate, also, is well worthy of observation, though it was walled-up by the Sultan Murad IV., who quitted the city by it, on his return to Constantinople after having recovered Baghdad from the Persians. Some writers erroneously suppose that the gate was built on the occasion of the Sultan's triumphal entry; but Mignan, who is of a different opinion, observes, "This custom is only observed at the departure of royalty, from which time the gate is held sacred." The Talisin gate is the finest and largest in Baghdad, measuring fifty-six feet in height by fifty-one in breadth. A dry ditch of considerable depth surrounds the entire wall, which encloses a vast space of ground unoccupied

by buildings, particularly in the north-eastern quarter; even where edifices abound, the trees are so thickly interspersed, that Baghdad looks like a city arising from amid a grove of palms. All the buildings, both public and private, are constructed of furnace-burnt bricks of a reddish-yellow colour, and appear to be of a great age. I shall say something now of the chief public structures, though, truth to say, Baghdad does not possess them in so great number, or of as pretentious a character, as one would suppose from a consideration of her world-famous history, and of the



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liberal and art-loving caliphs who have adorned her earlier annals.

The Serai, or Palace of the Pasha, is an extensive rather than an imposing or handsome building, being composed of a somewhat incongruous mass of buildings, constructed at different periods of the Turkish occupation, and with no attempt at architectural beauty in any part. It contains within its walls most of the public offices, also the stables of the stud department, and the apartments for the suite. My acquaintance with the interior of this palace owed its origin to a personal adventure, which I will here narrate, and the occurrence of which enabled me to witness the infliction of the bastinado, or, as the Persians term it, "the turning up of the heels," and which, I can vouch, is not of so severe a character as is generally supposed.

One evening I was strolling about the town with one of my friends, when we decided on making for a particular shop in the bazaar, for the purpose of purchasing some handsomely-dyed carpets we had previously seen exhibited for sale. On our reaching the shop, we found a knot of young Persians lounging about the entrance. As we could not pass in, my friend civilly asked one of the obstructives to move on one side. Instead of doing as desired, the individual to whom he had spoken refused compliance with our request, and applied some abusive epithets to Feringhees in general, which our acquaintance with Hindostanee (a language greatly resembling Persian) enabled us to understand. This, of course, could not be borne. We were not going to be deterred from making our purchases by the insolence of such fellows, and my friend, who was of a choleric nature, raising his walking-stick, rushed forward to force an entrance *vi et armis*. I was close at his side, and it was fortunate I was, for just as the hot-headed Saxon was in the act of bringing his stick down on the pate of his opponent, I caught sight of a long knife which the treacherous Oriental had concealed under his girdle, and which his hand had already half-removed from its sheath. I dragged my friend back, and saved him from the impending blow. It would never do, however, to leave the group of natives in triumphant possession of the doorway. A crowd had gathered round us, and we were deliberating what course to pursue, when, to our great relief, a strong party of Turkish soldiers came by. Forcing their way through the mob, they recognised who we were by our uniforms, and one of them asked what all this row was about. On my explaining how grossly we had been insulted, and demanding the arrest of the insolent Persians, the non-commissioned officer in charge of the squad seized the whole of the loungers, who looked crestfallen enough now, and hurried them off with little ceremony to the Pasha's palace. We, of course, followed to substantiate the charges, and the crowd made way for us with every demonstration of respect.

On arriving at the extensive building occupied by the Pasha, which also contained the courts of justice, the prisoners were forthwith arraigned, and, notwithstanding the denial on oath of any provocation by a host of witnesses, were convicted solely on our unsupported testimony—so great is the trust reposed in the honour and veracity of Englishmen all over the East—of the offences of using insulting language and threatening to stab with a dagger, and were sentenced to be bastinadoed. We were requested, according to custom, to attend on the following day, and witness the infliction of the castigation, which was to be carried out in the presence of the Governor.

On the delinquents being brought forward and identified by us, they were ordered to receive the award of their crime. I desired, on the part of my friend, that only the individual who had directly insulted him should be punished, and the others were accordingly released. Presently the "fictors," or "ferroches," as they are called, made their appearance with a long pole and a bundle of sticks. The criminal appeared to take the matter very coolly, and looked about him with the utmost unconcern.

Having stripped off his shoes, he placed himself flat on his back. The ends of the pole, which is about eight feet long, were held by two men, and the culprit raised his legs high enough to rest his ankles on it. His feet, with the soles uppermost, were then firmly lashed by cords. Thus prostrate, the "ferroches," one on each side, commenced to inflict the flagellation with the sticks. Directly the first stroke was administered the wretch set up a most horrible noise, shouting and yelling as if he was being murdered. We saw it was "put on," but to spare ourselves witnessing such an unpleasant scene, and satisfied with the punishment that had been inflicted, we interfered, and requested the Pasha to remit the remainder of the sentence. This was at once done, and the sufferer limped off, first "salaaming" to us, in the most contrite manner, his thanks at our astounding clemency.

There are numerous mosques in the city, but they certainly cannot compare in beauty or magnificence with those of Cairo. The most ancient of them is thought to be the "Jamah el Sookh el Gazel," so called from its standing in the market where cotton-thread is sold, from three Arabic words—"jamah," a mosque; "sookh," a bazaar; "gazel," cotton-thread. The original building appears to have been destroyed by violence, for only the minaret and a small portion of the outer wall remain. The former is a short column terminating in a rounded summit, and boasts no beauty either of proportion or general effect. Its exterior surface is in parts highly ornamented with fanciful sculptures of arabesque work, and an inscription, of which Niebuhr took a copy, stating it to have been erected by the Caliph Mostanser, in the year of the Hegira 633, or 1235 of the Christian era, about fourteen years after the erection of a tower not far from the central gate, which also bears an inscription, copied by the same traveller.

The Jamah el Merjaneeah, a mosque not far distant from this, is also worthy of particular mention. The body of the mosque is modern, and its interior presents nothing remarkable, though the door of entrance is a fine specimen of its kind. This is formed by a lofty arch of the pointed form, bordered on each side by a succession of rich bands, exquisitely sculptured, going up the sides, and meeting at the top nearly in the form of the arch itself. The outermost of these is followed by a large moulding, spirally fluted all the way up, and with minute and elaborate sculptures, and a profusion of inscriptions on the projecting parts of the flutings. Upon the walls is a lengthy inscription, commencing with the usual introduction, "In the name of God, the merciful and the beneficent," and stating it to have been commenced by the most merciful King Merjan, A.H. 758.

The Jamah el Kessakey, like the two former mosques, has but a small portion of the original edifice standing. In this can be seen a niche, for prayer, of remarkable construction, pointing to its being of mixed Roman and Saracenic architecture.

The Jamah el Vizier, or Vizier's Mosque, which is near the Tigris, and just above the gate of the bridge, is of considerable size, and has a lofty minaret and handsome dome, but its interior is out of repair. The mosque of the Pasha, which is very near the last-named, is better lighted than the others, but in other respects it possesses no remarkable feature. The great mosque in the square of El Maidan, in the way from the north-west gate to the palace and the British Residency, is also a noble building. It has a handsome dome and minaret, adorned with coloured tiles and paintings, is well-lighted, and has the Christian (but eminently un-Oriental) merit of cleanliness. The mosque of Abass el Kadar is the largest, and, on the whole, perhaps the finest in Baghdad, though there is little to admire beyond its noble domes.

The domes of these mosques are said to be in the Persian style; some are of a flattened form and plain surface, but the principal ones are all high, and disproportionately narrow. They are richly ornamented with glazed tiles, the colours used being chiefly green and white. Some of the inscriptions are also executed in this fanciful manner, in bands running round the foot of the dome, much after the style of triumphal arches of welcome in England. The glitter of these colours reflected from a polished surface gives an air of gaiety and liveliness, rather than the majesty and magnificence which are to be found in the rich and stately domes of Turkey and of Egypt, or in those of the noble fanes of St. Paul's and St. Peter's in Christendom. The minarets, being ornamented in the same manner, are open to the like objection. Both in the domes and minarets of Baghdad the high green rod, with a globe surmounted by a crescent, as familiarly represented in pictures of Eastern scenery, is frequently seen. The number of mosques in the city is said to exceed a hundred, but of these only some thirty boast the possession of minarets, from whence the voice of the muezzin may be heard sonorously calling the faithful to their devotions.

There are few practices which more strongly mark the many striking differences existing between Eastern and Western manners and customs than this to which I have referred. The muezzin's call to prayer, in the midst of a busy city, strikes the traveller from Europe. The piety of Orientals, though ostentatiously displayed, is, I should say, not more real than among ourselves; yet there is a certain simplicity, and invariably a regularity, in their private and public religious exercises that is pleasing to note, after the open disregard of things spiritual among us even in England.

The public khans, or caravansaries, amount to about thirty. One of these is called the Khan et Oorthweh, and bears the mark of considerable antiquity; it is well built, and has all the usual ornaments of Arabic and Turkish architecture, such as overhanging niches, &c. There is also a khan, founded in the year of the Hegira 758, by Merjan, minister to the Sultan of Turkey, who came to Persia, whence he solicited permission to proceed on a pilgrimage to Mecca; though his subsequent conduct in seizing on the government of Baghdad proved that this holy project was but a pretence. There is another khan, of historical importance, on account of its having been founded by the Caliph Mostanser, in A.D. 1227, and originally intended as a school.

The bazaars, in which are constructed the shops—little

open rooms about eight feet in length—mostly form long, straight, and tolerably wide avenues. The best of these are vaulted over with brickwork, but the greater number are merely covered by flat beams, laid across from side to side, and supporting a roof of straw, dried leaves, or branches of trees, and grass. These bazaars are almost deserted during the day, but at night are thronged with a multitude of idlers, all dressed in their smartest attire, and as the outer garment in general use is the light shalloons of Angora, of divers colours, the scene is brilliant and pleasing to the eye; the more so as the gloom reigning throughout the day in these dark, brick-vaulted passages is removed at night by a profusion of lamps and torches, with which the shops and coffee-rooms are brilliantly illuminated.

One of the peculiar features of Baghdad is the bridge of boats, the only one that spans the broad and rapid waters of the Tigris, which here has a breadth of two hundred yards. These boats, thirty-two in number, are moored with their bows stemming the current, and form a scene of great animation, the pedestrians being mixed with a crowd of horses and camels crossing it in a continuous stream. At the head of the bridge is the Medrasset el Mostanser, or "College of the Learned," so often mentioned in Arabian story. On its walls is an inscription, stating "this glorious college" to have been built by the Caliph Mostanser Billah, in the year A.H. 630.

The interiors of the private houses of Baghdad, particularly those of the wealthy classes, are comfortable in an Eastern sense, and compare favourably with those in other cities that I have visited. They consist of a succession of square courts, surrounded by galleries, each forming a distinct habitation, giving egress to an open space in the interior. In the outer court is a room, or rather a recess, forming three sides of a square, and open towards the front; this is the office where the ordinary business of the day is transacted. The second court is somewhat larger, but of similar construction, in which is also a recess; this is the audience chamber, or "dewan," called in English "divan." From the galleries, in some houses, several rooms are partitioned off, having windows opening to the court, formed of small diamond-shaped panes of glass, of every colour, and disposed in various fantastic shapes. The ceiling of some of these rooms is composed of a kind of trellis-work, describing flowers of different colours. The walls are formed into small arched recesses, and are gilded in a gaudy manner. The number of these courts is increased according to the size of the house; the innermost always comprising the harem, or women's apartments. The few windows that look towards the street are covered with a frame of lattice-work. During the warm weather the inhabitants sleep on light bedsteads, called in India "charpoys," placed on the roofs, which are flat, and surrounded by parapets.

During the intense heat of the summer, when the thermometer for days together, in some years, ranges between 110° and 120° Fahrenheit, frequently marking 114° at day-break, the coolest period of the twenty-four hours; at such times the inhabitants take refuge in underground cellars, called "serdaubs," where they pass the days in gloom, coming out after sundown like owls, and taking their evening meals and night's rest on the house-top, whence they flit away again at sunrise.

English Mission to Mandalay, and Treaty with Burmah.—II.

BY HENRY WOODWARD CROFTON, M.A., H.M. CHAPLAIN AT RANGOON.

VISIT OF BURMESE DIGNITARIES—ENTRANCE INTO MANDALAY—
INTERVIEW WITH THE KING—BURMESE COURT CEREMONIES.

It was decided that the visit of the Burmese prime minister and his suite should take place next day, and that the arrangements for our public entry should be then discussed and settled. For the remainder of the day we were left to ourselves. A company of Burmese troops, who were on the bank close to our vessel, afforded us considerable amusement. Their arms and accoutrements; their green and gold uniforms; their mode of throwing out their legs in marching; their sidelong looks at us; presented a *tout ensemble* of a most ludicrous character, and reminded us strongly of the stage army in a burlesque. A walk ashore in the evening showed us a wide plain, covered with rice and other crops, stretching between us and Mandalay, which was partly visible and seemed about four miles off. Preparations commenced early the following morning, the 8th of October, for the reception of our visitors. The arrangements were much the same as at Menhla, only slightly more elaborate, as befitted the more exalted rank of those we had now to receive. A few more flags, if that were possible, decorated the quarter-deck of the *Nemesis*, our guard of honour was slightly increased, and to the ceremonials of the day was added the blast of a trumpet, to announce their entrance.

As usual, our visitors were considerably after their time, punctuality being a vice rather than a virtue, according to Burmese notions. At last, about 11 o'clock, a number of handsomely caparisoned elephants, each carrying a white-robed official with the inseparable golden umbrella borne aloft over their heads, and flanked by a numerous train of followers, were seen to emerge from the belt of trees that bordered the river on the side next Mandalay. These were our friends, and their rank and designation were as follows:—The Yaynan-Khyoung Mengyee, or minister of the highest rank, name, Oo-Tso, a venerable old man, who had served as commander-in-chief for many years, and been wounded in the late rebellion; his youngest son, a boy of about fourteen, was with him. The Keng Wondouk, or minister of the second grade; a much younger man, but high—and it seemed to us, deservedly so—in the King's confidence, and in general reputation for ability. Some half-dozen secretaries and minor officials were in attendance on these personages. They took their seats in the gilt war-boats which were in waiting, two in each boat, at the forward end, where a certain raised place, generally spread with carpets, is set apart for persons of rank. The Burmese would never let us step on this part of their war-boats without a protest as hearty and indignant as sailors are ever wont to employ against those who violate the sanctities of their vessels. The interview lasted about half an hour, and the conversation was more free and general than at the former reception. One of the ministers—the Keng Wondouk—decidedly took the lead, and displayed considerable conversational powers. The only non-European topics on which they touched were our ages, in which they took particular interest, and whether we were married or not, or if not, whether we intended to be, and a few other such

personal matters. They admired the *Nemesis* particularly, and seemed much struck with all they saw on board, she being much the most considerable vessel, in size and warlike appearance, that had ever visited Mandalay. At their request they were taken all over her, and they took care that everything was shown and explained to them.

It was arranged at this interview that our entry into the city should take place the next day. Concerning this, and the public and political incidents of our residence in Mandalay, I am permitted by the kindness of Colonel Fytche to extract the following account from the official narrative furnished by him to the Government of India:—

Early on the morning of the 9th the march to the Residency was commenced, the order being as follows:—First, about fifty of the king's troops in uniform; then Mrs. Fytche in a handsome gilded litter sent to her by the queen of Burmah, followed by the Paopa Wondouk on an elephant; then the Chief Commissioner, followed by Mrs. Lloyd, and in due order the officers composing the suite of the envoy, all on elephants, followed by the escort of British infantry and artillery on foot. About a mile and a half from the river, a creek was crossed by boats, of which a great number were collected. At this point the procession was met by the Keng Wondouk and a number of minor officials, when the march was resumed, the procession being headed by the newly-arrived officials, and accompanied by about 500 cavalry and probably 3,000 foot soldiers. The cavalry were generally in red jackets and trousers, a few wearing a red jerkin over these, and still fewer were dressed in the full uniform of the cavalry, shoulder-pieces, gilt helmet, with ear-pieces and embroidered jerkin; all had the white saddle-flap and high-peaked pommel and cantle. The men were armed with a spear and a sword each; the infantry had only the white jacket worn by the ordinary population: all had flint muskets. These troops accompanied the *cortège* through the suburbs of the town to the Residency. This suburb was that called Kalar-dan, or the foreign quarter. It is traversed by a handsome, broad, and clean street, at least half a mile in length, planted with tamarind trees, of good growth considering that the town was only commenced in 1856. The sun was hot, and the Residency was not reached until 10 A.M. The distance altogether was not three and a half miles, but the pace was slow and the halts frequent.

At the Residency, the envoy was received by the Yaynan-Khyoung Mengyee, or prime minister, and a large party of officials. The whole morning's proceeding went off very well indeed.

During the 10th, Captain Sladen, the British Political Resident at the Burmese capital, visited the king, and his Majesty consented to receive us next day. This early reception was considered as a mark of condescension, as it has been the custom of the court to require a much longer interval before receiving an embassy; but it was important that it should thus be granted, as the 11th was the full moon, during which day religious ceremonies prevent all business, and the 12th, 13th, and 14th were to be festival days, during which

the kadaws, or royal presents, are presented to his Majesty by his subjects. They are frequently called "beg-pardon days," as the offerings are intended to propitiate his Majesty, and to obtain forgiveness for any faults committed. It would have been unbecoming for the British envoy to have had his audience on one of these days; and as no business can be transacted until after a formal reception by the king, a considerable delay would have taken place had this ceremony been put off until the festival was over.

On the morning of the 11th, the envoy and suite proceeded to the palace, starting at about 10 A.M. The order of the procession was as follows:—Leading the way, a considerable distance in front, was the Myo Won, or governor of the city of Mandalay. He was followed by the escort of European infantry on foot, the British flag was borne aloft, carried by ship's lascars, after which came the envoy, Colonel Fytche, attended by two golden umbrellas. He was followed by Captain Sladen, Captain Duncan, Mr. Edwards, the Paopa Wondouk, and the officers of the escort and some officers on leave at Mandalay from the frontier station of Thayetmyo. The same number of Burmese troops that escorted the mission from the steamers to the agency, accompanied the *cortège* on this occasion, and on entering the chief gate it was found that the road leading from it to the palace gate was lined with men bearing arms, probably about 5,000. They had the common white jacket, were manifestly untrained to the use of arms, and seemed to be people called out merely for the occasion. About one-fifth were armed with spears, the remainder with muskets; a similar proportion, viz., one-fifth, were old men or young boys, unfitted for military duties. The procession entered the city by the western gate, and then moved round the palace to its eastern gate; there the party dismounted, and swords and umbrellas were dispensed with. The palace is enclosed first by a strong wooden stockade, then, at an interval of 100 feet, by a brick wall, and at a further interval of 100 feet, by another brick wall. Between the two walls some pieces of ordnance, with their field carriages, were placed, lining the road; and just outside the inner wall was placed the Hlwotdan, or supreme court. At the side of the gate of the inner wall there was a wicket, through which the embassy passed. About twenty yards intervened between this wicket and the steps of the palace, where the party took off their shoes, and were then led through the Myaynan, or principal hall of audience, in which is the throne. Leaving the throne to the left, and passing out of the Myaynan, a smaller chamber just behind the throne was reached; here it was that the audience was given. It was an open hall or portico, supported by white pillars, and was about thirty feet square; at the western side, before a golden folding-door, was placed a low couch for his Majesty; immediately in front of this, at a distance of four or five yards, the envoy and party sat down. At the side of the king's couch, on the left, were four of the king's grown-up sons—the Thouzai, Nyoungyan, Mek-ka-na, and Myeengon princes; behind them were several more of the royal children. Some fifteen or twenty minutes elapsed, and then the doors were thrown open. The king was seen approaching from a considerable distance up a vista of gilded doors of various succeeding chambers. He was preceded by two officers carrying dhas, and accompanied by a little child of five or six years of age, one of his little daughters. He took off his

shoes at the further side of the couch, and sat down reclining on one side. Silence prevailed for some time, and then the king opened the conversation, which proceeded as follows:—

King. "Is the English ruler well?"

Envoy. "The English ruler is well, your Majesty."

King. "How many days is it since you left Rangoon?"

Envoy. "Nineteen days, your Majesty."

Here the list of presents from the Viceroy to his Majesty was read out.

King. "I trust you have found everything prepared in accordance with the friendship existing between the Governments."

Envoy. "We have received every possible attention on our way through your royal dominions, and I beg to thank your Majesty for the kind treatment we have experienced."

No reply.

Envoy. "I have been surprised and pleased to see how fine a city Mandalay is, seeing that it was only founded a few years ago."

King. "It is not finished yet, but next time you come it will be in a still better state. What is the age of the envoy?"

Envoy. "Forty-four years, your Majesty."

Here the king said something in a low voice to his sons, and a nephew of his majesty brought to the envoy, on a golden salver, a small packet, which, when opened, was found to contain a collar of the Burmese Order of the Tsalwé of the first grade. The Burmese minister, on a motion from his Majesty, said, "invest the envoy," and Captain Sladen put it over the envoy's left shoulder. Colonel Fytche bowed, and thanked his Majesty for the honour conferred on him.

Envoy. "The house which your Majesty has prepared for us here is very handsome and commodious, and we are grateful for the trouble that has been taken in getting it ready."

King. "It has been constructed mainly through the activity of Sladen."

Captain Sladen. "And also your Majesty, with the assistance of the officials you were pleased to direct to help me."

King. "Sladen is a good man, and has done all he can to advance the interests of both the British and the Burmese Governments."

Envoy. "I have every confidence that he has done so."

King. "Sladen is an honest man. It is from honest men being in such a position as his, that good friendship is preserved between governments."

Envoy. "I am glad to learn your Majesty's good opinion of Captain Sladen, and I shall report to his Excellency the Viceroy all that you have been pleased to say concerning him."

Capt. S. "I feel highly honoured, your Majesty, by your royal approbation, and I shall never forget this public expression of it."

King. "Sladen must visit me daily while the envoy is here;" (addressing him) "you must come every day; come with the Kalar Won" (Mr. Manook, the official through whom the king communicates with all foreigners).

Having said this the king got off the couch and stood up with his back to the audience. The doors were opened, he passed out, and they were at once closed. During the interview the king spoke in quite a low tone. His Majesty had an opera glass, through which he frequently looked at the members of the embassy.

After the departure of the king considerable general con-

versation ensued between the officers of the mission and the numerous Burmese officials present. The audience was quite an open one, and it was found that all the servants of the officers who had accompanied them to the palace had been present, seated at the back. Sweetmeats and cakes in great profusion were brought in. There were fried locusts also, which were pressed on the visitors as delicacies. After a short time passed in trying the various dishes, and talking the while on sundry subjects, the envoy left. Shoes were resumed at the foot of the palace steps. The Mengyees again greeted the party at the steps of the Hlwotdan, and the Wondouk and other officials accompanied them to the gates of the palace, whence the return to the agency was quickly effected on elephants, the troops still lining the streets as before, and cavalry accompanying the *cortège*.

On the 14th, Mrs. Fytche and Mrs. Lloyd visited the palace, having interviews with the principal queen (who is also the king's half-sister), her mother, and the second queen, or Alaynandaw Phara. It was arranged to-day that the king should receive the envoy, attended by Captain Sladen, Captain Duncan, and Mr. Edwards, on the 16th, at a private audience, when business would be commenced, the object of the mission officially announced, and permission asked to discuss matters with the ministers. It was hoped that the official visits to the ministers might take place the same day. On the 15th Captain Sladen saw the king, and informed him of the communications which would be made to him next day, and his Majesty expressed his readiness to receive them from the envoy. On the 16th, however, Captain Sladen was so unwell as to be unable to attend with the envoy at the palace. Information to this effect was conveyed to his Majesty, and he was asked whether it would be agreeable to him to receive the envoy and other officers without Captain Sladen, or whether his Majesty would prefer to wait for a day or two for Captain Sladen's recovery. His Majesty suggested that the audience should be postponed till the 18th, and the ministers at the same time sent to the envoy requesting he would pay his visits to them also on the 18th. The delay in seeing the king did not really interfere with the transaction of business, and none could have been gone into with the ministers until after they had been visited.

On the 18th the visits were again postponed until the 19th, when the envoy had what was called a private audience with his Majesty. Colonel Fytche was accompanied by Captain Sladen, Captain Duncan, and Mr. Edwards. The reception took place in the southern garden, in a summer-house. There were present the Keng Wondouk, the Paopa Wondouk, an Atwen Won, and the Kalar Won (Mr. Manook). The following conversation took place:—

King. "I hope you continue well and comfortable."

Envoy. "Everything is most comfortable. I have already had the honour of thanking your Majesty publicly for the reception and accommodation afforded us, and I beg now to repeat the same. It will give me much pleasure on my approaching visit to Calcutta to inform the Viceroy and Governor-General of India of the kindness and consideration your Majesty has shown."

Pause.

Col. Fytche. "The water in the river is now falling fast, and I should be glad if your Majesty would give me an opportunity of concluding the business upon which I have come."

King. "Do you mean the business you have written about, and which Sladen has conducted with me?"

Col. F. "Yes, your Majesty."

King. "That is arranged: nothing remains but to meet the Wongyees and conclude matters with them."

Col. F. "I had great pleasure, before leaving Rangoon, in writing to inform the Viceroy of your Majesty's assent to the several treaty propositions which were laid before you by Captain Sladen. On my return to Rangoon it is my intention to proceed to Calcutta to visit the Viceroy."

King. "When you visit Calcutta, there is one thing I wish you to mention to the Viceroy—viz., that he would give you permission to visit me once a year at least."

Col. F. "I shall do so, your Majesty."

King. "I see Mr. Edwards. (To Mr. Edwards.) Edwards, you never get old; what is your age? (To Colonel Fytche.) Be kind to Mr. Edwards; he has served Government faithfully for a number of years. (To Mr. Edwards.) Edwards, when the British Government cease to employ you, come to me, and I will keep you here. I shall not expect you to work, but I shall keep you in comfort."

Pause.

King. "There is no state or condition of life which is not made more perfect by a good friendly understanding. I wish for sincere friendship with you, Colonel Fytche. When I make a request, you must not think that I wish merely for my own personal interests. I look to the interests of both countries. In return, any requests which you may have to make of me should have reference to mutual advantages; our friendship will then be complete. But there are certain ways in which friendship will be completely broken off and utterly destroyed. No more effectual means exist than listening to the idle stories of evil-minded men. Even the most affectionate couple, whether as husband and wife, brother and sister, or father and son, may soon be made to hate each other by reports from intriguers. Lately, for instance, before you came, there were people who told me you were a bad man, and that I might expect the worst from your visit; I now see how false were those words. They also tried to make me believe that you were no friend of Sladen's."

Col. F. "I have every confidence in Captain Sladen. He has been known to me for many years, and served directly under me when I was Commissioner of Tenasserim."

King. "A man like Sladen is rare even among foreigners. You will do well to give him your confidence. He works for the interests of both countries. He is as much in my confidence as any of my own ministers, and I often say more to him than I would to them. Sladen, you know the duties of a ruler; what is the first duty?"

Capt. S. "That he should have patience (or self-restraint), your Majesty."

King (laughing). "Exactly; a ruler should never lose his temper; he should listen to all sides of a question, but never allow himself to be angry," and so forth.

Pause.

King. "I wish you, Colonel Fytche, to see my hospitals for the sick and old; they will interest you. I myself derive much satisfaction from being able to exercise charity towards the afflicted and the priests, besides which I thereby lay up for myself future reward; but I am not supposed to keep all this to myself. There is no gift of gold and silver which can be

compared to the priceless one of a share in the reward or merit of good actions. I want you, Colonel Fytche, to say you will accept what I have of that to give you."

Col. F. "I do so, your Majesty. The tenets of the Buddhist faith resemble those of the Christian religion in this and in many other respects—He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; what he layeth out it shall be paid him again."

King. "Then I admit you to share the merit of my charitable works. I cannot make you a greater offering than this. I have long known you by report, and have had your portrait for some years. Although we have known one another personally for a short time only, you must still consider that we have long been friends. Who is that sitting near the envoy?"

Col. F. "It is the Inspector-General of Police, Captain Duncan."

King. (To Captain Duncan.) "Do you understand Burmese?"

Capt. Duncan. "I do, your Majesty."

King. "Then I hope you will remember all I have been saying."

Col. F. "Captain Sladen, under my instructions, spoke to your Majesty a day or two ago regarding the exploring expedition which the Viceroy proposes to send from Bhamo to China. I wish to write on the subject to your Majesty."

King. "Do so by all means. I will sanction the expedition (literally I will give permission for the party to go); when will it start? where will it go?"

Col. F. "It will leave this in December, and proceed from Bhamo to China."

King. "Who is to go with the party? If you send Sladen, I will assist him throughout to China, and send my own people with him."

Col. F. "It is my intention to send Captain Sladen, but arrangements will have to be made for any business which may have to be transacted here during his absence."

King. "Sladen will only be away a short time. It will be better not to appoint any one here in his absence. I shall order my Wonyees to communicate direct with you in Rangoon on business matters."

The King here pointed out to Colonel Fytche the Keng Wondouk, and said he wished Colonel Fytche to know him and like him: he (the King) had reared the Wondouk from the time he was a child. Colonel Fytche replied that he had met the Keng Wondouk once or twice since his arrival, and had liked him from the first. His Majesty also pointed out the Padein Won, Shwé Beng (a young Burmese who received an English education in Calcutta), and requested Colonel Fytche to look upon him as his son. Colonel Fytche mentioned to the king that the Paopa Wondouk (who was present) had been most attentive since the mission had entered Burmese territory.

King. "I should wish to have two river steamers, one of them to be armed. During the rebellion my country was saved by the steamers that came up from Rangoon; as soon as they appeared the rebels dispersed everywhere. Colonel Phayre advised me to have two war steamers, one between this and Bhamo, and the other between this and the frontier. I want your Government to supply me with these steamers; what would they cost?"

Col. F. "The steamers can be furnished easily enough, but it will be necessary that your Majesty should furnish details as to the kind of steamer you want, its length, breadth, draught, horse-power, and so forth. There are so many varieties of steamers suitable for river navigation."

Here ensued a short discussion as to what would be required, and it was eventually arranged that the Burmese ministers would furnish details regarding the steamers, and Colonel Fytche would make enquiries in Calcutta as to the cost, and so forth.

King. "I also want 1,000 rifles. You have already consented to my having 2,000, which I am now getting from Dr. Williams; and if you let me have 8,000 more, I shall have 10,000 men well armed with rifles, and they will always remain near me at the capital."

To this Colonel Fytche replied that the rifles could be furnished, but that the kind of rifle wanted should be settled. A conversation ensued regarding smooth-bores, rifles, and breech-loaders, and it was explained to the King that to use rifles or breech-loaders the men had to be well instructed, and then to take great care of their arms. The King replied: "In time, no doubt, my men would learn all that," and it was arranged that his Majesty should decide and let Colonel Fytche know what kind of arm he desired to have. The King then turned to leave, and turning round on the sofa, said: "Sladen, I am sorry you have been sick. I shall send you something to-morrow to make you well," and with that withdrew.

The party then adjourned to an open pavilion, where sweetmeats and fruits were served. Subsequently, the Chief Commissioner, Captain Duncan, and Mr. Edwards, visited the Wonyees. The first was the Loungshay Mengyee, an officer who had been most severely wounded during the late rebellion, and who was still disabled. During the visit there was no business discussed, but a friendly conversation lasted for some time. The next visit was to the Yaynan-Khyoung Mengyee, Oo Tso, an old soldier of high repute among the Burmese. He had been engaged in a good many campaigns, and during the rebellion last year re-established the king's authority in all the districts south of Mandalay to the frontier. He received a bullet wound in one of the fights, and, indeed, the bullet had not been extracted. The Mengyee is a man of very quiet and affable manners. Some of the ladies of his family were present. He spoke on general subjects, and only casually adverted to the fact of a treaty being in negotiation, asking when it would be concluded. He seldom mixes in politics, and his reputation is entirely military. The Pakhan Mengyee was next visited. This official may be described as holding the position of prime minister; he is the cleverest of the officials now in office, was a fellow-priest with the king before he came to the throne, and has always been employed in political matters. At his house the Keng Wondouk (who has already been frequently mentioned) was present. The visit was a most agreeable one, as they are both men of unusual intelligence. The subjects were general, and no business was referred to. The subjects talked of were some points of the Christian religion, the deluge, the solar system, the duration of night and day in different portions of the globe, and so forth, all carried on with great vivacity and good humour. At each of the officials' houses refreshments were served up in the English style, with plates, knives and forks,

glasses, and napkins. At the Yaynan-Khyoung Mengyee's house beer and sherry were on the table; at those of the others, tea was served.

On the 21st October Colonel Fytche visited the Pakhan Mengyee for the purpose of discussing matters regarding the

Treaty, and some corrections were made in the draft making more clear the provisions of the articles. The Treaty generally was finally agreed to, leaving only one clause in the article, regarding the jurisdiction of the agent, for reference to His Majesty the King.



TORII, OR HOLY GATE—AVENUE OF THE TEMPLE AT BENTEN.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—III.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

JAPANESE COSMOGONY—THE CREATION—THE GODS.

IN the beginning there was neither heaven nor earth; the elements of all things formed a confused liquid mass, like the contents of an egg in which the white and yolk have been mixed together. From the midst of this chaos there sprang forth a god, who is called the Supreme Being, and whose throne is in the midst of heaven. Afterwards came God the Creator, who is over all creation, and then God the Creator who is the sublime spirit. Each of these three gods had a separate existence, but they were not revealed, except in their spiritual nature. Gradually a work of separation took place in chaos; the subtle atoms quickly rolled away and formed the celestial vault overhead. The grosser atoms agglomerated slowly into a

solid body; and thus the earth was not formed till long after the heavens. While the terrestrial matter still floated like a fish sporting on the surface of the waters, or like the image of the moon trembling on the limpid wave, there appeared floating between earth and sky something like a branch of a thorn-tree, endowed with motion, and capable of being transformed. It was changed into three gods, their names being Kuni-toko-datsi, no Mikoto; Kuni-satsu-tsi, no Mikoto; and Toyo-kumu-su, no Mikoto. After these three principal gods, there were four couples of gods and goddesses, namely, Wu-hidsi-ni, no Mikoto, and his companion; Oo-to-tsi, no Mikoto, and his companion; Omo-taru, no Mikoto, and his companion; lastly, Izanaghi, no Mikoto, and his companion Izanami.

THE LEGEND OF IZANAGHI AND IZANAMI.

One day Izanaghi, the seventh of the celestial gods, determined to call into existence a lower world. He felt attracted towards the new creation which he saw rising from the waves of the ocean, and proposed to his divine companion, Izanami, to descend with him to earth. The goddess willingly accepted his invitation, and the celestial pair, leaning on the balustrade of their ethereal dwelling, considered what part they would select for their intended peregrination. Looking down on

the inner sea of Japan, they with one accord made choice of the beautiful isle of Awatsi, resting like a basket of leaves and flowers on the calm, deep water, protected on one side by the rocks of Sikok, and on the other by the fertile shores of Nippon. Having reached it, they could not sufficiently enjoy the charms of this delightful retreat, now wandering through fields enamelled with flowers, now climbing hills to breathe the fragrance of myrtle and orange groves, or sitting on the bank of a cascade, the murmur of whose waters blended with the warbling of birds. The middle of the island contained high mountains, whose summits were crowned with shady pines, camphor trees, and other aromatic shrubs, and whose sides were pierced with grottoes carpeted with moss and curtained by waving plants. On beholding these beauties, which they had themselves evoked from the elements, it seemed to them that a terrestrial existence was not unworthy of the gods themselves. Days, seasons, years passed away, and a group of gay children sported around the divine couple, on the threshold of their dwelling in a smiling valley. But as they grew up a veil of sadness clouded the vision of their parents; they could not ignore the fact that all that is born on earth is subject to death, and that their children must sooner or later submit to the inevitable law. The tender Izanami trembled at the thought; she could not realise the fact that she must one day close the eyes of her children, and yet continue to enjoy immortality herself; indeed, she would rather descend with them into the grave. Izanaghi resolved to put an end to a position which daily became more painful, and accordingly persuaded his companion to return with him to their celestial abode, before their happiness should be interrupted by the sight of death, urging that, although their children could not accompany them, he might leave them a legacy which would enable them to hold as much intercourse with them as their mortal nature permitted. When the time for parting had come, he exhorted them to dry their tears, and listen to his last wishes. He commenced by describing, in language more than human, the perfect and unchanging happiness which is enjoyed by the

inhabitants of heaven; he pictured it as a star, which, although far beyond their reach, appeared as though they could touch it, from the top of a lofty mountain which bounded the horizon. "Thus," he added, "without possessing that happiness which belongs only to a higher sphere, it depends on yourselves whether you will enjoy the contemplation and anticipation of it by faithfully attending to my commands." At these words he raised, in his right hand, the disc of polished silver which had so often reflected the image of his divine

helpmate, and making his children kneel before him, he continued in a solemn voice: "I leave you this precious relic; it will recal to you the beloved features of your mother, but it will also show you your own image, which will suggest a humiliating comparison. Do not, however, give yourselves up to vain regrets, but endeavour to assimilate yourselves to the heavenly image of her whom you will no longer see on earth. Every morning place yourselves on your knees before this mirror; it will show you the wrinkles engraved on your foreheads by some earthly care, or the agitation produced by some deadly passion. When these marks are effaced, and you are restored to serenity, offer up your prayer to us without hypocrisy, for be assured that the gods read your hearts as easily as you read the image reflected in the mirror. If during the day you feel excited to emotions of anger, impatience, envy, or covetousness, which you are unable to resist, hasten to the sanctuary, and there renew your morning ablutions, your prayers and meditations. Finally, when retiring to rest each night, let your last thought be an act of self-examination and an

aspiration towards that better world to which we have gone before you."

THE FIRST ALTAR—THE KAMI RELIGION OF JAPAN.

Here the legend ends; but tradition adds that, on the spot where they received the farewells of their divine parents, the children of Izanaghi raised an altar of cedar-wood, adorned only by Izanami's mirror and two vases made of bamboo-trunks, containing bouquets of her favourite flowers. A simple square hut, thatched with rushes, protected the rustic altar; in bad weather it was closed by sliding-shutters. There the children of Izanaghi celebrated morning and evening the worship taught them by their father. They lived on earth from generation to generation for a period of from two to three million years, and became in their turn immortal *Kamis*, happy spirits, worthy of divine honours. Science confirms tradition, and proves that, six centuries before Christ, there existed a religion in Japan peculiar to it, and which had never been practised elsewhere,



ZINMU. (From a Japanese Painting).

as is observed by Kämpfer, and which is preserved to the present time, although in an altered form and in an inferior position to other sects of later origin. It is the worship of the *Kamis*, and has since received various names, borrowed from the Chinese language, which I therefore pass over. It cannot be regarded as the worship of the spirits of their ancestors in general, nor of the ancestors of particular families. The spirits worshipped under the name of *Kamis* belong certainly to the mythological or heroic legend which reflects glory upon certain existing families, but they are especially national genii, the protectors of Japan and its inhabitants. Besides, who could the primitive *Kamis* have been if not the fabulous persons of the national cosmogony, and some others of secondary rank, those genii and mythological heroes who receive divine homage in various parts of Japan, where chapels were erected in their honour in very remote periods? These rustic buildings are known by the name of *mias*, and the most celebrated of them are in the south-west portion of the archipelago, which appears to have been the cradle of Japanese civilisation. Even in these days, and especially in spring, thousands of pilgrims flock there from all parts of the empire. The chapel dedicated to *Ten-sjoo-dai-zin*, in the country of *Isyé*, is supposed to be the most authentic memorial of the primitive religion of the Japanese. Kämpfer asserts that the *Sintoistes* (which is the Chinese name for this sect) make a pilgrimage to *Isyé* once a year, or at least once in their lives. "The temple of *Isyé*," he says, "is a low mean-looking building with a thatched roof, situated in a wide plain. Great care is taken to preserve it in its original condition, as a monument of the extreme poverty of its founders, 'the first men,' as the Japanese style them. The temple contains only a mirror of cast metal, polished in the native fashion, and pieces of cut paper round the walls. The mirror is placed there as an emblem of the all-seeing eye of the Great Being they worship; the cut white paper represents the purity of the place, and reminds worshippers that they must present themselves with pure hearts, and bodies cleansed from all stain." This account, remarkable as it is, is far from giving a perfect idea of the architectural type to which the *Kami* temples belong. The temple of *Isyé* belongs to a period when art was in its infancy, and had not attained the purer form which it took under the reign of the first *Mikados*. Its essential characteristics are the following:—In the first place, the situation of the building is a special point, a picturesque spot being always chosen, and one where there are plenty of full-grown trees, with a fine avenue of pines or cedars generally leading up to it, and it is always approached by one of the *Toris* which I have already described. The *mias* are usually built on a hill, which is sometimes artificial, and faced with walls of Cyclopean construction; they are ascended by a staircase, at the foot of which is the chapel for ablutions, consisting merely of a roof covering a stone basin, which is kept full of water. The actual temple is raised one or two yards from the ground, supported by four massive pillars, and surrounded, like most Japanese houses, by a verandah, which is reached by several steps. It is built of wood, closed on three sides, and open in front, although furnished with movable shutters, which can be closed when necessary. The interior of the sanctuary is, therefore, exposed to view, and its severe simplicity is not without an elegance of its own, the wood-work being brilliantly clean, and the mats with which the floor is covered of the finest quality. The metal

disc which decorates the altar is effective from its simplicity; and there are no hangings, statues, or images to distract the attention and interfere with meditation. The roof of the chapel is not the least original part of it; it may be of thatch, slates, or tiles, but the framework is always of the same shape—it slopes gradually on both sides, and bends outwards towards the base, where it projects over the verandah; and its height is greatly disproportioned to that of the building. It is finished at the top of each gable by two pieces of wood in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross, and along the point of the roof small spindle-shaped pieces of wood are placed at intervals, a style of ornament of which I have never been able to discover the object. The strips of white paper mentioned by Kämpfer are still in use amongst the various sects, and are suspended to the walls of the temples, the lintels of the houses, and to the straw ropes which they hang in the neighbourhood of some of their sacred places, and in the streets on religious festivals. Still I am inclined to believe that the use of this consecrated paper is an importation from Buddhism, as the priests of that religion make use of little strips of wood surmounted by a tuft of paper-ribbon, like a holy-water sprinkler, which they have before them on entering the temple and approaching the altar to purify the air from evil influences; and this has, doubtless, led to the custom in some of the *Kami* temples of placing one of these sprinklers on a step of the altar before the sacred mirror. Among innovations more or less recent, I may mention, first the introduction, at the entrance of some of the *mias*, of two mythological figures in bronze, representing, under fantastic forms, a dog and a kind of unicorn, both crouching on their hind legs, and symbolising, it is said, the two purifying elements of fire and water; and next, the custom of placing a wooden coffer at the foot of the altar to receive offerings, which sometimes has a grated cover, to prevent the pieces of money which are thrown in being taken out except by the priests, who keep the key; but it as often has a solid cover surrounded by a ledge, on which the devotees throw their "*szenis*" (little iron coins) wrapped in paper. Besides these, I have sometimes noticed a gong or a bunch of little bells suspended to the front of the temples, to enable visitors to summon the priests when absent from the altar. The fact that these objects have been lately introduced into the *Kami* worship is plainly proved by the circumstance that their religion had originally no priesthood. The primitive *mias* were, as we have seen, memorial chapels raised in honour of national heroes, like William Tell's chapel on the lake of Lucerne. The chief of a country which could boast of one of these monuments watched over its preservation, but no priest served its altar, and no privileged sect interposed between the worshipper and the object of his adoration. The act of worship, performed before the mirror of *Izanami*, was not limited to the *Kami* of the particular chapel, but through him to the gods whom he represented; consequently the temple was free to every one, and there was an utter absence of ceremony in the worship. This state of things has not been preserved; the younger members of families were charged first with the superintendence, and afterwards with the service of the sacred place. By degrees processions, litanies, offerings, and even miraculous images were introduced. The priests assumed the surplice during the performance of service, but resumed their usual dress and arms on quitting the sacred precincts; they did not form themselves into a distinct caste or class, but instituted an inferior brother-

hood of a monastic character, especially devoted to the service of pilgrims, and called Kanouses. The deviation of the Kami worship from its original purity may be attributed to two causes—first, to the foundation of the power of the Mikados; and in the second place, to the introduction of Buddhism into Japanese society.

THE FIRST SOVEREIGNS OF JAPAN—HISTORY OF ZINMU.

The history of Japan opens with the story of a conqueror, who came from the southern isles. The annals of the empire represent him as a native prince, lord of a small territory at the southern extremity of Kiu-Siu. Obscure traditions assign to him a foreign origin, the cradle whence his family, and probably he himself sprung, being the small archipelago of the Liu-Kiu Isles, which may be said to link together Formosa and the southern part of China with Japan.

Six centuries before him, an expedition had set out from Formosa or the Asiatic continent, conducted by a prince named Taipé, or Taifak, and moving on from isle to isle, reached at length the coast of Kiu-Siu. However, the first historical personage whose memoirs have been preserved in the annals of Japan, where he is called Zinmu, made his appearance in the year 667 before Christ. Although the youngest of four sons, his father named him his successor at the age of fifteen, and at forty-five he ascended the throne without opposition from his brothers. An old dependent, whose adventures had led him to distant islands, delighted to describe their beautiful shores, which the gods themselves had formerly chosen as an asylum, but which were now inhabited by barbarous tribes, at war with each other. He represented to his chief that this people, although skillful in the use of the lance, the bow, and the sword, would be incapable of resisting a disciplined army, protected by iron helmets and breastplates, since they were clothed only in coarse fabrics and the skins of wild animals. Fired by the hope of conquest, Zinmu collected his forces, under his elder brothers and his sons, and taking the chief command himself, embarked with them in a few well-equipped junks, and sailed from his native place, which he was destined never to revisit. After doubling the south-east point of Kiu-Siu, they coasted along the eastern side of the island, landing here and there, giving battle to the tribes who resisted them, and forming alliances with such chiefs as were disposed to join in their enterprise. There were evident signs of this coast having been the scene of former invasions, the population consisting of a superior class of serfs bound to the soil. At the time of Zinmu's advent they surrounded themselves with walls and palisades, the warriors being armed with a bow and long feathered arrows, a long sabre with a chased hilt, and a naked sword fastened in a fold of their belts. Their most precious ornament consisted of a chain of magatamas, or cut jewels, which they wore suspended over the right hip. These jewels consisted of rock crystal, agates, jasper, amethysts, topazes, &c., some egg-shaped, and others carved into the shape of crescents and other forms. The women wore similar chains; and this custom of displaying all their wealth on their persons still prevails in the islands of Liu-Kiu and at Yeso in the north of Japan, but had disappeared in central Japan, under the influence of a greater degree of refinement.

After ten months of difficult navigation, interspersed with brilliant feats of arms and successful negotiations, Zinmu

reached the north-east extremity of Kiu-Siu. From this point he hesitated to proceed farther; but having met with a fisherman sailing courageously in an immense turtle-shell, he placed himself under his guidance as pilot, and safely crossed the strait which separates Kiu-Siu from Nippon. This latter extends from east to west, in the shape of a semicircle, which forms the northern shore of a sort of Mediterranean Sea, bounded on the south by the large islands of Sikok and Kiu-Siu, and interspersed with little archipelagoes. Zinmu advanced towards the east, carrying on his movements with great prudence and caution, and leaving no place of importance unsecured; and as the native tribes opposed him vigorously, as well by sea as by land, he fortified himself on the peninsula of Takasima, and spent three years in the construction and equipment of an auxiliary fleet. On resuming the campaign, he completed the conquest of the sea-coast and islands of the inland sea, and then penetrating into the interior of Nippon, he established his rule over the fertile country extending from Osaka to the Gulf of Yeddo. From this period all the cultivated countries and civilised tribes of ancient Japan were in the power of Zinmu. The remainder of Nippon and the southern islands of the archipelago consisted of vast forests, the home of wandering tribes of natives living solely on the produce of the chase, who had been gradually driven towards the north by the invasions of the southern tribes. Along the sea-coast, and in the islands of the northern part of the Pacific, there is still to be met a race of men with squat figures and hairy bodies, and broad, massive features, called by the Japanese Ainos (the first men); and this type is even seen amongst their own lower classes, and seems to show that the Ainos were the original inhabitants of Japan, especially as this name is never used as a term of reproach, "Yebis" being their equivalent for barbarian.

Japanese civilisation seems to me the result rather of a fusion of races than a simple importation; this mixture, without absorption of the native element, having produced a new type, as it has done in the parallel case of Great Britain.

At the end of seven years Zinmu had attained the object of his ambition, but his three brothers had perished—one in battle, and the others victims of their devotion to his cause, having thrown themselves into the sea, in order to appease a tempest which threatened the destruction of the hero's junks. Zinmu was believed to be under the special protection of the divinity of the sun, who on one occasion sent a raven to guide him through the dangerous and intricate passes of Yamato, a country which occupies the centre of a large peninsula in the south-east of Nippon. It was there Zinmu built a strong castle, on a large hill whose summit he caused to be levelled, which he called his "Miako," or head-quarters, and there established his court, or "Daïri." Native historians often make use of the word Miako instead of the proper name of the city in which the emperor resides, and that of Daïri for the title Mikado. They say indifferently that such a thing is done by order of the Daïri, or by order of the Mikado. Zinmu, who had been raised to the throne by the choice of his father, made a law that in future each Mikado should select his successor from amongst his sons, or in default of them, from amongst the princes of the blood royal. Zinmu had a glorious reign of seventy-six years, and at his death (B.C. 587) was enrolled amongst the number of the Kamis, and his chapel, known by the name of Simoyasiro, is placed on Mount Kamo, near

Kioto, where he is still worshipped as the founder of the empire. The hereditary succession has remained in his family for more than 2,500 years, without being interfered with by the new power which, under the name of the Tycoon, now governs the empire of Japan. The ancient Mikados were a strong and handsome race, and their wives, who sometimes governed in the capacity of regents, showed themselves worthy of their dignity. One of them, of the name of Zingu, A.D. 201, equipped a fleet, and embarking at the head of a picked army, crossed the Sea of Japan and made the conquest of the Corea,

the institution of a postal communication on horseback, the distillation of saki, and the art of sewing, which was taught to the Japanese housewives by workwomen from Petsi in the Corea. In the fourth century the Dairi had rice-granaries built in different parts of the empire, in order to prevent the recurrence of famines, which had several times raged among the people. In 543 the court of Petsi sent the Mikado "the wheel which points to the south." The introduction of hydraulic timepieces took place in 660, and ten years later the use of water-power in manufactories. It was only near the end of the eighth



CIVIL AND MILITARY OFFICIALS RETURNING FROM DUTY.

returning to her capital only in time to give birth to a future Mikado.

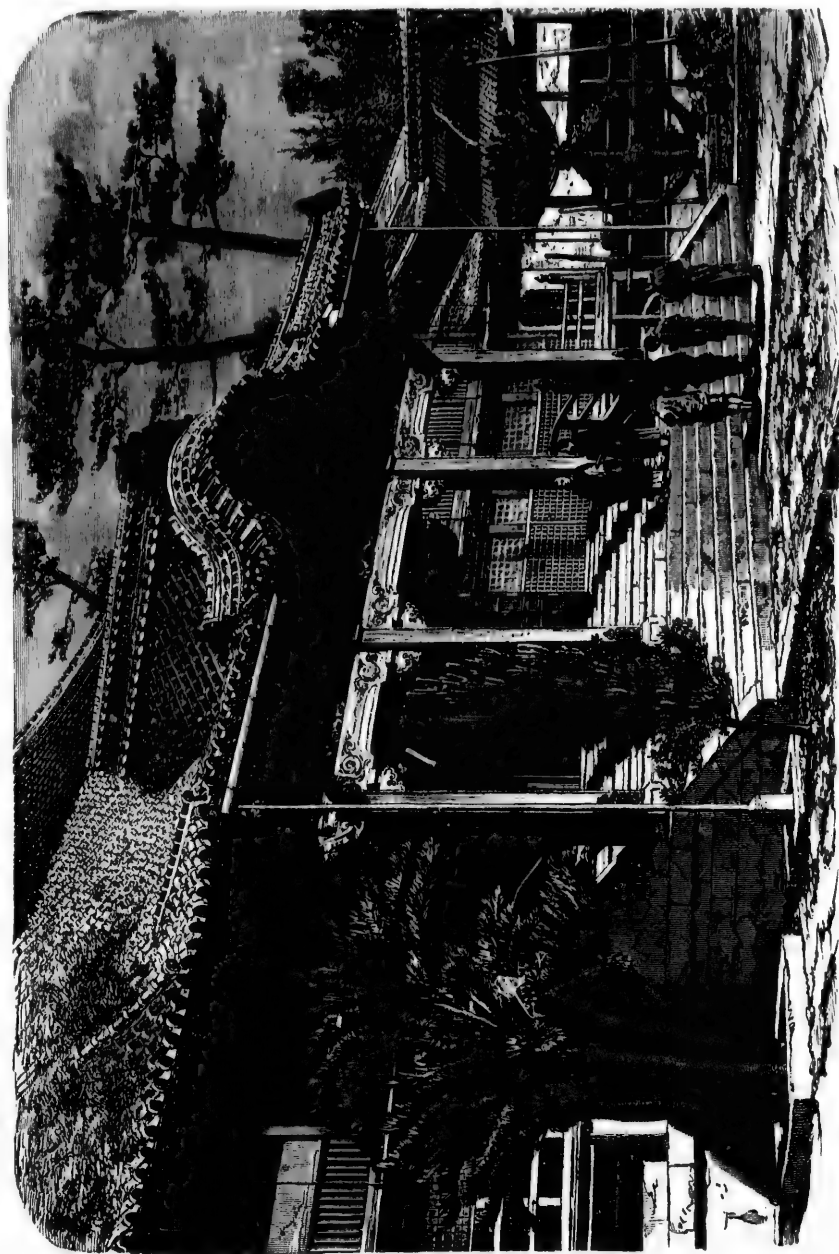
EARLY INVENTIONS.

It was from the Corea that the Japanese brought the horse, ass, and camel; but the first only of these domestic animals has become naturalised in Japan. The formation of ponds and canals for the irrigation of the rice-fields dates from B.C. 36; the tea-plant was introduced from China; Tatsima Nori brought the orange-tree from "the land of eternity;" and the cultivation of the mulberry and the manufacture of silk date from about the fifth century of our era. Two centuries later they became acquainted with

"The earth which burns like oil and wood,"

and discovered the silver mines of Tsu-sima. Several important inventions date from the third century: for instance,

century that the Japanese system of writing was invented; but from the third century the Chinese characters had been in use at court. The mystery which surrounds their ancient literature prevents our being able to judge the effect which it had upon civilisation; but it is interesting to observe the civilising influence of the fine arts upon them. Formerly it was the custom to sacrifice human victims at the obsequies of the Mikado or his consort the "Kisaki," and they were generally chosen from among their immediate attendants; but in the year 3 B.C., a native sculptor, by name Nomino Sukuné, was daring enough, on the death of the Kisaki, to lay some of his clay figures at the emperor's feet, and proposed to throw them into the tomb instead of the usual funeral offerings. The Mikado not only accepted the substitute, but gave him a signal mark of his favour by changing his family name to that of Fasi (artist). Their laws remain to the present day more cruel



BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT NAGASAKI.

than their customs. The political administration has been calculated to develop the genius of the nation, and to preserve its strength and originality. In 86 B.C., the Mikado had a census made of the population, and ordered the erection of dockyards. In the second century of our era, the state was divided into eight administrative circles, and these again into sixty-eight districts. In the fifth century a registrar was appointed in each district to collect and record the customs and popular traditions of his department. An imperial road united the cities, five in number, in which the Mikado held his court in succession; the most important of these in the seventh century was Osaka, on the east bank of the inland sea. The crowning event of founding a capital to be the centre of the language, literature, and general civilisation of the country, was accomplished in the eighth century, and Kioto has been the favourite residence of the Mikado since the twelfth century.

THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN.

In making the voyage from Nagasaki, or the Chinese coasts, to the bay of Yeddo, most vessels pass through Van Diemen's Straits, south of the island of Kiu-Siu. There is, however, another route, which will probably become the most generally used when the ports of Osaka and Hiogo are thrown open to the commerce of the west. It was this route that I followed in going from Nagasaki to Yokohama. The voyage occupied seven days; but we passed four of the nights at anchor, the first at an island in the Korean Sea, before we reached the straits of Van der Capellen, the rest of them in the ports of Nippon after passing through the channel. There are as yet no nautical maps sufficiently accurate for the guidance of steam vessels at night, so we were obliged to trust to the native pilots, and stop wherever they thought proper. The inland sea of Japan measures about fifty miles at its greatest width, and about 250 miles in length; it is formed into five separate basins by the outlines of the greater islands of Nippon, Kiu-Siu, and Sikok, and by the charming groups of smaller islands which are scattered in their vicinity. These basins, called by the Japanese "Nadas," receive the name of the province whose shores they wash: they are Suwo, in Nippon; Iyo, in Sikok; Bingo, Arima, and Idsumi, in Nippon. The strait of Capellen is bordered by wooded hills, adorned with temples and monasteries; at the foot of the range lies the city of Simonséki, extending a mile and a half along the shore of Nippon. Before the foundation of Yokohama it was the principal port of the island, and chief place of commerce in the empire, for, although Japan was closed to foreign trade previous to 1859, it maintained a limited intercourse with China, the Corea, and the Dutch factory of Decima. The port of Simonséki is well protected from the waves of the Korean Sea by the little island of Hikusima, which lies across the strait, and leaves a passage of only three miles long by half a mile broad between itself and Kiu-Siu. A little lower down we came to the small town of Kokwra on the opposite bank, but we soon lost sight of the coast, and found ourselves in the widest part of the inland sea, the basin of Suwo, called by the natives Suwonada, which name is also applied to the entire Japanese Mediterranean. A number of heavy merchant junks, fishing, and other boats, cover these waters; but it contains no archipelagoes like the other basins, which present an unbroken succession of islands of various sizes and degrees of cultivation,

forming a chain around the two great islands, Sikok and Nippon, and hiding all except the tops of the highest mountains. Many of these islands are merely masses of black or brown rocks of volcanic origin, and present the appearance of a sugar-loaf or some fantastic form; others are hills of sand, whose undulations remind one of the dunes of Holland. On some of the islands—which, although uninhabited, are cultivated by the neighbouring villagers—we saw large fields of rice and corn, and hills and valleys covered with luxurious vegetation. But in the midst of this wealth of nature the agricultural population of Japan lives in a state bordering on want; the produce of their labour belongs to the daimios, or lords of the soil. Owing to the absence of a middle class, the Japanese villages have a wretched appearance. A free civilisation would have covered the banks of the inland sea with picturesque villages and elegant villas; as it is, the only important objects are the temples, and these, at a little distance, can only be distinguished by the venerable trees which surround them. The manorial castles are usually at some distance from the towns and villages, and consist of a spacious quadrangular enclosure of high and massive walls, surrounded by a moat, and flanked at the angles, or surmounted at intervals all round, by square turrets with slightly sloping roofs. Within are the park, the gardens, and the residence of the nobleman, comprising a principal building and numerous offices. Sometimes a separate tower, of the same form as the other buildings, rises several stories higher than the level of the outer wall, each story being surrounded by a projecting roof in the style of the Chinese pagodas, but generally without an accompanying gallery. All the masonry is rough, and joined by cement; the wood-work is painted red and black, and enriched with copper ornaments; while the *pise* (brick-work) is white-washed, and the tiles on the roofings are slate-coloured. In these edifices the details are less considered than the general effect produced by their height and harmonious proportions; and from this point of view, some of the manorial residences of Japan are worthy to rank amongst the most remarkable monuments of Oriental architecture.

The shores of the inland sea present a series of views of infinite variety; some of them so extensive that the sea-line blends with the distant sandy spits bathed in sunlight, beyond which rise the shadowy summits of a mountain range; there, a village, buried in a forest at the extremity of a peaceful bay, reminds one of a landscape on a lake in the Jura on a fine June morning. Sometimes, also, the basin narrows so that the opposite islands seem to bar further progress, in a way which reminds one of the Rhine near Eppart; and yet the Japanese landscapes are calmer and more brilliant than those romantic shores; but one seeks in vain that sentiment of melancholy, which seems, according to European notions, indispensable to the true enjoyment of the picturesque. The basin of Arima is not unlike the shores of Nagasaki bay; it is almost completely shut in on the east by the island of Awatsi, thirty miles long, and which extends between Arimunada and Idsumirada. This island is shaped like a triangle, of which the apex faces northward, opposite the province of Arima in Nippon; its plains are covered with luxuriant vegetation, and towards the south it gradually rises from little wooded hills to a chain of mountains from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in height. This island is said to have been formerly the habitation of the gods, and the towers we saw on the opposite shore of

Nippon serve as monuments of the conquests made by Zinmu. We are, in fact, looking on the very cradle of Japanese mythology, the sacred soil of their Kamis, the classic land of the ancient empire of the Mikados.

The town of Hiogo, situated on the rising shores of the basin of Sasumi, opposite the island of Awatsi, possesses a commodious harbour, which has been for centuries the maritime centre of the Japanese empire. It is there that the Simonoséki junks discharge the merchandise which that city receives from China, and the isles of Liu-Kiu, Nagasaki, and the western coast of Nippon, and even from the Corea and Yeddo, for the consumption of the interior and east of Japan; and from it thousands of junks carry the agricultural produce and the works of art and industry of the southern provinces of Nippon to the islands of the inland sea. In time a double line of steamboats will unite the port of Hiogo to China, and then to the great commercial services of England and France; and, on the other side, through Yeddo and Yokohama with the ocean line to Hawaii and California.

Up to 1868 this port was closed to Western commerce, the native navigation being confined to coasting voyages—the imperial laws, which regulate even the construction of these junks, not allowing them to keep the open sea. The coasting commerce, of which Hiogo is the seat, is almost exclusively in the hands of the Osaka merchants. This latter large and ancient city is only an eight hours' journey from Hiogo; its position at the mouth of a river, which divides into several branches before falling into the sea, has afforded the means of intersecting it with a network of canals, from which it is called the Japanese Venice. From the years 744 to 1185 it was the residence of the Mikados; but the heroic period has passed when the Mikado, like the Doge of the Venetian republic, used to fill the office of admiral in person, and, from a litter borne on the shoulders of four warriors, inspect his troops, or regulate their movements seated on the top of a hill, holding an iron fan in his right hand. At Osaka, the Mikado, having reached the summit of power and wealth, built himself a palace in the centre of a spacious park, which secluded him from the noise and bustle of the city; his courtiers persuaded him that it was suitable to his dignity, as the grandson of the Sun, to withdraw himself from the view of his subjects in general, and to abandon the cares of government and the command of the army and navy to the nobles and favourites by whom he was

surrounded. The daily life of the Dairi is subjected to ceremonials which regulate its most trifling details, and which surround the sovereign with a barrier insurmountable except by those who belong to his court. The imperial power throws but a very few stray sunbeams across the nation's path. The citizens, disappointed in their expectations, and tired of the arbitrary rule of favourites, raised murmurs, which penetrated to the ears of the monarch, who instituted offices where the complaints of the people were registered. His courtiers believing that the dynasty of the grandson of the Sun was hastening to ruin, withdrew, with their emperor, to the little inland town of Kioto, thirty miles north of Osaka. There they

established the permanent residence of the Mikados, and the settled capital, or Miako. By leaving the city, which was the great centre of commerce, industry, and intellectual activity, independent of the Dairi, they obtained the double advantage of cutting off all communication between the sovereign and the people, and of moulding the new capital according to their own tastes and fancies. Kioto is situated in the centre of a fertile plain open to the south, and bounded on the north-east by a chain of verdant hills, behind which extends the large lake of Oitz. Its southern portion is built on the bank of the river Idogawa, which issues from Lake Oitz, and divides into two branches, which wash the east and west walls of the capital, and fall into the inner sea a few miles below Osaka. Kioto is thus completely surrounded by a network of running water, which is serviceable for the irrigation of rice-fields, as well as for the formation of canals in the streets and ponds in



BIRDS OF JAPAN. (From a native drawing.)

the imperial parks. Rice, wheat, buckwheat, the tea shrub, cotton plant, and mulberry, are cultivated in the suburbs, as well as an immense variety of fruits and vegetables. Groves of bamboos, laurels, and chesnuts crown the heights. There is an abundance of springs, and the variety of birds gives animation to the scene. The country about Kioto is celebrated for the mildness of its climate, and it is less subject to earthquakes and hurricanes than most parts of the empire. The descendants of Zinmu could not have found a more favourable retreat in which to enjoy the fruits of their ancestors' labours, to deify themselves complacently on the pedestal of the ancient traditions of their race, and to forget the realities of human life, even to the extent of letting one of the finest sceptres in the world drop from their enfeebled grasp.

Sir Samuel Baker's Nile Expedition.

THE great expedition of discovery and conquest, proposed by Sir Samuel Baker, and accepted by the Viceroy of Egypt, up the Nile to the equatorial lakes of central Africa, has already occupied a large share of public attention in England, and will yet create more interest when the news arrives of its being fairly on its way, and beginning to contend with the many difficulties which lie before it. Very little is at present known of Sir Samuel's plans, but they appear to include the ascent of the whole length of the river by a flotilla of steamers, in which will be embarked an exploring party and a strong detachment of Egyptian troops. On the way military posts are to be established, to suppress the slave trade, so long carried on by the unscrupulous ivory-traders of the White Nile; to gain the goodwill of the oppressed negro tribes; and to put an end to the petty wars which continually exist among the more turbulent sections of the native race. One or more of the steam vessels is, meanwhile, to be taken to the Albert Nyanza; circumnavigate, if possible, the whole of its vast but unknown extent, and ascertain how far the picturesque shores of this immense sea of fresh water can be brought within the influence of civilisation and commerce. Three steamers have been built for the purpose, under the direction of Sir Samuel, and in a marvellously short space of time, by Messrs. Samuda, of London; one of them (paddle-wheel) 130 feet in length, 20 feet beam, and 251 tons; another, with twin screws, 80 feet long, 17 feet beam, and 109 tons burthen; and the third, 50 feet long and 13 feet beam. All the steamers are of steel, and will be transported to the Nile in sections; they are so made in fact as to be capable of being taken to pieces and put together again, on encountering the obstacles to navigation which are known to exist in the upper part of the White Nile. The costs of the expedition are to be defrayed by the Egyptian Government, under whom Sir Samuel acts as the commander-in-chief, invested with unlimited powers, and it is to be supposed that the Viceroy sees some hope of recompense, in the addition to his territory of fertile provinces along the shores of the Upper Nile, as well as in the credit which his humane intentions towards the native tribes, and his endeavours to extend the boundaries of knowledge and lawful commerce, will bring him.

The present ruler of Egypt is not the first of his family who has taken an active part in promoting the exploration of the sources of the Nile; for the founder of his dynasty (Mohammed Ali), between the years 1839 and 1842, despatched three expeditions up the river, with the object of solving this greatest of geographical problems, and his officers succeeded in reaching a point much further than any that had been previously attained—in fact, within 140 miles of the outlet of the Nile waters in the Albert Nyanza. The annexation of the Nile banks, as a result of the success of the present expedition, may be looked forward to as a blessing to the inhabitants; the whole tract, south of the present boundaries of Egypt, having been hitherto a kind of no man's land—a tract of country, as large as France, being rudely parcelled out among themselves by a small number of powerful ivory and slave-traders, who annually marched their bands of armed and lawless ruffians across the devastated land in search of fresh fields for trade and plunder.

Khartum, a large Egyptian town at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, will probably be the base of operations of

Sir Samuel; this place lies about 1,500 miles above Alexandria, following the bends of the river; and the navigation up to that point is impeded by six cataracts, insuperable to vessels, except during the few weeks of the year when the waters of the Nile have reached their highest level. From the uppermost cataract (about eighty miles below Khartum) no further obstacle exists to the progress of either sailing or steam vessels for about 1,000 miles, when a short distance above Gondokoro—the remote trading-station rendered famous as the rendezvous of Speke, Grant, and Baker, in 1867—a succession of rapids and waterfalls occurs, which will probably be found insurmountable by the vessels of the expedition, and will have to be turned by portage, the steamers being taken to pieces and again re-constructed. The White Nile has already been navigated by a steamer up to the foot of the first of these falls—the Dutch ladies, *Mdlle. Alexine Tinné* and the Countess Van der Capellen having advanced to that point in their vessel in 1864. The falls were not seen by Speke, Grant, nor by Baker, the route followed by them lying along the high ground at some distance from the river banks; and we are indebted for what we know of them to an account published by Dr. Peney, a French *savant*, who visited them a few years before the journey of our countrymen. Khartum lies rather more than half way between Alexandria and the equatorial lakes; but the banks of the Nile for 350 miles to the south of the town already belong to Egypt—indeed, it would appear that the Viceroy considers the whole valley of the Nile as far as Gondokoro to belong to him. The narrative of Captain (now Colonel) Grant (Speke's companion) gives a pleasing picture of the change in the condition of the people on entering the peaceful district under the dominion of Egypt, immediately south of Khartum, after the journey through the barbarous regions further south. Beyond the present Egyptian frontier, however, the physical as well as the social condition of the country seems to deteriorate. Sir Samuel Baker, in his description of his first journey, speaks of the region between the Ghazal river and Gondokoro as a dead flat—a world of interminable marsh overgrown with high reeds and papyrus rush—as far as the eye could reach all was wretchedness, with nothing but the dull croaking of water fowl and the hoarse snort of the hippopotamus to entertain the traveller. This description applies to the region as seen in the height of the rainy season, when the surrounding country is inundated by the overflowing of the Nile and its tributary streams. At Gondokoro, and to the east and west, on both sides of the river valley, an elevated, partially wooded, and picturesque country commences, which seems to extend over nearly the whole of the rest of the vast area constituting the basin of the Upper Nile. It is evidently, however, no part of Sir Samuel's plans to advance into the interior of the country far away from the banks of the river; the object he has in view is one that he has cherished and frequently expressed since his return from his former journey—the circumnavigation of the great lake he then discovered, and the settlement of its shores.

Sir Samuel Baker left England early in May to arrange, in Alexandria, the details of the expedition, and news has since arrived of his commission under the Viceroy having been definitively signed and sealed. He will leave for Khartum, travelling with Lady Baker, *via* the Red Sea, and across the desert from Soakim to Berber, as soon as the flotilla and forces, ascending by the river, have reached that point.



ENTRANCE INTO THE HARBOUR OF KANASAWA.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—IV.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

KIOTO, THE CITY OF PRIESTS.

THE descendant of the Japanese Kamis was naturally chosen to be the head of the national religion, for this had no priesthood. The Mikados created a hierarchy of functionaries, invested with the sacerdotal character and charged with all the details of public worship. They were the guardians of the temples and their treasures, and arranged the sacred and patriotic festivals, the funeral ceremonies, and the preservation of the cemeteries. All the high dignitaries were chosen from among the members of the imperial family. Everything concerning the service of the court was arranged in the same way, and the court acquired an exclusively clerical aspect, the chiefs of the civil and military administration being seldom admitted to it.

The capital of the empire, in consequence of this policy, presented the strange spectacle of a place from which everything belonging to the army, navy, and public affairs was excluded—these being given up to the care of functionaries placed in different parts of the country. On the other hand, all the religious sects which recognise the supremacy of the Mikado, made it a point of honour to fix themselves in the capital, and vie with each other in raising monuments of their special form of religion. Thus, when Buddhism was imported from China, and was assured of the Mikado's protection, on condition of doing him homage as spiritual head of the empire, it quickly outdid the Kami religion in splendour. The Japanese Buddhists have adorned Kioto with the largest bell in the world, and with a temple which is perfectly unique in style; it is called the Temple of the Thirty-three Thousand Three Hundred and Thirty-three, which is the precise number of the images contained in it—the larger statues supporting a number of smaller ones on their heads, feet, and on the palms of their hands. The temples and chapels of Kioto, belonging to the ancient religion, preserve to some extent the character of simplicity for which they are remarkable in the provinces. Some of them are dedicated to the seven celestial dynasties of native mythology, others to the

spirits of earth, and others again to the divinity of the sun, Ten-sjoo-dai-zin, or his descendants, the first Mikados. Towards the end of the seventeenth century there were 2,127 mias belonging to the Kami religion in Kioto and its outskirts; while the temples, pagodas, or chapels of the various Buddhist sects numbered no less than 3,893. These are the only noticeable monuments in this singular capital.

The palaces of the Dairi are numbered among the sacred edifices, which they resemble also in their style of architecture; they are situated in a large enclosure, which occupies the north-east portion of the city, while lofty trees of thick foliage appearing above the distant roofs give an impression of great extent to these parks, in which the imperial residences are sheltered from the vulgar eye. As it often happens that the Mikado abdicates in favour of the hereditary prince, in order to pass the end of his life in still greater privacy and retirement, a separate palace is reserved for him in an enclosure south-east of the Dairi. Nearly in the centre of the city there is a strongly fortified castle, which served as a place of refuge for the Mikado in times of trouble; it is now used as the quarters of the Tycoon's garrison. The officials and employés of various grades in the service of the emperor and his numerous family may be counted by thousands; their exact number is not known, as the court enjoy the privilege of exemption from the general census.

The Japanese Government has always paid particular attention to national statistics; in the holy city every individual is classed in the sect to which he belongs. Kæmpfer relates that in 1693 the permanent population of Kioto, exclusive of the court, consisted of 52,169 ecclesiastics, and 477,557 lay people; but both these denominations reappeared in the classification of sects, of which there were about twenty, the strongest of them numbering about 159,113 adherents, and the weakest, a kind of Buddhist fraternity, only 289 members.

It must not be supposed that this enormous development of the sacerdotal life in the capital of Japan had the effect of impressing on it a gloomy and austere

character; on the contrary, the pictures and accounts we have of Kioto in the time of its prosperity, give the idea of its carrying on a continual carnival. Any one approaching Kioto at the hour of sunset would be greeted with a noise of instruments, which would suggest the vicinity of an immense fair. On the various hills occupied by sacred groves, temples, and convents the priests and monks celebrate their evening devotions by beating drums, tambourines, copper gongs, and brass bells. The suburbs are lighted by paper lanterns of brilliant colours and various sizes—the largest, of a cylindrical form, adorn the columns in front of temples; the smallest, which are like globes, hang before the doors of inns and places of amusement, and the close proximity of these sacred edifices and profane establishments gives the whole scene the air of a festival in Venice. In the city itself a number of persons of both sexes crowd the footpaths of the long streets, extending from north to south of the city, to the boundaries of the Dairi, and surround the shops and stalls. A large proportion of them are priests, those belonging to the Kami religion wear a little glazed black paper cap, surmounted by a kind of crest of the same colour, ornamented by a narrow white cross, and with an appendage in the form of a stiffly starched ribbon fastened at the back of the head and falling on the nape of the neck. This ancient national head-dress is not the special peculiarity of the priests, but is to be met with, subject to certain modifications prescribed by the sumptuary laws, amongst the nineteen officially appointed classes of the Kioto population. A wide robe, full pantaloons, and a large curved sword, probably only for show, complete the city costume of the attendants of the Kami temples. All members of the Buddhist priesthood have their heads shaved and uncovered, except certain orders who wear wide-brimmed hats. Grey cassocks are the most usual costume, but black, brown, yellow, and red are also to be seen—sometimes with the addition of a plastron or surplice. There are even some hermits in Kioto, who have selected the capital as a place of retirement from the world. The grateful citizens have converted the cells of these anchorites into storehouses of plenty. There is one mysterious retreat hollowed out in the face of the rock; no one knows how or by whom it is inhabited, but an ingeniously devised pulley crosses a pond, which separates it from the public road, and draws up the baskets of provisions which are brought to the recluse.

Begging, regarded as a sacred profession, exhibits itself at all hours in every street of the city. The mendicant monks carry a crosier surmounted by metal rings, which they jingle upon the pavement, and strike a little hammer on a bell fastened to their belt. Some of them recite monotonous litanies, and others exhibit relics. On the other hand, jugglers, tumblers, and street-performers solicit public patronage by a deafening noise of fifes and drums, and the sound of music and laughter is heard from the tea-houses, theatres, and places of amusement, which are open all night, and afford places of rendezvous for the young nobility, where they finish a day spent either in the retirement of the court, or divided between the riding-school, horse-races, games of archery or tennis, and the tea-house in the outskirts.

Besides the public theatre, there is one belonging to the court, which is the oddest thing to be met with in Japan: parts, costumes, decorations—everything, in fact, is conventional, like the classic tragedy in the reign of Louis XIV., with

“Madame” Phædra, Agamemnon in a wig, and Achilles with high heels; except that in the French drama there were the old Greek personifications of human passions under the conventional mask of tragic heroes; whereas no such signification can be given to the personages who figure on the imperial stage at Kioto. What can possibly be meant, for instance, by the old man with a crutch on which a green parrot is perched—a bird quite unknown in the Japanese archipelago? and the hero pursuing a venomous serpent, a reptile equally foreign to Japan? Whence come the bucklers, helmets, and swords, whose shape is equally unlike the arms belonging to the demigods of the national mythology and those worn by warriors under the rule of the Mikados? The musicians composing the orchestra of the theatre wear the same head-dress as those belonging to the pontifical chapel. It is shaped after the pattern of the ancient national helmet, which was in the form of a half globe without a crest, but with flaps protecting the nape of the neck. Their principal instruments are the flute, the pan-pipe, the conch-shell, the kettledrum, and a gong called the *kak-dai-ko*, supported on a pedestal. This latter is a disc, over which a tanned skin is stretched, adorned with symbolical shapes, which probably refer to the worship of the sun. A sacred character is attributed to these five instruments. It is supposed that at one time the great divinity who enlightens the world, being unable to endure the sight of human barbarity, retired to the sea caves, and was only induced to re-appear by the sound of a concert of flutes, conch-shells, kettledrums, and gongs; and with the invention of music darkness vanished from the face of the earth.

The musical and dramatic taste of the Japanese people finds its chief nourishment in the national religious festivals. The Kami worship is remarkably simple in its dogmas; it may be summed up in the belief that the gods who created Japan continue to interest themselves in their work, and that the heroes to whom the kingdom owes its power, dwell amongst the divinities, and act the part of intercessors for their country. It is indispensable that the worshippers of the Kamis should be in a state of purity, when visiting the places dedicated to them, and celebrating festivals to their memory. There is no great difficulty experienced in adhering to these rules, the diligent employment of the two great elements of purification—fire and water—and the presentation of unblemished offerings at the shrine, being all that is exacted, except in the case of those who have contracted impurity by immoral conduct, by touching a corpse, shedding blood, or eating the flesh of domestic animals, or other causes. In these cases it is necessary to go through a form of expiation of greater or less severity according to the character of the offence. In the case of men it consists generally in allowing the beard to grow, and in covering the head with an unsightly straw hat; and for women, in wearing a white handkerchief wrapped round the head; while in both cases they must either undertake a pilgrimage, or keep themselves closely confined, and abstain from certain kinds of food and all noisy recreation. The restoration of the penitent to his family and friends is the occasion of great rejoicings, accompanied by a general purification of the dwelling by salt and water, in addition to a large fire lighted in the courtyard.

At the anniversary festivals in honour of the principal Kamis, no sacred rites are performed beyond the ceremonies of purification; and even these were not introduced till towards the end of the eighth century. On the eve of the great solemn

nity the priests go in procession by torchlight to the temple where the arms and other relics of the deified hero are preserved in a costly shrine called *mikosi*. The *mikosi* represents the terrestrial abode of the Kami, but it must undergo a thorough purification annually. In order to accomplish this, the relics are removed from the shrine, which is then carried to the river; and while a certain number of priests wash it carefully, others light large fires to drive away evil spirits; the Kagoura, or sacred choir, by its instruments and songs, appeasing the spirit of the Kami thus temporarily deprived of its earthly dwelling-place. He is, however, soon restored to it, when the relics are solemnly placed again in the shrine; but this is not yet replaced in the temple, which, in its turn, has to be purified; and so, during the festival, which lasts several days, it remains in a place of shelter, constructed on purpose, and duly protected from malignant spirits. If any of them should venture to cross this sacred enclosure, formed of rice-straw ropes, they would be received with showers of boiling holy water, with which the abode of the Kami is sprinkled at intervals; and woe to any spirits which hover within reach of the guard of honour, for the priests who compose it are skilful archers, and discharge flights of arrows so straight in the air, that they fall back within the enclosure, to the great admiration of the lookers-on.

Such are the ceremonies which are considered to bestow on the festival a religious character; but it was not to them I referred when speaking of the influence of the Kami religion on the dramatic taste of the Japanese nation. Besides these trivial juggleries, there is what may be called the historical procession, in which priests, masked and in costume, perform scenes from the life of the hero at various stations in the open air, accompanied by music, songs, and pantomimic dances. Sometimes the effect is heightened by an exhibition of trophies of arms, or groups of clay figures representing the features and traditional costumes of the principal Kamis. They are arranged on cars, or scaffolds of a pyramidal shape, on which they also represent some building, bridge, or junk connected with the exploits of the hero whose memory they celebrate. When these festivals, or *matsouris*, as they call them, were first instituted, they were confined to a few of the most ancient towns in the empire. Only eight provinces enjoyed the distinction of possessing Kamis. But from the tenth century every province, district, or place of any importance wished to have its celestial patron; so that at last the number of Kamis worshipped in Japan has increased to 3,132, of whom the more ancient, to the number of 492, are styled Great Kamis, to distinguish them from the crowd of inferior ones. From that period there have been *matsouris* held in every part of Japan, and the taste for heroic narratives and performances calculated to promote patriotism and other manly virtues, has spread from end to end of the empire. The national religion has created a people who all of them possess the sentiment of patriotism—an empire which has never submitted to a foreign yoke, and a government which even to the present day has, in its intercourse with the most powerful nations of the old and new world, fully maintained its independence.

JAPANESE LITERATURE—A POETESS—THE GREAT LITERARY ERA.

When the illustrious Emperor Shi-hoang-ti, who occupied the throne of China from 246 to 209 B.C., had arrived at the height of his power, he cast an envious eye on the isles of

Japan—not, however, with a desire for conquest, having already extended the frontiers of the Celestial Empire to the utmost, and defended them by erecting the Great Wall, which still remains as a memorial of his power. His ambition was not satisfied with glory and happiness, he thirsted for immortality; and having heard that a plant grew on the summit of one of the mountains in Nippon whose root possessed the property of prolonging life, he dispatched Sjofo, one of his favourites, to procure him the miraculous herb. His messenger visited the shores of the inner sea without success, and on reaching the country of Ksiu, in Nippon, he established himself and his followers there, and abandoned the emperor to the fate which sooner or later overtakes every one. Neither he nor any of his companions returned to their native country; and it was from them the Japanese acquired their first knowledge of China. The Mikado was, however, not content to rely on the accounts which he received from the Ksiu colony, and he dispatched an embassy to the head of the Celestial Empire to ask for a copy of the annals of his court. Not only was his request granted, but some learned men were sent to interpret the precious volumes. They soon taught the Chinese language to the residents in the Mikado's court, and it became the fashion to make use of Chinese characters and quote passages from their classics, as well as to compose poetry in the style of their lyrics. The literary influence which China exercised on Japan may be compared, with various reservations, to that of Greece on the nations of the western world. When the heroine Zingü achieved the conquest of the Corea, she brought back a number of works belonging to Chinese literature—the books of the Buddhist religion, treatises on the medical art, and new musical instruments. These were, in the opinion of the Japanese, the most precious trophies of her glorious expedition; but their admiration of the art and literature of the Celestial Empire had not the result of raising its inhabitants equally high in their estimation. The chivalrous islanders of Nippon looked with a certain disdain on the peaceful and studious inhabitants of Nankin, and while receiving from them teachers of language, music, philosophy, and morals, they gave their instructors a position analogous to that held by the Greek sophists in Roman society.

Japanese literature, although developed under the influence of Chinese models, has preserved a certain degree of originality, but, restricted by fashion to certain conventional forms, it has continually revolved in the same circle, and made the perfection of style consist in a strict observance of academic rules. Poets composed distiches to fit the shape of dwarf trees, on paper, and gave a description of the ocean within the limits of a sonnet. The Japanese pencil has transmitted to us the features of the writers who excelled in works of this kind, and their portraits are always accompanied by a representation of the subject of their poetic masterpieces. Thus we see the poet of the sea reclining on the shore; another surrounded by flowers; and so on. Various places are pointed out which are celebrated in the annals of Japanese poetry, such as Mount Kamo, where Tsjo-meï composed his volume of odes, on the banks of the Cicada stream; another locality is the convent which served as a place of refuge to a prince overtaken by a midnight storm, who, on leaving, entrusted to the superior a piece of poetry inspired by the occasion.

The Chinese did not remain insensible to the progress made by their pupils in literary taste and elegance of manners, and an embassy was sent by the "Son of Heaven" to the Mikado, for the express purpose of presenting him with a collection of poetry. The culture of the poetic art was carried to the highest degree by a noble lady of the court of Kioto—the beautiful Onono-Komatch, who is generally represented kneeling beside a basin of water, and washing

directing them to the admiration of Nature. Sometimes a studious monk would beg the privilege of copying one of the poems which the poor wanderer carried in her basket. The Japanese still religiously preserve with veneration the memory of Onono-Komatch, the inspired maiden, who in extreme age and the most profound adversity preserved her love of the ideal.

The great literary period in the history of Japan dates from the reign of Tenziten-woo, the thirty-ninth Mikado, who



JAPANESE PILGRIMS.

out what she has just written—so far did she carry her desire for perfection of style. Admired for her talents, but exposed to the jealousy and resentment of the fops whose attentions she repulsed, she fell into disgrace, and ended her life in misery. For many years she might be seen wandering from village to village barefooted and leaning on a pilgrim's staff, and carrying a basket containing a few provisions and some manuscripts. Her white hair was covered by a large straw hat, which shaded her worn and wrinkled features. When she seated herself on the threshold of a temple, the children from the neighbouring village would gather round her, attracted by her gentle smile, and she would teach them a few verses,

lived in the latter part of the seventh century of our era. This prince undertook the task of improving the national idiom; and the services he rendered, both by his writings and by the institutions he founded for public education, have placed him at the head of the hundred poets of the ancient idiom called the language of Yamato, from the name of the classical province of Nippon. The most memorable literary productions of the reign of Tenziten-woo, are the Koziki, a book of antiquities; the Foutoki, or monograph of all the Japanese provinces; the Nipponki, or annals of the empire; another collection of national legends; the first grand collection of lyrics; the book of court customs; and a universal

encyclopædia, in imitation of the works of that nature already possessed by the Chinese. In turning over these enormous collections, rudely illustrated with wood engravings, one cannot avoid comparing the world as it is with what it would be if its formation had been entrusted to the hands of Chinese philosophers. It is not to be wondered at that they consider themselves perfect models of superior beings, but the stages through which they supposed humanity to have passed before arriving at this type of perfection, is truly astounding. Some of the human beings represented in their sketches have but one arm, leg, or eye, others have horses' legs, or limbs so long

The university of Kioto was founded, it is probable, in imitation of the Chinese universities.

AN EXCURSION TO KANASAWA.

The summers in Japan are rarely characterised by a succession of fine days. During the months of June and July there are frequently torrents of rain alternating with the most oppressive heat; but I have not observed that storms are of frequent occurrence or very dangerous. Those which I have witnessed seemed to gather around Fusi-Yama, and advance towards the bay with a threatening appearance; but after two or three



ACTORS AND BALLET-GIRLS OF THE MIKADO'S COURT.

as to allow them to gather the fruit of the highest trees, or to catch fish in their hands from the top of a cliff. These and other monstrosities gradually disappear with the growth of intelligence and the capability of using their resources. Although the Chinese encyclopædists allow that there are no traces remaining amongst themselves of this humiliating series of malformations, they think its existence is testified by the number of monkeys, negroes, and red-haired barbarians still existing in the isles of the south and beyond the limits of the Celestial Empire, as if to increase the contrast with the favoured race which inhabits it. The Japanese have not arrived at quite the same conclusion, but they regard negroes as a species of terrestrial demons. The first of them who landed on an island near Kiu-Siu, driven by a tempest from some unknown region, were judged unworthy the light of the sun, and were pitilessly massacred.

peals of thunder they passed over in the direction of the open sea, leaving behind the most brilliant rainbows and ultimately an exquisitely clear blue sky. I have never encountered one of those frightful tempests known as "typhoons" in the latitudes of the extreme east.

The earthquakes to which Japan is so much exposed occur in the hot season, in the proportion of at least two in every three months, but do not cause any disastrous results. The finest weather we had at Japan was from the end of June to the middle of July. As Benteen nothing occurred to disturb the tranquillity we enjoyed, but I was obliged to quit this solitary retreat during the few weeks of excitement which followed the representations made by the English relative to the murder of Richardson. One could have believed at the time that we were on the eve of a rupture between Japan and the powers of the West. Having remained during this critical period some-

times at Yeddo and sometimes at Yokohama, I returned to Benten with one of the companions of my diplomatic adventures, and found myself master of the house. The Consul-General of the Netherlands was summoned temporarily to Nagasaki, and on leaving he told me that the only thing which prevented him from giving up the keys of the house to me, was simply that there were no keys to give. My installation was not difficult, since all the furniture of the legation, including my writing-table and bamboo arm-chair, were placed exactly as I had left them, with the exception of my bed, which had changed its form. It was only composed of a mattress extended on the matting of the floor, and covered merely with a linen sheet. This cool bed was now surrounded by a large mosquito-net of white gauze, held by four high frames arranged in a square; a door which shut wonderfully close gave access to this enclosure, which was so ingeniously contrived for my comfort. Notwithstanding all this, it many times happened that after I had entered the sleeping-place with all the necessary precautions, and put on the slight costume which they wear in India at night—just as I thought I was falling asleep, I had to jump up to defend myself from some of these irrepressible enemies, who had gained admittance into my retreat.

The nights in the tropics, and especially those of the hot season in Japan, are excessively trying to Europeans. Perspiration and the attacks of the mosquitoes render every sedentary occupation quite a punishment. Walking ceases to have any charm after dawn, and during interminable hours sleep refuses to visit what we will persist in calling our beds. After long struggles we often sought refuge on the terrace at the top of our house. We used to take with us our tobacco-box—that is, our smoking apparatus, with an ample stock of Manila cigars, and a little celloret of liquors adapted for making American grog. Our first impression in this elevated retreat was a sensation of freedom and rest: the immense extent of sky, spangled with stars; the calmness of the harbour, which reflected the dark outlines of the vessels; the silence of the streets of the Japanese town, broken at intervals by the peculiar, uncertain step of the watchman—all disposed one for grave contemplation; but we were soon disturbed by various slight incidents: the descent of a falling star; the light from a rocket sent up in some public garden, or the phosphoric gleam from the fireflies which hovered about us. Moreover we were obliged to confess that we had not entirely escaped the attacks of the mosquitoes, and, finally, found that the damp air began to penetrate our clothes, and sometimes great drops of dew fell on our faces, so that we were forced at last by fatigue and cold to return to the heavy atmosphere of our hermetically-sealed dormitories.

We contrived some boating parties in the consul's boat, which we were obliged to give up after the first two attempts; for on our return the tide was so low that the heavy boat could not be brought to land; and, as we were at a considerable distance from the landing-place, we had to cross on the shoulders of our boatmen. It was afterwards suggested to us that the inconvenience from which we suffered could be avoided by prolonging our excursion till sunrise. This simple hint met with a success that we were far from expecting. We discussed with some friends the idea of making a long aquatic excursion, proceeding by degrees towards Cape Sagami, and even doubling it in order to reach the island of Inosima. Our projects having arrived at this point, at once took a

serious turn: a road which crosses diagonally the peninsula formed by Cape Sagami would enable us to gain Inosima without running the risks of a long voyage. It was agreed finally that one-half of the party should go in boats and the other on horseback, to the village of Kanasawa, situated ten miles south of Yokohama, and from thence by the road to Inosima, not omitting to visit on the way the monument of Kamakura, an ancient town, four miles south-west of Kanasawa. The chancellor of the consulate was entrusted with all the preparations for the maritime portion of the expedition.

On the evening of our departure, two of our friends, who had decided on accompanying me on the journey to Kanasawa, met me on the terrace of Benten just as the guardship of the squadron, which was anchored in the harbour, was firing the gun as a signal for putting out the fires. The trumpet-calls and the boatswains' whistles sounded from the men-of-war, and then everything subsided into silence. It was nine o'clock and not a breath of wind was stirring. We saw the moon rise over the sea beyond the hills of the bluff, and shortly after the chancellor came to tell us that the *sendos* were waiting for us. Two Japanese sentries on duty on the bank of the river, each armed with a gun, without a bayonet, saluted us as we passed with a friendly "good-night." We replied to them in a manner suited to the simplicity of their military pass-words. From all the boats moored on the river there issued in mournful cadence the reiterated prayer of the fishermen to the supreme intercessor and patron of souls—"Amida, have pity on me!" The efficacy of this prayer is in proportion to the number of moments which they devote to it uninterruptedly, according to the rules of the priests. Our crew was composed of five boatmen, the chancellor, two *cosaks*, and the Chinese *comprador* in charge of the commissariat. All these people were installed on the deck, while the cabin was reserved for our occupation. We arranged three beds by means of some bags, chests, and coverings which our forethought or chance brought to hand, and quite contented with the circumstances in which we were to pass the night, we established ourselves on the roof of our improvised dormitory, and waited till sleep should compel us to descend. We rowed across the whole extent of the bay occupied by the fleet. The Japanese boatmen always stand upright in the stern, two on each side, leaning heavily on their long oars, to which they impart a sort of semicircular motion, like the Venetian gondoliers. The fifth, who is generally the coxswain of the boat, managed the oar which took the place of a helm. The combined action of the two first oars produces the effect of the working of a screw. When the work becomes more laborious than usual the rowers mutually encourage each other by a soft, sustained whistle.

Amongst the many noises which reached us from the European town we were particularly struck by the sound of a clarinet, which seemed to be interpreting the melancholy feelings which overflowed the heart of some young German at the end of a day spent at the counting-house. On approaching the *Euryclius*, the flagship of the English squadron, we suddenly heard sounds of music from the vessel: they were playing the national anthem, as the signal of the termination of a fête which was being celebrated on board. At the same moment, from the door of our own cabin, a musical box, of the existence of which we were quite ignorant, replied gaily with the air, "Ah! quel plaisir d'être

Soldat." The moon shining full on the triumphant face of the chancellor, showed to whom we were indebted for this surprise. He assured us that the box was his own property which he had bought with his earnings, and that it played no less than eight tunes, which he made us listen to one after the other, and even went over them again with renewed energy. Meanwhile, a slight breeze having got up, our boatmen quitted their oars and hoisted the sail. We were soon speeding on, losing sight of the coast and shipping. The sky by degrees became covered with a whitish vapour, and the moon only gave a very pale light, so we had nothing better to do than to retire to our cabin and seek sleep. Alas! to our horror, the mosquitoes had got there before, and we could not imagine where they had come from. After fruitless efforts to escape from them by covering our hands and face, and even heroically going to sleep, we were obliged to abandon the place and return to our former position. As a Japanese craft has always a fire-place and the necessary utensils for doing a little cooking, we ordered our Chinaman to prepare us some tea, and we passed the latter part of the night, cowering before the flames which blazed in the stern of the boat and were reflected in the waves. Just as our patience and strength were almost worn out, we found that our boat had changed its course. The boatmen took down the sail and rowed with vigour: we were nearly at the end of our voyage. In the fantastic light of the moon, wavering over banks of clouds, and the dawn which commenced to lighten the horizon, we distinguished on our right a steep, picturesque promontory, covered with beautiful groups of trees, and opposite to us the masses of foliage which crown Webster Island. We coasted by the foot of the high wall of rocks which faces the promontory, while sonorous echoes signalled from either shore the noise of our passage. A moment after, we were at the entrance of the harbour of Kanasawa. To avoid the shoals which extend round the promontory, we described a large curve, until we had nearly reached the other shore, at the extremity of which the island of Sivosima stood out like a tower. It was by tacking about in this way that we managed to enter the channel, in which the water was so shallow that we were obliged to push the boat on with a pole. On either bank of this canal are little cottages with small boats moored near them, and we passed several fishing-boats setting out noiselessly to take their morning draught of fishes. By degrees, we discovered the winding outline of the bay: on our left, rocks, pine-forests, and thick woods appeared, and beneath them groups of houses which looked like white walls. On the other side we saw a sandy shore, a village, a long causeway, stretching along an arm of the sea, intersected by two arched bridges, whose dark outlines were reflected in the calm sheet of water over which we were slowly rowing.

At last we were in front of Kanasawa—a pretty little town, whose white houses enlivened the background of the bay, extending to the foot of some low hills thickly covered with trees, amongst which we perceived some buildings intended for worship. Although on first landing it appeared to be quite enclosed by a circle of mountains, it presented some charming vistas as we approached nearer to it. Here an arm of the sea disappeared in the rice-fields below the bridges, which connected the causeway with the landing-place for which we were making; while at the other extremity of the village we distinguished a deep creek in the middle of an expanse of salt-marsh. At the entrance of the port a little temple surrounded by fruit-trees occupies the

centre of a flat island, communicating with the market-place by a jetty. A little farther, on the top of a high mass of rocks, on which was a group of sacred buildings, we perceived a tea-house with a terrace, from which there is a panoramic view of the bay, and even of the distant outline of the gulf of Yeddo beyond the islands of Webster and Sivosima. The Japanese show a keen appreciation of the beauty of their country; they draw attention to every picturesque site by raising a chapel, a *tori*, a tea-house, a pavilion, or some kind of resting-place, and the traveller is frequently induced to stop on the road to refresh himself under some hospitable roof, or under the fresh foliage, or to give himself up to the soft seductions of a beautiful landscape—in short, to forget the flight of time and the toils of the road. Kanasawa is pre-eminently one of those calm retreats where one would wish not merely to make a hasty excursion, in the hurried way that characterises the recreations of young colonists, but to give oneself up to a life of repose. It is true, however, that in these more frequented places one does not find the simplicity of manner, or the simple good-nature of the rustic population of Japan, for these qualities become inevitably spoilt by contact with strangers.

The hotel where we alighted stands near the port, not far from the jetty, which ends at the little sacred island. The equestrians of our party arrived there towards the middle of the day, without any other misadventure than the inconvenience of a horse going lame. The animal died the same evening, under the treatment of the veterinary surgeons of the country, and in sight of a great concourse of people, who crowded in their curiosity into the interior of the inn. There had been placed at our disposal a large gallery over the ground-floor, and some planks supported on props; two benches and some empty casks provided us with the necessary furniture for arranging our table in the European fashion. We breakfasted on our own provisions, to which the hostess added some *saki*, tea, rice, fried fish, and *soya*. She was assisted by two young servants, well-dressed, and with their hair tastily arranged. When we had nearly finished our repast, the children of the house came to the top of the stairs and looked at us timidly. I made a sign to the youngest to come to me, but he immediately began to cry; so I appeased him by taking out of my pocket some little engravings, which I always carried about with me in my excursions. He came to me at once and asked for them; and afterwards they went the round of the whole party—his mother, the maidservants of the inn, and the other women and children. One old grandmother expressed a wish to taste some white sugar, as they have only brown sugar in Japan, from the Liu-Kiu Islands. This occasioned another distribution, more abundant than the first. However, we were at last obliged to make them understand that, in spite of the great pleasure we derived from their company, we felt in want of some rest. The visitors, male and female, retired immediately in the quietest manner possible. They improvised a dormitory for us on the ground-floor, by partitioning off the two large rooms into a number of small separate chambers; but as the partitions consisted only of paper stretched on a wooden frame, they did not secure absolute privacy, especially as they had little holes in them every here and there, so that when I lay down on the mats, my head resting on a travelling-cushion, I frequently saw an eye shining at one of the holes in the paper. Still, I did manage to sleep, though not for long. I

fancy that the mats of the Japanese cabins must serve as a retreat for the hordes of those insects which Toepffer designates by the name of domestic kangaroos—the same thing struck my companions, and the result was that we soon found ourselves all assembled in the principal gallery. We set out for a walk to see the curiosities of Kanasawa, which we had not visited in the morning; but we were soon obliged to come back in consequence of the rain, which began to fall just as we left a convent marked by its grove of bamboos. On our return to the inn we began to talk of departing, but the boatmen declared that the wind would not allow of our leaving the bay; so some of us set the chancellor's musical box playing, some drank tea, while I sketched the gate of a neighbouring temple. In the meantime the hostess entered with her attendant, carrying a bundle of Japanese engravings for sale; they were views of Kanasawa and Kamakura, and pictures of their national gods. Her husband offered us some fish; we descended with him to the fish-pond—a labyrinth of freestone communicating with the sea, but at the same time perfectly sheltered from the disturbance of the waves. We had our choice for dinner, which was a perfect triumph of ichthyophagy—fish-soup, boiled fish, fried fish, and even thin slices of raw fish covered with *soya*, which they serve like anchovies for a side dish. At desert I asked if any one in the hotel knew how to play the *samsin*. The hostess reminded me that the study of the *samsin* is a necessary part of female education in Japan, adding that she would bring us a teacher of this instrument. Accordingly she presented to us a neighbour of a certain age—a professor from some of the tea-houses in the capital, who, on our invitation, took her place at the table with all the forms of extreme politeness. The chancellor's musical box delighted her, and it was very remarkable that while we found it most difficult to catch the Japanese melodies, this clever artiste not only was able to tune her guitar to the European pitch, and to accompany the airs, but she even reproduced one or two of them pretty accurately. We retired early to our nocturnal compartments; mine was furnished with a Japanese mosquito-net—a kind of tent made of thick green silk serge, which is suspended from the ceiling by cords. I slept pretty well, in spite of the heavy atmosphere I had to breathe; but the hostess was not able to provide

every one with mosquito-nets. I was surprised to hear, at an early hour of the morning, the sound of glasses and hoarse voices, and the metallic notes of the inevitable refrain, "Ah! quel plaisir d'être Soldat!"

THE RESIDENCE OF THE SIOGUNS.

As we were not able to make our intended expedition to the island of Inosima, I did not wish to give up my visit to Kamakura, from which we were within three hours' walk. I went there on foot, with two of my companions and the chancellor. It was four o'clock in the morning when we set out from the hotel; we crossed the deserted streets of Kanasawa in the direction of the south as far as the last of the chain of hills which rise at the back of this little town. At this point a building of a peculiar style announces the dwelling of some great man—strong walls surrounding or supporting terrace gardens, with a gate consisting of two pillars crossed by a beam made of oak, polished black, and covered with copper ornaments, opening into a large court. We saw there a guard-house and several other buildings, behind which rose some fine trees, which added to the antique character of this residence. I learned that it was inhabited by a daimio of the family of the Hossokawa, one of the most illustrious in Japan, and that this prince is lord of Kanasawa, and of other places subject to the supreme sovereignty of the Tycoon.

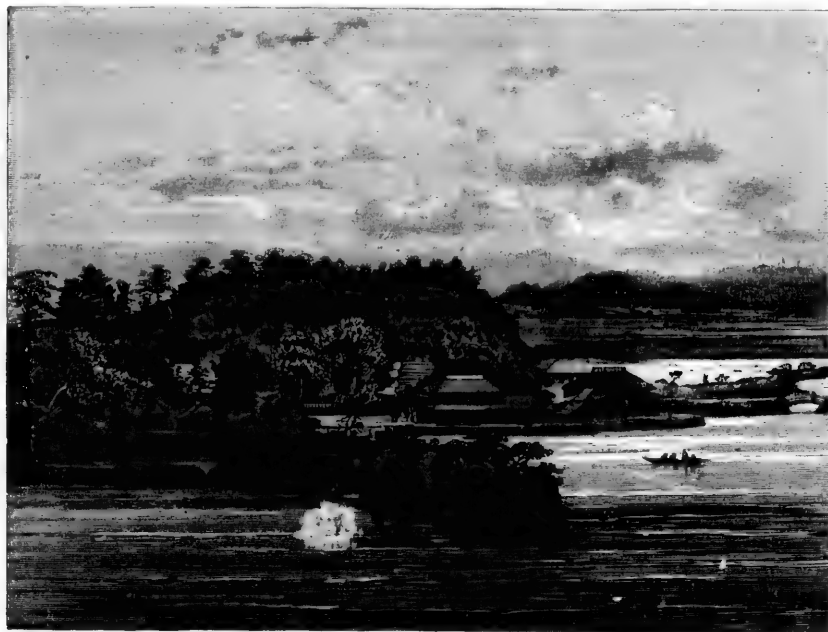
Farther on we passed a bridge over a rapid river, and, going in a westerly direction, approached the chain of mountains which divides the peninsula of Sagami into two parts. The ground was cultivated all around us; fields of beans had replaced the wheat, which had been reaped in the month of June, and the waving rice though still green, was full of grain. The paths only leave room to put one foot before the other, while even on the road we were following, two horses had barely room to walk abreast. We came across a singular obstacle on the road; a good old man and his wife had chosen this spot as an economical resting-place for the night. They slept on two bamboo mats, which were probably their travelling cloaks, while a few burning cinders showed that they had made a fire to keep away the mosquitoes from their bed. From the foot of the hills the road winds amongst rocks of sandstone, sometimes quite perpendicular, and frequently



MENDICANT PRIEST.

pierced with grottoes containing little idols and votive offerings. At the top of the hill there is a small cabin constructed of planks and mats, with a wall of rocks at the back, and containing some benches, a fire-place, and some utensils for cooking tea and rice. At this early hour it was quite deserted, and the furniture hazarded to the honesty of the public. I have seen something like this in the passes of the mountains of Java. The descent is rapid. A beautiful golden pheasant looked at us from the outskirts of a little wood, and one of my companions could not resist the temptation of taking a shot at him. The pheasant was not touched, and seemed not much

another beauty to the dim outline of the picture. The country is cultivated in every direction, and is interspersed with groves and sparkling waters, over which are thrown light arched bridges. Rustic cottages and handsome houses, freshly varnished and ornamented with flower gardens, are scattered in great numbers along the road and on the slopes of the hills, and here and there are chapels, sacred candelabra, idols of granite, and funeral monuments. The environs of Kamakura are those of a large town, but the large town no longer exists. A luxuriant vegetation marks here and there the irregularities of the ground, which was covered by rubbish and



KANASAWA: THE TEA-HOUSE AND THE SACRED ISLE.

put out by such a trifle; however, he thought it advisable to perch himself on the top of an oak, where to my great satisfaction he was out of reach of our arms.

We passed a village picturesquely situated amongst trees and flowers on the banks of a stream, which they have turned into a canal for conducting water to the rice-mills. Some of the inhabitants were occupied round their houses, and on seeing us a woman hastened to call her children, who were performing their morning ablutions in a quiet nook of the stream, and the little savages ran at full speed to the house. By degrees the road became enlivened with pedestrians and horses. The country around us was a succession of gentle undulations, sloping gradually towards the sea, which formed in front of us a blue gulf, reflecting the cliffs of the island of Inosima, and the snow-white peak of Fusi-Yama added

overthrown walls, and intersected by canals. Antique avenues of trees end in waste grounds overgrown with brambles; formerly these avenues led to some palace, of which there now exists no trace; for in Japan even the palaces are constructed of wood, and no ruins remain after their fall. It is in this place that the Siogouns had established their residence, by which name the generals-in-chief, temporal lieutenants of the theocratic emperor, are known. They governed Japan, under the supremacy of the Mikado, from the end of the twelfth century to the beginning of the seventeenth, from the time of Minamoto Yoritomo, who was the founder of their power, to that of Hiéyas surnamed Gongensama, who was the thirty-second Siogoun. Hiéyas made Yeddo the political capital of Japan, and created a new dynasty, the last representatives of which have adopted, dating only from 1854, the title of Taikouns.

The history of the transfer of the political power of the Japanese empire from the Mikados to the active chiefs of Yeddo, who thus became the *de facto* rulers without deposing the Mikado or lawful Emperor, is a curious one. The first steps were due to the hopeless corruption and sloth of the

court and the enterprise of Yoritomo, who was born of a princely family, and owed to the education given him by an ambitious mother those qualities which made him the ruler and true chief of the empire. How this change was brought about I will endeavour to explain.

English Mission to Mandalay, and Treaty with Burmah.—III.

BY HENRY WOODWARD CROFTON, M.A., H.M. CHAPLAIN AT RANGOON.

CONCLUSION OF THE TREATY—LIFE IN MANDALAY—THE KING'S GARDENS—MAGNIFICENT PAGODAS—THE HAIRY FAMILY—POLITICAL CONDITION OF BURMAH—ENGLAND'S MISSION.

ON the 23rd the entire mission visited the palace on the invitation of his majesty to see a sort of amateur ballet performed by the young ladies attached to the households of the queens. The reception took place in the same building that was the scene of the last interview. A large circular shed had been constructed, as for a native play; at one side was a raised alcove with a low railing, within which was the couch for his majesty. Immediately in front of the alcove there was a rough attempt at scenery, forming the background to a troupe of professional actors and actresses who were in attendance. To the right of the king's position sat several of his officials and the officers of the mission. To the left were seated Mrs. Fytche and Mrs. Lloyd, and the wives of the Burmese ministers. After a short delay the king entered and took his place on the couch. He made a few remarks to the effect that he wished the English officers to visit his gardens and any other objects of interest in the palace, and concluded by asking whether we wished to see the ordinary play, by the professionals, or the ballet. A preference was expressed for the latter, when he called attention to the fact that the players on the drums, gongs, and clarionets were all women.

The performance commenced by the entrance of about thirty young girls in single file, who arranged themselves in a semicircle, and kneeling down bowed to his majesty. They wore the ordinary *tamine*, or Burmese petticoat, but the jacket was more of the fashion after that worn by princes in the plays. The *tamines* were all red and green, the jackets white satin, with circular pieces of silver stitched on, so as somewhat to resemble armour. On their heads the girls wore peaked helmets, such as are used by male performers in the ordinary plays. The girls, rising, first performed a slow graceful dance round the theatre to the accompaniment of the band, varying the step and pace from time to time, and again kneeling down; one of the number, taking up her position in the centre, then sang or chanted a slow hymn in honour of his majesty, describing his greatness and goodness. This was acknowledged by all of us to be one of the most effective exhibitions we had ever witnessed in the East. The dead silence of the whole assembly, the clear and exceedingly sweet tone of the girl's voice, and the peculiar measure of the air, half-recitative, half-melody, made the whole scene most striking and beautiful. The hymn consisted of three verses, at the end of each the girls, still kneeling, bowed low to his majesty. They then resumed

the dance, which they accompanied with a low chant, and varied it by beating time with two ornamental sticks which they now carried. This, too, being ended the king rose and left. During the performance the Naw of Pahra, or principal wife, entered, and seated herself on his majesty on a sofa placed for her reception. A considerable retinue of ladies accompanied her, but as they were seated at the back of the alcove it was difficult to see who they were.

On the departure of his majesty we were served with fruit and sweetmeats in a kind of open arbour, and afterwards proceeded to visit the so-called white-elephant. The animal was a small specimen, and could only by great courtesy be called white. He had a few light-coloured marks, and the hair was not so coarse as in the ordinary elephant, but he might be more truly described as brownish; the lighter tint being more observable by contrast with a very black female elephant, his companion in the stable. The party then visited the stone-cutters, now busily engaged in engraving on marble slabs the entire Pitagât, or Burmese scriptures. These are to be placed round the king's temple in the neighbourhood of Mandalay. After a cursory look at some of the ordnance, the mint was visited, where the coining of rupees was going on. The machinery was procured from Birmingham, but, although the engine is under the charge of an African, the actual operations of smelting and coining are performed by Burmese. They told us they could coin about 15,000 rupees per diem, but this seemed a large out-turn for so small a machine, there being only one die at work.

It was arranged that the treaty should be fairly written out next day, and signed on the 25th, when the farewell visit was to be paid to the king. On that day the mission went in procession to the palace, in much the same order as on the occasion of the first visit. On arriving at the Hlwotdan, or Supreme Court, the officers took off their shoes at the steps, and entering the building joined the Pakhan and Yaynankh-young Mengyees, who were there seated; there were also present the Keng Wondouk, the Kalar Won, and some secretaries. The treaty was prepared on large sheets of parchment, and the two Burmese copies were read over and compared. The English copies were read over carefully by the Padein Won (who understands English), and all being found correct they were signed and sealed. The mission then entered the palace building and were conducted to the reception-room, where the first interview was held. The same arrangements had been made as on that occasion, but there was only one of the king's sons present.

After taking his seat as usual, his majesty first observed that the weather was very hot; to which remark, no doubt, all silently assented, as the heat had for some days been very great. The king then said that he wished the mission to visit his gardens before they left, mentioning to his officers the particular places to which they should be taken. Then followed a short conversation regarding the return of the mission to Rangoon.

He then directed that the presents for each member of the mission should be brought in. In addition, two rings (a ruby and a sapphire) were given to Col. Fytche.

King. "I understand that you have an English clergyman here?"

Col. F. "Yes, your majesty (pointing to the Rev. Mr. Crofton), this is the chaplain of Rangoon."

King. "Is that the Inspector-General of Police sitting near you?"

Col. F. "It is, your majesty."

King. "Where is he generally stationed in the British territory? In Rangoon?"

Col. F. "Yes; his head-quarters are at Rangoon, but he has to visit all the districts in Arracan and Tenasserim as well."

King. "I understand that you wish for some wormwood seed, which I have procured for you." [It was here brought in.] "Now, I think, you would like to visit the garden;" and with these words his majesty rose and went off.

The envoy and the officers of the suite then visited the gardens inside the palace, and were served with sweetmeats, &c. &c. After this they proceeded to the house of Mr. Manook, the Kalar Won, to lunch. This officer, who is the official medium between the king and foreigners generally, had been most attentive to the mission from the time of its arrival, and all were much indebted to him for the constant anxiety he showed to make the visit agreeable.

The 26th and 27th were passed without official business of any interest, and on the 28th, the day fixed for our departure, the ministers came to bid Col. Fytche good-bye; their visit was a lengthy one, and of the most friendly and agreeable kind. His majesty sent to the envoy a small Whitworth gun with field carriage, which had been made in his arsenal. It carries a one-pound shot, and was made from a small Whitworth presented to the king, two or three years ago, by a gentleman from England, who visited Mandalay regarding the construction of a railway.

In the afternoon the members of the mission embarked on board the steamers, and next day proceeded down the river.

All went smoothly, it thus appears, as to the object which brought us hither—namely, obtaining a treaty with Burmah. Meanwhile we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, and saw as much of Mandalay and its sights as possible. We all lived together in the British Residency—an enclosed space of about twelve acres, surrounded with a high and close palisade that effectually screens the interior from public view. Here barracks for the soldiers and officers of the escort had been erected, which had at least the merit of being airy, if not affording protection from the sun and rain, to which they were decidedly exposed. For the envoy a more commodious and weather-proof residence had been prepared, at a cost, we were informed, of £2,000. Two spacious passages, which served for church on Sundays and for dining and reception rooms in the week, ran through the building from side to side, intersecting at the centre, and

thus forming four separate compartments, each of which contained a comfortable suite of rooms. It was duly surmounted by the honorific roof before described, by which the king's palaces and sacred edifices are distinguished. Here we assembled every day to enjoy the king's hospitality, for we and every servant and follower of the party were his guests during our stay. The arrangements for this rather troublesome part of our reception devolved upon the Kalar Won, or minister for foreigners, who, as I have already stated, was so courteous and attentive to us, and who was by birth an Armenian. Mandalay supplied the eatables, our steamer the European stores and drinkables, and under his management a combination between the two was effected that resulted in a capital table being provided. The chief difficulty, which had been apparently overlooked, was a supply of crockery and glass sufficient for our large party. However, by dint of borrowing, a miscellaneous collection of glasses and cups of various sizes and colours was got together, that answered our purpose sufficiently well. A liberal supply of fruits, sweetmeats, and other little delicacies, was sent every day from the palace, some of which were prepared, we were informed, by the fair fingers of the queen and other ladies of the court. These supplies arrived every day after breakfast, borne in silver and gold dishes with high, conical covers, on the heads of a long train of some thirty or forty of the palace servants, preceded by the chief eunuch, a man of immense stature and fatness, who looked every inch a cook. The profusion and variety of the articles supplied were truly royal. Walnuts, pomegranates, and a kind of hard pear from the Shan states, chicken, and goat-mutton pâtés, sugared nuts, sweetmeats, and spices, with all kinds of cakes and pastry, were the principal good things. The chief part of the spoils fell, as may be supposed, to the share of the servants and followers of the party. Some of us tried to keep a few of the fruits and comfits for absent friends among the young folk of Rangoon, but except the walnuts and pears they proved perishable commodities. For entertainment, we had for the first few days after our arrival the performances of a company of jugglers, and gymnastic performers in the afternoons. These men were Munnipoorians—that is, people from a border district between Burmah and Hindostan, who had been deported from their own land by their Burmese conquerors about a century ago, and who now form a large and most industrious portion of the inhabitants of the capital and the adjacent district. Some of their tricks and performances, which they always commence with loud claps, as of Mallengo, with the hand upon the naked breast and thighs, were as good as could be seen anywhere. Besides this, we had, of course, the unfailling Pooy, before described, but here better got up and performed than we had seen elsewhere. The king's own troupe of performers (amongst whom we must particularise by name the Yenthan Mah-lay, a young girl conspicuous for sweetness of voice and gracefulness of manner) were placed for the time at the disposal of his visitors, and they were prepared to perform daily from eleven to four, and at night from nine to three or four in the morning without remonstrance. We soon dispensed, however, with the day performances—the constant noise of the instruments, and the hubbub of the crowds to whom free access was given, being rather too much of a good thing for most of us. But the nocturnal drama was kept on, and largely patronised; we stopped it, however, at about eleven o'clock, out of regard to

our own slumbers, but, I fear, to the great disgust of the throngs of people who came to make a night of it. In the evening we generally rode out, the king providing us with ponies, or elephants if we wished. In Burmah no one of consequence goes out without followers, and thus some half a dozen or more of us, with the same number of attendants, formed quite a respectable cavalcade. We saw most of the sights of Mandalay and the neighbourhood in this way, but the absence of decent roads out of the immediate precincts of the town, and the effects of the late rains upon the thick clay soil of the plains that surrounded Mandalay, restricted considerably the choice and variety of our rides. Besides, the thermometer marked about 90° during our stay—a state of things decidedly unfavourable to long hard rides. During the day, as may be supposed, this heat kept us close prisoners. But vendors of various wares were not slow to find us out and study our tastes. Silk pieces woven by the aforesaid Munnipoorians, marble images of Gaudama, erect and recumbent, artificial flowers and shrubs in pots, and precious stones, chiefly rubies and sapphires, were the goods most in request. The latter, it is said, were brought in surreptitiously, the king having a right to some dues on all sales. A new ruby mine had recently been discovered, much nearer Mandalay than that for which Upper Burmah has long been famous, but which no European but one, it is said, had ever visited. Most of us had to content ourselves with admiring and looking at the rubies and sapphires, or investing in the smaller and less valuable ones. Two magnificent sapphires were, however, secured by one of the party on what we may call favourable terms.

Mandalay itself and its sights must now have a word or two of description. The town consists of two parts, mural and extra-mural. The number of houses in both, according to the most probable estimate I could obtain, is about 8,000 or 9,000. We may, perhaps, take the entire population of the town and suburbs, which are extensive, at from 40,000 to 50,000. The walled part is a perfect square, about 2,000 yards each way, and surrounded by a wide ditch, the earth from which forms a mound about twenty feet high, which is faced on the outside with a battlemented brick wall. On each side there is a handsome gate of massive teak timber, protected by brick buttresses, on the inside of which the road passes. The great majority of the houses, both within and without the walls, are of mat and bamboo; here and there only brick buildings, generally the property of the Mogul and Chinese settlers, are to be found. In the principal streets there is in front of the houses an enclosure of bamboo lattice-work, nicely whitewashed, and gracefully festooned with creepers and climbing plants. A row of trees, principally tamarind, borders the streets on both sides, and adds greatly to the beauty of the town. The principal street is outside the walls, the Kala-dan, as it is called, or foreign quarter, inhabited chiefly by the Moguls, Armenians, and by the few European residents. Here is the Roman Catholic church, convent, and school, the only place of Christian worship of which the city as yet can boast. The Christians of this communion are chiefly the descendants of the Portuguese and other foreigners, who were brought up from the old town of Syriam, in Pegu, on its capture by the Burmese in 1613, and again in 1756. Very few converts have been made hitherto among the native inhabitants. The streets themselves are wide and symmetrical, but as yet unpaved, and hence full of ruts, and in many places almost impassable during the rains.

The palace, and what is contained in its enclosure, is decidedly the chief sight of Mandalay. It stands in the centre of the walled city, in an area surrounded by a high palisade of teak slabs, and with an extent of about 200 acres. The front, which faces the east, contains the reception-rooms and halls of audience, and over this rises the gradually ascending series of roofs, ending in a lofty pinnacle, by which royal and religious edifices are exclusively distinguished. At the back, towards the west, the private apartments stretch one behind the other further than we could see, for they are shut out by trees and intervening buildings. There is a certain grandeur and impressiveness in the rooms or halls to which we were admitted. In plan they are all the same, strikingly like the body of a church with nave and two side aisles. Magnificent teak posts, perfectly rounded and richly gilt, support the handsomely carved and coloured ceilings. All the more important government offices and establishments are located within the palace enclosure. Here is the mint (an institution of recent origin, and of which the Burmese seem particularly proud), the magazine and arsenal, the elephant stables, and the lofty belfry, which answers for the church clock of Mandalay, in which all the hours and quarters are struck by a soldier of the guard, who begins and ends his task by devout prostrations and reverence directed towards the palace.

But to us the most interesting of the palace sights were the private pleasure grounds or gardens, as they were called, which occupy the western side of the enclosure. These are very ingeniously laid out, so as to make the most of a small space. A perfect labyrinth of paths winds in and out through a shrubbery, or orchard-like plantation of fruit trees of various kinds, high enough to exclude the sun and afford a grateful shade. The trees are irrigated from an ornamental piece of water that intersects the ground in various directions, and is crossed by numerous rustic bridges. On the water are several barges and canoes, in which, we may imagine, the king and his ladies pass many agreeable hours. Here and there rise artificial hillocks, with rocks and ferns most naturally arranged on them, and winding paths leading to their top, and rude figures of native deer, and other animals of the forest; and stone seats at intervals have been constructed with considerable taste. These gardens seem the king's especial hobby and favourite haunt. All the more private and confidential interviews and conversations with the envoy took place in these out-of-door retreats. The king seemed especially pleased with a remark of Mrs. Fytche's about his gardens, which he told before the large assembly who were collected to witness the remarkable performance, by the maids of honour, which is described in the official narrative. Mrs. Fytche, it seems, having been interrogated as to her opinion of the gardens, had said they were pretty and peculiar, quite unlike any she had before seen. The version of the remark which the king gave us, and which of course so delighted him, was that never in England or elsewhere had this lady seen anything to equal his gardens in neatness and beauty.

Next to the palace, the pagodas and religious buildings, with their belongings and accompaniments, are the most interesting sights of Mandalay and its environs. About four miles to the south of the city stands the celebrated "Arracan Pagoda," a place of worship much frequented and highly venerated by the Burmese. The raised brick road that leads to it is lined for more than a mile with monastic buildings of all kinds, on which the highest skill of the country in carving

and gilding has been freely lavished. The place was crowded when I visited it. Frequent processions of worshippers in their gayest attire, and with the customary offerings, were coming and going, and from within the mingled sound of many chants and the ring of gongs struck upon the ear. Outside a busy traffic was going on at the long line of stalls, in flowers, tapers, flags, and other offerings. The object of all this veneration is a colossal brass image of Gaudama, said to be of great antiquity and of miraculous origin, which was brought from Arracan in several pieces across the mountains, in the year 1784. The image, which represents Gaudama in the usual sitting posture, is twelve feet high, and is placed on the "Rajah Talen," or throne-shaped seat, appropriated to royal and sacred personages.

On the other side of the river, nearly opposite Mandalay, is the unfinished but ruined commencement of the Mengoon Pagoda, the largest ever attempted to be built by the Burmese. The great earthquake in 1839 shattered the fabric from its base. This pagoda was commenced by the great-grandfather of the present king, and is said, as it stands, to be one of the largest masses of brickwork in the world. It measures, according to Yule, 460 feet at the base, and was intended to have been 500 feet high. A former envoy to the Burmese court, Captain Hiram Cox, was here when it was building, and describes the treasures deposited, after the Burmese custom, in the interior, to be of immense value. Here, too, is the great Burmese bell, next to that of Moscow the largest in the world. Its diameter is sixteen feet, height twelve feet, and the weight is estimated at ninety tons. Its supports were so much shaken by the earthquake that it was found necessary to prop it up at the sides, which of course prevents its sounding. There is another pagoda to the north-east of the city, in process of erection and adornment by the present king, which is remarkable for the marble tablets which are being placed round it, each in a neat, nicely whitewashed shrine of its own, on which the Betagat or Buddhist scriptures are being successively inscribed. This great idea—for when it is realised it will be the largest collection of inscriptions that is known—is due to the present king, who is eminently a pious man. The work is being done under the king's own supervision and inside the palace premises, where we saw the men busily employed at it. The total number of tablets required to complete the work is upwards of 700; of these there were about 400 put up at the time of our visit. The king's great wish is to live to see this pious labour completed.

Mandalay has another curious sight of a different nature, which we must not omit to notice, in its "hairy family," now in the third generation, and certainly one of the most extraordinary freaks of nature with mankind. The peculiarity consists in the face and most of the body being covered with long silky hair, which gives a most strange and inhuman expression to the features. The Burmese call them "monkey-men," and this exactly conveys the impression produced at first sight. There are at present three individuals in whom this peculiarity appears—a woman named Ma-phom, aged about forty-five years, and two of her three children, a boy eleven, and a girl eight years old. The mother and little girl were out when I visited them, collecting. I was told, the revenue which the king has assigned to them, in the shape of certain dues on articles sold in a neighbouring bazaar. The boy was certainly the strangest looking object in the shape

of man I had ever seen; indeed, until he spoke, showing in what he said considerable intelligence, I felt sceptical as to his humanity. The ancestor of this extraordinary family, and, as far as is known, the first in whom this strange singularity appeared, was a native of the Shan states, who was brought to the Burmese capital in the early part of the present century, and who was seen and described by the British envoy, Mr. Crawford, in the year 1826. The wonderful boy whom I saw was an infant in arms at the time of Yule's visit, and was noticed by him as inheriting the family peculiarity. The absence of the back and eye teeth is another odd circumstance in this family; but whether it is in any way connected with their hairiness I leave to physiologists to determine.

We left Mandalay on the 27th of October, glad to have been there, and glad to leave it.

Our impressions of Upper Burmah and its inhabitants were most favourable. The natural resources of the country are unbounded, and the people intelligent, orderly, and easily governed. The population is doubtless thin, and lies chiefly along the valley of the Irrawaddy, and other rivers. In spite of this, however, the commerce of Upper Burmah would be large and important were it blessed with really free trade and good government. But that this is not the case a visit to Mandalay would convince the blindest admirer of native rule and institutions. The present king is universally allowed to be one of the best, if not the best, that the country has ever enjoyed. In personal character he is kind, amiable, just, and, according to his light, religious. His reign has been remarkable for the absence of any of those wild excesses and wanton cruelties that most of his predecessors indulged in. As a ruler, he is enlightened and liberal, very hard working and accessible. In many of his conversations with the envoy and his officers he showed great diplomatic skill, and a most creditable acquaintance with affairs of state and statistics relating to his dominions. He can make most courtier-like speeches, as when he told the envoy that he had long known and been favourably prepossessed with his personal appearance, through a photograph which he had had by him for many years, and had carefully preserved during the late disturbances, when many of his possessions had been lost or mislaid; or, as when he said that he wished to present him with what was of more value than gold cups and jewels—namely, a share in the merits of his good works (a thing not impossible with the Buddhist), especially of the hospitals and almshouses which he had erected for the aged and infirm. But with the present king's death it is hard to see how the country can be preserved from anarchy and civil war. It is one of the many evil consequences of polygamy in a hereditary absolute sovereign like the King of Burmah, that it raises up a vast multitude of aspirants to the throne, so that "a man's foes are eminently those of his own household." The palace at Mandalay, with its many queens, and families, and establishments, is a vast focus of intrigue, plot, and counterplot for the one great prize—succession to the throne and the rewards that follow it. So well does the king know this, that since the murder of his brother, the heir-apparent, in 1866, he has abstained from nominating a successor to the throne. To do so would be the signal for those princes and other followers who disliked or feared the person named, to plot against his life. If they did not destroy him, they would say—as was said by the author of the last rebellion—he will destroy us when he gets the power.

No occupant of the palace, from the king himself to the lowest of his courtiers, sits upon a bed of roses. The mine or counter-mine may be sprung at any moment beneath their feet, and no one spared who stands in the way of its contriver. It was very touching to hear that one of the nicest and most interesting of the queens had lately said she wished her child was dead, for she knew he would live on but to meet a cruel and violent end. It is only by the greatest vigilance on the part of the king and his ministers that such outbreaks as occurred in 1866 are prevented from continually taking place.

The conduct and demeanour of the several princes and their followers are narrowly watched, and not without reason. We had an instance, while we were there, of the insolence with which some of these gentlemen carry themselves, and of the dislike and jealousy with which their assumptions are regarded by the government. During the signing of the treaty in the Hlwotdan, or council chamber, one of our officers, who was strolling outside, was rudely pushed aside by a retainer of one of the king's sons, who was driving out of the palace at the time. The ministers at once assured us that summary punishment should overtake the offender, that the conduct of this particular prince and his followers had long been displeasing to the king and to themselves, and that now an example should be made of him. Their assurances were quite correct. The king was exceedingly angry at what had happened, and sent the culprit next day to the Residency to receive whatever punishment—death in any form included—we might like to award him. Our justice was, however, tempered with mercy: we let him off when he had been made duly sensible of the gravity of his offence, and of the consequences to which it might have led.

It seems, then, almost inevitable that sooner or later circumstances will arise which will compel us to annex Upper Burmah to our dominions in the East. But however this may be, certain it is that there are few portions of our Eastern Empire more important, and with a greater future before them, than our possessions in Burmah. Everything tends to the conclusion that before long a large and important portion of the trade of China with India and Europe will pass through Burmah, and be shipped at Burmese ports. It has now been established to a certainty that the western provinces of China, which border on Burmah and its tributary states, are among the richest and most productive of that wonderful country. A recent traveller, Mr. Cooper, whose letters have just been published in the *North China Herald*, places this fact beyond a doubt, and predicts the future path of this commerce taking this direction. A considerable caravan trade between China and Upper Burmah has long been in existence, although much interrupted of late years by internal disturbances in Western China. Previous to these disturbances, the favourite, because the shortest, route was by the town of Bhamo, on the Upper Irrawaddy, about 200 miles north of Mandalay. Here the Chinese frontier approaches the Irrawaddy within about sixty miles in a straight line, but a difficult mountain range intervenes, inhabited by a wild and treacherous race called Ka-Khigens. The temporary closing of this route did not, however, put a stop to this commerce, which found other outlets to the southward through the Shan states, *via* a town called Theinne. In the winter of this year 20,000 mules reached Mandalay by this route.

Our Government has long been alive to the importance of

these northern trade routes between China and Upper Burmah, and of the commerce of which they may become the channel. But nothing could be done in the way of sending a party to explore them without the countenance and co-operation of the Burmese Government. It was during our visit that the king for the first time expressed his willingness to give every assistance to such an expedition. In January last a party left Mandalay under the leadership of Captain Sladen; and though at first they met with sundry delays and difficulties, by the last accounts all was well, the Chinese frontier had been safely reached, and we shall soon doubtless be in possession of important and interesting information on the present state of these routes, the possibility of their improvement, and the prospects of the trade they may open up. But it is highly probable that the future commerce of China with British Burmah, and through it with the world, will not be confined to these old and now-existing channels. Thickly-peopled and fertile districts of China, and semi-Chinese countries, stretch far down to the southerly latitudes than Bhamo, and thus approach our eastern and north-eastern frontiers much more nearly. It is believed by many who have given the subject their best consideration, that our true commercial policy is to open communications by rail or by ordinary road with these nearer and more southerly regions. A project has been warmly and perseveringly advocated at home of a railway from Rangoon to Kian-Hung, a town on the borders of South China on the Cambodia River, a direct distance of about 450 miles from Rangoon, passing through the populous and productive states of the industrious and enterprising Shans. A survey of this route was ordered by Lord Salisbury (then Lord Cranbourne) during his too brief tenure of the Indian secretariat, and prosecuted as far as our own frontier, when it was unfortunately countermanded. From all we know of the country and people that would be made accessible by such a line, we may confidently predict it would be the outlet for a large and expanding commerce. But what we do not know as yet, and what this survey was intended to find out, is the physical character of the country through which it must pass, particularly in the latter half of its course from the Salween to the Cambodia River. If no serious obstacles are found to exist, the political and commercial reasons for carrying out this scheme are too weighty to be overlooked.

In little more than 200 miles from Rangoon this line would reach the Shan states, a country rich in natural resources, and inhabited by a numerous population, almost as industrious and fond of trade as the Chinese. Numbers of these people come every year during the dry season to Rangoon, Maulmein, and other places in British Burmah, bringing ponies, cattle, precious stones, lacquered ware, and a variety of manufactured articles, and taking away large and miscellaneous investments of European goods. Another 200 miles, and the Chinese frontier is struck, and no one who knows the ways and manners of this most wonderful race can doubt that they will flock as eagles to the carcass, taking their possessions with them, to the new emporium of commerce and seat of industry thus brought within their reach.

England's mission in this part of the East—the India beyond the Ganges of our older geographers—is but commencing. In many respects her task is easier, and her advantages greater than in her elder trust of the other India. She has to deal with populations less fanatical, less dissimilar, less numerous,

more simple and unprejudiced, with a milder and more tolerant religion, free from caste, from all cruel and impious rites, from fierce hatred and hostility to its rivals, and in its ethics almost Christian. She has the experience of the past to guide her—an experience often bitter and dearly purchased, but invaluable for her future guidance. Let us hope that her career in India, though not inglorious, will be eclipsed by that in Burnah—her success, though not inconsiderable, in civilising and evangelising the Hindoos, be surpassed by what she will achieve among the Buddhists.

Since the above was written, the expedition led by Captain Sladen has returned, having successfully accomplished the object in view—namely, that of ascertaining if there is a short practicable, and easily improvable trade-route between Bhamo on the Upper Irrawaddy, and the Chinese province of Yunan. The furthest point reached by the expedition was the town of Momein, where they spent two months, and collected much valuable information about the part of China in which it is situated. Momein is described as a walled city

of about one mile square, the surrounding country being thickly inhabited, and of great natural fertility and resources. There is no further room for doubt but that a very large and important commerce with China would at once be opened up by this route, were it not for these two obstacles:—First, that the Burmese Government is at heart entirely against it, and resorts to all kinds of means secretly to thwart and hinder it. Secondly, that the part of China penetrated by this route is the scene of a long and obstinate contest between the Panthay, or Mussulman population, and the Chinese Imperialists. It was thought at the time the expedition visited Momein, that the Mussulman insurgents had wrested the province permanently from the Imperial Government, and established themselves firmly in authority; but subsequent events seem to leave the issue of the struggle still uncertain. Let peace and order be re-established in these provinces, and let Burmese opposition and counter-working cease, and commercial intercourse on a large scale would immediately ensue, by this Bhamo route, between the south-west of China and the external world, *via* Rangoon and the Irrawaddy.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.—III.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER V.

DRESS AND CONDITION OF THE INHABITANTS OF BAGHDAD—THE CHALDEANS—THE KURDS—THE MILITARY CLASS AND GOVERNMENT OF BAGHDAD—THE TOMB OF ZOBIEDE—AKERKHOJ—SEPIHARVAIN—START FOR BABYLON.

REFORM among Asiatics in the matter of dress makes but slow progress; the present Sultan and the Pasha of Egypt, who have both so recently visited England, dress probably more according to European usage than any of their subjects. Your true Oriental is a strict conservative, and is content to encase his outer man in garments of the same cut as adorned his forefathers.

Less graceful than the flowing habiliments of the Arab, but still more becoming than our costume, is the dress of the Turkish part of the population of Baghdad. The short jacket, ample sash, and graceful turban still retain their places; the small "tarbush," with the close blue frock and trousers of the Europeans, which, by diminishing the figure, contrasts so disadvantageously with the old dress, is patronised only by the pashas and other public functionaries. The generality of Asiatic Turks continue to wear long beards and flowing garments, with heads covered; they also retain the ancient posture in sitting adopted by all Orientals, and affect the utmost simplicity, both in their household furniture and in their travelling equipage.

Turbans are rarely worn by the Osmanli Turks of Baghdad, the head being covered among them by the cloth cap, or "kaook," of a higher and more narrow form than that used at Constantinople, and is bound round in a peculiar way by gold-flowered muslin at the foot. In Baghdad, as elsewhere, notwithstanding all that is said of his tyranny in Crete and other

subject provinces, the Turk is liked for his general amiability and *laissez aller* nature. Regarding the Turkish character, *Cailli* writes: "Although of a grave, phlegmatic, and even listless exterior, the Turk is remarkable for his gentleness towards children; and he makes no difference between them and his slaves or other servants. In addition to alms to the widow and the orphan, his generosity is frequently exercised in constructing khans, mosques, and fountains; trees and animal-grounds are his delight; and horses, dogs, cats, and pigeons share in his consideration. Scarcely anywhere else are birds so tame, and so much linked with mankind, as they are in Turkey; even children respect their nests; and it is not by any means uncommon to find tombstones on which, in addition to the sculptured devices indicating the vocation, and sometimes also the manner of the death of the deceased, a little basin has been hollowed out by the workman in which the smaller birds find a supply of water. These tombstones are usually beneath the shade of a cypress-tree or a rose-bush. In summing up his character, it may here be observed that truth, openness, and candour, contentment, and entire resignation to his lot, are qualities seldom denied by any one to the Turk. His memory is extraordinary, and his judgment generally sound; while the safety of travellers, as well as the attention commonly paid to them, sufficiently prove his fidelity and hospitality. Religion, such as it is, being founded upon the Koran, pervades almost every act of his life, and mixes with every occupation. Frequent prayer is universally practised, whether the individual be in the bath, the field, the coffee-house, or the mosque; and as alms are freely bestowed, abject poverty may be said to be scarcely known in the country. Amongst men of the higher class, the stranger meets with a

measured and distant, but a refined manner; and among all a ready attention to his personal wants. The chief inconvenience which he feels while in the country arises from the retardation of his progress, which is caused by the general indolence and procrastinating disposition of the people."

A stranger can have but little opportunity of forming a correct estimate of the condition of Turkish women, since the custom of excluding them from the society of men, which belongs to a period long antecedent to the introduction of Mohammedanism, is strictly followed, even to the extent of excluding them from public worship in the mosque. As they are allowed, however, to meet together in the baths, the cemeteries, and at country picnics, and also to visit each other, it is clear that they are not imured within four walls to the extent generally supposed. Of course this freedom does not apply to the harems of those wealthy enough to indulge in the luxury, or pay the penalty, of it—whichever phrase may be thought more appropriately to define the condition of the man who may be, according to the late Artemus Ward, "too much married."

Polygamy is the exception with persons of the middle and lower classes. As an example of this, it may be cited that the extensive city of Brusa, in Asia Minor, with a population of 70,000 souls, contained in 1830 but one individual who boasted the possession of more than one wife, and that was the Musellim, or Governor. Turkish ladies, when "they take their walks abroad," are enveloped in muslin dresses, and have only a portion of the face uncovered; at home they employ themselves in knitting, and plain needlework or embroidery.

The dress of the females of Baghdad is the same as that used by the natives of the country villages of Mesopotamia, the women of all classes being enveloped in a blue checked cloth, similar to what is worn by the lower orders in Egypt, and having the face covered by a piece of stiff black gauze.

The country women, who are seen in crowds in the markets, wear no such veils, but throw over their heads a checkered cotton cloth of red and yellow, exposing their faces to view with the exception of the mouth. As among the Bedouins

of the Desert, these women have their lips stained blue, with lines and other marks on different parts of their faces; heavy bracelets and anklets are also worn by them, and the nose is either adorned by a large ring, or a solid flat circular piece of gold stuck in one nostril.

The costume of the merchants is Arab, the fabric being made up almost wholly of Indian cotton for the caftan, fine shalloons for the upper garments, and worked muslins for the

waist and head. Nowhere are plain white turbans so general as at Baghdad; the very lowest of the Mohammedans wear them as a distinction of their faith. The Jews and Christians dress as elsewhere throughout Turkey, in dark robes, with Cashmere shawls, or blue muslin, for turbans. The Persians retain the costume of their own country, by which they may be easily distinguished from other nationalities; while the real desert Arabs are known by their "keffeah," or head-dress, their "abba," or large woollen cloak, and their curved "yambeah," or dagger of the Yemen shape.

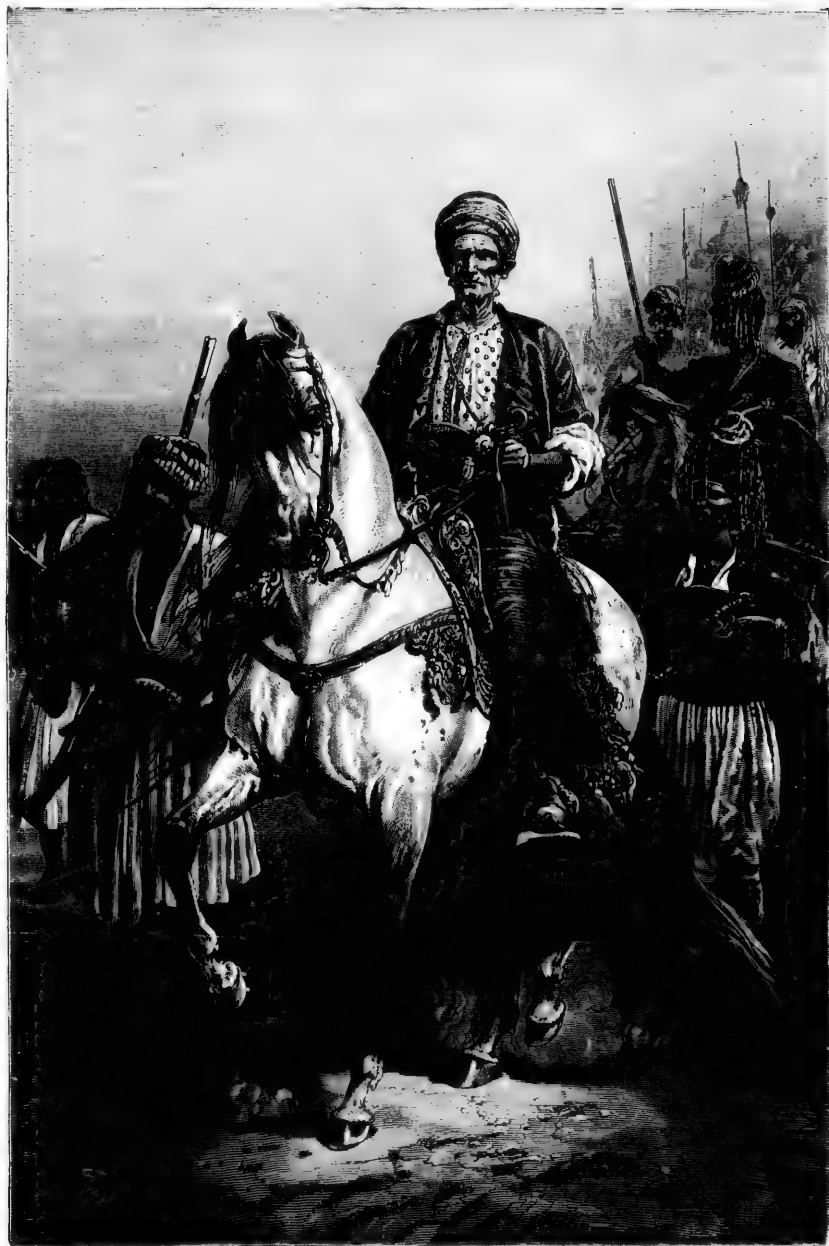
Before leaving the subject of the inhabitants of Mesopotamia, I must say something about the Kaldani, or Chaldeans, and a remarkable people called the Kurds, who may be seen gliding among the motley groups in the bazaars.

The Chaldeans inhabit a mountainous tract, stretching eastward of the district of Amadiyah, between Lake Van and the Taurus. According to their own account they were converted to Christianity by St. Thomas and two of the seventy disciples. By means of a rigidly enforced system of exclusion, they have preserved their freedom as a republic; their religious

tenets and simple liturgy have also remained nearly unchanged since the introduction of Christianity. Almost every village has its priest and church of peculiar simplicity, in which a little before daylight, and fasting, the Kaldani of each sect assemble, on Sunday, for Divine worship. This is a vaulted building, without steeple or belfry, sometimes in front of a cave. Its interior walls are covered with printed calico, and it is without seats, images, pictures, or ornaments of any kind. The whole complement of the service consists of manuscript copies of the New Testament and liturgy, a brass cross, a small bell, a copper chalice and paten, with an incense chafing-



GIRL OF BAGHDAD.



KARA FATIMA, THE KURDISH PRINCESS, AND HER SUITE.

dish. Having purified their hands in the smoke of frankincense issuing from the last-mentioned vessel, the priest, clothed in white trousers, a shirt, and a cotton surplice, administers to each individual the sacred elements of bread and wine. He then proceeds in Chaldee with the ritual, which concludes the service, and the people kiss the minister's hand as they retire to their dwellings. There is, besides, another sacrament—that of baptism. Fasts are frequently kept, and all kinds of meat are strictly prohibited to the clergy after ordination; but celibacy is not enjoined on the priests, bishops, or patriarch. The last dignity, with its temporal and spiritual power is hereditary.

The hardy life of these mountaineers has produced in them an open and erect bearing, so different from the sensuous, effeminate races of the plain. The Chaldean is courageous and revengeful abroad, though kind and hospitable at home. A constant state of warfare, or of preparation to resist attacks, has rendered him ferocious towards enemies, and even towards peaceable strangers; but the knowledge of Christianity, imperfect as it is in that country, has, notwithstanding this and other faults, made him superior to the Asiatics of the same class, who follow the Mohammedan creed. The women are neither masked with clothing like other Easterns, nor secluded from social intercourse. The diet of the people is almost entirely vegetable; their houses are scattered along the sides of the mountains, amidst groups of fruit and other trees, and are clean and commodious.

In the interior of the Chaldean country are terraces cultivated with rice or other grain, with a succession of deep, dark, wooded valleys, between high and rugged alpine ranges, which rise to the uplands, situated beyond the backbone of Kurdistan.

The Kurds, or more properly Kermanji, for the European name is unknown among them, are a very remarkable people. Nearly every male Kurd is mounted, and is armed generally with a gun and sabre, or pistols stuck in a showy vest; his dress usually consists of loose robes and stout leggings, while on his head he wears a gaudily striped turban, hanging loosely on one side in a fanciful manner. Occasionally he is to be seen with javelins about three feet nine inches long, which weapon he hurls with great dexterity; or else he is armed with a bow resembling that of the Turkomans, nearly six feet in length, and slung at his side ready for use, with a supply of arrows in a leather quiver at his back. In addition to the javelin and bow, the sling mentioned by Xenophon, in his Expedition of Cyrus, is still used in many parts of the country. The stones selected are rather large, and are thrown to a considerable distance from a leather case of suitable size, open at the sides, and having attached to it two strong cords. Of these three weapons, the javelin continues most in use; but even this, like the bow and the sling, is rapidly giving way to the firearms of civilised warfare.

The general elevation of Kurdistan, and the height of its mountain ranges, secure the province from the scorching heat to which the inhabitants of Mesopotamia are exposed in the very same latitude, whilst the valleys and long terraces on the sides of the mountains are clothed with the vine and other fruit trees, and yield crops of grain in abundance. The finest walnut trees, besides the ash, the oak, and the Oriental palm, grow in abundance in the forests. The honey, which is found in holes underground, or in hives made of mud, is remarkably

fine in quality and plentiful in quantity. Besides this article of export, the valleys produce silk, cotton, Indian corn, and other products. But the most remarkable production of Kurdistan is the celebrated vegetable known here by the name of manna, which, in Turkish, is called the Divine sweetmeat. Chesney says it is found on the leaves of the dwarf oak, and also, though less plentifully, and scarcely so good, on those of the tamarisk, and several other plants, and appears to be more esteemed than the tree manna. It is collected chiefly at two periods of the year—first, in the early part of spring, and again towards the end of autumn. In collecting manna, the people go out before sunrise, and having placed cloths under the oak, larch, tamarisk, and several other kinds of shrubs, the manna is shaken down in such quantities from the branches as to give a supply for the market. The Kurds not only eat manna in its natural state, as they do bread or dates, but their women make it into a kind of paste; being in this state like honey, it is added to other ingredients used in preparing sweetmeats, which in some shape or other are found in every house in the East. The manna, when partially cleaned, is carried to the market at Mosul, in goatskins, and there sold in lumps, at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. for about $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. But for family consumption, or to send to a distance out of the country, it is first thoroughly cleaned from the fragments of leaves and other foreign matter by boiling. In the natural state, it is described as being of a delicate white colour. It is also still, as in the time of the Israelites, like coriander seed (Numb. xi. 7), and of a moderate but agreeable sweetness.

The Kurdish women are allowed greater licence than among most Eastern communities. They do not enshroud themselves with apparel to the same extent, nor do they keep so much to themselves as do Oriental ladies in general. Cooking and other domestic duties devolve upon them, but in the evening they join the guests and the rest of the family round the large wood fire blazing on the hearth.

There are many different tribes in Kurdistan: these are generally divided into small chieftainships, forming separate patriarchal governments, under an hereditary chief, called *Dereh Beg* (Lord of the Valley). The rent-charges drawn by the local chieftains from the people are on a moderate scale, and the taxes paid to the Sultan do not appear to be by any means excessive.

Kara Fatima (Fatima the Black), whose veritable portrait we have here, is a Kurdish princess—that is to say, she is chief of a clan of some importance in Kurdistan. She and her followers created a great sensation in Constantinople at the time of the Crimean war, with their gay dresses and damascened arms, and the princess herself was the lion, or rather lioness, of the day at Stamboul.

The government of Baghdad is in the hands of a Pasha of "three tails," assisted by a council. From the first, Turkey allowed her conquered provinces to retain a number of their ancient customs, and the conquerors made the rulers whom they placed over them nearly independent of one another, as they had been under the reigns of the ancient Persian monarchs. This kind of government exists at the present time, the rulers being, as in Europe during the middle ages, so many military despots, of whom the Sultan is the chief. As regards this latter potentate, his power, except a few restrictions imposed upon him by the Koran, is absolute; though within the last few years, and notably since his visit to England in 1867, the present

ruler in Turkey has shown a laudable disposition to incline towards the mode of government in force in constitutional monarchies. Regarding the gradation of rulers, below the Pasha is the Mutesellim or simple Governor, then the Agha, and lastly, the Delibashi, or head of the village; while in each district or town there is a Kadi, who administers justice in his court, though this commodity is usually for sale to the highest bidder, for bribery is universal in the administration of the law. Among the Arabs, in the rural districts of Mesopotamia, the government is conducted on the patriarchal system, the Sheikh being supreme. The choice of the Governor of Baghdad, though nominally in the hands of the Sultan, was for some centuries, and until their treacherous destruction by Mehemet Ali in 1811, in the gift of the Mamlouks, supported by the popular voice. A Divan or Council sits in the Pasha's palace once a week; it consists of the great officers of state and the heads of departments, who deliberate on affairs of general moment, while matters of detail are conducted by the individual members of the government. The audience hall in the palace, to which alone strangers can gain admittance, is gaudily decorated with crimson cushions and hangings, and the richest carpets, while the ceiling and sides are ornamented with a profusion of gilded and carved wood-work.

The revenue of Mesopotamia is about twelve and a half million dollars, and as the inferior government establishments at Mosul, Koornah, Hillah, and other places are chiefly maintained by local contributions, the disbursements are confined almost exclusively to Baghdad itself. These consist of the expenses of the Pasha, his followers, presents, salaries of state officers, the maintenance of about 5,000 regular troops, organised after the European fashion, and finally, the fixed revenue paid to the Sultan. This does not include considerable sums of money secretly distributed among the Arab Sheikhs, in order to secure their allegiance and support in the event of trouble arising, when, like feudal lieges, they are expected to march their armed followers to the assistance of their suzerain. It is understood that in this way nearly 100,000 men may be assembled on due notice being given, provided always the payments to the Sheikhs are not in arrear.

I made several excursions in the neighbourhood of Baghdad. One day I joined a party on a visit to the tomb of Zobeide. We left the city by the gate called the Bab el Jisser and crossed the bridge of boats. Passing from thence through a line of streets and bazaars on the west bank of the Tigris, we came to one of the principal hospitals of Dervishes. This presented nothing remarkable in appearance beyond the lofty Gothic arch of the front, and an inscription on each side of it executed in high-relief on an ornamental ground. After passing this we soon arrived at the tomb of Zobeide. Its appearance was somewhat disappointing, for we had been conjuring up romantic associations of the Caliph Haroun el Raschid and his lovely spouse, Zobeide, as related in those ever delightful "Tales of the Thousand and One Nights," and we quite expected to find a casket worthy of the jewel enshrined therein; for my readers will remember what an amiable and virtuous lady was the consort of the great Caliph. The tomb was erected by his second son, Abdallah, about A.D. 831, and is built in the midst of an extensive cemetery. It consists of an octagonal base with a porch before it, the whole being about thirty feet in diameter. The structure is capped with a high and pointed dome, or rather cone, very much

resembling a pine-apple, and rising to an altitude of sixty or seventy feet.

The entrance from the outer porch into the interior of the building is through an arched doorway, over which is an inscription of modern date, copied by Niebuhr, and given by him as recording that in the year 1131 of the Hegira, Hussan Pasha had buried by the side of the celebrated Zobeide his deceased wife, Ayesha, the daughter of one Mustapha Pasha, and that he had on that occasion repaired the edifice, and built near it some accommodation for Dervishes, or poor wayfarers of the orthodox faith. There are three tombs in the building, erected side by side, and all in a very dilapidated state. Opposite the door is a fragment of an old Arabic inscription, executed in coarse enamel on tiles, many of which have disappeared. The inner surface of the sugar-loaf dome is covered with arched niches, which form the Arabic frieze. There are also two small windows facing each other near the commencement of the dome, and which, as well as a false doorway under the enamelled inscription, are constructed with pointed arches, though the entrance itself has the peculiarity of a flattened arch.

On the whole, our visit to the tomb of Zobeide was disappointing, but we were amply repaid by a trip we made to Akerkoul. After crossing the Tigris, we mounted some high-mettled Arab horses, and after a brisk ride across the desert in a westerly direction, came in sight of the ancient ruin. Though appearing to be quite close to Baghdad, from the fact of its being situated on a level plain, this vast mass of building was found to be a good twelve miles distant, with a compass bearing of W. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. Extending to a considerable distance around this colossal mound, called by the Arabs Akari Nimroud and Akari Babel, may be traced the ruins of a city of which this mound, like those of Babel and Erech, was, according to Ainsworth's "Assyria," the high altar; the name as well as the primitive construction of the pyramid serves, in Chesney's view, to identify the ruins as those of Accad, Nimrod's third city, as mentioned in the Bible. Around the ruin itself, in different directions, but more particularly on the south and west, are long mounds and smaller heaps, evidently amassed from the wreck of former buildings, strewed over with burnt and unburnt bricks, and plain and glazed pottery. As no stone is found in Mesopotamia, the remains of these ancient cities, including Babylon, form merely a wilderness of bricks. Sufficient vestiges are found in the neighbourhood of this Tower of Nimroud, to prove that in all likelihood a very extensive city once existed round its base. The word Akerkoul may be traced to Arabic etymology, and would signify, "The place of him who rebelled against God." This, as applied to the popular tradition of Nimrod's rebellion against the Almighty, and of the ruin of Akerkoul being his place after death, would sufficiently accord with the supposition of its being a royal sepulchre. It is called by the Turks Nimroud Tepessy, which also signifies the "mound," not tower, as is generally supposed, of "the mighty hunter."

Akerkoul, or Nimrod's Palace, is a shapeless mass of brick-work rising from a broad base, now so worn away as to be a mere heap of rubbish. The height of the whole is estimated by Mr. Rich to be 126 English feet; the diameter of the largest part is given as 100 feet; the circumference of the lower part of the brick-work, which is much above the real base, at 300 feet.

The bricks are $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches square by four deep, placed with much regularity; the layers of reeds which break the continuity of the bricks are usually placed after seven rows of the latter are piled on one another—that is, at intervals of about two feet four inches, or occasionally a little more; and the reeds forming these divisions are composed of three layers, which together form a depth of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. These layers are so arranged that they cross one another; the upper and lower ones being in parallel positions, and the centre one at right angles to both.

It is impossible to form a correct idea as to the precise kind of edifice of which it formed a part. Among travellers, conjecture has always run wild on this point, and it is not surprising considering the shapelessness of the mass. It has been supposed to be the remains of the Tower of Babel; but, as Niebuhr well observes, in his "Voyage en Arabie," that structure was, no doubt, in the neighbourhood of the Euphrates, whereas this is not far from the banks of the Tigris. That eminent traveller seems himself to have been of opinion that it was an elevation on which one of the early Caliphs of Baghdad, or even one of the Persian sovereigns, who resided at El Modain, might have had a country house built, to enjoy, from such a height, the luxury of cool and fresh air. But this is somewhat improbable, as the materials and style of the building have induced most of those who have seen it to pronounce it of the Babylonian age.

A canal once passed close to the eastward of Akerkoug; but it is now lost in the neighbouring swamp, presenting a dry bed of great magnitude. It is considered to have been the remains of the canal of Isa, which is represented by Major Rennell as connecting the Tigris with the Euphrates, at a part where these rivers approach each other, from the old Baghdad on the east, over to Felugia on the west, where the battle of Cunaxa was fought between Cyrus the Younger and Artaxerxes in the year 401 before the Christian era. Mignan, however, traced this canal, and found that it discharged itself into the Tigris four miles *below* Baghdad, a circumstance which he considers refutes its identity with the canal of Isa, which flowed north and south. This canal doubtless performed the double

duty of irrigating the surrounding country, and supplying the inhabitants with fresh water from the Tigris. It is a curious fact that though Akerkoug and the Babylonian mounds are constructed with bricks of a similar character, yet the former are not marked with the well-known arrow-headed or Babylonian inscriptions. Between Akerkoug and Baghdad is a village containing a magnificent mosque, which we visited on our return journey. It is that of the Imaum Moosa el Kadeen,

and presents a gay appearance, with its gilded domes and minarets sparkling in the sunlight. The mosque is a large building, occupying the centre of a spacious court, surrounded by a high and well-built wall. Its most striking features are the two domes and four lofty minarets, the latter highly ornamented with coloured tiles covered with gold. This mosque contains the tomb of one of the early martyrs of the Sheeah sect of Mohammedanism, who was executed in A.H. 185, for entertaining in his house the persecuted partisans of Ali. It is a great resort for the pilgrims of the Sheeah sect (chiefly Persians), and is considered inferior in sanctity only to the tombs of their leaders at Mesjed Hussein and Mesjed Ali, in the desert south-west of Hillah.

We encountered numbers of devotees about the village, nearly all of them being pilgrims from distant cities. After a cup of coffee at one of the little coffee-houses, we rode back to Baghdad, where we arrived about sunset.

Ancient as is the building of Akerkoug, there are some ruins in Mesopotamia which boast a still greater antiquity. I speak of those of Sippara, or Sepharvaim, the "city of



LADY OF BAGHDAD.

the sun," distant about twenty miles from Babylon, and near Moseyb. The site of the city is matter for conjecture, but there is ground for believing that it originally stood on the ruins to which I have referred, now called Towaibeh, and situated on the El Muten, the old stream of the Euphrates; this channel, which is also called El Khoor, may be traced with its various twists or bends towards Babel, near which it seems to rejoin the Euphrates. Towaibeh is close to the eastward of the road between Baghdad and Hillah, and forms, with its tall, solid tower of sun-dried bricks, a very striking object to the eye of the traveller. On the ruins to the north-

westward of the tower (the word Towaibeh is derived from the Turkish word Tabeah, meaning tower) are two round knobs, which have the exact appearance of a porch or entrance to the building itself. There are very extensive but low ruins all about the supposed site of the ancient Sepharvaim; the plain to the eastward is covered for miles with *débris* of glass and pottery, in the greatest profusion.

After visiting the various places of interest in the neighbourhood of Baghdad, a journey to the site of ancient Babylon was projected, and a party was formed with that object. I had

thoroughly enjoyed my stay in Baghdad, thanks to the hospitality, not only of the resident, Captain K—, but of other friends, English and Armenian.

Our travelling party was composed of three members—an officer of the *Comet*, who was to rejoin his vessel at Marghill, a young English merchant, and myself, with two guides and our servants, numbering in all, inclusive of baggage-animal drivers, twelve souls. At length our preparations were completed, and having bidden my Baghdad friends farewell (for I was not to return to the city), we set out on our journey.

A Summer Trip up the River Amoor.

BY RONALD BRIDGETT.

By a treaty with China in 1860 the Russian Government obtained possession of all the country lying to the north of the river Amoor, in Eastern Siberia, and both immediately before and since that time, settlements have been made along the whole course of the stream. During the summer months, steam communication is kept up between Strétensk, on the tributary stream known as the Shilka, in Trans-Baikália, and Nicolaievsk on the Pacific, a distance of 2,000 miles of uninterrupted navigation. The ice breaks up in the month of April, and moves away down stream with great uproar, at the rate of about twenty miles a day. The river remains open till ice begins again to form in the middle of October, and when sufficiently firm, a sledge track follows the course of the stream, post stations being established at intervals of fifteen to thirty miles; and, provided with the customary government order, a traveller can ordinarily obtain horses, though sometimes on the lower part of the river he has to content himself with a Gilyack sledge and a team of dogs. Not long since the journey from Nicolaievsk to St. Petersburg, was made by a government courier in thirty days, travelling uninterruptedly; the winter post, however, usually occupies fifty to fifty-five days in transit. In summer the steamers ascend the river in about thirty days, and descend in half that time, anchoring during each night.

The approach to Nicolaievsk, at the mouth of the river, is through the intricate navigation of the Leman, or head waters of the Gulf of Tartary, and when first seen, the town, with the shingle roofs of its houses, coloured red or green, presents a somewhat gay appearance. This is the principal place on the river, and numbers about 5,000 inhabitants, consisting chiefly of military and convicts, many of the latter being sentenced to long terms of penal servitude for murder and other crimes. While I was there, in August, 1867, one steamer brought a batch of twelve women, convicted of murdering their husbands, a crime possibly rendered more frequent in Russia, on account of the laws of the Russo-Greek church not sanctioning divorce, and there being, in consequence, no other way of getting rid of an objectionable husband.

The houses are single-storied and built of wood, with double windows to exclude the cold, which, during the seven months' winter, is very severe. The streets are wide, with a wooden plank-way on one side, raised above the road, and

present a very deserted appearance. The town can boast of a public library and reading room, well provided with Russian and other newspapers, also a club, where balls and amateur concerts are held. There is also a public garden, or more properly an enclosure overgrown with weeds, where a military band performs in the summer evenings. The church, as in all Russian towns, is a prominent object, and on the outskirts of the town, among the stumps of trees left on the forest-land, cleared for firewood, is a cemetery. The river here is about a mile wide, and on the opposite shore rise lofty cliffs covered with pine trees.

Nicolaievsk is a naval station; vessels drawing less than twelve feet of water can come up to the town, but those of heavier burden have to discharge their cargoes into lighters at De Castries Bay, a fine harbour 120 miles to the south; to this place there is a telegraph wire, and thence proceeding inland and following the course of the rivers Amoor and Usuri, it is extended to Vladivostock, the most southern Russian settlement on the coast of Manchuria.

We quitted Nicolaievsk in the month of August, in a steamer the size of a Thames Gravesend boat, and ascending the stream, which here flows from the south, we passed for two days through hilly country with woods and occasional islands, and reached the village of Mariensk, from which a road extends to De Castries Bay, crossing the isthmus of land which divides the river from the coast. A few hours above Mariensk is Sofiensk, another small village, occupied by two companies of soldiers. After shipping a supply of wood, and purchasing and killing a bullock for the consumption of those on board, the steamer proceeded, and next day but one reached the village of Gorin, with a small villa-like church, with a shining globe on the summit. Having embarked the mail, we steamed on under wooded hills, rising from the water's edge, and next day reached the small village of Margai, on the right bank, just under a bold promontory. Here the mountains recede from the bank, and the river widens to some six or eight miles, and divides into numerous channels with long low islands of an uninteresting character, fringed with willows. Another day or two's steaming brought us to Khabarofka, shortly before reaching which place the river contracts, and pleasant wooded hills rise on the right bank.

The Russian peasants occupying the villages on this part of the river grow grain for their own maintenance, and feed a few bullocks on the hay obtained in summer from the water meadows on the banks of the river, but appear far from prosperous. The usual accompaniments to village life, of barking dogs, bare-headed and bare-legged children are to be seen, and—while the steamer remains to embark fire-wood—fowls, milk, eggs, wild strawberries and raspberries, potatoes, cucumbers, &c., are brought for sale. The houses are mere log huts, ranged at equal distances along the river bank. In the principal apartment, which ordinarily serves for bed and sitting-room, a large brick stove fills one corner, and, the better to enjoy the warmth, the family sleep on the top of the stove, close under the ceiling. Besides the Russians, the only inhabitants to be seen are a few Gilyacks and Goldi, who live by fishing and hunting.

In summer mosquitoes abound in the woods along the river bank, and it is no exaggeration to say they may be swept off the face and hands by the dozen. Persons engaged in government surveying and telegraph work are sometimes obliged to wear a kind of helmet, with gauze netting of horse-hair, covering the face, to guard against the attacks of these troublesome insects. There are no roads, and the river forms the only highway. Bush fires are very frequent in summer, and in many places the country was enveloped in dense clouds of smoke.

Khabarofka, 614 miles from Nicolaievsk, from its situation at the junction of the river Ussuri, which flows from Manchuria in the south, is probably destined to become of some importance as a place of trade. At present it consists of a cluster of wooden houses on the high bank of the river, barracks occupied by a battalion of infantry, and a few Russian and Manchurian store-keepers, who keep a supply of miscellaneous articles suitable to the requirements of the settlers on the river. On the top of the cliff and looking down on the river is a public garden, having a very neglected appearance.

The telegraph wire from Nicolaievsk here branches off, and follows the course of the river Ussuri to Vladivostock, on the Manchurian coast, and communication is also maintained by the line of Cossack posts on this river, which forms part of the eastern boundary of the Chinese empire.

For some days after leaving Khabarofka the river banks are flat, the country uninteresting, and the stream divides into numerous channels, separated by long low islands. The mouth of the river Sungari, flowing from the south, is passed, and having reached the village of Ekaterin-Nicolski, consisting of a line of log huts extending half a mile along the river bank, occupied by Cossack soldiers, the passage of the Hinghan mountains commences. The stream is very rapid, and narrows to about a quarter of a mile in width, and the scenery changes its character entirely. On either hand hills, 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height, rise precipitously from the water's edge, covered with mountain oak, birch and fir trees, while occasional valleys open out and add to the beauty of the scene.

The passage of the Hinghan, extending for about fifty miles, occupied two days, owing to the strength of the current, as with a string of barges and Manchu boats in tow we could barely make headway. The only habitation visible was a lonely post-house until reaching the village of Raddé, which is opposite to a lofty cliff, on which some enterprising man has erected a

wooden cross. Here the high wooded banks cease, the river widens, and a fine extent of country opens, with swelling woodland interspersed with park-like patches of grass. This continues for several days, and the face of the country becomes not unlike our English downs.

There is considerable cultivation of grain at the Russian villages, which occur on the left bank at every thirty to fifty miles. In one of these, while anchoring during the night, some of us "assisted" at a Cossack dance, held in a small low room, filled to suffocation with peasants of both sexes, whom we plied well with refreshment. Selecting partners, we, as guests, opened the dance to the accompaniment of the band, consisting of three violins, and a very shrill chant in which all joined. This was followed by several male *pas seuls*, which for energy and grotesqueness were unrivalled, and, if seen on the stage of certain places of amusement in London, in the present state of the public taste, would have been rapturously applauded.

Before reaching the river Dsaya, which falls in from the north, we passed the Manchu town of Aigun, which, with the exception of the occasional huts of the Goldi, was the first sign of habitation on the right or Chinese shore since quitting Khabarofka, a distance of 570 miles. The town is of some size, but consists almost entirely of mud huts, and presents a wretched appearance. A few joss-houses or temples were noticeable, and there were a dozen gaily-painted junks, constituting the Chinese fleet in this part of the world, but they did not appear to be in commission.

Fifteen miles above Aigun, at the junction of the river Dsaya with the Amoor, in long. 137 degrees, is the town of Blagovéstchensk (*Anglice*, Annunciation), the residence of the governor of the district of the Amoor, and the principal place on the river with the exception of Nicolaievsk. It consists of two main streets running parallel to the river bank, the houses rather wide apart and built of logs. The house of the governor, the only one of any pretension, faces an open square; at the back, along the river bank, there is a public garden or esplanade. A considerable number of troops are quartered here, and for their use is an open gymnasium, in which they can practice the scaling of walls and earthworks. The country round is without a tree, but many cattle are grazed in the neighbourhood during the summer, which though short, is sufficiently warm to allow melons to ripen out of doors. We stayed here a few days, in quarters allotted by the governor; and though only the middle of September, the weather, which had been getting colder, became quite wintry, with sharp frosts.

Immediately opposite the town is the village of Saghalien, where the Manchu traders reside, as the authorities do not allow them to remain at night on the Russian side. They bring for sale flour, cattle, tobacco, &c., in return for European goods, hard roubles, and Mexican dollars, which latter are sent south to Tsitsikar, a large town 100 miles distant, and melted into what English merchants in China call *shoes* of silver or sycee. Several stores we visited contained a miscellaneous assortment of European articles, in addition to Chinese felt mats, pipes, crockery, fire crackers, skins, and articles of clothing. The house of one merchant was very comfortably constructed, and the room in which he entertained us with tea made with the Russian urn or "somovár," although entirely glazed on two sides, was said to be quite warm during the severest winter, as along one side ran a platform about two feet from the ground, underneath which passed the smoke from

a stove. The platform was covered with a thick carpet, and formed the couch at night.

Along the river Dsaya, which here joins the Amoor, are numerous settlers from Russia Proper, many of whom have left their homes in consequence of religious persecution. The ground in cultivation produces rich crops of grain, and supplies are being drawn by the government from this quarter to supply less favoured colonies on the Amoor, which, on their first establishment, were dependent on sea-borne provisions from the Baltic, and, more recently, received supplies from Trans-Baikalia.

Quitting Blagovéstchensk in a steamer of lighter draught of water, the decks crowded with a number of time-expired soldiers returning to their homes, and towing a boat-load of convicts astern, we continued our onward course. For two days we passed between hills, rising 300 and 400 feet from the water's edge, covered with fern, stunted oak and birch trees, and presenting every imaginable tint of autumn, from the brightest yellow to the richest crimson, a bold rock here and there changing the character of the scene. A remarkable one, near the village of Kamára, was passed on the second day, standing isolated, and with dark face rising quite a thousand feet precipitously from the water's edge. The stream is here very tortuous, and after pursuing a course of twenty miles returns to within half a mile of the same place, a high hill intervening. Two hundred miles from Blagovéstchensk, we pass the so-called White Mountains, a line of chalk cliffs extending for four miles along the river bank, and thence to Albazin. The character of the scenery for several days is very interesting, wooded hills rising now on one side and now on the other.

We saw immense quantities of wild fowl, but the noise of our steamer made them rise before they were within gun-shot. That royal fish, the sturgeon, is caught in this part of the river, and fresh caviare was added to our unchanging diet of beef. Large game is found in abundance, and the villagers attack the bear single-handed on foot. At one village where we stopped to take on board a supply of wood were some individuals of the native tribe called Aronchonee, who wander about this part of the country. We entered one of their tents, which are made of birch bark with an opening at the top to afford an outlet for the smoke of the fire, and found it occupied by two old crones with high cheek bones, flat noses, and eyes wide apart. The males of their party were away in the woods hunting for sable. In winter, these people still live in their tents of birch bark, but cover them with deer skins.

Albazin is a village of some importance, and, except in the most modern maps, is marked as *the ruins of Albazin*. The ruins, however, consist only of a few earthworks, which formed an advanced post of the Russians two centuries ago, and, defended by only a handful of Cossacks, held out for a long time against an army of Chinese. It was subsequently relinquished, and not re-occupied till General Mouravieff, on his trip down the river in 1858, selected it as a settlement, with better judgment than he displayed in other instances, as many sites for villages were selected haphazard, and have since been relinquished, owing to exposure to floods and other causes. In the summer of 1867 a great influx of miners and others took place to Albazin, owing to the discovery of gold in the neighbourhood, and workings on an extensive scale were undertaken by a rich capitalist of St. Petersburg. In the village we noticed a herd of reindeer, with noble antlers, grazing very quietly in an enclosure.

Two days' steaming from Albazin brought us to the junction of the rivers *Shilka* and *Argun*, which unite to form the Amoor; and, ascending the first-named stream, which is about as wide as the Thames at London, but very shallow in places, we passed for 120 miles through the Little Hinghan mountains. The scenery is very grand; lofty hills, covered with dense pine forests, rise from the water's edge, while here and there a limestone cliff presents an abrupt face. In general character it reminds one much of the Danube between Passau and Linz, with the exception that there are no ruined castles on the heights. The only habitations consist of seven solitary post-houses.

Hereabouts we met some rafts taking cattle down stream; also one or two parties of emigrants afloat, with all their goods and chattels, carts, horses, &c. Many of these people come from the southern provinces of Russia, and from the borders of the Caspian Sea, and occupy from twelve to eighteen months on the journey.

After passing the village of Gorbitza, the mountains recede from the river bank, and we enter the province of Trans-Baikalia. The country generally has a more settled appearance, and the habitations are not confined to the river bank.

From Shilka to Strétsensk rise swelling hills partly covered with pine and white birch, and showing considerable cultivation. Although October had commenced, the harvest was still standing in the fields, and in places only partly cut. Frosts had commenced, and the first fall of snow would allow the peasants to house their crops on sledges—a labour-saving process.

Although steamers can proceed higher up the river, to Nerchinsk, and sometimes even to Chetah, 100 miles distant, Strétsensk is considered the head of the navigation, as here the carriage-road to Russia commences. Having hauled alongside the small jetty, the captain of our steamer, being an officer of the Imperial Navy, went ashore in full uniform to report himself to the governor, while the passengers found their way to a so-called hotel, finding there somewhat worse accommodation than at an ordinary staging bungalow in India.

Strétsensk is on the right bank of the river, and consists only of a number of log-houses, with barracks for soldiers, and a convict establishment; the church, as usual, is the most prominent object. Hills covered with white birch rise gently at the back of the town, and two miles up-stream is the "port," with dry dock, work-shops, and all needful appliances for the construction and repair of steamers and barges navigating the river. The whole is under the superintendence of an Englishman, who seemed reconciled to his isolated position.

The few European articles required find their way here partly by the long land journey through Siberia, and partly by water conveyance from the seaboard; and as an instance of the thereby enhanced cost, loaf-sugar was selling at an equivalent of 3s. per pound, and English bottled porter at 4s. 6d. per bottle, and other articles in proportion.

Having thus attempted a sketch of the country through which passes the noble river Amoor, it only remains for me to add that the enthusiastic ideas once formed of its capabilities are scarcely borne out by facts. Excepting, however, the drawbacks presented by the long winter, and the great distance from the centres of redundant population in Europe, there would appear to be no great reason why the country should not offer at some future time as desirable a place for settlement as Canada.

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.—VIII.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

BOUND FOR MAGDALA.

We all thought that King Theodore intended us to remain at Gaffat during the rainy season, and began to furnish our houses as comfortably as we could. He paid a few visits to

hour, and said that as his Majesty was going to hold a trial that day, he wished Mr. Rassam and his companions, the consul and the missionaries, and any other gentlemen of our party, to come and be present at it. Off we started, directly



AN ABYSSINIAN HORSEMAN.

Mr. Rassam, was always cordial and conciliatory, and seemed to wish to render us, during our stay with him, as happy as possible. Mashsha, the Nagareet-Agafaree, came with a number of his myrmidons, to build a hedge round our houses, which is always done when a permanent stay at any place is intended, in order to keep off hyænas and beggars. But the next day a messenger arrived from the king at a very early

after breakfast, with some misgivings in our hearts, it is true, but still not thinking there was anything very serious coming. Our party consisted of Mr. Rassam, Dr. Blanc, and myself, Consul Cameron, the Rev. Mr. Stern and Mr. Rosenthal (missionaries), and Mr. Kerans, who was the supplementary "gentleman." On arrival, we found the large court-yard almost deserted, and we were not saluted by the usual inquiries after

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ABYSSINIAN WARFARE.

our health, but were ushered in silence into a large *mâle* tent, where we sat down on some carpets, quite at a loss to guess what our new crime might be. Aïto Samuel and the artisans, who had accompanied us from Gaffat, were next summoned to the king, and presently returned, with old Kantiba Hailu and an Afa-Negoos, and a string of the most wonderful charges. The principal one was, as far as I remember, to the effect that the king's enemies, the Turks, were constructing a railway from Massâwa to Kássala, or from Kássala to Matamma, with money borrowed from the French and English, for the purpose of pouring troops into Abyssinia. "Such being the case," quoth the king through his mouth-pieces, "and as you must have seen the railway when you passed through Kássala a few months ago, it was your duty, as my friend, to have informed me of it. Why did you not do so?" What could one answer to this charge, and a dozen like it? Cameron, Stern, Rosenthal were all arraigned again for their special crimes, and had to make the usual excuses. The upshot of it was, that our arms were all seized a second time (and never again returned), "Since," said his Majesty, "I know it is the custom for you English to commit suicide when you are in trouble;" and we were moreover told, in very plain terms, that the king could not trust us out of his sight again, and that we were in the future to remain close to him wherever he went.

Dr. Blanc was presently allowed to return to Gaffat to see a patient of his, and remained there with the king's permission; Mr. Rosenthal also obtained leave, a day or two afterwards, to reside there with his wife. The rest of us spent a weary week in that black tent, although Theodore soon relaxed his severity, and allowed us now and then to spend the day with our friends at Gaffat. One evening he ordered his tame lions to be turned loose in the plain below, and invited us to come out and watch their gambols; and he also allowed Mr. Stern to pitch his tent separately from ours, which gave us a little more room in the tent. Another day, some rebels who had been captured on the frontiers of Bagender were brought in, and among them two or three women. They had forked pieces of wood fastened round their necks, and looked miserable, but not in the least afraid, as their captor galloped about, *fakaring* and boasting himself, "*Ya-Toblerô bârea*" (the slave of Theodore). The king asked them why they had revolted, and they merely replied, "At the instigation of the devil." The excuse not being satisfactory, they were taken away, and shot a little way off, in sight of the army. The women, who had expected the same fate, were graciously spared.

The next day the king went to visit his factories at Gaffat. On his return, Samuel brought us word that his Majesty wished to speak with us, just as we were, and told us to make no change in our dress. Down we went, and were marshalled into a line before the king, who was sitting on a rock a little way above us, looking not very sweet. We were surprised to see Blanc standing up too, and shortly afterwards Mr. Rosenthal was brought in by a number of soldiers. The same old story was gone through; in fact, I do not think any fresh charge was made against us, but what Theodore chiefly wanted to impress upon us was his right to Palestine and India, as lawful descendant of and successor to Alexander and Constantine. He was very angry when he thought of the way in which he was kept out of his rights, especially by France and England,

whose business it was to dispossess the Mussulman of the Holy Land, and hand it over to its lawful owner. Thus he went on, brandishing his spear, and spitting right and left, as he always did when in a rage. At length he asked the Afa-Negoos if he could guard us best in the tent or the adjoining house. "In the house," rejoined the officer, and went there to make everything ready for our reception. This did not take long, and we were then summoned to our next prison.

This was a house which had been generally used as a magazine, and at that time contained a considerable store of powder in underground cellars. There was an inner room and a verandah, but as there was not a single aperture to admit light or air except the low door, it was everywhere pitch dark. We at once christened it "The Black Hole." The soldiers who escorted us thrust us in, and with the help of the candles which they carried we could just discern what sort of a place we were in. Leave was given us to have our bedding brought, and the few other necessary articles. The guards remained with us all the time, but did not disturb us while we were laying out our bedding. Their chief was Basha Abito, a tall, fine-looking man, and not a bad fellow at bottom, whom we knew very well. He pulled out a pistol from his belt, and showed it us as the one with which he had blown out the brains of the rebels the day before: not very reassuring to us, perhaps, but we had got so accustomed to such scenes that it seemed quite a matter of course, and we would talk and jest with these ruffians in the most familiar way.

Several messages had passed between Mr. Rassam and the king, in which the former had tried to point out to his Majesty the folly of the course he was now pursuing, but all to no avail. "Whether I treat you well or ill," said Theodore, "my enemies will always say the worst of me, so what does it matter?" However, he presently sent word that he could not sleep till he had seen with his own eyes that we were comfortable, so he would come and pay us a visit, despite the advice of his wife, who strongly counselled him not to do so. When he came, he was accompanied by several attendants and pages, bearing *tedj* and *arakee*, in which we all had to pledge his Majesty. He talked with us for a long time, without referring much to the events of the afternoon. "I am obliged to do all this," said he, "because of my people, but it is not from my heart; you should look at that, and not at my face." He then diverged into a conversation about the Roman Catholic Church, and the Pope, and so on, and at last went away, leaving the impression that he was decidedly mad. Indeed, he had said so himself. "I sometimes think," he remarked, "that I must be mad. My father died so, you know." Still, we were not pleased to find ourselves in his hands.

We stayed in the Black Hole for three days, without seeing anything more of the king. But on Thursday the 5th of July we received orders to pack up and make ready to start, as his Majesty was already on the march. This did not take us long, and with lighter hearts than we had had since the terrible oppression of that sunless room began to weigh on them, we mounted our mules again. We were placed—of course, we understood, as prisoners—under the especial charge of Basha Abito and his men, who were rough and ready, but not bad-natured fellows. As usual, the *vis inertiae* of the army was so great, that we were only able to proceed a few miles that

morning. The bulk of the troops had been dispersed over the outlying districts, under the command of their respective chiefs, in order to counteract, if possible, the ravages of the cholera, and only the *corps d'élite* remained with the king. Still, this included the major portion of the followers, and most of the non-descripts, beggars, &c., so that comfortable travelling was out of the question. We halted at Zhân-Méda (*Royal Plain*), and resumed our journey the following morning, but, being in better marching order, were able to travel a longer distance—as far as Kolkwáliko, about eighteen miles from Debra Tâbor, where we encamped on a small plain surrounding an eminence, on which the king was sitting when we arrived, watching his troops pouring in, and seemingly quite regardless of the rain, which pelted down upon his uncovered head. We were off again the following morning to Aibaukab, an immense level plateau; and then we halted for the Sunday, it being unusual for Theodore to travel on that day, except on his forays. In the afternoon we received a message, inviting us to walk to a small hillock hard by, from which we had a capital view of Mount Goona, with its tall crest covered with white frozen hail.

Sunday passed quietly enough, but the next morning we were woke up by a very early visit from Samuel, and informed that we must prepare to start at once, with as little kit as possible. All our heavy baggage would be conveyed after us by the soldiers; but our equipments were to be of the very lightest description. Several old friends came to bid farewell to us before our departure; among them Paulus, a good, simple lad, who was one of the king's gun-bearers, who shed tears on seeing those who had so recently been the friends and favourites of royalty now reduced to this sad plight; and Tesamma Engeda, whose grave face almost spoke the prayer of *Absit omen*, which was evidently uppermost in his mind. This young man, the hereditary Meselené (or royal *alter ego*) of the district of Gâhint, had, in consequence of a victory he had lately gained over some insurgents, been presented on the previous day with a robe of honour, and dignified with the title of Dedj-azmâch. He was an acquaintance of Cameron and the former prisoners, and had rendered them considerable service in passing their messengers through his territory, which lay between Debra Tâbor and Magdala. Not long afterwards he was disgraced, chained, and sent to the Amba, on the very charge of killing too many of the rebels, for defeating whom his master had but now delighted to honour him. But to return to ourselves; we could learn our destination from the faces of these men. We knew at once that we were bound for Magdala.

A strong escort accompanied us, numbering between one and two hundred men, and under the command of Bitwâddad Tadia,* a morose and taciturn officer, who had had some experience in this kind of duty, having arrested Cameron and his party on their homeward journey from Kuârâta. These were quite different from the devil-may-care Abito and his men, and seemed to take a gloomy pleasure in making us feel the *désagrémens* of our position as prisoners as keenly as possible. If ever a mule lagged behind, a couple of fellows were sure to gallop up, and would belabour the poor beast until it fell into a broken amble for a few yards, when it would stop again; the most annoying thing to the rider that could well be imagined. The mildest man in the world finds it hard to keep his temper when he sees his horse or dog struck by a stranger, and in our

case, to an almost insupportable sense of wrong and injustice, we had the element of personal discomfort added into the bargain. Aito Samuel also came with us, rather *distrail*, and feeling not quite certain in his mind as to what his own position would be when he arrived on the mountain, a circumstance which prevented him rendering us such assistance as he might otherwise have done. We breakfasted an hour or two after we started, and then continued our journey through torrents of rain, till four p.m., when we halted at a village called 'Arb Gabea (*Friday Market*); and, as our tents had not yet come up, it was arranged that one of the largest houses should be vacated by its present occupants, and that we should take their place. In we went, braving smoke and dirt, and chiefly intent on satisfying our hunger after our long march.

It did not take our attendants long to kill and skin a sheep, and the meat having been cut up into strips, we took our seats round a blazing fire, and commenced forthwith to convert it into *tebs*. The Abyssinians are quite ignorant of the use of the gridiron; they simply hold the meat in the flame of the fire, or allow it to rest for a minute or two in the clear embers, and then, considering it duly broiled, they eat it with the addition of a few drops of the gall of the animal, or with *teff* bread and *dillibh*. We made our supper off this dish—and a most palatable one it was to hungry men—and, having washed it down with a few draughts of *talla*, which the Goodman of the house produced from his stores, we wrapped our *shamas* round us, and, stretched on the hard and dirty floor, were soon forgetful of all our cares.

The next morning we arose at an early hour, and found that it was absolutely impossible for us to take on any baggage, with the exception of Mr. Rassam, who was allowed to have his bedstead carried. Grumbling was of no use, as the king had given strict orders that our journey to Magdala was to be performed as quickly as possible, the flooding of the rivers Jitta and Bashilo being daily expected. The mules which carried our things, and the people with them, being thus left to their own devices, of course came on only at their leisure, and we had been five days at Magdala before we could procure a change of clothing, or had anything softer to lie on than a dressed hide. Our road this day lay about E.S.E., and, after travelling about two hours, we came to the river Anseta, which is the northern boundary of the district of Gâhint, Tesamma Engeda's territory. This seemed bare and rugged, and almost depopulated, all the male inhabitants bearing arms, as usual, in the royal camp. We halted for about half an hour at a pass, which is called the "Gate of Bagemder." After crossing the deep valley of the Jitta, a very steep and precipitous path led to a small plateau called Mâgat, and here it was deemed advisable to halt for the day, as the rapid pace was beginning to tell on the mules. Two small tents of the ordinary country cloth were pitched, one for our party, and another for Aito Samuel and his followers, and we passed the remainder of the day pretty comfortably, having taken care to bring some meat with us from 'Arb Ga'ea. A soldier, who had been convicted of stealing some on the evidence of the little interpreter, Dasta, was soundly flogged, by order of Bitwâddad Tadia, who, though he winked at a little bullying, never allowed us to have any tangible cause of complaint, which might hereafter come to the ears of his master. The old chief of Dâwoont, Waddi Yasoo, paid a visit to the camp in the afternoon. He was a venerable patriarch, his age verging on a hundred years, but he

* This name signifies "Joy" or "Pleasure."

seemed as hale and robust as a man of sixty-five. It was said that he had succeeded to the government of this province in the time of Rás Gooksa, at the beginning of the century; and if so, he was a remarkable instance not only of longevity, but of good fortune also. A few months afterwards we heard of his death. A band of marauding Gallas had made an irruption into Dáwoont, and had barbarously slain the old man at the threshold of his house. This cruel murder was never avenged, as his son had great difficulty in keeping even nominal authority in the district after his father's death. It was at the time when Theodore's power was at the ebb, and every one fought "for his own hand."

We passed a wretched night. Seven or eight of us were huddled up together in the small tent, exposed to all the discomforts of cold and wet, without any bedding, except a native cloth. About midnight the rain came down with relentless fury. One of the chiefs of the escort, solicitous for the brightness and safety of his silver-plated shield, thrust it underneath the wall of the tent, in order, as he thought, to keep it dry. In the dark he settled it upon the legs of one of our party, who, suddenly waking up and finding a heavy body resting on his extremities, mistook the shield for its owner, and fancied that he was serving as a couch for a sleepy Abyssinian. This was not to be borne. Samuel was appealed to; but, anxious and tired himself, he had no mind to come out of his own tent to our assistance, and we soon afterwards discovered the real character of the intruder. Shortly afterwards several violent gusts of wind swept down upon us, and wrenched away all the pegs from one side of the tent. For half an hour we had to sit up, drenched through and through, while we hung on to the ropes to prevent the tent from being blown bodily away. At last, as the first grey streaks of dawn appeared in the east, the rain ceased, and we were enabled to snatch a few minutes of sleep before we resumed our journey. Once up, our toilette occupied but a short time, and with a crust and a cup of coffee for our breakfast, we completed the little bit of ascent which remained before the plateau of Dáwoont was reached.

To cross this magnificent plain occupied about three hours. The tempestuous night had been succeeded by a lovely morning, and it was pleasant to observe the many signs of material prosperity which the clustering villages and lowing herds denoted. At that time, Dáwoont was a virgin district; it had never been plundered; the population, of

mixed Galla and Amhara blood, had a high reputation for courage and military skill; and the deep chasms of the Jitta and the Bashilo were auxiliaries which no invader could afford to despise. After the murder of Waddi Yasoo, it suffered severely from intestine feuds and jealousies, the hereditary chief professing allegiance to King Theodore, while the head men of the villages were generally in a state of revolt; but, with the cause, the effect has doubtless passed away, and Dáwoont is probably now as prosperous as ever.

To cross the Bashilo that evening was scarcely practicable. We, therefore, after a short descent to the small plateau of Kwolla Dáwoont, pitched our tents there, and passed a much more comfortable night than the preceding one. We had seen,

too, the tall basaltic walls of Magdala in the distance, and were glad to think that our toils were nearly over. We expected chains, of course, although our escort had often assured us that we might be easy on that score; still, even that was a state of things preferable to being driven about like a herd of cattle, in the very depth of the rainy season. We therefore hailed the morrow with thankfulness, feeling pretty sure that by sunset we should know our fate. A dense thicket led to the verge of the Bashilo. This was a likely spot to harbour roving bands of the Wallo Galla, always eager to spoil the Amhara, and especially the soldiers of the king. Consequently, arms were looked to, and ostentatiously displayed; even Aito Samuel, emphatically a man of peace, made a great show of a brace of pistols in his belt; and great care was taken that the prisoners should not straggle. We crossed the river at a most difficult place. As this was the shortest and most



ABYSSINIAN TAILOR.

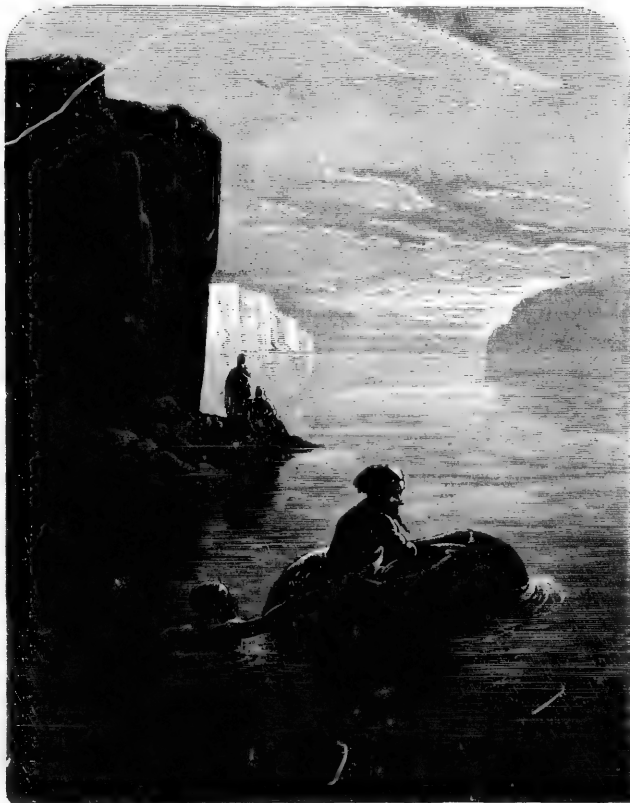
direct route from Debra Tabor to Magdala, it would, of course, have been chosen by Theodore when he made his forced march at the end of 1867; but the difficulties it presented were more than his engineering skill could compass, and he had to proceed by the round-about road of Tchetcheo, Wadela, and Dalanta. In some places we were stopped by ledges of rock, over which we could scarcely force our jaded mules; but, by dint of the greatest exertions, the ascent was at length accomplished, and we stepped on to the plateau of Watat, while the grim fortress seemed but a stone's throw off.

We rested under a tree for a short time, while we discussed some Abyssinian fare which had been sent down from the Amba for Bitwaddad Tadla, and in which he invited us to share. We then remounted, and in about a couple of hours arrived at the plain of Arogyé, a spot now memorable through

the fight which took place there on the 10th of April, 1868, and which decided the fate of the prisoners. Most of the troops composing the garrison of the mountain were drawn up there to welcome the Bitwaddad on his arrival, but no notice was taken of us until the parade was over and the men fell out, when several of them cantered after us and greeted those of our party who were old acquaintances. We felt that our

floor, and everything evidently got up with a view to render us as comfortable as possible. The chiefs merely told us that we were to remain there for the present, and that our servants would occupy the adjacent house, and then left us to our meditations.

Shortly afterwards, a company of soldiers arrived to guard us for the night, but did not take up their quarters in the



BOAT OF BULLOCK'S-HIDE ON LAKE TSANA.

imprisonment had already begun when we heard the frequent wish, "*Egsidbeher yäsfatachhu*" (May God cause you to be released), with which we were accosted. When we reached the first gate we had to stop for a short time, and then entered through the wicket one by one, the janitors taking careful note of our appearance as we severally passed through. Once on the summit, we had to wait a still longer time, while Samuel conferred with the chiefs and a letter regarding us was being read, and then, all preliminaries seemingly being arranged, we were conducted to a large house, and found on entering several officers assembled round a large fire, carpets spread on the

hut allotted us, contenting themselves with pitching a small *māk* tent close to the door. The building in which we were lodged was usually occupied by Räs Engeda on the visits of Theolore to the mountain, but had been used as a prison also on some few occasions. Its smoke-blackened roof, windowless walls, and dusty floor, teeming with unmentionable insects, made it anything but an alluring abode, and it was some time before we could find room to stretch our limbs; but this point once settled, we turned in, and slept as soundly as if it had been a palace.

Our arrival took place on Thursday, the 12th of July.

Nothing fresh occurred during the next few days, and the conditions of our new existence were so strange that some little time was almost required in which to collect our faculties again. But on Monday, the 16th, just as we had finished breakfast, Samuel came in with a long face and announced a visit from the chiefs. We felt at once that there was to be some change in our condition, and with the prescience which misfortune gives, immediately guessed the truth. Indeed, the clank of some chains which a sturdy fellow in the rear was endeavouring to hide behind his back, could not leave us long in uncertainty. After a few prefatory commonplaces, the head chief, Dedjadj Kidāna Māryām, informed us that it was the custom to fetter all persons who might be in confinement on the mountain, and that he could not infringe this rule even in our case. He said this in the kindest way, and evidently wished to shift the responsibility from his master's shoulders on to his own; but the whole thing was so transparent that no one was taken in for a moment by it. Kerans was the first person called forward, and submitted to the operation with all the *sang froid* he had gained from experience.

It was a simple process after all. The foot was placed upon a large flint stone, and then the ankle encircled by an unclosed iron ring, into which the chain was inserted, after which one extremity of the open ring was made to overlap the other by repeated blows from a heavy sledge-hammer. The

other foot was then treated in the same way. A rude and barbarous method, doubtless, and probably dating from the time of Solomon,* on whom the invention of gyves and shackles is fathered by the Abyssinians. Those of us who were novices viewed rather with dismay the mighty hammer, which, had it but swerved a hair's breadth from the mark, would have smashed the limb to pieces; but we soon found that we were quite safe in the hands of the accomplished practitioner to whom this duty was always entrusted. As each one staggered on his legs again after the operation, he was greeted by the chiefs with "*Egziā'her yāsfatihh*," to which the proper reply is "*Amen*." Mr. Rassam's turn came last, but one of the rings snapped, and there not being another one at hand, he was respited till the next day. The chiefs then took their departure. They had but done their duty, poor fellows, and had felt the disgrace of the morning's work almost as much as ourselves; nay, had even tried to screen their ungrateful master; and we felt no ill will towards them. When they had gone we walked outside. Most of our servants were shedding tears. They considered it as bad an omen as we did ourselves. We soon found that it was irksome and even painful to move about without bandaging our ankles to resist the pressure of the irons, and accordingly we limped in to tear up an old pair of trousers for this purpose, and to think about the future.

* Fetters are often called in Abyssinia "Solomon's rings."

The First Journey of Exploration across Vancouver Island.—I.

BY ROBERT BROWN, F.R.G.S., ETC., COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE START.

An exploring expedition in the Far West, among the wooded mountains, great lakes, and rapid rivers of the distant shores of the North Pacific, is a very different matter from similar enterprises starting well-found, well-considered, and properly equipped from England. In the little frontier town where we start from, there are no philosophical instrument-makers to supply us with the tools for our work, no Geographical Society to advise us, and we miss the kindly God-speed of Sir Rodenck. Apparatus has to be extemporised, and men found at a short notice. There is certainly no want of applicants, but though we only want ten, upwards of a hundred besiege the doors of our committee-room, in the city of Victoria, Vancouver Island. Every member of that local board seems anxious to select his own friends, or those whom he may suppose to be friendly to his interests; but, as the leader has to work this heterogeneous team, he has also to cut the Gordian knot by selecting them himself, in the short week which elapses from the day of his election until the day of starting.

A queer-looking lot they are universally pronounced (in stage whispers) to be, as they are mustered that bright June morning to hear the Governor's farewell advice. Most of them have been up all night, celebrating their departure after the approved north-western fashion, and late hours and frequent toasts have not improved the personal appearance of the first Vancouver

Exploring Expedition. Dark, hawk-eyed half-breeds, quick of limb and stubborn of temper, stand side by side with miners from Cornwall and lumber-men from Canada, who jostle, in their turn, more than one Oxford graduate who, in many a long experience of wild north-western life, have come out double-first in wood-craft, and, save for a more intelligent air, would be hard to distinguish from their unlettered companions. We have a clergyman who, in his younger days, was given to Ritualism, but for many a year has hunted bear and elk, beaver and the black-tailed deer, as a profession; and an artist, very good in his way, who has for some time past been more familiar with the gold-miner's pick than with the painter's palette! They are of all ages—from one-and-twenty to one-and-forty—and no two are exactly of one nationality; religion we don't dispute much about. To keep law and order over this strange mob, and out of chaos to bring light geographical, I was appointed sole commander. Our duty is to explore the unknown interior of the great island of Vancouver, then an English colony of itself, but now united with British Columbia in one government.

The country we must traverse for months to come is not inviting. Only yesterday we climbed the highest hills, and looked out on it. There it stretched, wave after wave of forest-clad hill and valley—the sea of giant pine only broken by a quiet, glassy lake, or a fiery river rushing over its rocky bed in

foaming cascades, or winding in tortuous course through the silent glades, like a shining silver thread. It is in vain that we ask for some clue to that interior, so near at hand, yet, in knowledge, so far off. Trappers and hunters know nothing of it. Searching for bear or for beaver, these knight-errants of the West have gone into it a little way, trusting to luck and their good rifle, and have come back telling strange tales. Indians know less, for they all live on the coast, and are scared when out of sight of their villages. In awe-controlled whispers the elk-hunter tells of the strange sight *he* has seen, or which some equally reliable friend of his told him, about the terrible things which lurk in that great forest and by the banks of those unsearched rivers. His mythology grows rich on the fruit of such tales of wonder. Here live Indians, clad in beaver-skins, by the shores of a nameless lake; Smolenko's jointless fiends, who chase the hapless hunter along the mountain-side; Masolemuck, who hunts by the shores of Kaatza, the great lake—pans, dryads, and hamadryads, gods of the woods, the groves, and the running streams, are all conjured up by the superstitious Indian as inhabiting that mystical, strange, untrodden interior. We have *our* more prosaic misgivings regarding the task we have sworn to attempt. The whole country is a dense, trackless forest, thick with underbrush and long "drifts" of fallen timber, through and among which the explorer must crawl as best he may. Every ounce of baggage—limited indeed as it is, to a minimum of *sine qua non*s—must be carried on men's backs, and to a great extent we must depend for our subsistence on the chance product of the hunt. Indians are frightened to go far into the interior, and the rivers can only be depended on as means to penetrate to a very limited extent, being shallow, and full of rapids and cascades, to work canoes around which, even to the most skilled of Indian pilots, is far more laborious than wearily trudging along through the swampy forest, broken by mountains and ravines, with loads on our backs.

Well-intentioned friends give us an abundance of advice, plentifully distinguished by a lack of reason or experience; and Sir Arthur Kennedy, wiser and less sanguine, tells us to do our best, and get through somehow or other. To add to our griefs, news comes in that the Indians have fallen on Waddington's* men up the coast, and murdered sixteen of them, who were making a trail some distance off Bute Inlet. Jocular acquaintances, therefore, discount our chances of escape on no very favourable terms, and beg us to insure our lives in their favour. Hudson Bay traders stand grinning like Mephistopheles, for they like the idea of exploration little enough, as they have a presentiment that it will not help the fur trade much, and give us Machiavelian advice in regard to our treatment of the Indians, while they prophesy—honest men!—to the bystanders that we shall never come back to claim our pay. The kindly mob, however, which now lines the "Hudson Bay Wharf" at Victoria, gives us the cheap tribute of applause, the flag on the Government House is dipped, and we are cheered and re-cheered by our friends, who run along the shore until our red-shirted band, on board one of Her Majesty's vessels, disappears round arbutus-covered Ogden Point.*

Captain Verney soon lands us at the mouth of the Cowichan River, where we propose to break ground; and as we pitch our camp in front of the Comiakén Indians' village, a few settlers,

who have found their way along with the priest and the peltry-trader thus far into the outer world, drop in to wish us luck, and to press upon us their little hospitalities and presents. Things don't seem to open well, for no sooner is the gunboat-party out of sight than an Indian, in the full-dress of a shirt-collar and a pair of socks, is good enough to threaten to shoot the writer, when disputing about the price of a canoe, for the hire of which he has been *only* offered about twice the value. Circumstances, connected with muscular action, cause him to hurriedly change his mind. Old Locha is the chief of this tribe, an ancient now quite blind, but a dandy of the first water, for his nose and ear pendants of *Haliotis* shell must measure, each of them, more than an inch square; and as we signify to him our admiration of the purity of the nacre, he informs us that they cost three blankets each. He condescends to finish our supper, and is so highly pleased with the quality of our cook, and the kindness of his friend, the "big chief" of the white men, that he offers his youngest son—a merry-faced lad of eighteen—for service on the expedition. Old Locha was once a great warrior, and he and this child, years ago, played part in a stratagem so bloody that, as a specimen of our friend, I may relate it. The Stekins, from the far north, were the scourge of Locha's tribe. They were, and are to this day, ruthless pirates and marauders, defiant in their pride of strength, who spare neither man, woman, nor child of any tribe who may fall in their power. One day his messengers brought to him news that a party of Stekins were on their way to attack his village. He took a strong party of his men, and posted them in the woods about a mile from his village, leaving his little son—our newly-acquired companion, Lemo—wrapped up in a blanket in a canoe drawn up on the beach, in convenient proximity to the ambush. Suspecting nothing, the Stekins sailed up Cowichan Bay until they spied what they took for an Indian girl, left in the canoe while her mother was gathering roots and berries in the woods. They immediately paddled in shore, anxious to secure this easily-acquired slave. The little boy had, however, received his directions. Waiting until they were close at hand, in apparent fright he ran into the woods. Every one of the Stekins was anxious to catch him, and accordingly, leaving their canoes on the beach, they ran into the woods after him; but the little boy was too nimble for them. Returning to the beach, they were horrified to find themselves unarmed and defenceless, surrounded by Locha and his warriors. It is said that every one of them was either killed or taken prisoner. "They absolutely cried, the dogs!" the old man tells us, with a contemptuous flourish of his knife, "when we commenced to cut off their heads. Ugh!"

In the morning our very modest baggage is sent up the river with some Indians in a canoe, and one of our party to see that they forgot not the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, while we ourselves take to the bank, and soon lose sight of the settlers who come out to the door to cheer us as we pass. We are soon amid tall forests, where the only sound that breaks on the ear is the echo of our own voices, the tap! tap! of Gairdner's woodpecker (*Picus Gairdneri*), or the distant sound of some pioneer woodman's axe. A trodden forest path is seen: following this, we suddenly emerge in front of a large Indian village, composed of long rows of square board lodges on either side of the shelving river banks, and crowds of red-skins, old and young, come out to look at the intruders on their rightful domain.

* See *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xxxviii.

Arizona and New Mexico.

THE resources of Arizona and New Mexico seem to be but imperfectly understood outside of those territories. There is a vague impression abroad that Arizona is rich in the more valuable minerals, but that it is a desert country, producing little in the way of vegetation except the various species of cacti. The truth is, that it is one of the most fertile of the North American territories. That portion of it lying north of the Gila River embraces some of the finest pastoral country in the world, and is also well adapted to the cultivation of the hardier cereals. The explored portions of the region have been found rich in gold and silver, and it is believed that the unexplored districts will prove equally rich. The ores are, however, of a very refractory nature, and the attempts made in the vicinity of Prescott, to reduce them profitably, have not hitherto been completely successful. The hostility of the Apaches and their allied tribes has proved the greatest drawback to the settlement of this portion of the country. The danger of venturing anywhere beyond the protection of a town or a military post renders the expenses of mining double or treble what they should be, since a constant guard must be kept over the workmen, and over the teams employed in hauling ore, to prevent surprises by the Indians. Farmers are annoyed and injured by having their horses, cattle, and mules stolen, and their corn harvested by moonlight by the unconscionable red men. When to this it is added that scarcely a week passes without the murder of from one to half a dozen white men by the Indians, it is not to be wondered at that this country does not increase in population. South of the Gila the country is low and the climate uncomfortably hot; but here excellent crops are raised with the aid of irrigation. Wherever the white settlers cultivate the ground excellent crops are produced; and although little attention has been paid to fruit culture, it is a well-ascertained fact that grapes, oranges, lemons, figs, olives, and all fruits which grow in a semi-tropical climate, can be raised in abundance. Young onions, radishes, and lettuce, are common upon dining-tables at Tucson in midwinter, and green corn and peas may be grown there in the open air at the same season.

New Mexico is supposed to be pre-eminently an agricultural and pastoral country. Notwithstanding the depredations of the hostile Apaches and the friendly Navajoes, large numbers of sheep of an inferior breed are still produced in the territory; also some goats and donkeys, a few scrubby horses, and still scrubbier neat cattle. The domestic beasts of New Mexico partake of the demoralisation of the inhabitants—the descendants of the Spanish settlers and Indian women—and that is something fearful to contemplate. Agriculture in New Mexico is carried on after a most primitive fashion. The extent of the land cultivated is limited to strips varying in width from half a mile to a mile and a half, along the water-courses, which is all that can be reached by the imperfect system of irrigation practised. This land is divided into small tracts of from two to twenty acres each, the smaller tracts belonging to the poorer, and the larger to the more wealthy classes of the natives. The plough used in breaking this land is a stick about four feet long and four inches square, pointed and tipped with iron, and drawn by a pair of stunted bullocks yoked by the horns. There are no fences—boys and dogs being employed to keep donkeys and goats off the fields.

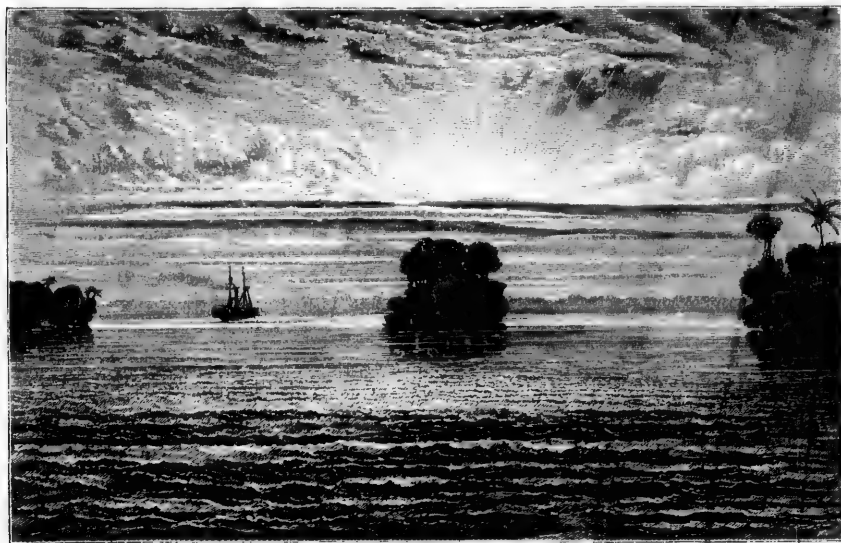
Yet the New Mexicans manage to raise a considerable quantity of corn and wheat for sale to the military posts and miners. Gold and silver are now mined in numerous localities, and new deposits and lodes are discovered almost daily. It is the opinion of some experienced miners that New Mexico will prove the richest mining territory in the United States.

Jebel Nakus, the Bell-sounding Mountain.

ABOUT midway along the western side of the peninsula of Sinai, and near the shore of the Gulf of Suez, rises a hill of moderate elevation, called by the Arabs *Jebel Nakus*, or the Bell Mountain, from which is occasionally emitted a resonant metallic sound, like the distant boom of a gong, but less vibratory in its note. The phenomenon has frequently been mentioned by travellers, but it has not been satisfactorily explained until the visit of the surveying party who were engaged—as already stated in the *ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS*—during last winter and spring in mapping the district around mounts Sinai and Serbal.

The peculiar sounds, as previous accounts suggested, arise from the friction of moving sand. According to the accurate description given of it to the Rev. F. W. Holland, by Captain Palmer of the Royal Engineers, the mount is situated about three-quarters of a mile in a straight line from the sea-shore, and presents a slope of drift-sand 400 feet in height, facing about W.S.W. The sand is so extremely fine and dry, and lies at so high an angle—about 30° to the horizon—that it is easily set in motion from any point in the slope, or even by scraping away a portion at the base of the hill. When a considerable quantity is thus set in movement, rolling gradually down the slope like some viscous fluid, then the sound begins—at first a deep, swelling, vibratory moan, gradually rising to a dull roar, loud enough at its height to be almost startling, and then gradually dying away as the sand ceases to roll. It is difficult to describe the sound. Captain Palmer suggests that the very hoarsest note of an *Æolian* harp is perhaps the nearest approach to it, or the sound produced by drawing the finger round the wet rim of a deep-toned finger-glass, except that there is far less musical resonance in the note produced by this rolling sand.

The hot sand of the surface always appeared to be more sonorous than the cooler layers underneath, and the loudest result was obtained in the full heat of the afternoon sun, when the surface-sand had a temperature of 103° Fahrenheit. Sand which had long lain undisturbed seemed more sensitive than that which had been recently in motion. Thus, the first trial on any one part of the slope was always more satisfactory than subsequent ones; and the experiments made by Captain Palmer and his companions were better on the first day than on the second. There could be no doubt that the sound was superficial, and due, in the first place, to friction; indeed, it could be produced in a faint degree by moving portions of the sand rapidly forward, with a sweep of the arm. The ignorant Arabs—who of course believe the sounds to be supernatural—state that they can be heard only on Fridays and Sundays; and that they arise from the ringing of the *Nakus* (a wooden board used in place of a bell) of a monastery that was mysteriously engulfed to save the monks from the treachery of an Arab guest.



VIEW IN THE DELTA OF THE ORINOCO.

A Journey up the Orinoco to the Caratal Gold Field—Rakigli's "El Dorado."—I.

BY C. LE NEVE FOSTER, B.A., D.SC., F.G.S.

CHAPTER I.

ST. NAZAIRE—COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE TRANSATLANTIQUE—MARTINIQUE
—ST. LUCIA—ST. VINCENT—GRENADA—TRINIDAD.

I LEFT London for Venezuela at the beginning of September last, with a Cornish mining captain as companion; and, having to see some people in Paris, I resolved to take the French steamer from St. Nazaire. This town is one of the two European stations of the "Compagnie Générale Transatlantique," which corresponds to our Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. The French Company has a fleet of more than twenty-one steamers, of which eleven exceed 3,000 tons in burden. One steamer every month goes to Vera Cruz, touching at St. Thomas and Havana, besides serving New Orleans, Porto Rico, Hayti, Cuba, Jamaica, Guadalupe, and Martinique, by means of intercolonial boats. Another packet, leaving St. Nazaire on the 8th of each month, takes the Panama route, touching at Martinique and Santa Martha on its way to Colon (Aspinwall), whilst by changing at Martinique, passengers are conveyed to St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad, Demerara, Surinam, and Cayenne, as well as to La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, in Venezuela. In addition to these, a steamer leaves Havre once a fortnight for New York.

I have entered into these details about the "Compagnie Générale Transatlantique," because it is a service little known in England, and I had the greatest difficulty last August to find out anything about it.

St. Nazaire, the packet station for the West Indian services, is situated on the north side of the estuary of the Loire, about thirty-five miles from Nantes. It has a large basin, which can be entered at high tide by steamers of 3,000 to 4,000 tons; and there is some talk of making a government dockyard here. Even now St. Nazaire can boast of good shops and houses, and looks like a rising town.

On the afternoon of the 8th of September I was taken out to our steamer in one of the company's tugs, and by six p.m. we were off. The *Floride* is a screw steamer of 2,000 tons and 650 horse-power, and, consequently, one of the smaller boats of the company. It has a saloon on deck, and the cabins are much about the same as those of our own packets. The arrangements for meals, however, are somewhat different, and, to my mind, not so agreeable. Coffee, tea, and chocolate, with bread and butter, are served in the saloon at seven a.m.; and, except in cases of decided illness, you are not allowed to have your coffee brought into your cabin. At half-past nine comes breakfast, a true French *déjeuner à la fourchette*, followed by dessert and *café noir*. *Vin ordinaire* is given *à discrétion*. At one o'clock there is an apology for a lunch, a basin of *bouillon*, without bread or anything else, being put on the table. Dinner at half-past four is, like the breakfast, a long succession of queer dishes with still queerer names, and at half-past seven or eight the passengers are regaled with *thé à la Floride*—a pale, bitter, scarcely drinkable fluid—and a few biscuits. Lights are put out at eleven p.m. I fancy I

was rather unlucky in my boat, as the complaints on board were loud and numerous; and my feelings cannot be put down to mere insular prejudices, as I was brought up in France, and am thoroughly used to French manners and customs. I heard from people who had often used the line that the fare was not so good as usual, and, to particularise one grievance, our stock of ice was exhausted before we reached the tropics.

Now as to my fellow-passengers. France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Peru, New Grenada, Venezuela, Trinidad, and the three Guianas, were all represented on board. We had, altogether, about a hundred saloon passengers; but it struck me that on the whole they were not of so good a class as those one meets with on an English packet. Among them were two priests, three *sœurs de charité*, and eight or nine *frères chrétiens*. We also had some monks in the 'steerage part, whose practice certainly did not conform to the doctrine that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

Life on board a steamer, whether English or French, even with fine weather, is sure to be tedious; and though we had a favourable passage, I was far from sorry to learn on the thirteenth morning after our departure that land was in sight. Before very long we ran in between Martinique and Dominique, and coasted along the western shores of the former island. The coast scenery is lovely, offering luxuriant vegetation down to the sea, pretty valleys with sugar-cane plantations, groves of cocoa-nut palms, and houses looking like those of a toy Noah's Ark dotted about the green hills.

Early in the afternoon we were at anchor in the port of Fort de France, with a motley crew of negroes, negresses, and creoles to receive us. The ship was soon surrounded by a dozen negro boys, who swam about in the hope of having coppers thrown in for them to dive after. The little black imps are quite amphibious, and seem perfectly happy and at home in the water. The gaudy handkerchiefs which the negresses wear as head-dresses, and their huge earrings are rather striking to the new-comer, who is apt, also, to go into ecstasies about the bananas, mangoes, and other West Indian fruit which is sold on the quay.

A little delay occurred in bringing alongside of us the intercolonial steamer which was to take us to Trinidad, and by the time all our things were shifted and new berths secured, the dinner-bell had sounded. A walk in the town after dark does not produce very much information about the place; I could only see that the streets were regularly built and the houses low; and, as far as I could learn, there is no great inducement to make a long stay in Fort de France. I was not sorry, therefore, to find that our new steamer, the *Guyane*, was to start at midnight. The *Guyane*, a paddle-wheel steamer of 700 tons and 300 horse-power, was originally a fast blockade runner, but has now come down in the world, just as a racer may end his days as a cab-horse. The number of saloon passengers had dwindled down to twenty, just enough for a family party. Eating and drinking went on in exactly the same way as on board the *Floride*, save that the one o'clock *bouillon* was cut off, which was no very great loss.

On rising at seven on the morning after leaving Martinique, I found that we were in the harbour of Castries, the chief town of the island of St. Lucia. The view before us was charming in the extreme, and no word-painting could do it justice. In front lay Castries, the little capital, with low, red-tiled houses, and behind it and on each side were hills rising up several

hundred feet, covered with rich vegetation; the mass of bright verdure which clothed the hills could not fail to impress a person fresh from Europe, and more especially one who, like myself, had not long returned from a journey in the deserts of Arabia Petrea.

A stay of a couple of hours sufficed for landing and receiving a few passengers and a little cargo, and before breakfast was on the table we were steaming away for St. Vincent, along the western coast of which we were running by two p.m. The scenery is very similar to that of St. Lucia. Hills rise up from the water's edge, often entirely covered by masses of luxuriant green forest, whilst in other places, and particularly in the lower land, patches of cultivated ground intervene—no doubt sugar plantations, for a tall chimney was seen near each plantation, indicating a sugar-boiling establishment. The light green colour of the cane-fields forms a delightful contrast to the richer and darker green of the forest, and I enjoyed the prospect immensely.

About four p.m. we were lying off Kingstown. To obtain an idea of the place a person must picture to himself a huge semi-circle of hills covered with forest and plantations, with numbers of houses in the foreground, at the water's edge, and here and there dotting the hill-sides; add to this a large fort on a rocky summit at one end of the semi-circle, and some notion may be formed of the charming natural harbour of Kingstown, the capital of the island. Here, again, we were told that we should make about an hour's stay; so we determined to go ashore, hiring for the purpose a boat which came alongside, manned by an old negro and two negro lads. The old man was a native of Montserrat—a black Irishman, as he called himself—and he had a quaint mixture of Irish and negro humour which kept us in roars of laughter all the way to the shore. I must confess I was amused at hearing the old man, as black himself as the ace of spades, bawl out to his crew, "Pull, you — niggers, pull!" and then a minute afterwards beat the fellows with a rope's end for using language which he considered unfit for our ears; the lads only grinned and showed their teeth, whereas Europeans would certainly have abused their master; or, at the very least, turned sulky. We had time enough on shore to see a few dirty streets and test the "bitter beer" at the Ice-house, and then walked back to our boat, which was lying at the little jetty.

Early the following morning we arrived at Georgetown, the capital of the island of Grenada; but, our stay being very short, I did not think it worth while landing. It seems that Grenada, like some of the other West India Islands, is going down in the world; sugar estates are given up every year, and the plantations soon become forest once more. The harbour is charming, and vies with that of Castries in beauty.

On losing the shelter of the land as we went southwards, we got into rougher water, and the roll became very marked, so much so that at breakfast our fellow-passengers were obliged to leave the table one after the other, though most of them had been a fortnight on the ocean, and ought to have been seasoned to it. At last only four of us remained at table. We sighted Trinidad early in the afternoon, but were a long time before we passed through the narrow channel between Trinidad and the little rocky island of Monos.

By eight p.m., however, we were lying off the town of Port of Spain. Negro boatmen surrounded the ship in hopes of a job; and, through the bad management on board our vessel, a

scene of confusion arose in getting some of the passengers into the boats, which ended in a man, woman, and child falling into the sea and being nearly drowned. After waiting patiently, our luggage was brought up from the hold and put into a boat, and we were soon landed opposite the Custom House. Hotels abound at Port of Spain, and there is no difficulty in finding quarters.

The next day we found on inquiry that the Orinoco steamer was not likely to sail for two or three days, so we had a little time to look about the place. Port of Spain, the capital of the island of Trinidad, is a regularly-built town, with about 20,000 inhabitants. It is situated on a plain, surrounded by high hills clothed with forests. The streets, as usual in the New World, run at right angles, east and west, and north and south. The roads in Port of Spain are remarkably good; and, although I was there in the rainy season, which lasts from July to January, I found them as hard and smooth as could be wished. It is true, there are limestone quarries just outside the town. The main street runs east and west, with a carriage-road on each side, and a broad grass plat, with an avenue of trees down the middle. On the north side are numerous stores, well stocked with goods. The Catholic cathedral, at the eastern extremity of this street, is a fine building, but somewhat out of repair. The best of the north and south thoroughfares is called Frederick Street, and possesses some good chemists' shops; following it northwards you arrive at the Savannah, a large, grassy plain, used as a park, cricket ground, and as grazing land for cattle. Close by is the Colonial Hospital, where two hundred beds can be made up, and in the same enclosure are the public baths and wash-houses. Further south is the market-place—we did not happen to reach the market till late in the afternoon; and, of course, nothing but the refuse of the day was to be seen. I was struck, however, by the number of vultures prowling about and picking up every bit of offal they could see, without taking the least notice of any one. I learnt afterwards that there is a fine of five pounds for killing one of these public scavengers, which perform the same useful functions as the dogs in Cairo. It was in the market that I first noticed John Chinaman in the New World. Chinese labourers, as well as coolies from India, are brought over to Trinidad on condition that they serve five years on an estate to which they are engaged as labourers. Their work is task, or piece-work; and they can earn as much as a negro. They obtain a bounty of ten dollars if they re-engage at the end of the five years' service. The importation of Asiatic labourers into the West Indies appears on the whole to be a success. The result is a strange miscellaneous assemblage of races at Trinidad, where the four continents are represented. Negroes, of course, abound, and people of every shade of bronze between the negro and the European; then an Indian from the Spanish main may occasionally be seen making purchases in the stores. Chinamen are common, and the thin, wiry Hindoo stands out in marked contrast to his more powerfully-built brethren of African blood.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY UP THE ORINOCO—CIUDAD BOLIVAR.

AFTER we had waited a couple of days at Port of Spain, the Orinoco steamer came in, and was advertised to start immediately for Ciudad Bolivar. We took our tickets and went

on board in the evening. Our new vessel, which trades between Puerto Cabello, La Guayra, Barcelona, Cumana, Carupano, Port of Spain, and Ciudad Bolivar, was a screw steamer drawing about eight feet of water. She was originally built for the grain trade of the Black Sea; her engines are aft, and the fore-hold has been converted into a cabin. After the neat little state cabins of the *Guyane* and the large saloon of the *Floride*, the arrangements on board the *Regus Ferreos* did not seem very pleasant. A steep and break-neck ladder led us down into what looked like a hold, and there we found a row of bunks on each side—roomy, it is true, but that was their only charm—and in the middle a dirty wooden table, with equally rough-looking benches. The cabin was dimly lighted by an apology for an oil lamp, and looked decidedly uncomfortable. On deck there were a few ladies, sitting on a table for want of benches; package after package, besides some large dog-kennels for deck passengers, encumbered the deck, and walking was impossible. We now began to understand the commiserations of the people in Trinidad, who spoke in very plain terms of the wretched accommodation we might expect. To complete our discomfort, the steward told us, when we were on board and dinnerless, we could have nothing to eat, as the dinner hour was passed. However, we managed at last to get some bread and cheese put on the table, and some sort of beverage was not wanting to our makeshift luncheon.

Within two hours after going aboard we started, much to my surprise, as I had been told that punctuality was the last of the virtues of the *Regus Ferreos*. It was a lovely moonlight night, and I lingered on deck for a long time, as we steamed along the Gulf of Paria.

On awaking the next morning, I found more than one hammock slung across the cabin, the occupants preferring this native mode of sleeping to the confinement of bunks. I have since learned that they were right. Basins of water were distributed about the dinner table, and washing commenced. I could not help remarking that the Spanish creole seems to think that his forefinger will do perfectly well as a tooth-brush. At six o'clock, coffee, tea, and bread and butter were served, and then nothing more till *déjeuner*, at ten a.m. Here we were agreeably disappointed, for we found an abundant supply of plainly-cooked dishes, far more pleasant to the English palate than the messy odds and ends of the French *cuisine*. I should have said that on going on deck at six a.m. we had already passed through the "Serpent's Mouth," the strait between Trinidad and the mainland of South America, or the "Spanish main," and were running for the Orinoco.

About eight o'clock we entered the Macareo branch of the Orinoco. In passing the shallow waters near the mouth, the lead was heaved continually for several hours, the depth of water being only about nine feet. There are two other channels of the delta used for entering the Orinoco; one called the Boca Grande, or Boca de Navios, with fifteen feet of water on the bar, and the other, the Pedernales, having only six feet. The mouth of the Macareo at the commencement was several miles wide, and on each side nothing was to be seen but a long belt of trees, apparently growing up from the water, the land being but little elevated above the water-level. This kind of scenery continued, and the river became gradually narrower, until at length, in the afternoon, we found

ourselves steaming along a channel only about a quarter of a mile wide, with dense forest on each side. Birds now began to get more numerous, the commonest being a species of kingfisher, known as *chiquaka* by the natives. The flame-coloured plumage of the scarlet ibis was also seen, at the edge of the water. Towards the evening travelling became delightful, amid the tropical scenery; and had there been a pleasant English party on board, nothing would have been more enjoyable.

I was awake during the night by the sudden stoppage of the vessel; the stupid man at the wheel had run us into the bank. These are slight accidents in Orinoco travelling: we

hair black and straight.* Besides the Indians, there were among the crowd ashore several *Mestizos*, or half-breeds, dressed in trousers and jackets.

Similar settlements were passed further up, besides two important farms or plantations, now in the hands of a Frenchman. He cultivates sugar-cane, and sends his sugar and rum to Ciudad Bolivar. Of course the farm labourers, Indians and *Mestizos*, turned out to see the steamer pass; and some had adopted costumes a little less primitive than those we saw at first. Excepting these few plantations, there was nothing to interrupt the serried masses of forest on each side of the river.

The Venezuelan army was strongly represented among our



JAGUAR FISHING ON THE BANKS OF THE ORINOCO.

were soon off and steaming ahead again. Early on the following morning we passed the first Indian settlement. A roof of thatch, supported by four or six upright poles, constitutes the dwelling-place of the red skins; here they sling their hammocks, in which they lounge by day and sleep at night. They cultivate a little sugar cane and a few plantains, fish as they sit in their canoes, and "loaf" about, without any other settled occupation. About a dozen of them came down to the shore to see us go by. Their clothing was most scanty—nothing more than a few square inches of calico, fastened by a string round the waist. A yard or two of calico and a ball of string would furnish the clothing of an entire family. Their personal appearance is not prepossessing; the skin is of a reddish brown colour, the cheek bones projecting, the nose aquiline, and the

fellow-passengers, for there were no less than three generals and two or three colonels on board, to say nothing of captains. One of the generals, a Frenchman, was doctor and general at the same time. He had espoused the cause of the late government, and when that was overturned he had to leave Caracas, and was now on his way with his family to settle at Upata as a surgeon. Thus from general to country doctor there was but one step. In a similar manner another man on board was at one time general, then admiral, then skipper of a small coasting schooner; what he does now I cannot say. A happy couple on board were remarkable for their

* For details concerning the "Guaraunos," or Indians of the Delta of the Orinoco, see Dr. Plassard's paper, *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*. Paris. June, 1868. Page 568.

MAP
of
LOWER ORINOCO

Authors Route	English Statute Miles
10 5	10 50

English Statute Miles

youth, the husband being only nineteen, and the wife fifteen. They had been married a year. The doctor's wife, though only nineteen, had a little girl of three or four years old. The ladies on board wore their back hair braided into two long tresses, which hung down the back to the waist like pig-tails. I cannot say I admire the fashion; but after false chignons and sham curls, one does not mind the crude reality without artificial appendages.

Shortly after noon we arrived in the main stream of the Orinoco, which is here several miles wide, and about two p.m. we were off Barrancas, a small town on the left bank of the river. A huge wooden cross stands near the water's edge, and fifty yards behind it are ranged about a hundred houses, amidst which rise a few palm trees. I could see a sentinel pacing along, dressed in white trousers and shirt, with a straw hat as a cool head-covering; the uniform was at any rate suited to the climate. One of the houses seemed to be a guard-house, as a few muskets of unequal length were visible piled up against the wall. Our steamer sent off a boat with the purser and government postal agent, who landed and had a short talk with the authorities. We did not cast anchor, and on the return of the boat went ahead once more. The delta of the Orinoco was now left behind, and hills began to appear on the southern side of the river. As it grew dark we passed Guayana Vieja, and at midnight stopped at Las Tablas, which is the nearest port to the mines. We lay at the place for an hour, landing passengers and taking others on board; these were mostly merchants from Caratal, and miners.

The scenery along the river was not striking: low hills bounded the view, some showing grassy slopes with a few trees, and others covered with forest; but the river itself is a magnificent stream, muddy, it is true, but a mile or two miles in width, and impressive from its magnitude, if not from the beauty of its banks.

At length we approached the termination of our voyage, Ciudad Bolívar. A tall church tower was the first object that could be distinguished, but it was not for some time, indeed until six p.m., that we were anchored off the town.

Landing and passing the custom-house did not take very long, and here I was glad to have the assistance of Dr. Plassard, who was to be our guide to the mines, and who met us at the wharf; he also kindly showed us the way to the only hotel of which Ciudad Bolívar can boast. I must say I was at once impressed with the early habits of the Venezuelans; for Dr. Plassard on wishing us good night said: "I will not come *very early* to-morrow, as you will want some rest after your journey. I won't look you up till between six and seven in the morning."

We arrived at Ciudad Bolívar on the evening of the 29th of September, exactly three weeks after our departure from St. Nazaire, and of this time three days had been spent at Trinidad.

Before proceeding with a description of my journey inland to the mines, I will say a few words on Venezuela, a country about which a great deal of ignorance prevails in Europe. The republic of Venezuela, according to the constitution of 1864, is composed of twenty independent states, which form the "Confederation of the United States of Venezuela." Some slight changes in the states have taken place since then. Venezuela occupies an area of more than 400,000 square miles—in fact, is more than twice as large as France, and

has a population of two millions, of which only one quarter are white, the rest being *Mestizos* (of mixed Indian, African, and European blood), negroes, and Indians.*

Among the principal towns we may notice Caracas, the capital, and the ports of La Guayra, Puerto Cabello, and Ciudad Bolívar. Maracaibo, Barinas, Valencia, Barcelona, Cumana, Ascension, San Fernando d'Apure, and Upata, may also be named as considerable centres of population. The state called Guayana is by far the largest of the union, and separated as it is from the others by the broad Orinoco, it has managed to enjoy a comparative immunity from the various revolutions that are the curse of the republic. Ciudad Bolívar, or Angostura, the capital of Guayana, is an important town, built on a hill on the right bank of the Orinoco. The streets are at right angles to one another, paved with rough stones, with a brick foot-path on each side. Some of the houses are built of stone, others of brick; they are all white-washed and roofed with red tiles. A flat brick, like those of Roman walls, the mortar being as thick as the brick or tile, is often seen used. No carts are to be seen about the streets, of which some are excessively steep; goods are transported by means of men and donkeys.

The best stores are in a street lying east and west, facing the Orinoco, and very many of the merchants are Germans. All along the bank signs of commercial activity are seen, in the landing of hides from *lanchas*, or river boats, which come down from the Apure, to be afterwards re-shipped on board vessels going to North America and Europe. During my stay I saw a New York brig and a Bremen brigantine, each of about 300 tons, lying at Ciudad Bolívar. They bring an assorted cargo, and take back hides, deer-skins, tonka beans, balsam of Copaiba, and the well-known "Angostura bitters."

It is a great pity that the political and financial condition of Venezuela has been so unsatisfactory of late. Some years ago there was a company which had three steamers trading up the river, and at one time they were doing a capital business; unfortunately two of their boats were lost through the carelessness of the captain or pilots, and the shell of the third lies at Bolívar, and as things stand at present it has not been thought worth while to continue the service. At the time of my visit there was no steamer trading above Ciudad Bolívar. As the trade with the upper country has diminished so considerably, the Bolívar merchants now rest their hopes on the Caratal gold-field, and all merchandise for Nueva Providencia has to come up the Orinoco to this city to pass the custom-house, and then descend again to Las Tablas—in other words, it has to travel nearly two hundred miles more than it need do, to say nothing of unnecessary trans-shipments. This could all be obviated by having a regular custom-house at Las Tablas, but as the merchants at Bolívar get their commission and profits on the goods, they are not likely to press for any alteration of the present stupid arrangement.

During my stay at the capital I had the honour of being introduced to the President of the state of Guayana, Don Juan Della Costa—an able ruler, a thorough gentleman, a good linguist (an important thing for foreigners), and evidently the right man in the right place. His brothers are large merchants, and the family is very highly respected. Under his guidance there seems every chance that the state will be well governed;

* "Etats unis de Vénézuéla. Notice historique, et catalogue. Exposition Universelle de 1867." Paris.

and Guayana, as far as I can learn, is practically independent of the rest of the republic, and troubles itself but little about the revolutions at Caraccas.

Excepting a few copper cents at Caraccas and La Guayra, there is no true Venezuelan currency. Accounts are kept in *pesos* and *centavos*. The Venezuelan *peso* or dollar, divided into eight reals or 100 *centavos*, is equivalent to about four francs, or three shillings and twopence, and the *centavo*, or cent, is consequently equal to about three-eighths of a penny. The coins used in Venezuela are those of other South American states, Mexico, the United States, France, Italy, and England. There is a premium on gold, and the English sovereign passes for six and a half *pesos* in silver. The franc passes as a quarter *peso*, or two reals; the half-franc is equivalent to one real.

For smaller change you have the old French quarter-franc, and the newer pieces of twenty centimes, which are actually cut in halves, and even quarters where very small change is required. The money is certainly puzzling at first, because on receiving change you get coins of so many different countries; but after all it is not worse than that of Hamburg and Lübeck. I may here add that during the time I was in South America I never heard "that Ciudad Bolivar has an evil reputation at present for yellow fever," which, according to Eastwick,* is said to be the case. I believe that Ciudad Bolivar has never but once been visited by yellow fever, and that in 1854.

* "Venezuela; or, Sketches of Life in a South American Republic." By Edward B. Eastwick, C.B., F.R.S. London: 1868. Page 250.

The Hyrcanian Desert, and the Principal Roads Across It.

BY PROFESSOR ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

UNDER this name is known the large tract of land extending from the eastern shores of the Caspian Sea to the left bank of the Oxus, in an easterly direction, and from the Aral Sea to Persia and Afghanistan in a southerly direction. Its greatest length measures about 600, and its width nearly 400 English geographical miles; almost the whole of this enormous space being properly termed a desert, first, in consequence of the barren nature of its soil, and secondly, from the want of a settled population; so that the idea of being on such a spot of the globe, where a man has to travel sometimes two or three weeks before he meets a fellow-creature or a habitation, is really frightening. The variety of the geographical features of the desert is commensurate with its extent. Along the eastern shores of the Caspian, the soil is either firm clay or stony, its flatness being only interrupted by the Great and Little Balkan. A little further in the interior the eye meets very often with those endless ranges of sand-hills, rising to a height of two or three hundred feet, which form the most formidable, and dangerous obstacle to the traveller, partly by the unfathomable, thin sand which glides under the feet of men and camels, and makes a firm footing almost impossible, partly by their continually changing in height and position. The idea of a moving range of hills sounds rather strange, but it is nevertheless a fact that the most experienced traveller is unable to track a safe path across the sandy part of the Hyrcanian Desert, as it happens very often to him to find a long chain of hills in places where a few days ago he saw a level plain of firm soil. The beginning of these much-dreaded *koumluks* (sandy places) is apparent by a slight undulation of the sandy surface; this becomes always thicker and thicker, and without noticing the ascent under your feet, you find yourself on turning back at the top of an elevation.

Bewildering as the aspect of the dreary desert is to the eye of the stranger, the curse of Nature would shock him much more if vegetation, poor and unseemly like the soil on which it grows, did not beguile the creeping minutes of wearisome time. Here you see a long patch of grass, which a freak of Nature produces in the middle of desolation. It

has a dark green colour, but its life is of a short duration; springing up in the middle of April, you find it almost withered at the beginning of May. There you may discover queer-looking plants forcing their way out of the crevices of the scorched, clayey ground. Certain kinds of wild carrots and radishes grow there; both are eatable, but if you wish to gather them, you must dig them up; to try and uproot them is always a hopeless proceeding. The sand is not quite naked, as might be supposed. A great portion of it is covered with shrubby trees, sometimes ten or fifteen feet in height, with no stem; the branches, of a considerable thickness, grow out near the ground, and the trees are so loose in the soil, that they fall almost with a grasp, and the wood, as soon as it ignites, quickly burns to ashes, with little or no smoke.

Taken altogether, the Hyrcanian Desert cannot be compared with the deserts of Northern Africa or Central Arabia. The latter, as recently ascertained, bear the character of desolation rather in consequence of neglect and want of industry than of natural condition; and judging from the descriptions of French, German, and English travellers of this century, they are certainly more accessible and less dangerous than the desert we are speaking of. Apart from the inclemencies of weather—the thermometer rising in summer above 120° Fahr., with a winter of bitter cold and frosty winds which blow in wild hurricanes from the north-east—the traveller might yet think himself safe from the terrors of Nature if man—I mean the roaming Turkoman robber, certainly more rapacious and cruel than the Nubian lion—did not beset his way with a thousand troubles. Owing to this circumstance no caravan would venture to cross any part of the Hyrcanian if not escorted by Turkomans. This is much like making the goat a gardener; but then, even, you are not sure you may not be attacked by some tribe hostile to your escort, there being continual feuds among them. Nor can an encounter with a Turkoman bear any resemblance to that with another foe. It is not death alone which is dreaded, it is slavery still worse than death which might follow the

unfortunate issue of an engagement, the greedy son of the desert always taking particular care not to kill his prey, as a slave promises him greater benefit than the clothes and arms of a slain victim. This is the chief reason why travellers have shown at all times a preference to struggle rather with the various and manifold dangers which the desert puts in their way, than to jeopardise their lives in an encounter with the inhabitants of the desert; and in order to avoid this, either

Persia and Kharezmi; now-a-days they have lost entirely their importance, and are, except Meshed, inconsiderable places, where the poor and miserable-looking caravans gather, to transport a few bales with scanty goods from Iran to the banks of the Oxus, and *vice versa*. Travellers in the region are of two distinct classes: 1, the native of Central Asia, who is journeying to Persia, and whose only enemy is bad weather; and 2, the Persian going to Khiva, who incurs the double



A TURKOMAN.

the most dreary and desolate-looking part of the desert is crossed, or such a time of the year is chosen which, less propitious for the roaming expeditions of the robbers, is the more sure for the slowly-travelling merchant.

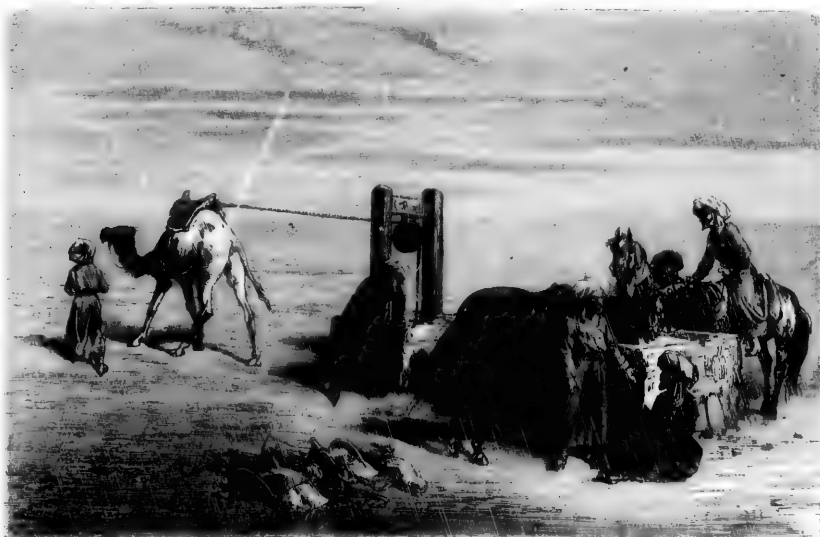
Strictly speaking, there is no permanent route across the Hyrcanian; it is only the starting-points, either from Persia or from Khiva, which have not changed in the last centuries. In Persia, Astrabad, Dereguz, and Meshed; in Khiva, Hezarsp, Medemin, and Porsu are known as starting-places. In ancient times these towns were emporia of trade between

danger either of being buried by a sand-storm, killed by thirst, or being brought in fetters to the slave-market of Khiva. The latter has the most reason to dread the way across the Hyrcanian, and yet both are almost equal in anxiety about the necessary precautions, and both are fully convinced of the dangerous task they have to perform.

Taking the three aforesaid starting-points, I will begin with the first, and lead my reader from Astrabad to Medemin, the most southern point in the Khanate of Khiva, and only two days' ride from the residence. Before all, the caravan must

secure the friendship of some mighty and influential Turkoman chief of the Yomut tribe, who is to serve with his clansmen as a safeguard, surrounding always the string of laden camels during the march, or watching over the piled-up bales when amongst a settlement of tents, the inhabitants of which may be his most reliable friends. It is not only the goods which are handed over to the escorting Turkoman chief, but even the travelling commodities, such as dresses and provisions, are left under his care. The rich merchant, in order to show poverty and to divert the greedy looks of the nomads, must eat the scantiest meal; he must be wrapt in rags, sleep on the bare ground, whilst his paid guard makes use of his dress, bed, and food—nay, some even feign to be the servants of the Turkoman,

generally reckoned from the banks of the Etrek to the frontiers of Khiva, where artificial canals convey the pure stream of the Oxus, but I believe there are some springs of good water on the southern slopes of the Balkan, which are kept most secretly and watched strictly by a certain branch of the Yomuts, who, as I am told, possess it by inheritance. There must be also, if I am not mistaken, either a spring or some cistern on the northern slope of the aforesaid mountain, but apart from these there is no drop of drinkable liquid on the whole way, an average length of 300 miles, and rarely travelled over under ten or twelve days. Taking into consideration that caravans consist mostly of several strings of heavily-laden camels, this mode of travelling must not be called a very slow one.



WELL IN THE HYRCANIAN DESERT.

and undergo all kinds of hardship, only to save their fortune and life. This, of course, lasts only for four or five days, until the caravan has left the encampment, the green pastures of the banks of the Gurgan and Etrek, and entered the desert proper, where, until reaching the Balkan, flocks or tents are but seldom met with. On the eastern slopes of the last-named mountain there is abundant verdure in the month of April, but in May all is scorched and withered, and grass becomes rare as a draught of drinkable water. This is also the main reason why caravans can travel safely at this time of the year, the marauding Turkomans being unable to find food for their horses, whilst camels can nourish on thistles, which are everywhere plentifully met with. It may be, therefore, easily understood that the more dreadful and awful the natural condition of the desert, the safer it becomes against the wickedness of men. The travellers patiently struggle with hot, feverish winds, sand-storms, and want of water, if they are safe from a surprise of these merciless robbers. The waterless part of this road is

One day's march is generally twenty-four or twenty-six miles, divided into three different stages—1, an hour after sunset until dawn, which is called the longest, as the cool night and bracing air lessen the hardship. Between dawn and sunrise is the time of breakfast, for men as well as for animals; and the sun has not yet risen when (2) the second stage begins, which lasts until nine or ten o'clock. This stage, called the noon repose, is the longest, but is tiresome even when resting, as the excessive heat and thirst prevent repose. No shade or tent will bring benignant sleep over the tired eyelids, and the traveller is longing again to exchange this quiet position for the undulating movement of the camel in the evening breeze. About four in the afternoon begins (3) the last and the shortest part of the march, which is continued until seven or eight o'clock, leaving plenty of time for the evening meal. Sleep is mostly taken whilst riding. The Central Asiatic, who is reared up and spends the greatest part of his life on horseback, finds such a bed quite comfort-

able. He is firmly seated in the saddle, and although his head is continually tottering right and left, he is very seldom awakened by an involuntary descent from his beast.

On reaching Medemin, or the inhabited part of the Khanate of Khiva, the route is at an end, albeit there remain yet three or four days before the capital is reached; but there are no further fatigues or troubles, except through the governmental escort, which takes care that nobody escapes the scrutinising eye of the collector of customs.

This is the main road between Persia and Khiva, and is called *Etrek Yolu*; the second, named *Tekke Yolu* (The Way of the Tekkes, as it passes through the last-named tribe), begins at Bujnoord, goes across the upper part of the Etrek river, and skirting the Tedjend swamps eastward, runs mostly through a region well provided with wells of drinkable water, with sufficient grass for the cattle, and nearly a hundred miles shorter than the first one. This, I am told, was the most frequented road in the past century, and even before was for a long time used as a highway, which is pretty well ascertained by the fact that Nadir Shah chose this road for his speedy return to Persia, leaving there in the sand-hills two large pieces of artillery which could not be extricated, in consequence of the great hurry of his march. When I asked why this road had been discontinued, I was answered that the Tekke, the sole masters of this part of the desert, make all communication impossible, owing to the continual war they wage against the neighbouring tribes. Nobody can trust to their amity, and it is only the mightier and more powerful who can venture to use this road.

The third road is called *Dereguz Yolu*, which cuts the desert in its narrowest part between Dereguz, a small place in the most northern part of Persia, and Hezarsap, in Khiva. It is only of twelve days' journey, out of which eight days are passed in deep sand, with three wells of bitter water, and four days amongst cattle-breeding Turkomans. This road, used mostly by adventurous, daring travellers, is often styled *Naseeb Yolu* (The Way of Chance), and those who undertake it are generally such people as have lost their fortune, and gain their livelihood either by audacious enterprise or by nefarious dealings with the Turkoman robbers, to whom

they serve as agents in the abominable slave traffic. The Dereguz way serves, therefore, as a means of communication to the Central Asiatic trader from Turkestan to Iran, but never, or very seldom, to the Iranian or Persian trade.

These are the starting-points from Persia, properly speaking, to Turkestan, and *vice versa*, but there are other routes besides from Khiva to Merv, which place was looked upon for a long time as belonging to Persia, but is now-a-days in the hands of the Tekkes. The first of the Merv routes, called *Ortakuju* (The Middle Well)—from Khiva to Merv in fourteen days—runs entirely across sandy tracks, and deserves well the epithet of "frightful." The second, the *Akyap Yolu*, between Hezarsap and Merv, is of the same length, but less difficult, having at intervals grass for the cattle, and every other day a well of drinkable, although not good water. The third—comparatively the best—is called *Kabakli Yolu*. Its length is about 170 miles, easily performed in eight days, as only one half is covered with sand, and the rest with firm surface, which is clad in the spring in a bright coat of verdure.

All that I have said in reference to the roads must be taken to apply to the time of the year between the middle of April and the end of September. Whilst in other regions with the beginning of winter communication by land is rendered difficult, with the Hyrcanian Desert it is just the contrary. As soon as the trackless sand-plains are covered with snow, which remains for about four months, the great plague of nature, viz., thirst, has ceased to bar the way. Instead of slowly-moving camels, the speedy horse is chosen for a conveyance; and instead of army-like caravans, small travelling companies hurry from one end of the desert to the other. The surface furnishes him with water to quench his thirst; the dry shrubs supply fuel to boil his tea and give warmth to his frozen limbs. Nor must he dread the enemy; the fear of falling far from the well does not check him in his way; and the stronger the sinews of his horse, the safer his life. In winter the Etrek road is travelled over in eight or ten days, the Kabakli even in five; and in spite of frosty winds and snow-storms, the inhabitant of Central Asia gives not only preference, but finds his delight in a winter tour across the desert.

Seven Months in the Balearic Islands.—I.

BY E. O. BARTHOLOMEW, C.E., M.S.E.

HISTORICAL KETCH—SCENERY OF MAJORCA—CULTIVATION—SUPERIORITY OF THE MOORISH IRRIGATION WORKS TO THOSE OF THE SPANARDS.

IN the year 1860, the Spanish Government determined to connect the Balearic Islands with Spain by means of a double system of telegraphs, and the construction of the lines having been placed in my hands, I had an unusual opportunity presented me of becoming acquainted with these most interesting localities, places possessing singular attractions, and yet less known to the English—I might almost say the European—traveller, than any other place within the distance of an ordinary summer tour, and for this reason I have been

induced to put into a connected form the notes I had jotted down upon the spot.

There appears to be no doubt as to the origin of the name this group of islands bears. From the remotest records we have of them, their name has been associated with a peculiar characteristic of their inhabitants—their skill in the use of the sling, a skill which rendered it a formidable weapon in their hands; the Phœnician "Baal-jare," or the Greek βαλλω, give us the origin of the more modern word "Balears." The sling is still frequently met with, but is now more peacefully employed in collecting stray sheep.

It is believed that the Canaanites, who were driven by

Joshua from their native land, were the first inhabitants of the Balears. We learn from Procopius that that people settled on the northern coast of Africa, and there are good reasons for believing they crossed over to these islands and colonised them. Several writers agree on this point.

The Arabs held undisputed possession of Majorca 2,500 years ago, and in 680 B.C., the Mallorquines repelled a Carthaginian fleet which attempted a landing on the island. Subsequently, however, that great rival of Rome became mistress of nearly the whole of the Balearic group. In 120 B.C., the Romans subdued Majorca under Metellus, who was thence called Balearicus, and his first act was to baptise himself and soldiers with the blood of 29,000 of the inhabitants. Metellus built the towns of Palma and Pollenza, both of which still exist.

During the reign of Augustus, Majorca and Minorca were so infested with rabbits that the inhabitants sent to Rome to seek assistance in destroying them. Few of these quadrupeds can now be found in any of the islands.

The Vandals, under Genseric, invaded the Balears and conquered the Romans, remaining in possession till A.D. 800, when the Moors appeared. These latter fortified the coasts of Majorca, erected towers on every prominent position, and built fifteen large towns in the island.

Charlemagne seized the Balears in the early part of the ninth century, but was expelled by the Moors, who retained possession until the middle of the eleventh century, when James I. of Arragon conquered the Moors, and became the first king of Majorca. James II. succeeded him, and the island continued an appanage of the crown of Arragon till 1375, when it was united to Spain. With the exception of a few years in the early part of the eighteenth century, when it was held by the English, it has remained a province of Spain to the present time.

In the Cathedral of Palma there is a marble monument, which contains the embalmed body of James II. This monument was erected by Carlos III. in 1779, and bears the following inscription:—

Aquí reposa el cadáver del Serenísimo Sr.
D^{no}. Jayme de Aragon, II. Rey de Mallorca, que merece la mas pia y
laudable memoria en los annales.
Falleció en 28 de Mayo de 1311.
Requiescat in pace.

The body is handsomely dressed, and has a crown upon its head; the face and hands are exposed. The corpse lies in a kind of coffin with a glass cover, which has rollers beneath it, and when any one wishes to look at his Majesty, the attendant draws out the coffin from the hollow monument. This frequent pulling and pushing seemed to me to be greatly at variance with the "Requiescat in pace."

Majorca, the largest of the group, has a surface of 1,440 square miles, and is in general highly productive. Upwards of 20,000 mule-loads of oranges have been exported from the island in one season. In 1799 Majorca produced two millions of gallons of wine, and eight millions of oil, and in that year the value of its productions was £1,734,000, which increased in 1802 to £2,309,000. The Mallorquines are fond of hoarding, hence a very large amount of coin exists in the island. Majorca contains thirty-nine parishes, in which stand fifty-eight towns, many of them populous and thriving, and in 1834 the entire inhabitants of the island numbered 164,000.

The scenery of Majorca is most magnificently varied. The mountains are bold in the extreme, and form the northern boundary of the island, stretching from the towering island-rock of Dragonera, on which stands a lighthouse 1,180 feet above the sea, to the equally bold headland of Formentera, pointing defiantly towards the stormy Gulf of Lyons, and embracing between these extremes an almost perpendicular wall of stone seventy miles long, some of the craggy peaks of which rise to a height of nearly 5,000 feet.

A few admirably-constructed roads cross these mountains, affording access to the picturesque valleys which lie embosomed among them on their northern slopes. One place is deserving of special notice. The valley of Soller occupies a basin formed by a recession of the mountains from the coast. Looking down upon this spot from the abrupt summit of the mountain, where the road crosses its brow, there lies spread out before the eye a large expanse of orange groves thickly dotted with cottages. When I looked down upon this lovely scene, Soller was rejoicing in plenty. The rich green of the orange trees formed a brilliant contrast to the darker hues of the mountain oaks in the foreground. In the distance was a beautiful streak of blue water, a little creek which runs up a mile into the land, whence many a laden ship has departed, bearing away the golden produce of this little paradise. Plenty has not always been known in Soller. Two winters before I visited it a fall of snow—a rare phenomenon in this sheltered spot—had nipped the young fruit in the bud, and changed plenty into poverty.

The road which leads from Palma to Soller possesses other picturesque features, which may well cause the traveller to wish to revisit it. For a few miles out of the town the road is exposed and dusty, but when the rising ground is reached, all becomes changed. The shade is increased by the abundance of olives and oaks, and the air becomes cooler. Here and there a mountain-stream dashes over an adjoining precipice, and conveys an idea of fertility which the arid plain below does not afford. As the road ascends, the prospect behind you widens, until some abrupt bend in the road places a bold crag between you and the distance, shutting it out from the view, till from a still higher eminence the scene is again revealed to yet greater advantage. Soon are discovered the country residences of many wealthy merchants of Palma, occupying well-chosen positions, where, almost buried among the trees, the air is cool and refreshing. Occasionally a little hermitage tells of its presence by its sweet-toned bell, the sounds lending an indescribable charm to a scene too beautiful to be portrayed by the pen.

The women of Soller are remarkably fair-complexioned, and by no means so plain in their appearance as the majority of the Mallorquine females. They are called the Circassians of Majorca. Between Soller and Palma there stands an old mansion, the porch of which is an excellent specimen of the Moorish style of architecture. The roof is richly carved, and still bears the remains of brilliant colouring. In former years this was the entrance to the palace of a Moorish prince, and it is a thousand pities that the supineness of the Mallorquines—their characteristic, in common with all southern Spaniards—has suffered this interesting relic of a bygone period to fall into decay; soon it will be known only by name.

Westward of Soller is an interesting place called Valdemosa. I enjoyed a pic-nic in this pleasant locality with some Spanish

friends, who certainly know how to enjoy themselves, and how to make their friends happy on these occasions.

The road between Palma and Valdemosa lies, for many miles of the way, through well-watered gardens, which, at the time I passed them, abounded in fruits of excellent quality, and as various as excellent. On our return in the cool of the day, we left our conveyances in charge of the drivers, and feasted to our hearts' content on the most delicious fruits by the payment of two pesetas.

In the valley through which this road to Valdemosa lies, there are several mills, the water from which flows through the gardens lower down, diffusing coolness and fertility in its progress. Owing to the long droughts of summer, and the absence of rivers in the island, the small mountain-streams are led with the greatest care into reservoirs, aqueducts, &c., so that, after irrigating the higher ground, they pass down to lower levels, and so on until they reach the flat, low-lying grounds, where the water is banked up to flood the rice-plots and melon-gardens, conferring throughout their course an amount of benefit which it is impossible to estimate in this rain-sodden country, where the chief difficulty is to get rid of the superabundant moisture.

The care which has been displayed in the construction of artificial reservoirs and watercourses is traceable to the Moors. That industrious race were greatly in advance of the Spaniards of the present day in many respects. They fully appreciated the value of water for agricultural purposes; indeed, all the existing aqueducts and sluices in Spain were constructed by the Moors. The present inhabitants, through their insuperable listlessness and innate idleness, have allowed many important tracts of land, once rich and fertile, to become barren wastes, simply from their not maintaining the barriers and other arrangements, made with such skill and care by the Moors, for preventing the water from passing an inch lower until all the land on any one level, requiring irrigation, had received the full benefit of the stream. Near Alicante is a large reservoir, known as the Royal Pond. It supplies the gardens in the neighbourhood,

and so highly did the Moors appreciate the value of the enclosed water, that they built around it a wall sixty feet high, and so thick, that on its top three carriages can pass abreast. The wells dug by the Moors are very numerous and very deep. They are either oval or double; if double, the two shafts unite at the bottom. The mode of raising the water is ingenious. A large, broad-rimmed, wooden wheel is mounted on a spindle placed across the narrow axis of the mouth of the well, or between the shafts if double, and rests on bearings. By means of a second and upright wheel, working into the first, rotary motion is given to the drum by animal power. Two endless bands, made of strong, coarse, twisted grass, pass over the large drum, and descend below the water. Between these bands, and at a distance of about two feet apart, small sun-burnt earthen jars are firmly lashed, each having a small hole in the bottom, their mouths being all in one direction. The revolution of the wheel and bands, in a direction from the bottom to the top of the jars, draws a jar out of the water filled, but the water immediately begins to leak through the bottom hole, passing slowly into the succeeding jar, thence into the next, and so on, so that long before the first jar has reached the top, it is empty. The first dozen will, most likely, be empty, but as they have all been emptying their contents into the succeeding ones, there will at last arrive at the top one which had not time to receive the leakings of those above, and to empty itself as well; it may be half empty, but the next, and all succeeding, will be full; these passing over the wheel, empty themselves into a trough, which conveys the water to a reservoir. At first it seems absurd that the jars should be allowed to leak, but the Moors were wise enough to know that, as the jars enter the water mouth first, and are only a short time in the water, there would not be sufficient time for the jars to get emptied of air and filled with water unless they had this vent. The water which splashes around the well soon produces rank vegetation, which appears often like an oasis in the midst of surrounding barrenness.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.—IV.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE ROAD FROM BAGHDAD TO BABYLON—THE MUJILLIDE—EL KASR, OR THE PALACE—THE HANGING GARDENS—THE EUPHRATES—HILLAH—BABYLON, ITS EXTENT AND GRANDEUR—THE JEWS OF BABYLON AND BAGHDAD—BIRS NIMROUD, OR TOWER OF BABEL.

THE traveller finds himself in the desert directly he passes outside the walls of Baghdad. The first part of the journey towards Babylon is a beaten track formed by the constant journeyings of pilgrims to the tomb of their patron saint Ali, the cousin of Mahomet, who is buried to the westward of Babylon, at Mesjed Ali.

Mounted on horses, with our followers and baggage on mules, our rate of progression through the desert was only

two miles an hour, and the mode of travelling would have been intolerable to any one not so well accustomed to the East as we were. Being in Mesopotamia, we accommodated ourselves to the manners and customs of the lazy children of the desert, and crept along on our horses while our dark-skinned companions trudged stoutly at the tails of the baggage animals.

After leaving Baghdad we saw the tomb of Zobeide far on our right; but, as our course lay in a south-westerly direction, it was quickly lost sight of. We soon passed, distant about seven and a half miles from the city, a large caravanserai called Kiahya Khan, from its founder, Ahmed, the Kiahya or minister of Soleiman Pasha, who was once governor of Baghdad. On the surrender of the city to the Persians he



JWS OF MESOPOTAMIA

was taken prisoner and conveyed to Shiraz, where he remained until the death of Kerim Khan in 1779, when he effected his escape, and was reinstated Pasha. We passed Kiahya Khan without stopping. Five miles further on we came to another halting-place, known as Assad Khan, and built by Omar Pasha in A.H. 1092. It is a large caravanserai, capable of accommodating five hundred people, and, according to Buckingham, is remarkable for the first-rate cup of coffee you can get within its walls—truly an excellent recommendation to a traveller in the East, but we did not stop to try the quality of the fragrant beverage.

Our course was now nearly south, until we passed the remains of a canal, over which we crossed by a narrow bridge. Another hour's march brought us to the dry bed of a deep and wide canal, supposed to be the famous Nahar Malka, which diverged from the course of the Euphrates at a point at the south-western extremity of the Median wall to the Tigris, near the cities of Ctesiphon and Seleucia. This canal was navigable as late as the age of the caliphs. We sighted an encampment of Arabs, among whom were merchants of the same character as those we had remarked in Baghdad, selling the panther skins which they brought from distant places. Soon we passed another caravanserai, known to the Turks as the Khan Bir Yunus, so called from a well at which the prophet Jonas is said to have drunk during his visits to Nineveh. All the members of our party now began to feel fatigued, and we were not sorry to learn, on interrogating our guides, that we were close upon a very spacious caravanserai called after Alexander, like so many buildings and cities in the track of the victorious march of that great conqueror's army. We alighted, accordingly, at the Khan Iskanderia, and, finding excellent accommodation for man and horse, we made ourselves comfortable for the night. As the weather was cold, we slept in one of the vaulted rooms within the buildings, while our cattle were fastened to bars arranged round the oblong, raised platforms in the centre of the court, which are built at such distances from each other, and of such length and breadth, as to leave convenient passages around and between them. These platforms are used by travellers during the hot weather to sleep on, and are great boons when the temperature ranges as high as 117° in the middle of the dewless nights, and when the slightest breath of air is eagerly wooed by the gasping wayfarer. This khan was erected during the last century at the expense of Mohammed Hussein Khan, formerly Nizam-ud-Dowlah, or home minister of Futeh Ali Shah, with a view to the convenience of pilgrims to Mesjed Ali and Mesjed Hussein, two of the most celebrated places of Persian pilgrimage. This caravanserai of Iskanderia is capable of housing one thousand persons, and is one of the largest in Mesopotamia; it is almost wholly constructed of ancient bricks dug up from ruins on the spot, and the ridges of earth covered with rubbish in the neighbourhood attest the fact that a considerable city once occupied its site.

Soon after daylight the next morning we were on the move again, and, continuing our course in a south-westerly direction, passed over a flat country, intersected by many small, half-dry canals. A considerable distance to our left lay the mound of Tel Ibrahim, by far the largest in this part of Mesopotamia. It is one thousand yards in length, and about sixty feet in height. Hyenas have burrowed holes in this great pile of ruins, and the rain has formed channels in its sides; the surface is covered

with more than the usual amount of *débris* of glass, pottery, and other materials.

After a short halt at the village of Mohawil, we again proceeded on our way. Every step now was over ground rendered for ever memorable by the historical events connected with its site, for from this village of Mohawil the ruins of Babylon may be said to commence; indeed, the khan itself is, in part, built of the large, square, kiln-dried bricks of a reddish colour which were brought up from the kasr, or palace, at Babel. The distance from the mounds of Mohawil to Hillah is about eight miles, and so extensive is the site over which, according to the generally-received opinion, ancient Babylon extended, that the Birs Nimroud lies almost the same distance on the other side of that town, while between the two extremities almost every acre of ground is covered with vestiges of the mighty city. According to Strabo, the city of Babylon was 385 furlongs in compass, and according to Diodorus Siculus, 360; but Herodotus, who belonged to an earlier age, states that it was of the same dimensions as Nineveh, that is, 480 furlongs, or above 60 miles in compass. The difference between the two cities was that Nineveh formed a parallelogram, whilst Babylon was an exact square, each side being 120 furlongs; so that Babylon covered much more ground, or 14,410 square furlongs, whilst the area of Nineveh was only 13,500.

Great Babylon, "the golden city" of the Scriptures, its beauty, strength, and grandeur, its walls, temples, palaces, and hanging gardens, the banks of the river, and the artificial canals and lakes made for the drainage of that river, in the seasons of its over-flowings, are described with such pomp and magnificence by the heathen authors, that it is deservedly reckoned one of the wonders of the ancient world. Though seated in a low, marshy plain, it is called in Scripture "a mountain," on account of the great height of its walls and towers, its palaces and temples. Its walls, according to Herodotus, were 350 feet in height, and 87 in thickness. The most minute and best description of ancient Babylon is that by Diodorus Siculus, who wrote half a century before the birth of Christ, though the city had even then long been laid in ruins.

No striking ruin presents itself till we arrive at the Mujillibe, truly a vast and sublime relic of the days when men were giants, and constructed edifices by the side of which anything in modern engineering, with all its aids of steam and science, looks puny indeed. Between Mohawil and the Mujillibe we passed four canal embankments, all covered with fragments of buildings, composed of furnace-burnt bricks; but the eye is caught and the attention fixed by the huge mountainous ruin known as the Mujillibe, an Arabic term, signifying overturned, which towers above a series of intervening mounds in its solitary grandeur, and presents an imposing object.

On approaching it we had to pass over a deep outer ditch, which, with an inner ditch of greater depth and breadth, encircles the ruin. The mound then rises in a steep ascent, over which we picked our way by the winding paths worn by frequent visitors. The general form of the edifice is oblong, though its sides have been rendered irregular by decay. According to Mr. Rich, who wrote two valuable memoirs on Babylon, the whole circumference of the Mujillibe is 2,110 feet, and the height of its highest angle, that of the south-east, 141 feet. It is probable that the building, whatever it might

originally have been, was surrounded by walls as well as by ditches. Major Rennell was of opinion that it was the Tower of Belus, while Mr. Rich, who had visited Babylon more than once, and had every facility afforded him during his observations, always spoke of the Birs Nimroud across the river as that famous edifice. I think the view of the latter gentleman is the more correct, though it is a question which can never be definitely settled. In the exterior surface of the Mujillibe are remains of walls and buildings, and its base, probably, is still a solid building.

These features, added to the circumstance of its being to all appearance surrounded by ditches, give colour to the supposition of the Mujillibe having been a castellated palace, and although the solidity of the ruin would seem to oppose this idea, yet this was doubtless caused by the overthrow in one ruined mass of many different buildings. Mr. Rich's elaborate description proves the existence in the interior of chambers, passages, and cellars of different sizes. This wonderful pile must have been, then, the seat of luxurious feasting and revelries; its halls, in the distant days when Babylon flourished a great and powerful city, must have resounded with song, while the "twinkling" of the feet of many dancers made every heart bound with joy; and mighty monarchs, whose ears were filled with flattery, doubtless forgot that all this splendour would pass away. It now stands there a heap of ruins, and on gazing on it the sublime passage in the Prophets involuntarily occurs to the mind, "Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there."

Leaving the Mujillibe alone in its desolation, we bent our course to the next important ruin, distant about one mile, and known generally as Kasr, or the Palace. On our way we came close to the banks of the river, which is much wider here than is the Tigris at the same distance from the sea. Its banks were lined on both sides with groves of palm trees, and its current flowed somewhat sluggishly along. As I stood on the banks of the grand old river, with the fresh air from the silent groves fanning my face, my mind reverted to the days when the captive Jews wandered about these self-same shores, and, hanging their harps on the willows or osiers which to this day grow on the banks, refused, when pressed by the enemies of their race and religion, to sing the songs of Zion; instead of notes of joy, the breath of heaven bore away on its wings the sounds of lamentation and woe.

The gardens on the banks of the river are watered in the following manner. A canal of narrow dimensions is let in from the main stream to a distance of twenty or thirty feet; a frame-work is then erected over it, made of the trunks of date trees, two sections of a trunk being used as posts, one as a transverse bar, and two others, sloping inwards, resting upon this bar; in the end of these last are pulleys, over which traverses a cord; to the one end of the cord is affixed a large leather bucket, which descends to the river with its own weight and fills. The other end is fastened to a bullock, which is made to descend over a steep, artificial slope, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and, thus uniting its weight with its strength, it easily raises the water. This is then discharged from the leather bucket, by a long pipe of the same material, into a

channel somewhat above the level of the garden itself, so that it readily finds its way into the general reservoir there. Each of these bullocks has a driver to attend it, but notwithstanding this, the method is as cheap and effective as any that could be contrived to be executed, and is the same that has been in operation for ages, not only in Mesopotamia, but in the rural parts of India where land requires artificial irrigation.

Crossing over the intermediate valley between the river and El Kasr, or the Palace, we proceeded to examine this noble ruin.

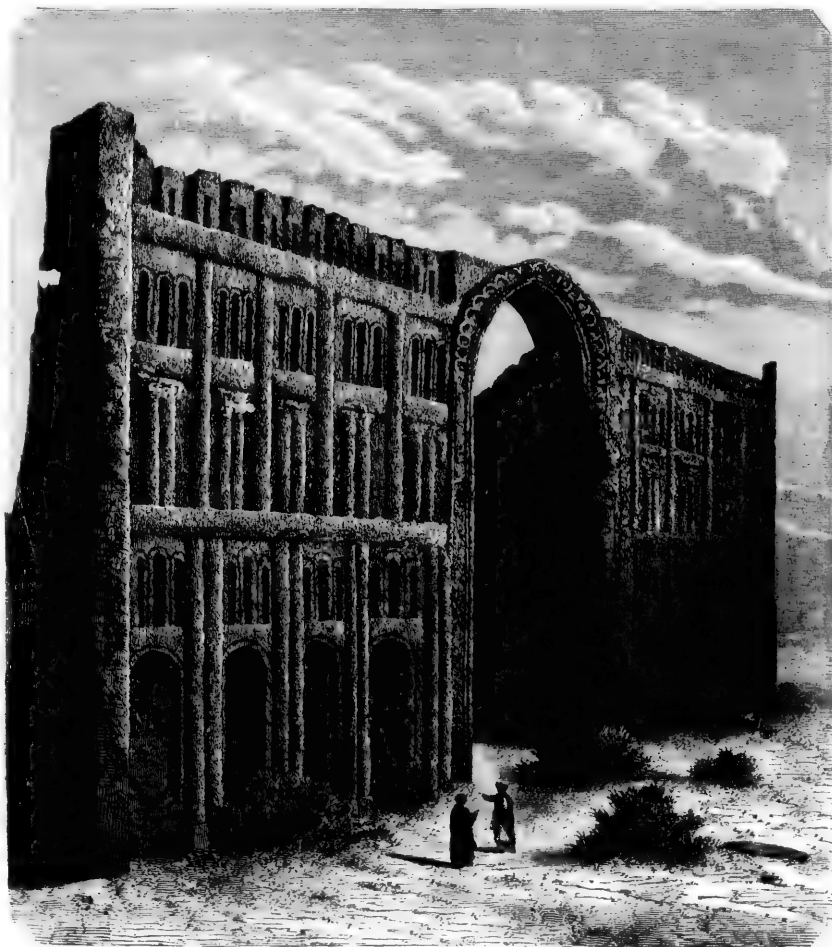
This enormous pile stands on a mound; its form is very irregular, and measures 820 yards in length by 610 in breadth. The ruins are deeply furrowed throughout by ravines of great length, depth, and width, and crossing each other in every direction. Some are full sixty feet in depth, which Mignan attributes to the Arabs, who are constantly at work conveying the bricks to Hillah and other places, as building materials. In some of these artificial ravines, fragments of detached wall are still standing, composed of burnt brick cemented together with bitumen, with their faces or inscribed parts downwards. The freshness of the inscriptions, on extracting some of these bricks, is amazing; one would never gather that they had been imprinted thousands of years ago, and formed part of shapeless ruins even at the commencement of our era. In the fragments of building on the summit of the mound, neither bitumen nor reeds can be traced, there being but a simple layer of mortar to bind the materials together. The very heart of this pile appears to be built entirely of the finest furnace-baked bricks, distinguishing it from other ruins, in which sundried materials are employed. On the top of the mound are the remains of square piers or buttresses, measuring from sixteen to eighteen feet in height, and nine in thickness. The colour of the bricks of which these buttresses are composed is pale yellow, and so tenacious is the cement by which they are adhered together, that it defied our utmost efforts to detach them.

Near to this palace, and close to the river, lay the wonderful so-called "hanging gardens," the work of Nebuchadnezzar. These remains consist of two grand masses, of the elevation of sixty feet, connected together by a broad and lofty causeway, and faced by an embankment on the edge of the stream, the whole occupying in its present state a space of 2,350 yards in length, by 1,100 in breadth, and about twenty in height. The hanging gardens are described by Strabo and Curtius to be precisely in this situation, near the palace, and close to the stream from whence they were watered. They are said by one authority to have been fifty cubits, and by another to have exceeded 100 feet in height, and to have occupied five and a half acres in extent. Diodorus says they formed a square of 400 feet; Curtius that they were supported by twenty walls, eleven feet distant from each other, which spaces, together with the thickness of the walls, will make up at least 400 feet. They had a view over the city walls, and were said to be upwards of 100 feet in height. The gardens. Buckingham observes, had evidently buildings in them, besides the masonry of the lofty mounds on which they stood, and as they were in themselves the most wonderful of the public structures of Babylon, when the vast amount of labour expended in their construction is taken into consideration, it is probable that they were embellished with appropriate edifices, such as are to be found in Eastern gardens. Pliny, writing of these hanging

gardens, says:—"The castle had twenty stadia circuit, and the towers of it thirty feet in the earth, and eighty in height. The hanging gardens were here constructed on columns, arches, and walls, and contained terraces of earth, watered by machines from the river, producing forests of large trees. Its height

reason be supposed to be the vestiges of this, the most marvellous of the seven wonders of the world, may be thus briefly described.

The smaller of the two mounds is 700 yards in length and breadth, its form being nearly a square; its south-west angle



TAUK KESRA.

was equal to that of the castle walls, and from the fine air enjoyed there, fruits of all kinds were produced; and the shade and refreshing coolness of the place were delicious in such a climate. It was said that a king of Syria, who reigned in Babylon, constructed these gardens to gratify a wife whom he violently loved, and who, having a passion for woods and forests, thus enjoyed, in the midst of a great metropolis, the sylvan pleasures of a country life." What may with good

reason be supposed to be the vestiges of this, the most marvellous of the seven wonders of the world, may be thus briefly described. The smaller of the two mounds is 700 yards in length and breadth, its form being nearly a square; its south-west angle is connected with the north-west angle of the second or larger mound, called Amran, by a ridge of considerable height, and nearly 100 yards in breadth. Amran, so called by the natives after a son of Ali, whose tomb lies to the south-west of this mound, presents the figure of a quadrant, and is 1,100 yards in length and 800 in breadth. The height of both these mounds is irregular, averaging, as I have said, sixty feet. These two elevated masses are connected by a causeway of proportionate



VIEW ON THE SHORES OF THE TIGRIS.

height and 100 yards in breadth, going across a valley 550 yards in length. Between these mounds and the river is another running along its very edge, and called by Mr. Rich, who measured it, an embankment. He says, "It commences on a line with the lower extremity of the grand mound Amran, and is there nearly 300 yards broad at its base, from the east angle of which a mound proceeds, taking a sweep to the south-east so as to be nearly parallel with, and forty yards more to the south than, that boundary, and losing itself in the plain, being, in fact, the most southerly of all the ruins. The embankment is continued in a right line to the north, and diminishes in breadth, but increases in elevation, till at the distance of 750 yards from the commencement, where it is forty feet in perpendicular height, and is interrupted by a break of nearly the same breadth as the river. To this succeeds a piece of flat ground, apparently gained from the river by a slight change in its course, it being 110 yards in length and 250 in its greatest breadth, and along its base are traces of a continuation of the embankment, which is there a narrow line that soon loses itself."

What remains of the masonry of El Kasr resembles the best brickwork of European construction, and is in such a good state of preservation, that Mr. Rich was for some time doubtful whether it was a Babylonian ruin at all. On its northern front stands a curious relic of the past, presenting a weird aspect amidst the desolation by which it is surrounded—this is an isolated tree, to which the Arabs have given the name "Athleh." It appears to be of vast antiquity; the natives, who regard it with superstitious veneration, aver that it flourished in ancient Babylon, and was saved by God from the destruction that overtook that city, that it might afford Ali a convenient place to tie up his horse after the battle of Hillah. The tree is of a species unknown elsewhere in Mesopotamia. As it now stands it presents only a bare and decayed half, or longitudinal section; yet a few branches still sprout out from its crest, and present an ever-green front. It is the sole living representative of a mighty past. The tree is said to be a variety of the *Tamarix Orientalis*, bearing flexible boughs with leaves formed of long, slender stems, with smaller branching leaves like those of the pine and cedar, but of a lighter green.

The First Journey of Exploration across Vancouver Island.—II.

BY ROBERT BROWN, F.R.G.S., ETC., COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE INTERIOR.

THE Indian village on whose quietude we had thus intruded had green maples and alders shading the houses, giving it a pleasant look. Thus far Indian life—in the heyday of summer and plenty—looked pleasant enough. But all around the village is "an ancient and fish-like smell"—an odour of salmon in all stages of decay—for it is also the height of the salmon-fishing season. There is a weir of upright poles, with oblong boxes, made of an open-work of cedar rods, with their open mouths to the current, suspended from its base; while canoes dash hither and thither with the eager fishermen. An Indian, stark naked, stands over a pool, and now and again spears a silvery salmon, numbers of which are lying quivering on the bank beside him. In the lodges, families are sitting round the fires, boiling and eating "sabud" to their stomach's content; and greasy-looking youngsters have scarcely energy enough to peer out of their fat-encompassed eyes at the "King George men" who have—rare event—come on a visit to them. I am not long here before certain old worthies suddenly recollect that they knew me once before, or that they rendered some service to somebody or other—date and circumstance not very clear—the end of which is, of course, a plug of tobacco or a pipeful of paint.*

Glad to escape from the multitude of friends, we file out of Quamichan (the "hump-backed country"), as from the contour of the surrounding hills it is called, and again have only the tall pines and the whirring grouse for our company. Afternoon is far advanced when we reach the highest Indian village on the Cowichan River—called Tsamena ("the upper place")—and as we have here fixed our rendezvous, we pitch camp and make ourselves at home until our

river party arrives. Tsamena is a quiet place, a sort of fishy edition of the "Deserted Village," and a few old folks loaf about with an air of departed grandeur. Among the shady trees behind the village we see carved figures and quaint sculpturings on the graves, and many of the graves seem new, and the figures betoken a taste acquired since civilisation has got on their borders. Sometimes a man is represented with a hat on, while on other pillars, supporting a box into which the body is doubled, the owl—emblem of the departed—is rudely carved.

Old Kakalatza, the chief, is soon introduced to us: a quiet old man, who sits in front of our little tent-door talking in a subdued way, almost under his breath. "You had many people once in your village?" I ask him. "Very famous were the warriors of Tsamena in old Tsosieten's wars?" "Ah, yes!" is the reply in the careless, off-hand way of these Indians; "but some are gone to Victoria, and some are hunting on the hills, and some are gathering gamass; * others are fishing at the salt water, while others are gone there—when they go there they never come back again;" and we felt sorry for the old man, as he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the last resting-place of the warriors of Tsamena. Kakalatza is a great hunter, and every year goes into the interior to hunt elk, by the borders of the great lake out of which this river arises; he agrees to go with us and take his canoe along with him, to convey our stores, so that suddenly a heavy source of anxiety is removed from our minds.

Whilst we were sitting down to supper in the course of the same evening, a strange-looking recruit for our expedition

* The bulbs of *Gamassia esculenta*, much used as an article of food by the Indians.

turned up, and in broken, Red-River French, offered his services as hunter to *M'sieur le Capitaine*. As he sat apart on a log, his solitary hand in his pocket, a more unpromising-looking character could not well be imagined. He was no less a man than "One-armed Tomo," or Thomas, famous among hunters and trappers all the way from Vancouver Island to Rupert's Land, and of late years not unknown to Her Majesty's courts of justice in a rather compromising light. His father was an Iriquois *voyageur* from Canada, his mother a Chinook from the Columbia River. He had for forty years moved about over the country among Hudson Bay forts and hunting stations—*voyageur*, farmer, hunter, trapper—possibly worse; speaking every Indian language and most European ones, so far as he had met with anybody to teach him; very often "wanted," but rarely to be found; half Indian, half white; a north-western polyglot interpreter, doing a little of everything—some things very well. Under more favourable circumstances he would have been an Admirable Crichton. As it was, One-armed Tomo was only a roving vagabond, to whom an expedition of this sort was just a windfall; and though I had been particularly warned to give a wide berth to this same north-western genius, yet, at that time being very much in want of his accomplishments, I risked the engaging of him on trial for a few weeks. Among our motley crew Tomo was not long in finding an old acquaintance, who promised to become guarantee for him, and before evening was over he delighted us all by the versatility of his accomplishments. Story after story dropped from his ready tongue; jokes in English, *jeux d'esprit* in French, and slow, sonorous proverbs in Spanish, were rattled off in quick succession; while he kept up a by-talk with the Indians, who appeared to half fear, half admire him. Tomo's outfit was not extensive. He stood five feet odd in his ragged trousers and woollen shirt; a grey cap was set jauntily on his head, and a pair of wooden-soled boots, made by himself, were on his feet. More than that he had not. He borrowed a blanket from his friend the chief, and we supplied him with a rifle; so he declares with a very big oath, as he squints along the barrel, that "he is a man once more," and in two minutes is asleep under a tree, with the gun between his legs. During all our long connection none of us had ever reason to regret the day when he joined our party, and to this hour One-armed Tomo, the swarthy vagabond of the western forests, is only remembered as a hearty fellow—prince of hunters and doctor of all woodcraft—whose single arm was worth more than most men's two, and without whose help the map of Vancouver would have been but a sorry blank yet, and the first Exploring Expedition a forgotten affair.

Next morning we are astir, and off before the sleepy villagers are about. Our river party is now well organised, though every hour the labour is getting more severe as the current becomes more rapid. Four men, with long poles, swing it up stream, and hard work it is. Scarcely less severe are our labours on land. Our pathway leads through a tangled forest, until all track disappears, and we steer by the river. Sometimes we trudge pleasantly over a green fern-covered prairie, shut in by forest, and through which a purling stream runs to join the river. Here our old desire for a "lodge in some vast wilderness" revives, and we plan out in Alnascharlike dreams, the day when we will leave the cares of the world and science behind, and settle in this little western oasis, while

our surveyor—much more practical, if less poetical—jots down that "Prairie No. 1 contains so many acres, has stony soil, but is well watered and wooded, and might possibly yield crops in the better part." Rare, however, are these little open stretches, for dense pine forests seem to prevail everywhere. Often drifts of timber lie athwart our path for several hundred yards, and we either "coon it" along the tops of the fallen trees, or creep on all fours through the dense underbrush until we regain open ground. Grouse are in abundance, and partridges, as they are called here—or sometimes willow-grouse (*Bonasia Sabini*)—flew up among the ferns, taking to trees and bushes the moment they are flushed. If a man is hungry, and inclined to be of a pot-hunting rather than a sportsmanlike temperament, then it is easy enough with a revolver to clear a bush of them, simply by commencing at the bottom and finishing off with the birds in the topmost branches. This treeing of grouse is quite common in Canada and some portions of the Northern States, and in these dense forests renders pointers quite useless. On the prairies it is not so bad, but in the wooded country, to the west of the Cascade Mountains, any open country is very uncommon. We are not remarkably conscientious how we get our larder filled, so long as it is filled, and accordingly before evening not a few grouse have fallen to our pistols. The sun is getting low, and as we think of making for the river, to see if our canoe is not at hand, we hear the report of a gun, and in a few minutes, emerging by the side of a little lake, bright with the yellow water-lily, we find our canoe party busy preparing supper. They are encamped on a little prairie, close by an old Indian lodge; the fire is blazing away right merrily, and while Buttle is making tea, Tomo is skinning a deer, which he has shot, and the son of the warlike Locha is boiling beans, flavoured with wild onions and grouse eggs. Everybody is in excellent humour at the good commencement of our first day's trip into the wilds; and a good supper, whatever the record of such a materialistic affair may be thought of by people who never knew what it was to lie down without such, and know that your breakfast was yet on four legs in the woods, adds an acme to everybody's good nature. We compare notes for the day, write out our memoranda, and protract such sketches as we may have made, arrange next day's work, and, after smoking a last pipe, each man rolls himself in his red, blue, or green blanket, and before the chronometer goes round another ten minutes, everybody is snoring away under his favourite tree, on a pile of fir twigs, most fragrant and grateful of woodland couches.

Such was our daily routine for many weeks; the land party meeting the river party at night, at some bend of the river; or, by pre-arranged signals, coming to their assistance, to help them to carry the canoe and cargo over drifts of trees, which jammed up the river in places. The river navigation was often very bad, and sometimes we had to dispatch assistance to bring the canoe alongside our camp, the canoe-men being thoroughly worn out; though at other times the land party would arrive after dark, even more exhausted than the river party. Sometimes we had to push through the bushes, wet and dripping with a continual down-pour of rain—the water literally pouring down our backs—over fallen trees, the bark of which, wet and slippery, slid from under our feet, and sending us tumbling, blanket and "pack" on back, into some ravine, where we might think ourselves happy did no further mishap befall us than a thorough sousing, a trifle in our then soaked

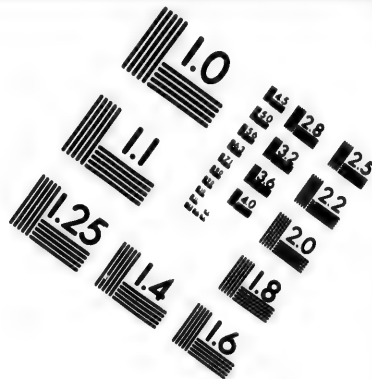
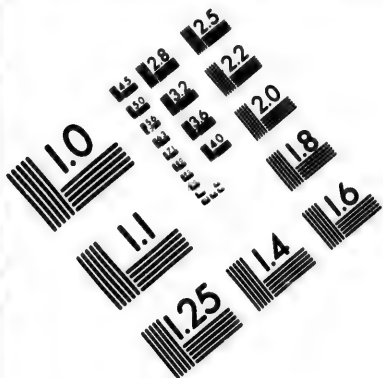
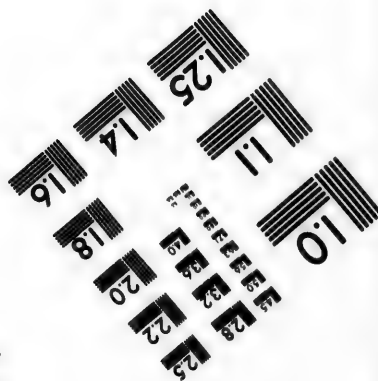
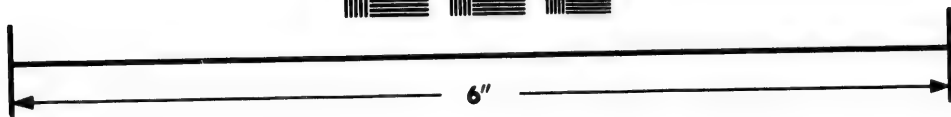
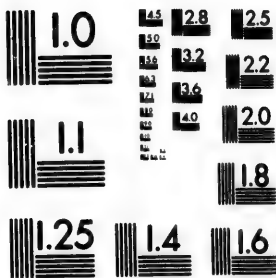


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condition. In such a case there was no use in petting on a wry face, for the laugh would be against us, and there was nothing but to "grin and bear it." At other times we had to cross deep glens, through which a roaring mountain torrent was rushing, by a frail bridge composed of a single tree thrown over. The slightest nervousness would overbalance the traveller, and little hope could be entertained of his after safety, so that some of our more timid companions preferred prudently to work their way over astride of the log, after the operation called "cooning" it—ludicrous in name, and still more ludicrous in reality. Sometimes the river ran between high, rocky banks, over which we had to climb, looking down on the river party far beneath, like toy *royageurs*, drawing a tiny canoe. Down in shady hollows we often came on streams where the remains of old bear-traps, and the skeleton salmon, with which they had once been baited, in them, telling that once on a time hunters had passed that way; but hitherto not a human being had crossed our path. With the exception of our companion, Kakalatza, it is now rarely that anybody troubles these wilds, though certain signs pointed out by the old Indian, told him that somebody had passed that way not long before, and, profiting by past experiences, he would, after his own fashion, write directions or warnings for them on the smooth-barked trees, which would catch their eyes. There, with a bit of red chalk which he had picked up among the party, he would mark a ford, where a foot traveller could cross, by the rude sketch of a man carrying a load above his head; and at a bad rapid, it would be a canoe turned upside down; as a sort of postscript, he would add the information that we had passed by there on or about such a time of the moon, by chalking out a half-moon, nine figures with "chimney-pot" hats (the universal savage sign for a white man), two figures without hats, and one without an arm; and lastly, with an internal chuckle, a *something* by which he meant to represent a thievish, one-eyed, stump-tailed cur, which one of our party shared his meals with, and which was kicked by everybody else. None of the Indians on this coast—unless Kakalatza is an exception, and really I think the knowledge on his part was an invention of his own—know anything of the sign-writing of the Eastern American Indians, and little of any sign-language, except a few contemptuous shrugs or grimaces, though at Cape Flattery I saw among the Indians there a family who knew how to communicate their thoughts by means of signs in writing, some specimens of which I possess. The study of these has induced the author, and others better able to judge of such matters, to believe that these were learned from a party of Japanese seamen, who were wrecked at Cape Flattery in 1836, and lived for some time among these Indians; but the discussion of this point would lead us into matters foreign to the nature of this article, and must be reserved for another place. Old Kakalatza was quite a study in his way. Some time or other an English dandy, who had found his way to the confines of his village, had presented Kakalatza with a superfine black silk hat, and a hat-box, the former owner having no need for such civilised superfluities in so westerly a longitude. In course of time the old man began to regard this hat and hat-box in the light of his guarantees of respectability, and accordingly when he went with us the hat-box was put into the canoe, either out of an idea that the possession of it would impress us with awe, or that he was afraid to endanger the peace of his village by leaving such

a valuable piece of property unprotected in his lodge. However, on Sunday mornings he would carefully give himself the usual weekly wash, comb out his long, raven locks (with his fingers), paint a streak of red down the bridge of his nose, and three others of a similar nature radiating from either cheek, draw his blanket about him, and finally, putting on his tall hat (which was rather of an ancient "fashion"), he would sit under a giant pine dignified enough for a sachem. Kakalatza was a pious man, as Indians go (he had not killed a man, he told us, for six months), and as he had lately joined the Catholic Church, I had once thought of constituting him domestic chaplain to the expedition; but on consulting the ex-clergyman of our party, he gravely assured me that, looking at the matter from a business point of view, he did not consider the man worth the fifty cents a Sunday extra which he demanded for his services, and that, moreover, if there were any burying to do—baptisms and marriages were out of the question—he himself would be glad to do it *for his tobacco*.

Sunday was generally voted a day of rest, and I regret to say was looked upon by the astronomer of the party as a favourable time for getting sights for the errors of the chronometers, and by everybody else for mending and washing clothes, and generally bringing up leeway for the week past. It was very pleasant on these quiet summer evenings as we lay around the blazing fire, talking of the past and future—for we were all young enough to look to a future—and all of us old enough and experienced enough of the world to have a tale of the past to tell. There were men round that camp fire whose lives were a romance, and it was only years afterwards that I accidentally learned how weird a tale one at least could have told; but here, far in the interior of the unknown land, he lay dreamily smoking, and thinking of the former days when his name was not unknown to fame. It was on these occasions that old Kakalatza, through an ever-ready interpreter, would tell his tales of war, and of love, and of the forest glade; tales, some of which are now embalmed in American mythology, and smoked and theorised over by dreamy German *savans*, who, I fear, make much more of them than either the teller or the recorder ever did. Every dark pool suggested a story to him, every living thing had a superstition, and hour after hour we lay awake listening to the strange story of Kakalatza, Lord of Tsamena.

Not a whit less backward is our one-armed hunter, whose head is full of such lore. The men to whom all this is novel, lie in the tent doors listening and questioning with fresh interest; while those who are already initiated in such matters are equally alert to commentate and criticise. It is the only amusement of the men, and far be it from the commander by any act of his to discourage their mirth and good spirits, if they choose to spend their leisure hours in this manner. Men are only too apt to get what they call "down in the mouth," without their leader by any foolish wish of his to exercise a tyrannical authority over their habits, adding to or inducing it. So they lie talking and laughing, and listening and wondering, until the fire burns low, and Tomo is preparing to get asleep under his tree, his only preparation for that event—as indeed with all of us—being to take off his boots. But fresh wood is thrown on the embers, and as the gladsome blaze lights up the forest and scares the owls from their roosting places, the cry is raised, "Give us another story, Tomo;" and the saga-man of the north-west continues his tales far into the night.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—V.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

HISTORY OF THE SIOGUNS.

BROUGHT up at the court of Kioto, Yoritomo learned to know the weak state into which the power of the Dairi had fallen. The Mikado, shut up in his seraglio, occupied himself with nothing but the intrigues of the palace; the courtiers abandoned themselves to idleness and debauchery; and the ancient families, related by family ties or interest to the emperor,

the crown. Some of them arrogated to themselves an absolute power in the government of their imperial fiefs, while others increased their domains at the expense of their neighbours. During a number of years, family wars, and acts of vengeance and retaliation, steeped in blood the rustic fortresses of the principal dynasties of Japan, and anarchy spread gradually. Upon this, Yoritomo, whose family had suffered much in these



WEBSTER AND SIVOSIMA ISLANDS, VIEWED FROM KANASAWA.

thought only of using their court influence for selfish purposes. They strove to open to their elder sons a career of the highest dignity, whilst they made the younger ones take orders. As for the daughters, rather than put them into convents, they solicited their admission to the band of fifty ladies of honour to the Empress, who were all bound to take the vow of chastity. The matrons of high degree had in their turn an opportunity of exercising their ambition on the occasion of the ceremonies which accompanied the birth of the heir presumptive, and the nomination of his nurse, who was chosen from amongst eighty ladies, of the old feudal nobility, who seemed the best qualified to perform such an important function. While these things were going on at Kioto, the daimios, who lived retired in their provinces, relaxed little by little their fidelity in the accomplishment of the obligations which they had contracted towards

troubles, obtained from the Mikado, after various vicissitudes, a superior command and very extended power to re-establish order in the empire.

At this epoch neither the Mikado nor the armed lords had troops to bring in the field, except the territorial militia—the soldiers of which returned to their hearths when an expedition was ended. Yoritomo formed for himself a permanent army, perfected the art of encampment, availing himself of it for the discipline of his soldiers, and neglected nothing which could make them forget the habits of their ordinary domestic life. In this reform he achieved complete success. He subdued the daimios, who had attempted to make themselves independent, and forced them to take the oath of allegiance to him, in his capacity of lieutenant of the Mikado.

Some of them, who refused to recognise this title, were banished, with their families; their estates were confiscated, and frequently, when exasperated by an unexpected resistance, he subjected his enemies to the most cruel punishments. On the other hand, he did not neglect to take a part (through his agents) in the intrigues of the Daïri. He had commenced his career under the sixty-sixth Mikado; he terminated it under the eighty-third.

The emperors who had opposed him were obliged to abdicate; one of them took the cowl, and shut himself up in a cloister. It was only under the eighty-second Mikado that Yoritomo was officially invested with the title of Siogoun, though in fact he had performed the functions of that office for twenty years. He was succeeded by his eldest son, and from that time forth there have been two distinct courts in Japan—that of the Mikado at Kioto, and that of the Siogoun at Kamakura. At first the new power was not hereditary, but it sometimes happened that the sons of the Mikado were invested with it.

The sacerdotal and literary court of Kioto, far from taking umbrage at what was done at Kamakura, seemed quite pleased to find in the new government a variety of subjects on which to exercise their factitious raiillery. Amongst these were the fine airs which the wife of the Siogoun gave herself; the bad taste displayed in the toilettes of his suite; the vulgar play of the actors; the unnatural style of the dancers; the medley of colours in the military uniforms established by Yoritomo; the vulgarity of the conversation and manners of these distinguished upstarts, who assumed the attitude of deliverers of the empire and restorers of the pontifical throne.

But an unforeseen event occurred, which gave a sudden importance to the court of Kamakura, and centred on it the observation and sympathy of the nation. In the twelfth month of the year 1268, a Mongol embassy landed at Japan, presenting themselves in the name of Kublai-Khan, a worthy descendant of the conquering Tartars, who twelve years later made himself master of China, chose Pekin as his residence, and founded the Yuen dynasty, under whose rule the grand canal was constructed. He was the sovereign who retained at his court the Venetian, Marco Polo, the first traveller who furnished Europe with any accurate ideas about China and Japan.

It is said that his account exercised such a powerful influence on Columbus, that we may be said to owe to him indirectly the discovery of America. Kublai-Khan wrote to the Emperor of Nippon:—"I am the chief of a state, formerly without importance, but now so great that the countries and towns which recognise my authority can hardly be counted. I maintain peaceable terms with the neighbouring princes. I have put an end to the hostilities of which Kaoli was formerly the scene. The chief of this little kingdom has come to my court to testify his gratitude, and I have treated him as a father treats his child, and towards the princes of Nippon I will act in the same manner. No ambassador from you has yet had an interview with me. I fear that they have not given you in your country a true account of the state of things, so I send you this letter by delegates who will make known to you my intentions. The wise man has said that the world ought to make but one family; but if we do not keep up amicable relations with each other how can we carry out that principle? For my part, I intend to persevere

in the accomplishment of it, even if I am obliged to use the force of arms! It is, therefore, now for the sovereign of Nippon to see what he thinks fit to do." The Mikado expressed his intention of giving a favourable reply to the overtures of Kublai-Khan. The Siogoun, on the contrary, declared himself opposed to all ideas of alliance with the tribes of the Mongol. He convoked an assembly of the daimios at Kamakura submitted to them his objections, and enlisted them on his side.

The embassy was dismissed with some evasive words; and in the following year the Mongol chief proposed in vain to arrange an interview between the delegates of the two empires, in the island of Tsushima in the strait of Corea. In the year 1271 a new mission from him met with no reply. In 1273 he sent two ambassadors to Kamakura; the Siogoun refused to see them.

A short time afterwards news came that two generals of Kublai-Khan were about to attack Japan, at the head of an expedition of 300 war junks, 300 fast sailing ships, and 300 transport ships. The Mikado ordered public prayers and processions to the principal temples of the Kamis. The Siogoun organised the national defence, and the Mongols were beaten and repulsed on every part of the coast where they attempted to make a descent. Their Khan tried in vain to renew the negotiations.

Two ambassadors whom he sent to the Siogoun in 1275 were immediately ejected, and a third, who presented himself in 1279, was beheaded. After this (if we are to believe the annals of Japan) the country was threatened with the most formidable expedition that ever sailed on the waters of the extreme East. The Mongol fleet counted 4,000 vessels, and carried an army of 240,000 men. They sailed before the wind to Feraudo, near the entrance of the inner sea, when a typhoon dispersed them, and they were broken to pieces on the coasts; every one who did not perish in the waves, fell beneath the weapons of the Japanese. They only spared three prisoners, who were sent to the other side of the strait to carry the news. After such events it was no longer possible to look upon the Siogouns as mere functionaries of the crown, nor even as the protectors of the Mikado. The entire nation were indebted to them. From this time the court of Kioto recognised in that of Kamakura a rival destined ere long to eclipse and supplant the old *régime* in the management of the affairs of the empire.

At the present time we find, at Kamakura as it were, the Pantheon of the glories of Japan; composed of a majestic collection of sacred buildings, which have been respected through all the fury of civil wars. They are placed under the tutelage of Hatchiman, one of the great national Kamis, belonging to the heroic times of the empire of the Mikados. The mother of Hatchiman was the Empress Yengon, who conquered the three kingdoms of Corea; she also is honoured as a divinity.

Every year, on the ninth day of the ninth month, a solemn procession took place in memory of her great deeds, near to the tomb which is consecrated to her at Fusimi, in the country of Yamasiro. Yengon herself surnamed her son Satsmau ("The eight banners"), in consequence of a sign which appeared to her in the sky at the birth of this child. Thanks to the education she gave him, he became the most skilful of generals and the bravest of soldiers. When the Empress

had attained the age of a hundred she transmitted to him the sceptre and crown of the Mikados, in the year 270 of our era; he was then seventy-one years of age. He had a glorious reign of forty-three years, under the name of Woozin, and was raised, after his death, to the ranks of the protecting spirits of the empire, and he is revered especially as the patron of soldiers. In the annual *fêtes* which they dedicate to him, they celebrate the memories of the dead heroes of the country, and the processions which they form on these occasions remind one of the ancient funeral pomps in the worship of the Kamis. We see there horses prepared as if for sacrifice, but instead of immolating them they are suddenly set free in the race-course. Most of the large towns of Japan possess a temple dedicated to Hatchiman; that of Kamakura is distinguished from all the others by the glorious trophies it contains. Low, large buildings serve for the display of these national riches; it is there, they say, that the spoils of the Corea and of the Mongol invasions are accumulated, and also the articles taken from the Portuguese colonies and the Christian communities of Japan, when the Portuguese were expelled and the Japanese Christians exterminated by order of the Siogouns. No European has yet had a sight of the trophies of Kamakura. Whilst the states of Europe parade before the eyes of the whole world the trophies of their wars, Japan tries to hide from strangers the monuments of her military glory. They hold them in reserve (like a family treasure) in the ancient sanctuaries into which no profane persons can possibly obtain access. On approaching the temple of Hatchiman we could easily perceive that our arrival had been signalled, and that the priests were running in haste to close the shutters of the treasure-houses.

THE TEMPLES OF KAMAKURA.

The temple of Hatchiman is approached by long avenues of lofty cedars, which form the most noble decoration of these Japanese places of worship. In advancing along this avenue, which is on the side of Kanasawa, one sees numerous oratories and commemorative stones which mark the stations of the processions. Shortly after crossing a pretty wooden bridge over a river, we found ourselves at the entrance of another path, coming from the sea-coast and forming the centre of a large street.

This is the principal avenue; it is intersected by three gigantic *toris*, and opens into a large square directly in front of the terraces, walls, and buildings of the temple. Even the interior of this sacred place is quite open to the street, and bounded on three sides by a mass of masonry slightly raised, surmounted by a barrier of wood painted red and black. Two steps lead to the first terrace—one sees nothing there but the houses of the bonzes, arranged like the scenes of a stage, amongst trees planted along the boundary-wall, whilst two large ponds of oval shape occupy the centre of the place, communicating with each other by a large canal, over which are thrown two parallel bridges, each equally remarkable in its way. That on the right is of freestone and whitish granite, and it nearly describes a perfect semicircle, so that one asks involuntarily for what feats of balancing it can possibly be intended. That on the left is constructed of wood covered with red varnish, with the tops of the balustrades and other ornaments in old varnished copper. The pond under the stone bridge is overgrown with magnificent white lotus flowers; that under the wooden bridge is resplendent with red lotus.

Amongst the leaves and flowers are to be seen, swimming about in the crystal water, brightly-coloured fishes and others with pearly fins. Black tortoises crawl from stalk to stalk, lifting gently the large aquatic plants, among which odd-looking crustaceans are floating. After having enjoyed this novel spectacle, we walked towards the second parvis; it is raised some steps above the first, and as it is guarded by a fence, one cannot penetrate into it without crossing the huts of the holy guardians of the sanctuary.

The temple of Hatchiman, which rises opposite the bridges, shelters under its high roof two monstrous idols, placed on each side of the door which communicates with the centre of the edifice. They are carved in wood, and are covered from head to foot with a coat of vermillion, while their grinning faces and enormous busts are spotted with innumerable paper pellets, which the visitors throw at them in passing, with as little ceremony as would be shown by a troop of school-boys out at play. However, the pilgrims make vows to them, and willingly add the offering of a pair of straw shoes, of a size proportionate to the feet of the two giants, which they attach to the railing surrounding the statues. These shoes are suspended by thousands to the bars of the railings, and one can imagine the pleasing effect which this decoration produces. One of the lay brothers came up to us on our arrival. His wheedling manner betrayed interested motives, and we assured him that his good offices should not go unrewarded if he would procure us access to the buildings; he shook his head to make us understand that what we asked was an impossibility, but followed our steps, nevertheless, with the mechanical punctuality of a man executing an order.

The sight that met our eyes was truly worthy of admiration. A high terrace, with a long flight of stone steps leading up to it, looks down upon the second parvis. It is held up by a wall of cyclopean construction, and supports the principal temple as well as the houses of the priests.

The greyish roofs of these various edifices stand out in strong relief against a dark forest of pines and cedars. On our left were the buildings containing the treasures, one of them having a pyramidal roof, surmounted by a bronze spire artistically wrought. At the foot of the great staircase was the chapel for ablutions. On our right stood a high pagoda, constructed on the principle of the Chinese pagodas; but in style less irregular, and more simple and severe. The first floor is square in plan, and is supported by pillars, while the second consists of a large, round gallery, which, though massive, is so light in its form that it appears to rest on a single pivot. A pointed roof, wider at the base, and ending in a high-pointed spire, cast in bronze and ornamented with appendages of the same metal, completes the effect of this strange monument, in which it would be impossible to combine greater boldness of style with a better understanding of proportion.

In contemplating such an edifice a European can at first hardly suppress a sentiment of aversion from what appears to him an architectural monstrosity; but this soon gives way to more agreeable feelings under the imposing and harmonious impression which all true works of art produce. The ornamentation of the buildings is both tasteful and abundant, occurring principally on the pediments of the doors and the cornices which support the roofs. The beautiful brown tint of the timber, which is almost the only

material employed in these structures, is enlivened by some details of sculpture, painted red or green, while the general beauty of the picture is enhanced by a frame-work of venerable trees, and the incomparable brilliancy of the sky, for the atmosphere of Japan is probably clearer than that of any other country in the world. We then proceeded to explore further. Below the pagoda was a turret containing a great bell, beautifully carved, and an oratory with three golden images on the altar, a large one in the centre, and a small one on either side, all of them surrounded by a halo. Thus, although the temple of Hatchiman is consecrated to a Kami, it is quite evident that religious customs derived from India have supplanted here the ancient national worship. We had a fresh proof of this when, as we were turning back, we were requested by the lay brother to go a little further, and were stopped under a

of religious adoration and patriotic enthusiasm. Like the tribes of Israel at the dedication of the Temple, the people of Nippon and of the neighbouring islands filled these parvises and avenues under the eyes of the chiefs of the nation, who were grouped on the esplanade of the temple, from which a view is obtained of the blue sea beyond the roofs, bridges, and the three wide gates in the great avenue. One can imagine a multitude surrounding these buildings, and clustering about the pillars, and the natural arcades formed by the plantations of cedars; all the space from the great terrace to the sea forming one immense temple, radiant with light and colouring, under the canopy of heaven.

Nothing could form a more complete contrast to this picture than another temple which we visited on leaving



TEMPLE OF HATCHIMAN, AT KAMAKURA.

tree laden with votive offerings, at the foot of which was a mass of rock, surrounded by a barrier. He pointed out to us an opening shaped like a scabbard, which he pretended to be the work of Nature, though, I suspect, the chisel of the priests had at least completed the image, of which chance had formed a rough outline. However that may be, the good fathers seem to have made a happy speculation in exposing to the veneration of the natives this rock, which recalls the similar invention of the Brahmins. The votive offerings alone prove that it receives the homage of large numbers of pilgrims. Thus, the Japanese, without falling into all the errors of paganism, have not escaped the ridiculous consequences of a system which tends to deify all the powers of Nature. The people, who are the most intelligent and the most incredulous of the extreme East, are, notwithstanding, a very superstitious people.

We took a last view from the height of the terrace over the whole of the sacred buildings, and could not help regretting the time when an entire people could unite with the magistrates and ministers of their religion in one common act

the avenue of Hatchiman. Although built in a most admirable situation, at the end of a promontory from which there is a view of the whole bay of Kamakura, it only produces a more disagreeable impression, in the midst of such beautiful scenery, to come upon a (so called) sacred place so unpleasing. The sanctuary does not at first appear to have any remarkable peculiarity—some insignificant golden idols are placed over the high altar, and in a side chapel there is an image of the god of riches armed with a miner's hammer. The priest who received us led us behind the high altar, and there, in a cage, which was as dark as a prison and as high as a tower, they lighted two lanterns, and slowly raised themselves up by a sort of pole, and by the flickering light of these two stars, lost in the darkness of the roof, we perceived that we were face to face with an enormous idol of gilt wood, from thirty to forty feet in height, bearing in the right hand a sceptre, in the left a lotus, while the forehead was adorned with a tiara composed of three rows of beads, representing the inferior deities. This gigantic idol belongs to the category of the auxiliary deities of the Buddhist



JAPANESE WARRIORS OF THE CIVIL WARS IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

mythology, the Amidas, the Kwannons, and the intercessors who receive the prayers of men and pass them on to heaven. It is by means of such religious deceptions and fantastic scenes that the priests fill the minds of their flocks with superstitious terror, and keep them under their power in a state of perpetual imbecility.

From thence we took the road to the great statue of the Daiboudhs, which is pre-eminently the wonder of Kamakura. This monument dedicated to the Daiboudhs, that is to say, to the great Buddha, is perhaps considered the most perfect specimen of Japanese genius, both in point of art and of religious sentiment. The temple of Hatchiman has already

afforded us a remarkable example of the way in which native art can produce, with little expense, that impression of religious grandeur, which, in our northern climates, has characterised the stupendous efforts of Gothic architecture. The temple of the Daiboudhs was obliged to assume, in some respects, a different aspect from the former; instead of large dimensions, and the unlimited space which appears to extend from gate to gate, as far as the sea, a solitary, mysterious retreat was necessary, in order to prepare the mind, as it were, for some supernatural revelation. The road is away from any dwellings, and takes the direction of the mountains, winding amongst high arbutus hedges, and on the face of the steep

slopes. Suddenly one sees at the bottom of the avenue a gigantic brazen divinity, in a crouching attitude with joined hands, and its head inclined, in an attitude of contemplative ecstasy. The involuntary shock which one experiences at the appearance of this gigantic figure soon gives way to admiration. There is an irresistible charm in the pose of the Daiboudhs, in the harmony of the proportions of the figure, the grand simplicity of the drapery, and the pure expression of the features.

Everything around was in harmony with the repose of the idol. A thick hedge of hornbeam, surmounted by some beautiful groups of trees, enclosed this consecrated place, and there was nothing to disturb the solitude and silence. The modest cell of the officiating priest was almost hidden among the trees. The altar, upon which some incense was burning at the foot of the divinity, was composed of a brass table ornamented with two lotus vases in the same metal, and of very good workmanship. The steps and parvis of the altar were covered with large flags laid in regular lines. The bright blue of the sky, the great shadow of the statue, the sombre hue of the brass, the brightness of the flowers, and the variety of tints in the hedges and groves, filled this retreat with the richest effects of light and colour. The idol of the Daiboudhs, with the pedestal which supports it, is about seventy feet in height. It is not at all equal to the statue of San Carlo Borromeo, near Arona, on the borders of Lake Maggiore; but the latter leaves the spectator with the same sensation as if he had been placed before a trigonometrical signal. The interiors of both these colossal statues have been utilised to a certain extent. European tourists seat themselves in the nose of the holy cardinal; the Japanese descend by a private staircase into the foundations of their Daiboudhs, where they find a quiet oratory, with a ray of light penetrating to the altar through an opening concealed in the folds which form the mantle of brass on the neck of the idol. It would be but an idle pursuit to examine to what extent the Buddha of Kamakura is the Buddha of history, but it is well to know that it corresponds with the Buddha of tradition.

The Buddhists received, from the founder of their religion, a sacramental image of a very original kind, covered with the minutest writing, expressed in thirty-two principal signs and twenty-four secondary ones, so that they may be transmitted to future ages in all integrity. The Japanese idol answers in all essential points to the description of the great Hindoo reformer.

They have scrupulously reproduced the pose, the meditative attitude, the joined hands, the elongated fingers, and thumbs placed together, the squatting figure, the legs bent and crossed one over the other, and the right foot extended over the left knee. One recognises in the same way the large smooth forehead, and the hair formed of a multitude of short curls, and can even distinguish the singular protuberance of the skull with which the top of the head is deformed, as well as a certain tuft of white hair between the eyebrows, which, in a statue made of metal, can only be indicated by a little round excrescence.

But all these particular signs do not constitute the face or the characteristic expression. In this respect the Daiboudhs of Kamakura have nothing in common with the grotesque figures which are worshipped in China, and this seems to me worthy of notice, as it is from China that Buddhism has been introduced into Japan. In spite of some difference in style and dimensions, the noble Japanese statue is akin to those which are to be seen in great numbers in the islands of Java and Ceylon.

It is there that the physiognomical type of contemplation is most religiously preserved, and appears under the most exquisite form in images of black marble or grey granite, usually rather below than above the human size. Japan has inherited some of the principal Buddhist traditions of these two islands, and was probably visited by some apostles from those distant quarters. On the other hand it suffered in the same way, to a greater degree, under the influence of nearer neighbours. The temples of Kamakura furnished me with more than one example in support of this twofold observation.*

A Journey through the Soudan and Western Abyssinia, with Reminiscences of Captivity.—IX.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. PRIDEAUX, F.R.G.S., BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

MAGDALA.—CONCLUSION.

I HAVE before related how, after the *émeute* amongst the prisoners on Sâr Amba, Theodore deemed it advisable to place them in a fortress, which, from its remote position and natural strength, should present fewer facilities for escape than the Tchlega mountain. He selected Magdala,* a stronghold which

* It would be useless pedantry to alter now the spelling of this word. The name, however, is properly *Mâhdâla*. The first *a* is not long, but accentuated.

had formerly belonged to the Wallo Gallas, in whose territory it is situated, and which he had wrested from them in his campaign of 1855. Originally used by him as an arsenal and treasury, it contained but a few Galla prisoners till 1865, when it definitively became the Bastille of Abyssinia. Its merits as a fortress are now so well known, that it is almost needless to dwell on them here, and a very few words will suffice to present to the reader's mind a long half-moon, of which one limb points to the west, and is called Fâla, whilst the other

stretches round to the south, and is denominated Magdala, *par excellence*. From Fâla a low saddle leads to a high hill, situated about the mid-point of the crescent, which is called Selâsyé, from the only building upon it, a church dedicated to the Trinity; whilst between this and Magdala lies a broad neck of land, called Islâmghé. Theodore, from want of *matériel*, had been compelled to leave the outlying forts to take care of themselves, and had concentrated all his attention upon the strongest point—Magdala. Nature, however, had done so much for him that his own art could aid her but in little. Three sides (with the exception of a winding path, which, through the Kâfr-Bâr, led to the Mentchura ravine and the Tanta plateau) were as cleanly scarped as if fresh from the blasting powder of the sapper. The depth of the escarpment varied at different points. At some places it exceeded 1,000 feet, while at others it presented no insuperable bar to the escape of a fugitive. On the fourth side—that towards Islâmghé—a rude and precipitous road led to the Kokat-Bâr, by which the fortress was usually entered, and above this there was an insignificant *abattis*, which, though formidable to the badly-armed Gallas, proved no obstacle to our men at the time we assaulted the Amba. The Kokat-Bâr, and the inner gate which led on to the plateau, were made of tolerably stout timber, and were always well guarded by night.

The Amba was garrisoned by about 1,400 men, about 600 of whom were mustered as musketeers, and the remainder as *bâla-gasha*, or shield-men. The regular prison guards were not included in this computation, and were about seventy or eighty in number, I believe. At night the guards were told off from the garrison, and took their turns according to a regular roster. One of the principal chiefs, with a large body of men, always slept at the king's house, and another at the Treasury, whilst the European prison and the Aboona's house were guarded by officers of inferior rank. A large body of men always reinforced the ordinary guard of the native gaol. This consisted of three or four huge houses, into which the prisoners (who enjoyed rather a larger measure of liberty during the day) were all crammed together at night—each man's accommodation being limited to a space about six feet in length and a foot and a-half in width. Among them were some of the principal chiefs of Abyssinia, none of whom fared a whit better than their humbler comrades. At the time of our arrival, Biru Goshu, Dedj-azmâtch of Godjâm, Ali Fâris, Dedj-azmâtch of Yedjow, Râs Oobyé, the first governor of the Amba, Kâsa and Guanguil, sons of Dedjâdj Oobyé of Tigre, and brothers-in-law of the king, with Wâg-Shoom Tefergé, one of the old Zagæan family, and many others of inferior note were there, chained hand and foot, and considerable additions were made to the party during our stay.

The Treasury contained most of Theodore's valuables, including his crown, and many precious spoils which he had plundered from different churches. They were all deposited in small huts covered with *mdk*, as a protection against fire. A large supply of powder was also kept in the adjacent magazine.

Our own accommodation was at first extremely limited, but a few days after we were chained three more huts were placed at our disposal, the largest of which was taken possession of by Mr. Rassam, the next one was allotted to Aïto Samuel, whilst the third, a tiny hovel, which had been hitherto used as a stable, was destined for some of our servants. It was also arranged

that the house into which we had been originally put, should be shared between Cameron, Blanc, and myself, whilst Messrs. Stern, Rosenthal, Kerans, and Pietro should be located in the kitchen. But Blanc and I, who had been friends and comrades for many a long day, preferred comparative independence even to the comfort, such as it was, of a larger and drier house; and besides, we hardly liked the idea of Mr. Stern, who, from his profession and education, was entitled to the highest respect, being forced to sleep amongst the native servants, several of whom, from the limited amount of space at our disposal, must necessarily have passed both night and day in the kitchen. We therefore petitioned to be allowed to make use of the stable as our abode, and our request was granted without difficulty. The three extra houses being situated outside the enclosure, a door was made in it, and a new fence was built up between us and the outer world. Messrs. Cameron, Stern, and Rosenthal kept to their old quarters, whilst Kerans and Pietro changed theirs to the kitchen.

As Mr. Rassam's influence with the chiefs increased, so did our comfort and accommodation in a corresponding ratio. Our neighbour, Bitwâddad Damâsh, came in one morning with a party of his men, helped us to pull down our cabin and a large portion of the hedge, and soon raised up a much more "eligible and spacious residence." The Bitwâddad had for a long time been under Blanc's care. His case had been most successfully treated, and having, I suppose, some faint notions of gratitude, he tried to show it by making us a trifle more comfortable. But he had no notion of virtue being its own reward, and it was a long time before we were free from his importunities. We had been so thoroughly cleaned out by our royal host that, beyond a very scanty supply of clothing, the only article of luxury we could muster up between us was a small folding mirror, which I had brought with me into the country. This was one day incautiously displayed during a visit, and the result was that the Bitwâddad's longing eyes could never be kept off it when it was visible, or his thoughts from it whilst it was away. At last we really thought it was best to send it off, with our most profound respects, to his wife. The Bitwâddad came, embraced us, grew quite affectionate over our *tedji*, and after a few more visits, finding there was really nothing more to be got out of us, confined his polite attentions, to our great relief, to Mr. Rassam, the *ainategna*, or chief of our party.

The fence was afterwards enlarged, and Kerans and Pietro were even allowed to build small huts, in which they were permitted to reside during the day, though they were obliged to retire every evening to the kitchen to sleep. In this latter apartment, as well as in that occupied by Cameron and the missionaries, guards were always posted at night, an annoyance from which Mr. Rassam and we were fortunately free. Eventually, Cameron and Stern were also provided with huts, in which they could live and sleep, whilst we also received permission to have cabins erected for our servants within the enclosure. Thirteen huts were altogether added to the original two, exclusive of a couple of very respectable houses, one of which Aïto Samuel used as an *adderâsh*, or morning and dining-room, and the other as an *alfing*, or ladies' chamber.

The fortress having been originally intended by Theodore to overawe the surrounding country of Worra Haimano, the command of it had been entrusted to a favourite soldier, Râs Oobyé, who held it with a large number of troops until he fell

into disgrace for refusing to divorce his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and to take in her place one of the king's *protégés*. Several chiefs succeeded him in the government of the Amba, until at length Theodore, who grew every year more suspicious of his officers, confided the care of the garrison, and the treasures they guarded, to a body of men, one of whom was nominally superior, but had little more real power than any of the others. His chief privilege was, I believe, that he could go in and out of the gates at his own will and pleasure; whereas no one else could leave the mountain without his permission. But this was one of those rights which are possessed but never exercised, for watchful eyes were always upon him, and as every chief kept a private staff of messengers, who were continually on the road between Magdala and the royal camp, the Râs well knew that the slightest show of independence on his part would be instantly reported to the ears of his master. No matter of the least importance could be undertaken without having been first well debated in council. This mutual jealousy preserved a due equilibrium, and no member possessed any extraordinary weight. The question asked was never, "Is this right, or just?" but, "Will it please the king?" and it may readily be guessed to which side their counsels leaned. Many instances might be adduced in proof of this, but one will suffice. The Aboona, or Bishop, who had been a prisoner since 1865, was slowly dying of a lingering disease. The question arose, Should Dr. Blanc, who was known to be always ready to use his best skill in the task of alleviating suffering, be requested to see the patient? The poor fellows were undoubtedly in a dilemma. If they said, "No," and the bishop died, they might be called to account for not having called in assistance; if they said, "Yes, let us obey the dictates of humanity, and have the satisfaction of doing one generous and manly act," "hy, then, the dreaded inquiry might come, "Who gave you leave to allow Dr. Blanc to leave his prison-house?" So the bishop was left to die; fortunately for them, to their master's complete satisfaction.

Such were they as a body; and as individuals they were not much better. At the time of our arrival they all held the honorary title of Dedj-azmâch; but a few weeks afterwards the king was pleased, in appreciation of their faithful services, to promote the principal chief to the rank of Râs, and some of the others to that of Bitwâddad; whilst to the captains of companies, Bashes and Shalakas, was given the titular designation of Dedj-azmâch. The Râs Kidâna Mâryâm* (*Covenant of Mary*) belonged to an honourable family of Bagemder, and was a man of courteous and unassuming manners, but feeble-minded, and, some said, venal. Though he hated trouble and responsibility, he was always anxious to render our position easier; but his weak and timid nature prevented him from being of much assistance. In March, 1867, he fell into disgrace, and having been chained and dragged to the camp, died there in a few months from exposure and privations. He was succeeded by Râs Bisâwar, a connection of the king's, for whom he entertained a superstitious love and reverence. He was no soldier, and I was assured by a gossiping chief that he had been well knouted by Theodore for cowardice on the field of battle; but he had a great love for the Church, and having been brought up as a

Detera, or scholar, always retained a great predilection for members of that profession. He commanded half the musketeers, the remainder of them being under Bitwâddad Damâsh, whose house was contiguous to ours. Few of us liked this man, as he was an importunate beggar, a cowardly bully, and was especially offensive in his cups, when he had a nasty habit of embracing all those with whom he thought he could be intimate with impunity.

The best of the batch was Amârê Hailu, the eldest brother of Tesamma and Shâroo, who had commanded our escort from Tchelga to the royal camp. He was a civil, sensible man, and though the presence of his mother and brothers in the camp prevented him from openly manifesting his feelings, it was easy to see that he had no great love for his master. Hearing, however, that Theodore's suspicions were aroused, he waited until the troops had almost arrived at Magdala; then, making all the necessary arrangements with his mother beforehand, he escaped by means of a rope-ladder over the precipice, and made the best of his way to the British camp. According to the latest accounts, he resumed the government of his native district of Wandigé, which a man of his courage and self-reliance may be expected to hold against all comers. Whilst at Magdala, his duties were principally in relation to the native prisoners, and in these he was assisted by Bitwâddad Wâsyé, a Kamânt. Wâsyé was not nearly so popular as his colleague, being inaccessible to love or money, bribes or cajoling—a devoted subject and a loyal husband; whilst Hailu, whose high birth and insinuating manners made him a general favourite amongst the *beau sexe*, was notorious for his gallantries. The spearmen on the mountain were divided between Kidâna Mâryâm (and, after his disgrace, Bisâwar) and Dedjâdj Godjee, an imbecile old tippler; whilst the remainder of the superior chiefs, who held subordinate posts in the Treasury and native prison, were mere tedj-drinking nonentities, whose ideas of politics and theology may be summed up in their own pet formula: "There is a God in heaven, but a Theodore upon earth."

About fifteen chiefs on a regular roster undertook the duty of guarding us by night, when they came, each accompanied by his *chiffra*, or company, which consisted usually of about thirty men. They seldom interfered with us, an occasional present serving to keep them in good humour. During the day-time we were brought more intimately into contact with four men, who from the beginning to the close of our captivity officiated as door-keepers and guards. Abba Fâlik was an old soldier of Râs Ali, a lank, gaunt veteran, like the figure-head of an old seventy-four; in character, emphatically a sneak, always prying about one's house. Whether he made any bad use of the knowledge he thus picked up, or not, I am unable to say, but he was, at all events, universally hated on the mountain. Basha Bisâwar was morose and jovial by turns, very proud, and, if skillfully handled, pretty easily managed. Abba Adam was a harmless octogenarian; *ya-Gooksa kanees*, "the young warrior of Râs Gooksa," he would boast himself, going back to memories sixty years old; fond of his glass, for which he would do anything. The fourth, Shalaka Warkyé, we all liked; there was no harm, and as far as we could judge, no particular good, in him; still, ill-usage had had such an effect on us, that we voted everybody a kind, amiable fellow who did not absolutely kick us.

Such was Magdala, its belongings and defenders, during

* A name given in allusion to the covenant which the Abyssinians believe was made at the creation between God and the Virgin for the redemption of the world through her Son. It is sometimes called *Kidâna Mihrat*, "The Covenant of Mercy."



FALLS OF DAVEZOUT, ABYSSINIAN PLATEAU.

the twenty-one months of our forced residence there. Space does not allow me to enter on the trivial and monotonous details of our daily life. The messengers that we sent down to the coast were, to their credit be it said, almost invariably faithful and trustworthy men. With the assistance of Aito Samuel, they used to be smuggled in and out of the fortress with our money and letters on their persons; and so long as we were well supplied with the former, we could live pretty comfortably. No restrictions were ever placed on our purchasing whatever we liked at the market, which was held at Islámge every Saturday; and our maid-servants would return in the evening laden with fowls, honey, butter, cloth, and other articles procured with the money with which they had been entrusted in the morning. The currency, as is well known, consists solely of Austrian dollars of the year 1780; and these must be without flaw, and with certain marks upon them, easily distinguishable by an Abyssinian eye, without which they will not pass. The small change is in *amûlets*, or coffin-shaped blocks of rock-salt, eight inches in length, and about an inch in width and thickness. Formerly, thirty-five of these went for a dollar. During our stay at Magdala, the price varied from six to nine for the same coin; and after the king's arrival it went down to two or three. We were rather badly off for vegetables at first; but during the summer and rainy season of 1867, through the kindness of Colonel Merewether,* who supplied us with a large stock of seeds, we were able to raise a good crop of peas, cabbages, turnips, beet, and lettuce. As our *cuisine* was conducted by the Indian servants whom we had brought from Aden, there was little to complain of on that score.

The great drawback was the utter want of employment. We had but few books, and those we had could scarcely be called light reading. McCulloch's Commercial and Geographical Dictionaries, Smith's "Wealth of Nations," D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," Cowper, Longfellow, and last, but far from the least, a well-thumbed copy of Horace, were all the books I can muster up in my memory, with the exception of a few grammars and dictionaries. In the evening, Rassam would generally join Blanc and myself in a game of "dummy" whist, with a pack of cards which, from constant use, would have disgraced the back-parlour of a country pot-house, and whose backs were almost as well known to us as their faces. Eating, drinking, a good deal of sleeping, and smoking the acrid tobacco of the Galla country, filled up the remainder of our time. For a long period we had not much even to talk about. Our letters and papers did not begin to arrive at all regularly till some months had elapsed, whilst the king, who had returned to Debra Tâbor, after seeing us safe off from Aibaukab, remained shut up there, manufacturing big guns and mortars, and occasionally going out on a raid into the neighbouring districts. Mr. Flad returned, at the beginning of 1867, without the artisans, but with a letter from Her Majesty, couched in conciliatory but peremptory terms. Some correspondence passed between the king and Mr. Rassam on this subject, but it soon dropped; and seeing that Theodore intended to adhere to his policy of contempt and insult towards England, we all made up our minds that we could never be released without war, and that as it was inevitable, the sooner it came the better. Feeling that almost any fate was preferable

to this lingering state of suspense, we wrote home, urging most earnestly that the strongest measures should be taken for our release, and welcoming the idea of an English force landing and giving our gaolers a lesson, or even though it were only to avenge us.

Meanwhile, the affairs of the king remained throughout the whole of the summer and rains of 1867 in a most critical condition. The road between Debra Tâbor and Magdala was frequently blockaded by the insurgents, so that not even the royal messengers could pass, whilst on several occasions Theodore was obliged to have recourse to the services of a follower of one of his imprisoned chiefs, who became the only medium of communication between himself and the mountains. Still stories reached us of frequent desertions, and still more frequent deeds of cruelty. These reports were doubtless grossly exaggerated; nevertheless, there remains evidence enough to show that at this time Theodore must have been possessed with a mania for homicide never surpassed in history. Old and tried chiefs were ruthlessly butchered on the slightest suspicion; large bands of soldiers were disarmed and slaughtered like sheep; the peasantry of the surrounding districts were burnt alive by thousands; while noble ladies, the wives and daughters of deserters, after being stripped, and exposed to the noontide glare of the sun, were tortured and executed. Short plundering expeditions were made to Gondar, Kuarâta, and Ifâg, one of the most flourishing little towns in Foggâra, a district situated to the north-west of Bagemder. All these towns were sacked, and most of the inhabitants burnt or otherwise murdered. On another occasion, a foray was made to Metraha, a small island at the north-eastern corner of Lake Tsâna, where there was an ancient church possessed of considerable property. Moreover, the peasantry of Dembea and the adjoining provinces, relying on the sanctity of the place, had made it the depository of all the corn and other goods which they had contrived to save after their repeated plunderings. Having landed on the island by means of rafts, which had been constructed by some of his German workmen, the king consigned every inhabitant of the place to the flames, with the exception of three Gondar merchants who had fled thither for security, but who reckoned without their host, for they were robbed of everything, chained, and tortured nearly every day for money, until they were finally sent up to Magdala. Our old friend, Gobazyé Walda Selâsyé, who was also there, contrived to escape in a canoe just before the troops landed on the island. Similar enormities were committed daily, to recapitulate which would fill up more space than I have at my disposal.

Our friends on the mountain, as the rainy season drew to its close, became rather despondent. Whilst few of them hoped to see their master, they all expected that he would make a dash for the Amba as soon as the fine weather set in; and many were the pious wishes that the rebels of Bagemder would be too strong for him. Still, they feared him too much to behave as men, and make the bold resolution of shutting the gates of the Amba on him, as they might easily have done. At the beginning of September, an incident occurred which enabled them to prove their zeal. Amongst our acquaintance was a young man named Afa-Negoos Mashessa, the son of a man who was formerly a great favourite of the king, and who had once occupied the post of governor of the mountain. The father being dead, his son occupied an

* Now Sir William Lockyer Merewether, K.C.S.I., C.B., Commissioner in Sindh. He then had charge of the operations on the coast.

undefined position on the mountain, having no official rank—for his title was purely honorary—but nevertheless frequently being called into council by the chiefs. One morning we were startled at breakfast by the announcement that Mashsha and the head treasurer, Bedjerwand Kanfu, together with some soldiers and servants, had managed to effect their escape from the Amba. Their flight being discovered, they were hotly pursued by a party of guards, but succeeded in reaching the Galla country, where the soldiers did not venture to follow them. In the evening an expedition, consisting of 200 musketeers, and as many spearmen, under the command of Bitwaddads Damāsh and Amārē Hailu, and Dedjadj Godjee, started for the village to which the fugitives had fled, an eight hours' journey from the Amba. They took the inhabitants by surprise, slaughtered several Gallas, and "lifted" all the cattle and horses they could lay their hands on. However, they overlooked a small house in which were the chief of the district, the Afa-Negoos, and the Bedjerwand. These three ran off and aroused the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages; and as the plunderers were retreating, they were surprised to see themselves followed by several bands of Galla horsemen, who harassed them dreadfully, and nearly took Damāsh prisoner, after he had received two slight wounds. The Amba soldiers retreated, fighting as well as they could, and succeeded in shooting the Galla chief, Mohammed Hamza. At last they reached the edge of the plain, whence a sort of ravine led to the Amba, and whither the Gallas, being all mounted, could not follow them. Here they were comparatively safe; but the Gallas continued to annoy them by hurling large stones at them as they retreated, one of which killed a petty chief, 'Ali Govina, the son of a brave warrior who had entered Rās Ali's service, and who boasted a descent from the Portuguese, many of whom, it is well known, settled, after the death of Cristobal da Gama, in the Galla country. Twelve more were killed, and over a hundred wounded, some of whom succumbed afterwards. In the *saute-qui-peut* flight which followed, Damāsh was unfortunate enough to lose his two horses, his musket, his shield, and even his leopard-skin *lamé*, or war-pelisse, which was either thrown away by him to lighten his load, or was snatched off his shoulders by some purloining Galla. The mountain authorities were terribly alarmed at this untoward result, especially as they had lost several muskets; but the king, who had other matters to think of, seemed to have forgotten the incident when he came to the Amba.

Shortly after this, October the 11th, 1867, he started from Debra Tābor, and for the next five months was occupied in conveying the immense pieces of ordnance, which had been manufactured for him by his European artisans, through valleys infested by rebels, and over hills and precipices, constructing a road which elicited the admiration even of our own engineers. His greatest enemy, the Wag-shoom Gobazyé, a degenerate descendant of the saintly Lalibela, and of that pious monarch* who, in his zeal for legitimacy, resigned his own crown, displayed a pusillanimity which was only equalled by the cowardice of Theodore's other rival, Menilek of Shoa. The latter did, indeed, on the 30th of November, make his appearance on the edge of the Tanta plateau with a large army, said to consist of 30,000 horse and 2,000 musketeers, besides 8,000 auxiliaries. A salvo of artillery and musketry was,

* Naikweto Laab, the last of the Zagéan dynasty.

however, the only demonstration he made. Seeing the Amba people were not inclined to play their master false, he moved off again in four days, to our great disgust. It was said by every one that he was vanquished by seeing the smoke of the king's camp-fires, three long marches off. The news of the landing of the English forces reached us on the 13th of December, and from that day to our final release our minds were in a constant state of fever, hoping, even against hope, that our countrymen might be the first to break the chains that for twenty-one months had oppressed us. It was a close race, and though Theodore came in the winner, the triumph was a brief one, and was followed close by the retribution exacted on that fatal Easter Monday of 1868.

With the curtain falling on this last act of the drama, ends the task which I set myself, of briefly detailing the principal incidents of our long and wearisome journey, and of a still more painful imprisonment. The whole story, let it be told as imperfectly as it may, is as complete an episode as is to be found in history, and the unseemly controversies which have arisen to mar its fair proportions are but temporary, and will speedily disappear from recollection, whilst the glorious memory of the result will never fade. In a letter which I wrote from Magdala two days before the Christmas of 1867, it seems I said, "The climate and exploration of a new country are the only attractions which the expedition possesses; there will be no fighting or glory, no V.C.'s or brevets to be gained, and no prize-money." I am glad that most of this prediction was unfulfilled. The peerage granted to Lord Napier of Magdala forms a graceful pendant (and the only one that the Indian service can show) to that which Clive won by his sword at Plassey, whilst there has been no lack of the other honours alluded to. That the cost of the expedition, undertaken, as it was, so completely in the dark, should detract from the merit of those engaged in it, is a notion which should never exist for a moment in a mind of common fairness.

Meanwhile, the *deterrima causa belli* lies in his lowly grave within the precincts of the squalid church of Magdala. As I have said before, it is very difficult even after this lapse of time, to arrive at an accurate estimate of his true character. Extolled as a hero by some, and vilified as a dastardly savage by others, it is probable that he was wholly neither the one nor the other, but a man of strong will and ungovernable temper, whom defective education and the intoxication of power at times actually bereft of reason. He lived a despot, never, so far as I am aware, having performed a generous or noble act during his ten years' career. He died a suicide, not because, like Brutus, he dreaded the fate which a Valerian, in more degenerate days, could calmly submit to, and could not brook being dragged in triumph at the chariot-wheels of his conqueror; but rather because he feared that the same torments to which he had so often condemned others, would be inflicted on himself—an end less heroic than that of some poor wretch, who, to avoid the pain of starvation and the disgrace of poverty for those dearest to him, will rather murder himself and them, and who meets but scant pity therefore. Altogether, take him for good and all, surest to be remembered through having permanently saddled the English revenues with an annual charge of a quarter of a million of money.

The French Exploring Expedition in Indo-China.

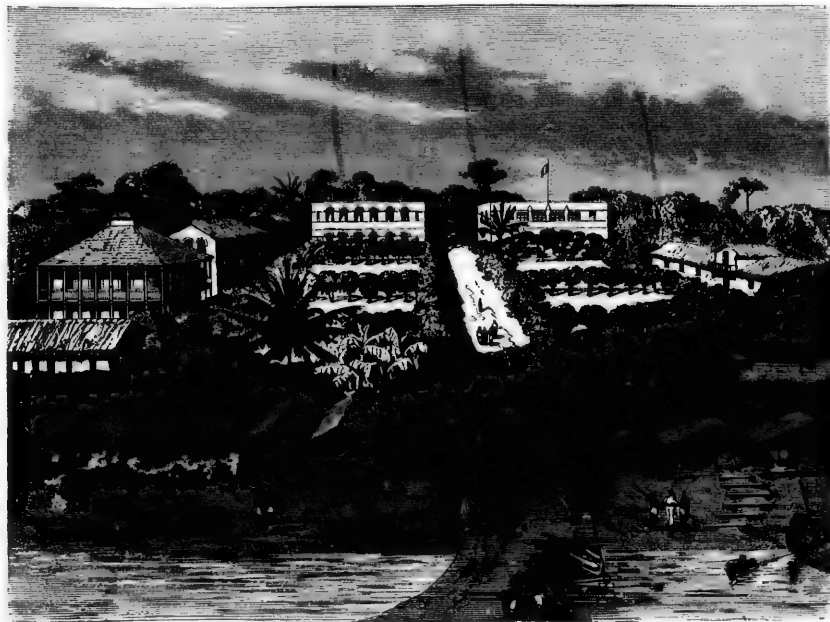
A SHORT account of the French Expedition from Cambodia to the Yang-tsze Kiang was given at page 160 of the present volume of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS, derived from information given in Chinese newspapers; since then the surviving leader of the party, Lieutenant Garnier, has gratified public curiosity in France by publishing a brief preliminary report of his wonderful journey; and it is announced that the French Government, with its usual liberality in such undertakings, will contribute towards the expense of a large work on the results of the expedition. The descriptions given by Lieutenant Garnier are full of interest; and the journey altogether, in the extent of little-known country traversed, the perseverance and courage of the leaders, and its incidents, must be considered one of the most remarkable in the history of travel. It appears that the party set out from Saigon on the 5th of June, 1866, and ascending the Mekong by water whenever navigable, and when not, on or near its banks, finally quitted the river at Muang-yung (22° N. lat.), where its elevation is 2,000 feet above the sea level, and struck across the Chinese province of Yunan, in a north-westerly direction, to the city of Yunan, its ancient capital. This place is situated on the shores of a lake, thirty miles in length by about eight in average width, and lying in a depression in a mountainous region 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The march was continued from this place to Tong-chuan-foo, near the right bank of the Yang-tsze Kiang (the "Blue River"), and here Captain de Lagree falling ill, it was left to Lieutenant Garnier to carry out what may be considered the most important object of the journey—namely, to visit Tali-fu, the head-quarters of the great rebellion of Chinese Mohammedans against the Imperial Government. This perilous mission having been successfully accomplished, Garnier returned to Tong-chuan-foo to find his respected chief no more; he had fallen a victim to his zeal and the privations and toils of the journey. The rest of the party then made the best of their way to Siu-cheou, the nearest port on the Yang-tsze, and embarked for Shanghai. The whole distance travelled from Cratieh, in Cambodia, to Shanghai, was 5,392 miles, of which 3,625 miles were surveyed with care, and the positions in the unknown parts rectified by astronomical observations.

In his general description of the country traversed, embracing the south-western portion of China and the northern part of the territories of Burmah and Siam, Lieutenant Garnier states that the region is watered by five of the great rivers of the world—the Brahmaputra, the Irrawaddy, the Salween, the Mekong (or Cambodia River), and the Yang-tsze Kiang. All these rivers take their rise in the lofty plateaux of Thibet, and converge towards the narrow space, 240 miles broad, which intervenes between the great bend of the Brahmaputra and Likiang, on the Yang-tsze; the great Chinese river, on the east, and the Brahmaputra, on the west, afterwards diverging, the one to flow through the centre of China, and the other to blend its waters with those of the Ganges, near their common embouchure in the Bay of Bengal. The three other rivers, with several others of minor magnitude, although as large as the Rhine or Danube, flow through deep valleys lying north and south, and water the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Thus the plateau of Thibet, which in its central and western parts has an average elevation of 11,000 to 14,000 feet, must be greatly lowered on its south-eastern side, where these great rivers flow from it, and the

chain of the Himalaya, at the same point, is broken up into separate ridges, between which lie the deep valleys of the five rivers. The whole region has a humid climate, and is peopled by a mixed race, mostly Buddhist in religion, but partaking, in mental and physical character, of the peculiarities both of the Mongol-Chinese and of the Hindoos.

With regard to the Mohammedan revolt in Yunan, Lieutenant Garnier says that it commenced about twelve years previous to the visit of the French Expedition. At the commencement, the rebels seized the metropolis of the province, but being driven from it by the Chinese Government troops, they retired to Tali-fu, about 120 miles W.N.W. of the city of Yunan, and fortified the place. The whole country was devastated by the contending forces, and whilst the French were at Yunan, two Mohammedan armies again threatened to take it from the Imperialists.

It was at the risk of their lives that Lieutenant Garnier and his companions resolved to visit the head-quarters of these bloodthirsty fanatics; but their errand would not have been successfully accomplished without this visit, Tali-fu, the second city of the province, being on the direct commercial highway between Bhamo, the head of steam navigation on the Irrawaddy and the great centres of Chinese population and trade. The prospects of future overland communication between the seats of trade in the Bay of Bengal and the interior of China could only be ascertained by visiting this important place. The dangers of the journey were well weighed by De Lagree as he lay ill at Tong-chuan; on the one hand was the Yang-tsze close by, offering a safe return to the members of the expedition; on the other, was the hazardous route through the pillaged districts, infested by the rebel bands. Lieutenant Garnier consented, however, to run the risk, and he left on the 31st of January, 1868, taking a northerly route to avoid the bands of marauders, twice crossing the Yang-tsze. On the 29th of February he beheld from an elevation the beautiful lake on the shores of which Tali-fu is situated; it formed (he says) one of the most magnificent landscapes that he had had the good fortune to enjoy during the whole of his wanderings. A lofty chain of mountains covered with snow formed the background of the picture, and at their feet extended the blue waters of the lake, alternating with countless jutting points, covered with villages and gardens. After some detention, permission was obtained from the chief, or sultan, of the revolted district to visit him; and Garnier and his companions marched through the city to the palace amidst a vast concourse of people, whose insults nearly led to retaliation and the destruction of the whole party. After a preliminary interview with a mandarin of high rank, a sudden change came over the disposition of the rebel court, the suspicions of the Sultan were aroused, and the object of the French thought to be the survey of the country with a view to conquering it. Orders were given that they were to depart the next day; and the passions of the soldiers and populace being excited, an anxious night was passed by Garnier and his escort with loaded arms and listening ears. He considered himself fortunate to escape with his life, and pushed on to Tong-chuan, where, as already narrated, he found his chief had died during his absence. The body of their honoured commander was disinterred from its foreign grave, preserved and carried away by his companions to its final rest in his native country.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GABOON SETTLEMENT.

The Gaboon.—I.

BY DR. GRIFFON DU BELLAY, SURGEON IN THE FRENCH NAVY.

CHAPTER I.

SETTLEMENT OF THE FRENCH ON THE GABOON—EXTENT OF THEIR POSSESSIONS—CLIMATE—THE GREAT RAINS—SMALL CHANCE OF SUCCESSFUL COLONISATION.

TWENTY-TWO years ago, three French vessels arrived at the Gaboon, and landed several marines, with workmen and the materials necessary for the erection of a fortified post.

The negotiations which had been opened during the preceding year had already prepared the way, and Captain Montléon took possession of the bay or estuary of the Gaboon and the region watered by its numerous tributaries, in the name of France, without any difficulty. In order to make the country more completely French, the new comers re-named the most remarkable places; and, following a practice which well exemplifies the instability of human affairs, they changed the native names for those of members of the then reigning family of Orleans, an alteration which custom has not otherwise sanctioned, and of which no traces are to be found, except in the maps executed at that time.

A fort was constructed, and before long, when the ships sailed away again, the little colony found itself in the most complete state of isolation, 5,000 miles from its mother country, and in the midst of a people almost entirely unknown. There was no intention of founding an agricultural

settlement. The surrounding country presented to the eye the most luxuriant vegetation, but it was easy to see that the natives were not disposed to profit by this munificence of nature. As for cultivating it themselves, the Europeans could not dream of it. The sun darted its rays perpendicularly on their heads, for they were but a dozen leagues from the equator. In such a latitude husbandry is an occupation fatal to our race.

Nor were there, moreover, any great commercial interests to be protected. Trade was only just established there, at the time, by the enterprise of a few houses at Bordeaux and Marseilles. To favour its development and to provide for the security of the traders, was certainly one, but not the principal, mission of the new settlement. Its especial object appears to have been to secure to the French navy the safest harbour on that coast, and to destroy a trade which had recently acquired considerable importance, by attacking one of its strongholds.

The great question of the suppression of the slave trade, to us one of the distant past, was at that time in full agitation, and one which, owing to the irritating question of right of search connected with it, had occasioned in France a political crisis, from which she had not entirely recovered.

In strict observance of the treaties concluded with

England, our country maintained on the west coast of Africa a squadron of twenty-six vessels, which incessantly traversed the sea and scoured the bays and rivers. These ships were small—brigs and schooners which drew little water—and of moderate tonnage, so that their supply of provisions was soon exhausted. More than one which had quitted Gorée on an exploring expedition made its way with difficulty along the coast (where a favourable wind is never to be relied upon), and after traversing the 800 leagues which separate Gorée from the Gaboon, it was a great boon to find a safe harbour in which to refit, and a market at which to obtain fresh supplies. This was the most solid advantage which resulted from the establishment of this settlement. Even now, although its commerce has become a little more extended, it is these maritime advantages which give to this post all its importance, and it has been for several years the central station of our squadron.

The bay where the French settled is thirty miles in circumference, and seven miles wide at its entrance, situated in latitude 30 minutes North, longitude 9 degrees East. It forms the extremity of a small basin, bounded on the east by a chain of mountains, named by the Portuguese Sierra del Crystal, and from which flow several rivers. To the south and east this basin is flanked by a much more important stream, the Ogo-wai, which flows into the sea by several mouths, enclosing a point of land well known to slavers by the name of Cape Lopez.

Although the possession of these rivers and the region watered by them was secured to us by treaty, our establishment there was nominal rather than real. The only part actually occupied, and of positive importance in the present position of affairs, is the bay itself. We have there the fortified factories, the principal centres of population, the important establishment of the French mission, and the village of Glass, where the American mission is planted, and which has become in the hands of foreign merchants, more especially the English, a business centre of considerable importance.

In the deep and safe bay some ship of the squadron is constantly stationed.

A small number of English and American trading vessels, a still smaller number of French ships, several schooners engaged in the coasting trade, besides the canoes manned by the negroes, who time the movements of their paddles to a monotonous chant, traverse the immense sheet of water, but fail to invest it with life. The absence of movement and animation painfully affects the Europeans, nearly all of them public servants, whose evil star has brought them to this country, thus rendering more sorrowful the feeling of their own isolation.

The life of those who devote themselves to the service of France in her distant possessions is thus full of severe trials. It is not that the Gaboon is a melancholy place in itself; if it is wanting in life and animation, at least nature there is beautiful. She appears especially beautiful to those who arrive there after a voyage along the coast. They have been saddened by the sight of the proverbial sterility of the African shores, for vegetation is so scanty on some parts of the coast that the existence of a single tree becomes a precious discovery to the traveller. In the Bay of Gaboon, on the contrary, vegetation comes down to the edge of the

sea, and the villages around appear hidden in a bower of verdure. The general features of the country are not very strongly marked. To the north, however, a mountain of considerable elevation, Mount Bouet, commands the right bank; to the south, several lower hills break the line of the horizon, and have a cheering effect upon all, and serve as landmarks for vessels.

In the middle of the bay, Point Ovendo, the islets of Coniquet and Perroquets rise out of the water like enormous bouquets of verdure. At the foot of the hills, and along their slopes, a continuous fringe of mangrove trees betrays the presence of swampy ground. In short, everywhere vegetation is luxuriant, and rising above all the rest are huge "fromagers" and great "spathodeas" known by the name of Gaboon tulips, which are covered twice a year by a plentiful crop of orange-coloured flowers. All this gives to the bay an aspect which would be enchanting if it was more animated; but it is only a picture of nature—dead as it were, or with something wanting—richly framed. In some corners of the picture, indeed, a little life has found refuge; at Glass, for instance, round one or two of the factories, and especially at the French establishment. The latter place is the residence of the governor, who is subject to the authority of the commander of the squadron. Around him are grouped the offices, shops, factories, everything, in fact, that constitutes a marine establishment on a small scale. Near to him, and under his protection, several factories have been built, with a school superintended by the "religieuses" of Castres; and Libreville, a village, was founded in the year 1849 by certain negroes of Congo, who were rescued from a captured slaver. A small garrison of black soldiers, supported by a battalion of Senegal riflemen, is stationed there to maintain the authority of the Governor. But the natives dream so little of fighting that a garrison such as Bachaumont found in olden times at Notre Dame de la Garde—

"A Swiss, with his halberd,
Paints on the castle door"—

would be amply sufficient to make it respected. Such is the establishment which the French possess on this coast, and of whose existence even the greater part of our countrymen are ignorant. Designed to serve as a refuge for our ships of war, and to promote commerce, in the pursuit of which the English have been so successful, but which in our own hands has been so timidly conducted and unfortunate, it is not the fault of the government that it has succeeded in its military aim only, and that our flag has had scarcely anything but foreign interests to protect. The region of the Gaboon, cut by the equatorial line, exactly corresponds to that of the great lakes traversed by Speke and Burton on the eastern side, and from which flow the principal sources of the Nile. Like that region now so celebrated, it is a country of fierce heat and heavy rains. When I arrived there at the commencement of September, 1861, the fine season was nearly over. The heat was not excessive, being tempered in the evening by the sea breezes; the nights were fresh, without being damp, and the state of things altogether very endurable—even the most exacting person might accommodate himself to it. But, unhappily, this beautiful season had lasted now for three months, and the return of the rainy season was expected on the 15th of September. With a singular regularity,

which never failed during three consecutive years, it commenced on the day fixed. Gentle and not very abundant showers fell at first, and lasted until the beginning of January, and then ceased for about six weeks—a period known in the country as the "little dry season;" and which, though no rain actually falls, is none the less damp, oppressive, and productive of serious illnesses.

After this period of rest, the rains recommenced, falling in torrents, accompanied by a succession of terrible storms, and exercising on the health the most deplorable effects. Then the three months' drought comes, as though to pump out this annual deluge to the very last drop.

Imagine, then, seven months of rain, for four of which there is an actual deluge, and you have the climate of the Gaboon. In spite of its equatorial position, the heat there is not excessive, but it is constant. The thermometer seldom rises above 33° Cent. (90° 4' Fahr.), but still more rarely sinks below 23° Cent. (73° 4' Fahr.). The mean temperature is 28° Cent. (84° 4' Fahr.), which in itself is high enough, but which the prevailing moisture and electric tension of the air combine to render almost insupportable. This unpleasant state of things becomes even worse during the winter months; then the wearied body grows depressed, without being able to find repose in a state of inactivity, or renewal of its strength in sleep—the mind becomes dull and heavy, and the appetite fails.

These melancholy effects are out of all proportion to the height of temperature, and we must look upon them as the result of various causes, amongst which this is not always the most active. How often have not travellers remarked this want of harmony between the readings of the thermometer and the sensation of heat by which they are overpowered. It is most striking at Gaboon. This climate, in fact, with a temperature never varying more than ten degrees, is almost uniform, and consequently debilitating; and this character manifests itself in the class of diseases which prevail. Sickness assumes no violent or aggravated forms; dysentery and sun-stroke are rare; but malarious fevers are rife, for the country is very marshy, and every one alike becomes sensible of the feeling of weariness for which he can hardly account, with its accompaniment of pain without obvious cause, and a sense of weakness which he cannot shake off.

A country like this has, of course, a temporary attraction for the traveller in search of curiosities, or the naturalist who is an ardent lover of the treasures obtained with so much labour by science; but the European who is not absolutely forced to do so does not tarry long. He encamps there, but does not settle; nor do I believe that he has any chance of acclimatising himself. Certain missionaries have no doubt dwelt there for some time; but their regular and quasinomadic life (although I will not deny that they have to undergo fatigue) exposes them less to a direct struggle with the climate than is constantly supported by the sailor who is tied to a laborious service, or the trader resolved by the force of his own energy to secure the favours of fortune. In any case, the European who can be acclimatised must be an exception. The race cannot find there a permanent settlement, for the climate is not fitted at all for the white woman. Any woman who would hazard in this country the perils of maternity, would attempt what would certainly prove fatal to herself, and surely lead in the end to the extermination of her race.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST CONNECTION OF EUROPEANS WITH THE GABOON—THE PORTUGUESE ON THE COAST OF AFRICA—COMMERCE SINCE THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE—THE REAL INTEREST PRESENTED BY THE COUNTRY—THE RACES WHICH INHABIT IT.

THE French, who settled on the Gaboon in 1842, were not the first Europeans who had attempted to establish themselves there. About the middle of the last century the Portuguese, allured by the hope of finding gold-mines, had taken possession of the island of Coniquet. After a fruitless search they returned, leaving as marks of their visit two small cannon, which may still be seen there, and a little fort, the remains of which are difficult to discover. But they preserved their connection with the country, and in the heyday of the slave trade they did a profitable business there. The Portuguese have always been the most determined slavers on the whole coast. Times have altered since their great colony of St. Paul de Loanda amassed immense wealth from this trade, and the single order of the Jesuits alone possessed more than 12,000 slaves. At the present time the principal town of the province of Angola, completely deprived of its ancient splendour, is falling into ruins; but there may still be seen on the shore the chair of state from which the bishop blessed, *ex cathedra*, at so much per head, the slaves as they marched before him, trembling under the whip of the trader, on their way for embarkation to an unknown land. A strange sanction given by religion to violence—a connection which we of the present day would deplore as something monstrous, but which was by no means repugnant to the easy morality of the last age. The episcopal chair is now vacant, but I would not declare on oath that in the hearts of the Portuguese of St. Paul there do not still linger regrets for a past so prosperous and so fruitful in easily-gotten wealth. Be this as it may, in the minds of the natives of the Gaboon the two ideas of Portuguese and slave-traders are firmly associated, and the chief of a village who wishes to frighten one of his subjects, threatens to sell him to the Portuguese. This, let me remark in passing, is not always an idle threat, for in spite of the presence of the French flag, a certain amount of slave-dealing is effected at times through means of schooners, or even the little Portuguese canoes which cross over from the neighbouring island of St. Thomas. With the exception of these irregular communications with the Portuguese, the Gaboon seems to have had for a long time little connection with Europeans. It is doubtful whether it was ever visited by Dieppe traders.

The ivory manufacture, still so flourishing at Dieppe, is a proof of its ancient intercourse with the African coast; but the villages of Great and Little Dieppe, which perpetuate its name, north of the Bight of Benin, appear to indicate that its trading was confined to that part. Erdman Isert, a doctor of the Danish factory at Christianburg, at the end of the last century, speaks of a trade in dye woods, carried on by the English with the Gaboon, adding, "But the slaves there were little valued, and at the Antilles fetched only half the ordinary price." De Flotte, De Grandpré, and other officers who were sent at this period to protect the French slaves against the Portuguese at Cabinda and Loango—that is to say, close to Gaboon—speak of the place only to mention its extreme unhealthiness.

In 1803, Labarthe, in his directions to traders, warns captains of vessels against the dangers which beset navigation in these parts. But the chiefs of the Gaboon, who were anxious to

draw to their country a commerce so lucrative, turned themselves into pilots, and trade prospered there, without, however, attaining very extensive development.

The treaties concluded between the nations of Europe in 1830 and 1834 gave the slave-trade its death-blow, in spite of their not being very strictly observed. It might be expected that the natives who had been accustomed to receive from Europeans all the necessities of life, and not being able to do without them, would turn their energy to some more lawful trade, and take advantage of the fertility of their soil by applying themselves to profitable farming of some kind; but, either through the inability of the Europeans to direct their operations into this fruitful channel, or rather, perhaps, through their own incurable idleness and want of enterprise, nothing ever came of it. Unable to obtain from the cultivation of the soil the means of regular trade, they made but feeble efforts to recover from

Apocynæ. It is an annual production, and consequently ought to be a regular source of profit; but it will soon be exhausted by the eagerness of the dealers, who cut the creepers at random, draw the juice from them recklessly, and, in order to complete the ruin of their prospects, bring their produce into discredit by the most annoying adulteration. We see, then, that it is not from the resources which it offers that the Gaboon is really interesting to us; it is from its very exceptional character; by the attraction which every barbarous community must present to the civilised nations of Europe. These communities may be able to boast of an antiquity as great as our own, yet they have not been able to raise themselves above a state of nature. Either the enervating atmosphere, and the circumstances which render mere existence so easy, amidst which they have grown up, have dwarfed their intelligence; or their race, branded with original impotence,



CHARCOAL STORES AT THE GABOON. From a Photograph.

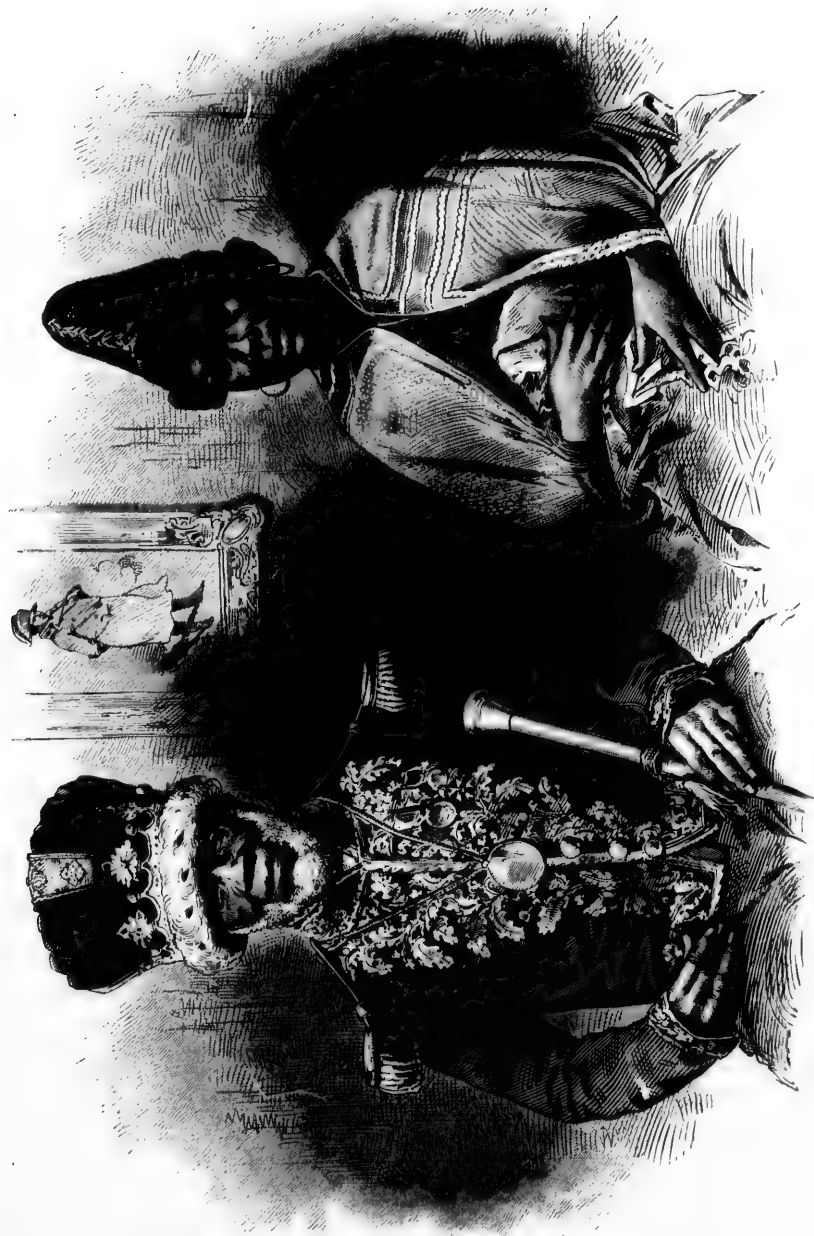
the blow inflicted upon them by the suppression of the slave trade. They succeeded in living, but never in prospering.

The interior of the country possessed an abundance of the most valued articles of commerce—sandal-wood, the dye woods of which we have already spoken, ebony, and elephants' tusks. The people of the Gaboon took advantage of these sources of wealth, and acted as carriers between the Europeans and the tribes who lived in the part where these treasures were found. But the trade there was essentially one of destruction. The banks of the rivers are now stripped of valuable timber. One must go very far in order to find the red-wood in any quantity—farther still to meet with ebony; and as to elephants, their number has also sensibly diminished. The country is becoming exhausted, and it is not difficult to foresee the day when, for want of knowing how to make a proper use of the resources of the country by creating new sources of wealth, it will become utterly desolate. Several years ago the French started there a new trade—that of india-rubber. This resinous juice they extract from three or four creepers, named N'dambo, and which probably belong to the genus *Carpotinus*, of the family of

was condemned, in whatever place it might find itself, to remain in a state of inferiority.

In the basin of the Gaboon we get a nearer view of these small African tribes. Those which we find on the river Ogo-wai lead us to expect that we shall find more interesting specimens on more complete exploration, for its people are free from European influences, and even of that Mahometan power which has struck its roots so deeply in the north and west of the great African continent. The southern part of this absolutely unknown region has been recently visited by the intrepid hunter, M. P. B. du Chaillu,* a creole of Senegal, who was, for a time, a member of our little Gaboon colony, but who has

* M. du Chaillu, as every one is aware, published an interesting and lively account of his explorations. This book met with numerous critics in England, who appeared to discuss the writer more than the narrative. I will not venture to make myself a judge in the matter, nor to affirm that M. du Chaillu really penetrated as far into the interior as he related, more especially as some of the weapons which he shows as peculiar to distant tribes are well known to belong to the adjacent tribes of the Gaboon; but I can affirm that his book contains many details which are strictly correct; and, moreover, that they are a picture of manners really taken from life



KING DENIS OF THE GABOON, AND HIS PRINCIPAL WIFE.

since become an American citizen, full of ardour for his new country, and zealous in promoting its views.

In 1862, M. Serval, a lieutenant in the navy, and myself, visited an entirely unknown portion of the river Ogo-wai. I shall give some account of this expedition when I have described Gaboon properly so-called, and the people by whom it is inhabited.

The population of this country is divided into four groups, each speaking a different language—viz., the M'pongwés, or natives of Gaboon Proper, who dwell on the sea-coast at the entrance of the rivers; the Sheki, who inhabit the surrounding forest-lands, and to whom, for this reason, the natives of the Gaboon have given the name of "Boulous," which we have adopted, and which signifies "men of the woods;" the Bakalais, and last of all the Fans, or Pahouins. These four tribes are not indigenous to the country—they come from the interior. The Pahouins, the accounts of whose cannibalism are only too true, are the most remarkable and least known. They made their appearance only a few years ago, coming directly from the east, and, driving before them the Bakalais, rapidly approached our territory, where they will one day become a most important portion of the population.

These migrations are common on the coast of Africa. It is evidently the desire to hold direct intercourse with the Europeans which attracts these tribes toward the sea—the source of all wealth. We are thus able to make a close acquaintance with the different races; but they rapidly lose their original peculiarities. Obtaining, through the easy means of commercial exchange, everything they require, they lose their traditional customs and characteristics, forget their ancient trades and occupations, and even alter, by intermarriage with other races, their former stamp.

CHAPTER III.

THE M'PONGWÉS—THEIR VILLAGES—INTERIOR OF A HUT—THE DRESS OF THE WOMEN—POLYGAMY—HARD CONDITION OF THE WOMEN—COMPENSATIONS—PRINCIPAL WIFE—THE "CONQUÊTE."

We have settled in the midst of the M'pongwés. It is not these, however, whom the European first sees when he sets foot on the Gaboon. If he lands at the French establishment or at the English factories at Glass, the busy persons, of a strongly marked negro type, whom he first meets unloading ships or loading canoes with the produce of the country, are not M'pongwés—they are Kroomen, the real porters of the African coast, and are procured 300 leagues farther north by contracts, which are always respected, and placed at the disposal of the Europeans—men of vigour and honesty rarely met with among the African people.

It is not amongst these indefatigable workers that you must look for the Gabonese. An indolent man, without any energy, knows very well what to reply when any serious task is proposed to him: "Work for Krooman!" or, better still, "Work for white man." In his opinion, the good God does not wish the M'pongwés to work. It is, then, in his village that we must look for him—on the shore, which is his high road; for in his character of a maritime trader—this is his calling when he has one—he has his village on the water's edge; his canoe is his one conveyance, and the shore his chief road of communication. It is, besides, at low tide, the pleasantest promenade in the country.

There, groups of negresses ramble about, chattering. The young girls walk with a free step, for their dress does not embarrass their movements. A pair of cotton drawers tied round the hips, and falling to the middle of the legs, forms the whole of their inexpensive costume. On great occasions another piece of cloth, draped over the shoulder, falls nearly to the ground; they are then attired in full dress. The movements of the married women are less free, they walk with a heavier and more plodding gait; it is not that their costume is much more complicated, but they wear on their legs a large number of copper rings, or bands placed one above the other from the ankles to the knees, these metal boots—perfect clogs—which they drag after them, making their steps heavy, pressing upon the ankle and producing the most painful excoriations. Fashion has everywhere its martyrs. Sometimes these poor women may be met bearing heavy loads on their backs; they are the beasts of burden of that country; their husbands follow them, quickening their march, smoking their pipes, but carrying nothing. All these people proceed leisurely; they stop the passers-by, saluting the Europeans with a friendly "M' bolo"—the regular form of salutation—pause at each step to talk; for, with exception of the heavily-laden women, no one is in a hurry to get on—no one has anything to do.

The tribe of the M'pongwés are good-looking enough. The following description has been given in the *Revue Coloniale* of 1856 by Dr. Lestrie:—"The M'pongwé is, generally speaking, tall and well-proportioned. His well-developed muscles betoken great strength. The leg is better formed than is usually the case among the blacks; the foot is flat, but the instep is arched; the hand is small and well set on; the shoulder too short in proportion to the fore-arm; the eyes are generally fine and expressive; the nose is small and flattened; the mouth moderately large; the lower lip is thick without being pendent; the teeth are generally fine and regular. The prognathous form is very rare; their colour is bronzed rather than black (it corresponds with the colours as shown by the numbers 41, 42, and 43 in the chromatic plate published by the Anthropological Society of Paris). The growth of hair is comparatively luxuriant. The greater number shave a portion of the head in various patterns, and some of them are altogether without beard; and, lastly, their chests are large and well developed. The women are generally little, their feet small and delicately made; their hands especially are often elegantly shaped. Men and women go naked to the waist; the women ornament their necks with rows of pearls, and displaying much taste in the assortment of colours. To these necklaces are fastened little charms more or less valuable; often, too, the principal wife, she who is the actual mistress in her husband's hut, suspends to it the keys of his strong box. Finally, they wear immense earrings, which are made for them in Europe after an invariable pattern, with copper bracelets, and rings not only on their fingers, but also on their great toes."

Such are the kind of people that we see pass before us when we walk along the shores of the Gaboon. There is but little variety, for the population is sparse, and locomotion not very active. Fortunately, one's eyes are cheered by the panorama of Nature. The sea is always beautiful to look at on those warm evenings characteristic of a tropical climate, especially when the dazzled eyes can find relief from its brilliancy by contemplating the surrounding verdure. Magnificent bind-

weeds, with their broad, soft leaves, stretch along the sand, as if they wished to dispute the possession of it with the sea; others climb round the dwarf date-trees and the cape jessamine. The "sterculias," with their red star-like fruits, mingle with leguminous plants laden with clusters of flowers, which have the colour and the perfume of the lilac. At distant intervals huts appear through the breaks in the foliage. At a short distance from the shore the Catholic Mission may be seen, the residence of Monseigneur Bessieux, the Bishop of Gallipolis, who commands the respect of all. He is an old man, but time has aged him less than the fatigues of a long apostleship, which has been devoted entirely to the service of the Africans. He divides his time between the cares of the mission and the cultivation of a large garden, and exhibits to the nation, who show but little disposition to imitate him, the example of a life which will remain to its last hour consecrated to works of labour and of charity. Two years ago, Admiral Didelot, expressing the feelings of the public, petitioned that this modest and venerable prelate might receive the cross of the Legion of Honour. He received it less as a mark of personal distinction than as a token awarded to the work to which he had devoted his whole life.

Not far from there is the village of King Louis. Two long rows of cottages form a street, over which immense trees cast their shadows; at the back of the houses a vast space of ground has been cleared by means of the axe and by fire. Bananas, the manioc, and the papaw-tree grow there luxuriantly, and point out at a great distance, by their strongly-marked colour, the situation of the village. Canoes drawn up on the shore, nets made of the fibre of pine-apple leaves drying in the sun, a few heaps of red wood, and some logs of ebony, awaiting the arrival of a vessel; a few half-fed fowls picking up a scanty meal in the streets—such is the picture which the village of Louis presents, and all others are cast in the same mould.

The M'pongwé has both a town and a country house; the latter, which he calls his home, is sometimes placed, and one might say lost, in the midst of a wood, at the distance of more than a league away. It is here that agriculture is conducted on the largest scale. These villages contrast strongly by their good order with the usual dirty condition of African villages. The huts, built of a kind of palm-tree called enimba, present a regular and pleasing appearance. Unfortunately, the interior does not always correspond with the exterior. Rich or poor, brought into contact with civilisation or not, the inhabitant of Gaboon is seldom clean. This is his least fault, and the interior of his hut is in keeping with it. The portion to which a solitary door affords access opens upon the street, and is a room common to all. One or two large couches, made of the branches of the palm-tree, serve at will for seats or for beds, and testify to his importance. Chairs, European crockery, chests, and a variety of boxes (for the most part empty) complete the furniture of a comfortable house. Upon entering this building, the master of the house is generally to be found there, stretched upon his sofa, either smoking or asleep. He will perhaps raise himself to pay respect to his visitor—will even offer him his own seat with a certain air of politeness. If, however, he is a chief, he knows his own worth, and does not disturb himself. Seated in Turkish fashion, with one of his legs bent under him, surrounded by attendants, who never approach his august person

without a lowly obeisance, he offers his hand to his visitors—the only hand that is free, for with the other he invariably strokes the foot upon which he is seated—and at last with a dignified gesture he invites him to place himself at his side. This is a mark of honour on his part, and he who recognises this royal condescension by some valuable present, will thereby gain credit in the village. Any European article will please his negro majesty; a few pipes of tobacco will completely overcome him, and for a bottle of brandy he will sell his family. But if the master of the dwelling, or, in his absence, his "chief wife" (the one to whom he was first married), shows signs of friendship, these emotions are not shared by the other inmates. Grouped in the centre of the hut, seated around the family fire-place, they do not disturb themselves. This hearth is a fixture. Three or four logs of wood serve to cook the food, fill the hut with a perpetual smoke, which helps to clear it of mosquitoes; dry some pieces of skin, which are hung in a corner, and cure the remains of fish or flesh. Whether the weather be cold or hot, this hearth is the centre of attraction to the family. By his side two or three women, with pipes in their mouths, pick bananas, clean yams, prepare manioc, or scrape the long leaves of the pine-apple to obtain their fibres; others rub their copper rings and bracelets with citron-juice; others comb and dress the hair of some negress who lies stretched at full-length on the ground, with her head resting on the knees of her maid. In the centre of all these women the negro children tumble head over heels amongst the cinders on the hearth. Such is the picture of their home life. These people are never disturbed by comers and goers, the hair-dresser is above all immovable. It is not by any means a small matter to arrange the tall head-dress of a Gabonaise. The greater part of the day must be devoted to the work; but when the towering structure has once been raised, cemented, and sprinkled all over with a compound red powder, which contains, amongst its many other ingredients, leaves of the vanilla, a toilet has been accomplished which lasts for at least a fortnight.

I omit the details of this part of the toilet, which are, many of them, unfit for description.

Of two or three fashionable modes, the most remarkable and the most common is the large and imposing-looking structure which the reader may observe on the head of the chief wife of King Denis. This grotesque head-dress is formed by first dividing the hair into two parts, which are brought together from each side on to a flat plate. This is the head-dress worn by a married woman, and it gives to some of these ladies an artificial height, and causes them to appear as though equipped in a plumed helmet.

The head-dress of the daughters of King Louis, whose portraits we also give, is quite in another style; it consists of a double fold, dressed more lightly, and almost rough—a style more becoming to a young girl, and which resembles a fashion at present adopted in France.

In our portrait gallery of M'pongwé women, there are some who appear wearing plaits in the European style, just so many as their hair, which is rather rebellious, will allow of being arranged in this fashion. These ladies, before allowing themselves to be photographed, thought it the proper thing to dress their hair like Frenchwomen; but, being behind-hand in the matter of fashion, they have given up pads just at the time when our compatriots have invented them in their turn,

little suspecting that *they* are imitating a fashion now become obsolete at the equator.

All these women, huddled together in the same hut, are the wives of the master of the house, and in some of the illustrations the chiefs may be seen surrounded by a perfect seraglio. This custom of polygamy appears to be spread over the whole of the African continent; and there is a reason for its existence. One of the causes for it is the short time during which women bear children: and this depends upon the fact that they marry too young. At Gaboon a girl is sometimes married at ten years old, is a mother at fourteen, and an old woman at twenty. Moreover—and this, perhaps, is the best excuse for polygamy—there seems to be throughout the whole continent of Africa a considerable disparity between the number of men and women. Here there are, in fact, five female

own sisters, whom the father-in-law in turn espouses. The inhabitants of the same village do not intermarry, on account of the very close relationship which often exists between them. It is remarkable to find so strict a rule as regards consanguineous marriages amongst people who are almost savages. Often, too, when a native of the Gaboon goes some distance in search of a wife, it is a matter of pure speculation. A father-in-law is a valuable connection, and there are few traders of any note who fail to contract a matrimonial alliance in every important village with which they have dealings.

The lot of the women is not an enviable one. Bought by their husband, who regards their great number with pride as an indisputable proof of his wealth, they are his slaves, or little short of it. As long as they are young he looks upon them as articles of luxury, and frequently as the objects of a



THE DAUGHTERS OF KING LOUIS.

children born to three males; and this is not the only place where this circumstance is observed.

A marriage is a business affair, a bargain which requires a great deal of negotiation; but when a husband buys his wife he takes his time about it, and is in no hurry to settle the matter, for very often the young girl whom he asks for is yet a child, and only enters her husband's home to be a long time under the superintendence of his head wife. If the negotiation continues long, or if the father-in-law shows no sign of yielding, the suitor has recourse to the charmers, who apply themselves to their infallible incantations. Certain philtres work wonders on such an occasion. A plant named "Odépou" has a particular virtue for softening the heart of the father-in-law. This is a pretty, leguminous plant, with red berries, and a leaf having the sweet taste of liquorice, which gives it, in addition to its powers of conciliation, the more vulgar property of rendering the voices of singers melodious.

There is one singular clause in these matrimonial contracts, which is, that very often the son-in-law is obliged to give his father-in-law, in exchange for the girl he receives, one of his

traffic, in which he rigorously exacts his shameless profits. When age, or the child-bearing so little desired, has deprived them of their charms, they are reduced to a state of actual slavery. Upon them falls the work of the house, while their husband smokes or sleeps. When he goes away he shuts up those who do not accompany him. Their prison-house is not a very strong one, it is true: bamboo walls are not impervious barriers. It is seldom, however, that the prisoners seek to escape. Brought up to this life of subjection, they look upon all these hardships as natural; in fine, in a country where the means of transport and beasts of burden are altogether wanting, it is upon the woman that such labour devolves.

It is, however, useless to dwell on this miserable condition of the women of the Gaboon. It is not peculiar to them, and it is to be met with amongst all the African tribes. It has, besides, its bright side. Although the husband be jealous, if not of his wife, at least of his rights, he is obliged to tolerate a species of *cicisbeo*, a "congué." Custom protects the *congué*; the husband is powerless. Custom also protects

the wife under certain private and delicate circumstances, and a wife who is ill-treated may take refuge with her parents. They, on their part, will not give her up unless the husband is willing to make amends, and to purchase indemnity by a present; which is bestowed, however, not upon the outraged wife, who ought surely to count for something in the matter, but to his father-in-law. The neglected wife often addresses herself directly to the chief of the village, who, like the Mahometan cadis, has at times to take cognisance of some singular cases.

The "principal wife," whom I have mentioned, is the one who was first espoused. She enjoys privileges of a special character: she has the direction of the house; she works little, and is seldom compelled to carry burdens. If her husband is rich, and consequently surrounded by many wives, she is an autocrat in the women's apartments, and keeps order there, at the risk of occasionally having to put up with the temper of her master—a direct consequence of the authority which she exercises. Generally it is she who directs the work at the country establishment, while her husband is occupied in the village. Spite of the sad position to which women are here reduced, it is about them that everything centres in Gaboon society. This may easily be imagined, for if the husband does not long remain attached to his wife by the ties of affection, he is bound to her by the powerful motives of self-interest. A wife is a portion of his capital that he can employ to his advantage. Sometimes when he has received a consignment of goods, he gives her in pledge—he makes use of her as a security for the fulfilment of his promises when a settlement is to be deferred to a distant date. Again, if he suspects that he has been cheated in a trading transaction with other natives—in any common transaction with his neighbours—it is this portion of his capital that he endeavours to abstract from the man who has robbed him, feeling very sure that the latter, on his part, will exert himself to the utmost to indemnify him if

he is unable to obtain his property either by cunning or force. Again, in every domestic quarrel, in every complaint brought before a native chief or French authority, it is sure to be found that in some way or another a woman is at the bottom of the whole matter. Either she has been stolen in her capacity as valuable merchandise; or, with or without reason, she has become dissatisfied with her husband, and has taken refuge in her parents' house; or, perhaps, she has been forcibly carried off. God knows what perpetual discussions, what endless disturbances, arise out of these conjugal squabbles. A case of seduction is the most serious, for if the husband is willing to put up veritable *congué*, he shows himself intractable in every other instance. If the delinquent is convicted, he is obliged to make reparation, and sometimes to submit to corporeal chastisement. Occasionally the offender is a stranger, and in that case he takes refuge in his own village. He seldom, however, goes alone, and, as a consequence, war is lighted up.

I saw one day, by the banks of the Dgo-wai, one of these gallants. He was a fine fellow, with an olive complexion, and very soft eyes—a negro of the least-marked type; in a word a very presentable hero of romance. Unfortunately, there was a slight blot, which somewhat spoilt his adventure: he had not been satisfied with carrying off his "Helen," but had carried off the husband's furniture in his canoe at the same time. The latter pursued him, captured him, and tied him to a post. There he remained for many days meditating, no doubt, upon the inconveniences which are sometimes connected with the pursuit of gallantry. At last, he was obliged to pay a very considerable ransom, with the alternative of being sold for a slave for the benefit of the husband. As for the lady, she was expiating her fault in a neighbouring hut, with her head shaved, her feet fastened to an enormous beam, and subjected, no doubt, from time to time to proper conjugal correction.

A Journey up the Orinoco to the Caratal Gold Field—Raleigh's "El Dorado."—II.

BY C. LE NEVE FOSTER, B.A., D.S.C., F.G.S.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY TO THE MINES—THE CARONI—GURI—PASTORA—GUASIPATI.

I was forced to stay some days at Bolivar to obtain mules for my land journey. I preferred buying to hiring, knowing that it would be the cheapest in the end. True to the Arab blood which they derive from their Spanish descent, the Venezuelans will not hurry themselves; and day after day passed before I could even see any mules to choose from. An ordinary mule costs from £10 to £15 at Bolivar, a really good riding mule about £30, and very first-rate beasts fetch as much as £46. A good donkey may be had for £4 or £5.

But there is an end even to Venezuelan delays; the mules at length were seen, chosen, and bought, and we started one morning for the mines. I had decided on taking the road *via*

Guri. Our party consisted of Dr. Plassard, the Cornish mine-captain, and myself, with two men, three pack-mules, and a donkey. In travelling in Venezuela you carry your hammock strapped on behind the saddle, and the "cobija" in front. The "cobija" is a sort of cloak, which further serves to cover your hammock should it rain while you are camping out. Unfortunately, our men were not what they had been represented to us; the one who had been so strongly recommended knew scarcely anything about loading mules, and the other was not much better. The consequence was, that as one of our mules was somewhat difficult to manage, and amused itself more than once by kicking off the entire load, there were constant delays, and we made but very little progress the first day; the men, in fact, could scarcely be trusted alone. We passed over a gently undulating country covered with coarse grass—a

savannah district, in fact, with numerous small gnarled and stunted-looking trees, forming the kind of timber-growth known as "chaparro."

It was dark before we reached the "posada" of Monte Cristo, and we could just make out the outline of two houses and a "corral," or paddock for cattle. We were told on alighting that we could sling our hammocks in an open shed which formed part of one of the houses. A fowl was all that could be obtained for supper, and hungry as we were, it was painful to have so many delays before we could get even that. We had to see the fowl hunted and caught by the light of a torch made of palm leaves, and then patiently wait while it was plucked and stewed. In the meantime we were driven to satisfy the cravings of appetite with our own supply of bread and sardines. Our two men came in soon after us, but with what a tale! Two of our mules were said to be lame, one so seriously that it could not walk at all. What was to be done? Our host was asked whether he could supply us with mules or donkeys, but his animals were all away loading at Ciudad Bolivar for Caratal, and there were no others anywhere near. We could do nothing but wait till morning. Our long-wished-for fowl appeared at last, and with some very salt broth from the stew-pot, and a cup of coffee, enabled us to finish our repast.

Our "posada" was a sort of combination of a cow-shed and a mud hovel. It consisted of a thatched roof supported by upright poles, having one half the space walled in, by fixing small poles into the ground about a foot or eighteen inches apart, and filling up the intervening spaces by twigs and clay. No nails whatever are used in the construction, but the various posts, poles, and sticks are tied together by lianas, the natural ropes of the South American forests. The thatch is made with the leaves of the "moriche," or great fan-leaved *Mauritia* palm-tree. The division walled in formed a sleeping apartment for some of the family, whilst we sat and had our meals in the shed-like part, which formed coffee-room, parlour, and kitchen all at once. We were in almost total darkness; from time to time a sort of bad dip-candle was lighted, which lasted about ten minutes; and then came a long interval before it was thought worth while to light another. Of course there was just a glimmer from the kitchen-fire all the time, which enabled me to distinguish two men, who were strumming away monotonous airs on a sort of guitar, reminding me, by their unceasing and unmeaning twanging, of some of that dreadful Arab music one hears in Egypt.

Our three hammocks had been slung in an adjoining shed, and for the first time in my life I had to try the native couch; and I must say a more comfortable means of reposing cannot be well imagined. For a warm country, a South American hammock is a most luxurious bed; and had it not been for a few mosquitoes, I should never have passed a better night than I did at Monte Cristo.

On getting up the next morning, I was delighted to find that the mules had recovered; and we had only to take a cup of coffee and pay our bill, before we were ready to start again. The bill amounted to seven reals, or about two shillings and tenpence; cheap enough, it will be granted, for the entertainment and night's lodging of three persons, with their two servants, besides six mules and a donkey. When, however, it is recollected that we brought our own bread, coffee, and sugar, carried our own beds—*i.e.*, slung our own hammocks,

and had nothing but the fowl from the people of the "posada"—not even water for our men, for it was fetched from a neighbouring brook—the charge of two shillings and tenpence will not seem so extraordinarily cheap, after all.

Leaving the forest-clad hill of Monte Cristo on our right, and that of Tortuga on our left, we journeyed over the "chaparro"-dotted savannah, varied by occasional bits of forest. Whenever we came to a water-course, we were sure to see the elegant *Mauritia* palm-tree, which is so useful to the native as furnishing both food and raiment. The Rio Claro was crossed at noon, and made a convenient stopping place for lunch. This stream is easily forded in the dry season, but is frequently impassable for a time after heavy rains. Early in the afternoon we reached another stream, the Tocomo, on the left bank of which a "rancho" has been erected for the convenience of travellers. Here nothing was to be had but our own provisions, as the place was uninhabited. I think it requires a day's work in the open air to make one appreciate the "carne salada" which formed the staple of our dinner. "Carne salada" is the name given to strips of beef which have been salted and dried in the sun. To cook it you have simply to run a stick through it, and hold it over a fire—some prefer it boiled or fried; but at the best it is always a tough morsel.

Our next day's journey was also a short one, and the only point of interest that I need note is, that we crossed the Arasiama ridge by a pass which is not more than 200 feet above the surrounding country, and before long reached a "posada" on the right bank of the Arasiama stream, a small tributary of the Caroni. Ample provisions were to be had, and stewed fowl with good broth, plantains and yuca (the root of the sweet *mandioca*), were soon smoking on the table. The sand and gravel in the bed of the Arasiama are auriferous; but miners have told Dr. Plassar that it does not pay to work them. It was our proximity to the stream that we had to thank for the mosquitoes that tormented us during the night; but though they bit pretty freely, I only felt one bite after I awoke in the morning. Their monotonous hum was certainly worse than their bite. It seemed to me that the Arasiama mosquitoes were far less venomous than those of Cairo and Alexandria.

We had now but six leagues to traverse before reaching the Caroni, and the savannahs we crossed were similar to those of the previous days. On our left lay a marked hill known as Arimagua, on the top of which a mortar for pounding ore is said to have been found. In consequence of this, the people in the neighbourhood consider that gold veins probably exist, and have been worked there. Before arriving at the Caroni, the path led us round a lagoon, where I saw in the distance two "soldados," the name given to a large snow-white heron; small water-fowl were pretty plentiful. About eleven o'clock we came up to the Caroni, a placid stream some 500 yards wide, with the red-tiled roof of the church of Guri peeping out beyond it. The ferryman's canoe was lying among the shrubs and trees on the opposite bank; but even firing a gun more than once seemed to fail to catch his attention. Unfortunately for us, as it appeared afterwards, the regular ferryman was up at the village drinking and gambling, and we had to wait more than two hours before a deputy-ferryman brought the canoe across for us. The river is so very sluggish here, that there is no difficulty whatever

in crossing it; and, once on the opposite bank, a walk of about ten minutes brought us into Guri. This was the first of the old Spanish missions, so numerous in Guayana, that I had stopped at. Nearly all the present villages were originally founded by Spanish monks. Two or three of these people lived in each mission or village, and lorded it over a number of Indians, to whom they taught agriculture as well as the Gospel. At the time of the revolution the monks took the side of the old country, and, like Spain, got the worst of it. Some of the villages have since that time been abandoned entirely, and most of them are in a less flourishing state than they were at the beginning of this century. Guri is, of course, reviving somewhat, as much of the traffic between Ciudad Bolivar and the mines passes through it. It consists of about a dozen houses, ranged round a large "plaza," or square, and a few outlying houses, in all, say about twenty. On the south side is the church, built in 1866, in place of the old one of the Spanish mission. The square is all overgrown, and affords pasture for cattle. Our mules were turned out there on our arrival.

There is no inn or "posada" in Guri, but one of the shopkeepers took us in, gave us a large room where we could sling our hammocks, and soon prepared an excellent dinner. Hamburg Lager beer can be had at Guri, so the place is far from being beyond the bounds of civilisation.

I was glad to find that there was no dearth of beasts at Guri, and I at once made arrangements for hiring a couple of donkeys, one of our mules, through the carelessness and ignorance of our men, having been badly galled.

I thought, as the arrangements were all made over-night—indeed, during the afternoon—that I was sure to have the donkeys in good time on the following morning; but no such thing; we were kept waiting four hours before they were brought in, for I did not like to leave Guri before I had seen our baggage train fairly on its way.

We started from Guri at half-past ten a.m., and passed the farm of Charapo in the afternoon, and then got on to some rising land, more than a thousand feet above the sea level, which forms the watershed between the basin of the Orinoco and that of the Essequibo. It became quite dark before we reached our destination, and we had some difficulty in finding the path. At last, about seven p.m., a light appeared in the distance; and, as it continued quite steady, we knew that it could not be one of the thousands of fire-flies that had kept up an intermittent sparkle in the air ever since sunset. A few minutes more brought us to the house of a rich cattle proprietor, a friend of Dr. Plassard's. He has here about 15,000 head of cattle; each animal worth about four pounds; they are exported to Trinidad and Demerara. The house, like others of the country, was a mere shed with clay walls, and the whole farm consisted merely of two or three such houses and a "corral."

The ride of the next day led us over dry, sandy savannahs, with "chaparro" trees, which sometimes became so numerous that, save for the absence of apples—which should be on the trees in October—one would fancy oneself in an English orchard; here and there in the valleys were lagoons, or small lakes, which are useful in furnishing drinking places for the cattle. In riding over the grassy districts, one is sure to notice the singular bird called "garrapatero," similar to our starling, which perches on the backs of cattle and picks out the insects infesting them. The "garrapatero" is continually

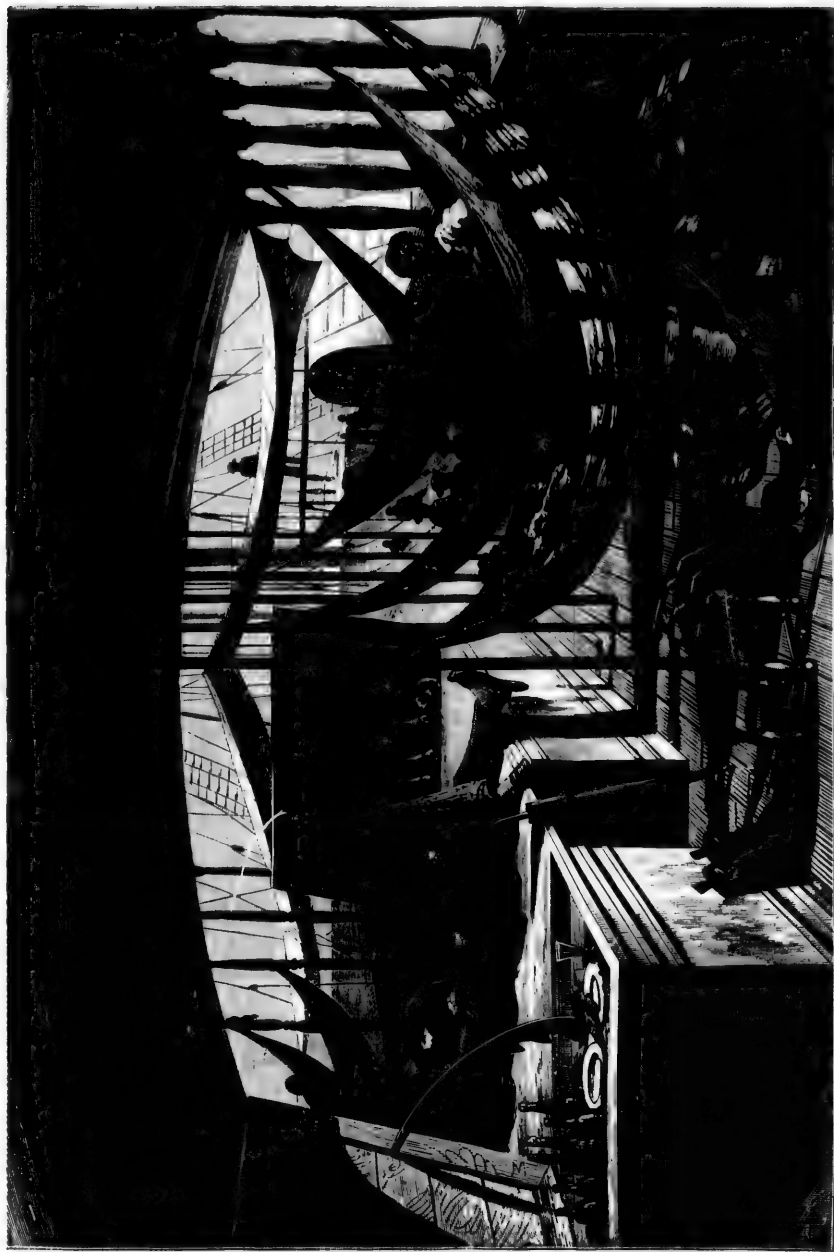
seen running about on the ground, and the inhabitants never kill them, on account of the useful office that they fulfil.

We rested for an hour at noon at Limones farm, lunching off our own sardines and meat, as the people said they had nothing that they could give us to eat. However, when our meal was all but over they managed to find some cheese and maize bread, hard as Norfolk dumplings, but made with maize instead of wheat flour. These cakes are better than cassava, and that is all that can be said in their favour. Cassava, I need hardly add, is made from the root of the mandioca, and is a most important article of food for the natives—it constitutes their bread, in fact; but to me it appeared a very poor substitute even for the commonest rye or barley bread that you could get in Europe.

During the afternoon we crossed the Oronato, another stream with auriferous sand and gravel, and in the evening reached a farm-house near the Guatapo. This brook had to be crossed on the following morning on our way to Pastora, where we arrived about half-past nine a.m. The red-tiled houses tell at once that we have to deal with an old mission, for now, strange to say, the people have lost the art of making tiles, and invariably use thatched roofs. Pastora was once an important settlement, but at the present time it only numbers about thirty houses; of the church there is nothing remaining but a few posts. While breakfast was preparing we strolled down to the Yuruari, only a few minutes' walk from the village. Gold has been found in its sand and gravel as high up as Pastora; but, as the river was still swollen, it was difficult to get any stuff to wash. It is said by people in Pastora that there are some old shafts to be found in the hills south of the village, which evidently point to the former existence of mines.

From Pastora to Guasipati is a journey of about fifteen miles, without any marked feature of interest. Guasipati is another old Spanish mission, which still preserves the large church and monastery on its "plaza." The former is very much out of repair, and the latter, though partly tumbled down, still furnishes some good rooms. The owner does not keep a regular inn, but is willing to provide for travellers, and one of the rooms has a billiard-table, the great source of amusement for all classes in Venezuela. The neighbouring store is well worthy of inspection, on account of the immense variety of articles for sale. It seemed curious to see miners' picks, shovels, hammers, and borers, by the side of scents, cosmetics, and patent medicines. Of course Guasipati has profited by the mines; all the traffic, whether coming from Las Tablas or direct from Ciudad Bolivar, passes through this town.

The following day saw the termination of our journey. It is less than an hour's ride over the savannah to the Yuruari. In October the river was far too high to be forded, so we had to unsaddle, be ferried over in a canoe, and swim the mules across. On the opposite bank the forest begins immediately, and the rest of the journey was entirely under its shade, excepting in passing the clearing at Callao. We made a short stay at Callao, and early in the afternoon arrived at Nueva Providencia, where we found quarters in one of the stores. Our journey from Ciudad Bolivar had been an unusually long one; namely, seven and a half days, it being often performed in four or five. This was owing mainly to the incompetence of the men who had been recommended to us.



STEAMBOAT TRAVELLING ON THE ORINOCO.

CHAPTER IV.

NUEVA PROVIDENCIA—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN—INHABITANTS—
SHOPS—PRICES OF PROVISIONS—DRESS—AMUSEMENTS—AMERICAN
COMPANY.

NUEVA PROVIDENCIA is a village, or rather a small town, which has sprung up within the last few years, counting, perhaps, between one and two thousand inhabitants, and owing its existence entirely to the gold mines in its vicinity. Gold was discovered in the Yuruari, near Tupuquen, by Dr. Louis Plassard, just twenty years ago. In spite of Dr. Plassard's representations, nothing was done for several years. At last people began to flock to the district, and wash for gold in the river. After a time they sank pits in the alluvial land by the side of the river, and this led them to alluvial diggings above the present flood level, and to the *tierra de flor*. It is only within the last few years that miners have been working upon quartz lodes.

The town is situated in a clearing in the midst of the great forest on the south of the Yuruari. It is about a mile and three-quarters from the river, and stands on a slight elevation between the valleys of the Mucupia and Tigre. Its altitude above the level of the sea is between six and seven hundred feet. The houses are all built in the same way—of poles, sticks, and clay. The roofs are in nearly all cases thatched with the leaf of the "carata" palm, and hence the name Caratal, which is applied to the whole district. The church and three or four of the houses can boast of tiled roofs, and the town naturally has its *plaza*. The cracks and crevices of the clay walls of the houses harbour huge spiders and cockroaches, and the floors are diversified with little hills and valleys, being formed simply of the mother earth. Board or brick floors are a luxury unknown in Nueva Providencia; and you have to water your room, on account of the horrible red dust, which is most annoying. Still, my appetite was as good and my sleep as sound as ever they were in England. In spite of the common nature of the houses, the rents are far from low. The house I lodged in, with one large room and three smaller ones, was letting at £60 a year.

The inhabitants are of all sorts and all nations. Besides Venezuelans of all kinds, of pure Spanish extraction, or with dark blood of some kind, there are Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Portuguese, numbers of negroes from Trinidad and other West Indian settlements, a few Americans from the United States, and one Englishman. As a matter of course, there are many more men than women, but the number of dark-skinned beauties in Nueva Providencia is by no means small. Among the Frenchmen, not a few are escaped convicts from Cayenne; however, they find they can get on by honest labour, and they live at Nueva Providencia as respectably as their neighbours.

Of stores and shops of all sorts there is no dearth; in fact, of late the merchants have found that they are too numerous. Almost anything can be bought in the town, from a silk dress to a miner's pick; and all sorts of eatables and drinkables, from a barrel of flour to a tin of preserved lobster, or from bitter ale to champagne.

Where all goods have to be brought on the backs of mules or donkeys all the way from Las Tablas or Ciudad Bolivar, it is not surprising that prices should be high; but improved means of communication will still further carry on that reduction in price which has already begun. Of the various articles

of food, bread seems the dearest—it costs 2s. a pound; what would be a "penny roll" in England sells for 5d. in Nueva Providencia. The flour, it should be recollected, has come all the way from the United States, and though dear, is of very excellent quality. The natives of Venezuela eat *cassava*, which to me did not seem either as palatable or nutritious as bread. Meat, comparatively speaking, is not so expensive. An ox is slaughtered every day, and you can buy fresh beef at from 7d. to 1s. per pound. Water, too, must be purchased, as it has to be brought from the Yuniari; it costs 2d. per gallon.

In spite of the high price of many articles of food, the American company manages to feed its men at 2s. per day each. Milk is brought in to Nueva Providencia from Tupuquen every morning early, and there is no difficulty, therefore, in having your *café au lait* at six o'clock. Having thus briefly spoken of the means of satisfying the wants of the inner man, let me now turn to the wants of the outer man, or dress. Were the Caratal forest still inhabited by the Guaiaca Indians, of whom a few may occasionally be seen, two words would suffice, viz., "calico" and "string," but the civilised gold miner requires a little, though not much more. A pair of trousers, a shirt, and a felt or straw hat, constitute the entire costume of many, and some of the Caratal swells adopt the fashion of wearing the shirt entirely outside the trousers—in fact, hanging down over them. More luxurious persons, instead of going barefoot, will wear the *alpargatas* or Venezuelan sandal, a convenient and sensible sort of shoe; but coats, waistcoats, and collars—excepting on high days and holidays—are rarely seen in Caratal, and with the pleasant warm climate they are not required. Nueva Providencia must be a kind of paradise for children, as most of them do not wear any clothes till they are five or six years old; this must be a great saving for people possessed of large families, and a great comfort, as well, to the child, who can sit down and roll in the dirty street without fear of spoiling its clothes, and of bringing down upon it the wrath of its anxious mother.

In the midst of a South American forest a man must not expect all the amusements of more civilised places; but, nevertheless, he can have his game of billiards—he may gamble all day long if he likes, and dancing goes on every Saturday and Sunday evening. I did not happen to be at Nueva Providencia at a very gay season, otherwise I am told I should have seen much more gaiety than I did last October.

I had not been long in Nueva Providencia before I made the acquaintance of the officers of the "Falcon" Company. This company was formed in the United States for the purpose of working some concessions in the Caratal district; and the manager, and several of the employes, were living in the town. I went to their house to spend the first evening after my arrival; "cocktails" were speedily compounded by the skilful hand of one of the party, and an animated conversation was soon commenced. Nor was the talking confined to one language, for though most of those present could speak two or three languages, there were but few who understood thoroughly the four that were necessary. Besides the American staff, we had a German engineer and surveyor, a Venezuelan surveyor, doctor of medicine, and schoolmaster at the same time, to say nothing of other visitors who dropped in from time to time to see their old friend, Dr. Plassard, and hear the latest news from Ciudad Bolivar and Europe. It often happens

to men meeting in out-of-way places, even when coming from different hemispheres, that they find they have some acquaintances in common, even if they themselves had never met before; and so it was in this case. Some of the American staff knew very well a Philadelphian who was an intimate friend of mine some ten years ago at the mining college of Freiberg, in Saxony. It seemed curious that in the midst of the forest of Caratal one should meet acquaintances of a man one had known in the heart of Germany; but this is far less strange than a case that came under my notice at Suez last year, where friends of mine met a man on the quay, from whom they had parted six or seven years before in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains.

We received a pressing invitation from our hospitable American friends to visit their works, and rode out with them on the following morning at seven. The path leads out from the east side of the town, crossing the little valley of the Tigre, which has furnished some rich alluvial diggings, and then ascends a little hill, where the prefect of the department has been working a little mine in his own garden. After traversing a short piece of forest, you come upon clearings with plantains and sugar-cane; and by-and-by on each side of the path you see hole after hole, as if the people had been trying to dig a row of wells as close as they could to one another. These are the Planada diggings, worked more than ten years ago. At a depth of about four yards the miners came upon a bed of gold-bearing clay which had simply to be washed to furnish nuggets. Unfortunately, just at the depth they got the gold, the miners were sure to be troubled by water; and it was not without difficulty that they managed to work this deposit. Even now, of course, there must be still a good deal of it untouched. After crossing the Mucupia brook, which in October should rather be called a succession of ponds or waterholes than a

true stream, we soon reached Buen Retiro, the seat of some of the American works. We spent some time in examining their saw-mill, and some of the bulks of timber which had been cut out showed that there would be plenty of timber for mining machinery, and the forests will furnish abundance of available fuel for many years to come. As usual, the Americans had been going ahead; all their machinery for stamping was on the spot and being put up. Not content with houses built of clay and roofs of "Carata" palm, the Americans have most wisely set to work to make bricks and tiles, and ere long we may expect to see good houses with plank floors and tiled roofs, which will be more comfortable, though perhaps less picturesque, than most of the houses in the district. The stamping mill and brick-yard lie close to the river Yuruarí, where about a dozen women may usually be seen washing clothes on the rocks that project into the river.

Our walk over the American works had considerably sharpened our appetites for breakfast, and this completed, we inspected the assay office, which my American friends most kindly put at my disposal during my stay; we next visited the various trial pits which have been sunk by the company in search of lodes. In many places they found huge blocks of quartz at the surface, and have managed to trace these to lodes or veins underground. About a dozen pits or "barrancos" have been made, and the quartz obtained from them gives on an average about one and a-half ounces of gold to the ton. Much of the Caratal quartz will give far more than this, and, indeed, this is proved by the fact that if it did not contain more, it would not pay to work it by the means filled up the present moment. Our trip to the actual workings filled up the rest of the day, and we returned to Nueva Providencia much pleased with the kind hospitality of our American *confrères*.

The First Journey of Exploration across Vancouver Island.—III.

BY ROBERT BROWN, F.R.G.S., ETC., COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION.

ACROSS THE ISLAND.

SUCH were our nightly amusements in these solitudes. Tomo's voice is rather cracked with northern blasts and "Hudson Bay rum," but it is loud enough; and a *hoot! hoot!* from the branches of a Douglas fir echoed back the notes of the wild songs he used to sing. Both the Indians speak low when the voice of an owl is heard in the solitude, for, like all men who lead lives such as theirs, they are very superstitious. According to them, the owl is the personification of dead men; when men die, their spirits, by transmigration, pass into the owl; and if the dreaded note of the bird is heard at night, it is a sign that we must have offended the dead by speaking about them. Hence, an Indian will rarely mention the name of a dead man, but only refer to him in a roundabout way. The raven is also a bird of superstition with the Indians, as it is all the world over. "The raven that croaked on Duncan's battlements" was not more a bird of ill omen than the black fishy fellow who sits *canoeing* on the salmon drying poles round an Indian village in Vancouver Island. Soothsayers presage the weather

by him, and old men will be pointed out who have foretold war and disaster to their tribesmen by the croaking of the raven. Tomo pretends always to be able to foretell rain by its croaking, though Mr. Leech of our party declares that he often catches him looking at the falling of my Aneroid barometer, which possibly in his wandering life he has learned to be more accurate in its indications of weather changes than his black friend overhead.

Here are examples of other myths. The moon appears behind the clouds—"Ah! there is the frog in the moon!" cries Tomo, and as the stars twinkle out one by one, we hear their names; how the Pleiades are a group of fishes; how the constellation of Ursa Major is three men in a canoe, and so on. Most of the stars are little people, and we hear the wide-spread Indian tale of the two girls who were spirited up into the sky by Castor and Pollux, and how they finally escaped by digging a hole in the vault of heaven and letting themselves down by a rope of cedar* bark. If you doubt it,

* *Tanja gigantea*, Nutt.

is not there the rope coiled up yet on Knockan Hill near Victoria—all in good trap rock? I am interested in this little tale, for in one form or another it is world wide, and in Europe finds its counterpart in "Jack and the Bean Stalk." A log covered with the sweet-rooted fern* drifts down the river at our feet. This is the old woman who came "sweet-hearting" her granddaughters, two wanton girls who lived in a lodge all by themselves, and who, when they found out the gay gallant who came a-wooing to be only their old grandmother in disguise, got so enraged that they threw her into the river. A splash is heard in the water. It is only a mink very early out after a breakfast, or very late a supper-hunting. But the mink was not always a mink. He was once a boy who went so far off in his canoe that he came to a country where people lived on Ioqua shells,† sailed in copper canoes, and had their lodge doors also of the same metal. On his way back he met with a mishap and got swallowed by a whale; which, however, soon tired of its bargain and vomited him up very hungry on the shore. He saw sea eggs (*Echini*) at the bottom, and dived repeatedly for them, making a hearty meal. Now, he met Haelse, who asked him for some, but the boy told him that he had better dive for some himself, so Haelse threw water in his face, and told him that he would dive for ever. So he became a mink. Haelse is the Hiawatha of these Indians, and is a miraculous being, to whose agency all wonderful things are ascribed. He seems to be of the nature of a supreme being, and is found under some name in every Indian tribe that I know anything about. He made the beaver, who was a boatman on a lake, into its present shape, because he disobeyed him; but he also gave it power to make rain to fill its dams.

Sometimes we are startled by a wild, weird-like cry which comes out of the mist in the swamp on the other side of the river. "Ah!" cry both our Indians together; "that must be Pequichem, the one-eyed giant, and his slave, the loon, ferrying some poor hunter across to his lodge." Then, in explanation of their meaning, follows a wild tale of wonder. The long howl of the wolf strikes on our ear, then the gathering cry, and we retreat to our tents for arms, and heap more fuel on the fire; a rush is heard and a splash in the river, followed by a pack of hungry wolves. It is a deer hotly pursued. "That must be," old Kakalatza thinks, "Stuckeia, the wolfman." He was a hunter who was converted into a wolf, and when last seen was hunting with the pack in the mountains. Then follows a long string of traditions about hunters who were converted into animals whilst "seeking their medicines;" of the lightning eye potentate who once lived on the top of Salt Spring Island, and a dozen other such like legends. And so the talk goes on, until the golden sheen of the sun glimmers through the trees, dissipating the fog from the river and the wooded hills, and, after the "gruesome talk" we have been indulging in, looking like a messenger from a better world. "Et-na!" Kakalatza exclaims, "there is the sun—*seam seakum*—a great traveller is my lord the sun—a very great traveller—much greater than you!" and here he grimly nods to a member of our party who had already grown rather famous as a teller of wonderful travellers' tales, and with the laugh which follows this sally, those of our little camp who are not already snoring lustily under trees or in the tent, turn in to get a few hours of sleep, and dream of medicine-men and ogres, until at six the cook rouses all hands for breakfast.

* *Polypodium vulgare*. † *Dentalium praeiosum*, "the Indian money."

We wash in the river, dress at random as far as we are not already dressed, and lustily attack the beans and side of venison roasting at the fire, and then, loading the canoe, each man—commander, artist, astronomer, or pioneer, for there are no servants here (thank heaven)—shoulders his "swag" and is off through the lonely woods, rousing up the deer from their lair among the fern, salal, and huckleberry bushes.

The forests through which we travel are composed of gigantic firs, every tree fit for the spear of a Titan, or the "mast of some great admiral." Few of them are less than 250 feet in height, and are straight as arrows, unbranched for sixty or seventy feet. We were, however, little inclined for the admiration of them, for during this part of our march the rain fell without intermission. Still we jogged on in dogged stubbornness, just like men who do not care what turns up; things cannot be much worse. We were wet enough for two days' drying, and the water ran down in little streams at the foot of our trousers' legs. We were cold outside and inside, and the camp was out of meat. Not a deer was to be seen ambling among the wet bushes, and I dare say our muskets were as wet as their owners. No grog was ever carried on any expedition I had ever the control of, nor even, had we means to convey it, would any wise man, knowing the material of western expedition, ever venture into the woods with such combustible material in his possession. And how our clothes were to be dried puzzled us. We had tents, though we rarely erected them. The erection, however, was quick enough. While some of the men are unloading the canoe, four others spring into the bush with the hatchets, and almost quicker than I have written the words, five thin poles are cut, our ridge-pole tent erected, and the fire is blazing before the camp kettle is filled with water for our refreshing tea. However, the wood is all soaked to-night—this fatal 12th of June, even if the fire would light amid such a pour. Suddenly we hear the rushing sound of a waterfall, and crushing through among nettles (sure signs of human abodes), to our delight and astonishment we land in front of a pretty waterfall, with remains of salmon pots and old lodges choked up with nettles on the other side of the river. Two others in good repair are on this side, and though a canoe is at the landing, the lodges do not seem to have been tenanted for long. They are, however, warm and pleasant, though smelling strongly Indian, and we hail them as a lucky find. Soon, with great delight, we take possession of the best, and have a fire blazing in the middle in readiness for the arrival of our canoe. Kakalatza soon comes in with the air of a man at home, greets us as welcome, and tells us that this is one of his regular hunting lodges. The canoe no doubt belonged to some Masolemuchs, a tribe of Indians who occasionally hunt on the great lake, and once possessed the ruined lodges on the other side of the river. We afterwards found that these Indians (of whom we heard wonderful tales on the coast) are a section of the Nittenahs, a western tribe, and that this canoe belonged to their chief, who preferred to pass this way to the east coast, rather than risk the stormy shores of De Fucas Strait in the spring season. He is off trading somewhere, and is not yet back. Kakalatza, who does not care much for our tea and boiled beans, climbs up into the rafters of the lodge, and brings forth a quantity of dried elks' meat, which he had deposited here against some such chance. We soon strip off our inexpressibles, and hang

them up to dry with our wet shirts. Our pack supplies a spare shirt, and the blanket, Indian fashion, completes our garments. In this half-savage guise our artist sketched us, and as the picture was, I regret to say for colonial taste, much more popular than views of fine scenery, it now ornaments not a few far western parlours, where, possibly at the moment I am writing, some good friends of ours are laughing at what they were pleased to call "Brown's savages." Now it is that Kakalatza, his heart warmed with fire and elks' meat, sweet tea and boiled beans, relaxes into familiarity, and his wrinkled old face beams with something like a self-satisfied smile, as he glances round the lodge and recalls a little reminiscence connected with it. We are all at our ease, reclining in our blankets, around the roaring fire, and listen to him.

One night, just such a night as this, some years ago, he was hunting up this river, and on entering this same lodge he was surprised to find a woman crouching in the corner. She was a Nuchultaw, from Suckwhanotan, the Rapid's village, in Discovery Passage, and had been a slave with the Clallams, on the other side of De Fucas Strait, for a number of years. Yearning for home, she and another woman of the same tribe determined to attempt their escape. They only knew that the direction of their home was somewhere on the other side of the range of mountains they saw on the Vancouver shore, and that beyond lay a river (the Cowichan) by which they might reach the coast, and so northward. Accordingly, one dark night they stole a canoe, and alone crossed the strait, took to the woods and travelled by the sun. Probably no human being had ever penetrated these mountains before, and how laborious the journey must have been may be gathered from the fact that a well-equipped party of experienced travellers, sent by me to explore the same route, took more than a week to traverse it. While descending a precipice, one of the women fell and fractured her leg. Her companion could do nothing for her, so leaving her to the certain fate which awaited her, she pursued her perilous and laborious journey, finally arriving at the river and travelling down it. She had sought shelter in the hut, where our friend Kakalatza had found her.

The old fellow stopped in his narrative. "What did you do with her?" we all eagerly inquired, impressed with the heroism of the woman. A curious sinister smile played around the leathern features of the chivalrous savage, as he replied, "Went home again, and sold her to the Lummi Indians for eighty blankets!"

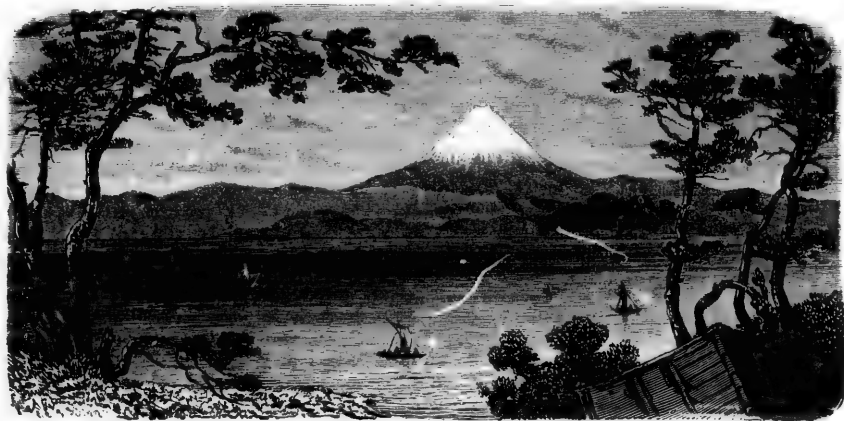
On the 15th of June the river began to get calm and lake-like, and to our great delight, turning a bend, we came in sight of a large and beautiful lake, stretching away among wooded hills in solitary grandeur. This was the source of the river, and here for a pleasant week or more we fixed our headquarters, rambling all round the neighbouring country. Summer was now come in all its Italian beauty; the skies were sunny and clear, and all Nature was blooming as brightly as she only can do in a north-western summer.

The forests were fragrant with the piny odour; the large white flowers of the dogwood (*Cornus Nuttallii*) were reflected in the little glassy bays of the lake; woodpeckers tapped the trees merrily; grouse drummed in the woods; humming-birds (*Selasphorus rufus*) darted like winged gems of emeralds and rubies among the flowering currant bushes; while the lordly-looking bald-headed eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*) sat perched on the topmost branch of some giant fir, now and then swooping

down to draw a trout from the lake. These were halcyon days. The woods echoed with our loud joyous laugh and song, and the hills with the reports of the hunters' rifles; there was nothing to make us uneasy. One party surveyed the lake, which was twenty-two miles long, and from a mile to a mile and a half broad; while another under my own charge explored the wooded mountains of the Kennedy range, overlooking the lake, in search of minerals and mines. It was not often that we were separated for many days, and at night the woods and the glassy surface of the little lake bays were lit up with our camp fires; so large, indeed, that they generally defeated their purpose. "Just like the white men," old Kakalatza would growl, "they build a fire to warm themselves, and then make it so big that they can't get round it! Etsina!" Our savage was, however, in his element. He was long after heard to declare that what he called "the 'xplorin' 'xpedition was the finest thing he had ever been on: good pay, not over heavy work, and plenty to eat—plenty, plenty!" The hills around the great lake were the home of our friend for six weeks or more every year. In the autumn he came up with his family and squaw to hunt elk.* Elk were so abundant that on one occasion he chased seven into a rocky gulch, out of which they could not escape, so he and his sons just shot them down. He then erects frames to smoke their meat—we often saw them in the mountains during our wanderings; and after he has accumulated what he considers enough for winter use, he makes baskets to contain it, and commences to transport it to his canoe on the lake. This he does slowly and by frequent journeys, until at last he sails out of the lake, and runs the rapid river; and after many laborious portages, arrives in glee at the Tsamena village.

At last, on the 23rd of June, to fulfil the plan of exploration which I had marked out, we separated, Lieutenant Leech going with one-half of the men to the country south of the lake, with orders to meet me at Port San Juan, on De Fucas Strait; while, with the rest, I proceeded to the end of the lake, before dispatching our faithful Indian henchmen to their homes. On our way we met two canoes almost loaded with berries, containing three hunters of Tsamena on their way to the Cowichan River. Here we paid off our friends, Lemo and Kakalatza, as the one had to go back with his canoe, and the former to get married to a swarthy brunette of Quamichan village, regarding whom I had long been the repository of many secret, sighing tales. Their joy and gratitude knew no bounds; and while Kakalatza only grinned with satisfaction as he contemplated the little presents we gave them on parting, Lemo burst out into many promises. He told me that when he saw me in Victoria (he would know me by my beard, he said) he would give me some grouse, as I was his very good friend; and turning to one of our party, whom he supposed to have cast sly glances at some black-eyed half-blood of his acquaintance, he spoke with a vehemence that put the lover to the blush: "Nika wa-wa Maly copa mika;" and turning to another, "Spouse Maly halu tikke yaka, mika wa-wa yaka hyou copa mika!" ("I will speak to Mary for you," and "Suppose Mary will not have him, I will speak plenty to her about you!") We thank them both for their promised good offices—epicurean and matrimonial—and after watching them sailing over the lake, whence came echoing back, as far as we could see them, the shouts of farewell, we fire a parting salute, and take to the woods with a view to reach the opposite coast.

* *Cervus Canadensis*, Erxl.



FUSI-YAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—VI.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

BUDDHISM IN JAPAN.

THE history of Buddha is a simple and touching one. In the midst of the pleasures of the court of Kapilavastu, the young Prince Siddhārtha, who was heir to the throne, found, with astonishment, that the greatest things of this world, even those which he possessed himself, did not yield him happiness. Looking around him, he was struck by the amount of sickness, misery, and poverty which embitter human life; he encountered suffering and death amongst all creatures, and it was only inanimate nature which did not present pictures of desolation to him.

When he addressed himself to the ministers of religion, he found that their dogmas presented to him only subjects of terror; even the gods, according to the Brahmins, had to submit to the law of transmigration of souls; while as for men, each of them was supposed to have previously passed through a multitude of diverse existences, and according to his actions in this world, would assume a superior form or descend a grade lower.

Brahma, the universal spirit, from whence all things emanate, was also the fated end of all existences. But who could tell the length of the journey in store for each separate human being? And who would warn the unfortunate traveller against the snares which are spread by demons in the path of the wisest and the descendants of the purest castes? Siddhārtha made a supreme resolution: "I am determined," said he, "that in disappearing from here below I will not any more be subject to the vicissitudes of transmigration. I will find the way to put a termination to birth and death, and when I have discovered it, I will impart it to the world. I will teach the law of grace to every one." He was then twenty-nine years of age; he separated from his father, his wives, and his children, visited the most

celebrated schools of the masters of the law of Manou, and gave himself up during six years to the study of religious systems, as well as the ascetic exercises of the Brahmins. But he arrived at the conviction that this road was not the one to lead to perfect understanding. It was some time later, in the midst of quiet and solitary meditation, that he felt suddenly affirmed in the fundamental principles of his doctrine. From that moment he believed that he was invested with the qualities of Buddha, and in full possession of perfect wisdom. He commenced his preachings at Bénarès at the age of thirty-six, travelled to Béhar, returned to the city of Kapilavastu, and converted to a religious life his three wives, his father, and other members of his family. As they bore the name of Sākya, it was by the surname of Sākya-muni, the recluse of the Sākya, that Buddha was soon known in all central India.

The contests which he had to sustain against the Brahmins imperilled his life several times, but he was able to exercise his mission for more than forty years without any other protection than the austerity of his morals and the perfection of his knowledge. When he felt his end approaching, at the age of eighty years, the venerable man took a tender leave of his companions in labour, and seating himself under the shade of a grove, quietly expired, leaving nothing in the world but his mortal remains, the remembrance of his teaching, and the effects of his good example. In the year 543 before Christ, seven days after the death of Buddha, a first assembly of his votaries settled the dogmas of the master, for he himself had not committed anything to writing. His doctrine—which he never intended to have any other end than that of working a moral reform in the Brahmin worship, and substituting a reign of duty for that of the gods, and the practice of good for that of vain ceremonies—became in its turn a dogmatic system, accom-

pened by a superstitious and idolatrous worship. Buddhism is now the principal religion in the island of Ceylon, the Birman empire, the kingdoms of Siam and Annam, Tonkin, Thibet, Tartary, Mongolia, China, and Japan. It reigned for some time in the whole of India, Java, and other islands, and exists still in Cashmere and Nepaul, the number of its adherents exceeding three hundred millions of souls, an amount to which no other religion in the globe has attained.

The introduction of Buddhism into Japan dates from B.C. 552. At this period Kin-meï, the thirteenth Mikado, received from the King of Petsi in the Corea, a statue of Sâkyamuni, together with some books, banners, a canopy, and other objects destined for use in his worship. These presents were accompanied by a letter containing the following recommendation: "This is the best of all doctrines, come from distant India; it reveals to us what was a mystery to Confucius himself, and transports us to a final state of incomparable happiness. The King of Petsi communicates it to the empire of the Mikado, in order that it may spread, and thus accomplish what is written in the books of Buddha—'My doctrine will extend to the east.'" The Mikado immediately consulted his ministers upon the reception which he ought to give to the statue of the grand Kami of India. "All the nations of the west," replied Inamé, venerate Buddha; "why should Nippon reject him?" "But," objected Wokosi, "if we then render homage to a strange Kami, is there not danger that we may irritate the national Kami?" Then the Mikado in his sovereign capacity pronounced this conciliatory sentence: "It is just and equitable to grant to man that which his heart desires—let Inamé revere the image." He carried it away and built a chapel for it. However, an epidemic arose, which they attributed to the new worship; the chapel was burnt, and the statue thrown into the river. But the family of Inamé continued to be secretly attached to the strange doctrine. Under the reign of Bsdats, successor of Kin-meï, the minister Sogano, son of Inamé, presented to the Mikado a bonze who came from Sinra, in Corea. The holy man—forewarned of the difficulties which he should meet with in the introduction of Buddhism into a country where the national religion so closely united the people and the sovereign—thought of a way to gain the favour of the Mikado. As soon as he perceived at the court the grandson of the Mikado, a youth of six years of age, about whose birth there had been something extraordinary, he threw himself at the feet of the child and worshipped him, announcing that he recognised in him the incarnation of a rival of Buddha, a new patron of the empire, a future propagator of religious light. The Mikado allowed himself to be persuaded to devote this child to the priesthood, and to confide his education to the Corean bonze. The rest can be guessed; the boy became the initiator and the first grand priest of Buddhism in Japan. He is still revered under the name of Sjo-Tok-Daisi, the holy and virtuous hereditary prince. Far from disowning the strange origin of the new worship, the Japanese make it their duty to recall it by various symbols, such as the heads of elephants which I have already named amongst the ornaments of architecture in the Buddhist monuments; also a small species of palm plant acclimatised in Japan, which one meets with at the entrance of the temples, in remembrance of India. It was easier for them to testify by certain outward signs their respect for the cradle of Buddha, than to preserve without alteration that which constituted the very essence of his religion,

that is to say, the exact tradition of his life, his personality, and his teachings. In the Japanese legend Buddha came into the world in a miraculous manner. Soon after his birth he placed himself standing in the middle of the room, took seven steps in the direction of each of the cardinal points of the compass, and pointing with his right hand to the sky and his left to the earth, he cried, "Around, above, and below, there is nothing that can be compared to me, nor anything more worthy of veneration." This is the position in which the infant Buddha is represented when they celebrate his birth. On the eighth day of the fourth month they go to the temple to sprinkle his statue with a decoction of aromatic herbs, which the bonzes have prepared in a sort of font at the feet of the image, which afterwards receives the adorations of the faithful; and at the end of their exercises the most devoted sprinkle themselves with the decoction and drink it. From the ninth to the fifteenth day of the second month they celebrate the remembrance of the meditations of the Sâkyamuni in the solitude of the forests. It is a week for retirement and preaching, during which the priests teach the people that the awakening of the supreme knowledge in the soul of Buddha was in correlation with the apparition of a brilliant star; that the sage obtained entire possession of the luminary, and announced during thirty-seven days the first book of the law, during twelve years the second, during thirty years the third, during eight years the fourth, and in one day and a night the last, which treats of the Nirwâna, or final annihilation. They add that during forty-nine years of his ministry he "turned the wheel of the law nearly three hundred and sixty times"—by which expression they mean the complete statement of his doctrine. The seventh and last day of the fête is consecrated to the commemoration of the death of Buddha. In each of the places of worship which are dedicated to him they raise a cenotaph, and the faithful go about from temple to temple rivalling each other in their zeal in decorating the holy tomb. It is then that they display in the temple of Toôfoukzi, at Kioto, the celebrated picture of Néhanzaô, painted by Toôdenzu. In the centre of this great canvas Buddha is represented extended under the *saras* trees plunged in the rest of eternal unconsciousness. The calm solemnity of his face shows that the freedom of his intellect is consummated, that the sage has irrevocably penetrated into the Nirwâna. His disciples who surround him regard him with a mixed expression of regret and admiration. The poor, the oppressed, the parias, bewail the charitable friend who maintained them with the alms which he gathered for them, and consoled them with compassionate words, and opened to them prospects of deliverance. The whole creation, even the animals, were disturbed by seeing him who always respected life in all the various forms which it assumes in nature, reduced to the state of a corpse. The spirits of the earth, of the water, and the air, approach him with respect, followed by the denizens of their dominions, fishes, birds, insects, reptiles, and quadrupeds of all sorts, even the white elephant—the last stage of the Brahminical transmigration. This composition, extravagant as it is, does not produce the less powerful effect; it awakens some mysterious sympathies, and seems even to express an idea which is not foreign to Christianity—for instance, that of a kind of joint liability established between man and all the beings of the terrestrial creation.

As for the principal subject of the picture, I believe that they have not altogether succeeded in conveying to the mind

what they mean to attribute to him. Do they represent the Nirwāna, the supreme end of the Buddhist aspirations, as the absorption of the soul of the just into the divine essence of the universal spirit, or do they really make it the synonym of annihilation? The Buddhist doctrine is very obscure on this point. However, the most respectable authorities pronounce in favour of the latter alternative. The interpretation which M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire gives, according to M. A. Burnouf, of the Buddhist Nirwāna, is summed up nearly word for word as follows:—Buddha takes for the starting-point of his doctrine an incontestable fact, the existence of sorrow, to which man is subject in some form or other in all social conditions. Looking into the causes of sorrow, he attributes them to passions, desires, faults, ignorance, and even to existence. This being the case, sorrow cannot be annihilated except by the cessation of existence, but it is necessary that this end, in order to be real, be annihilation, or the Nirwāna. There is no other way of getting free from the perpetual succession of new births, or of escaping the law of transmigration. That compound of soul and body called man cannot be really freed without absolute annihilation, because, if the least atom of the soul—no matter how little—remained, the soul would again revive under one of those numerous semblances which nature assumes, and its supposed liberation would only be an illusion like the others; the only refuge and the only reality is annihilation, because there can be no returning from it.

If the opinion which I quote really expresses the idea of the Hindu reformer, we must acknowledge that the Buddhist Nirwāna surpasses in tragic horror everything the ancients have imagined about the mystery of human destiny. This conception is at once the lowest expression of despair and the highest pitch of caprice. In proposing to abolish sorrow by the suppression of existence, Buddhism places itself on the verge of atheism. At the same time that it welcomes death as the angel of deliverance, it throws him a haughty defiance.

The first result of Buddhist preachings amongst the Japanese was to satisfy the curiosity of these islanders, who are as inquisitive and trifling as the Hindus are taciturn and thoughtful. What a vast field to explore for minds who were still in their first voyage of discovery in the regions of metaphysics! As they show no desire to plunge into the Nirwāna, they occupy themselves especially with what passes between death and final extinction. With the help of the priests they soon got into circulation in the towns and country a certain number of settled ideas on the soul, death, and life to come, without prejudice, be it understood, to that which they had learned from their fathers touching the ancient gods and the venerable national Kamis. The soul of man, they say, is as a lengthened floating vapour, indissoluble, having the form of a tadpole, with a thin filament of blood which reaches from the head to the extremity of the tail. If they keep watch they can see it escape from the house of death the moment the dying person breathes the last sigh. In every case it is easy to perceive the creaking of the window-frame on its departure. Where does it go to? They do not know, but it cannot fail to be received by the serving spirits of the great judge of the shades below, who take it before his tribunal, where it is made to kneel before a mirror, which recalls to it every evil it has committed. This phenomenon is sometimes produced on earth. A comedian of Yédo, who was guilty of murder, could not look in his glass without seeing the livid face of his victim. Souls

charged with crimes wander, according to the gravity of the case, in one or other of the eighteen circles surrounding the infernal regions. By way of purification, they remain in purgatory, from which they are released as soon as possible without danger of relapse, to continue their progressive course. At last the souls come back to the place which they had formerly inhabited, or where their mortal remains were concealed.

A young woman having gone to sleep, suddenly started up and perceived a shadow above her, inside the mosquito curtain; her husband, by her side, fell cowering on his knees, struck with terror, for though he did not distinguish the apparition, he heard the plaintive sounds of a well-known voice—the dying voice of his first wife, whom he had poisoned to make place for the young wife, who was then his mistress. In the path by the river, in the centre of the great marsh, the traveller is stopped by seeing two pale phantoms rising up. It is a young mother clasping her infant in her arms; despair and misery have induced her to commit a double crime. The passers-by say that every evening the two victims come out of the deep water and stand erect in accusation against the true author of their death. There exist some solitary places, strewn with rubbish and choked up with thorns and venomous plants, in which souls in punishment, as well as hideous demons, wander. One uniform legend is attached to these places, it is—that there existed there the castle of a feudal tyrant, whose life was a succession of acts of violence and cruelty; at last he was surprised in his haunt, and the outraged families satisfied their vengeance by blood and flames. He returned, and recollected how he was struck, and he remained frozen with horror, exposed without defence to the imprecations of his victims and to infernal mockings. Ghost stories, frightful tales, and books illustrated with engravings representing hell and apparitions of demons, exist in Japan in such profusion that the popular imagination is truly possessed by them. The patron of this literature, according to the national mythology, is Tengou, the god of dreams, a winged spirit. Crowned with an extinguisher and armed with a golden bat, he conducts the nocturnal sarabands of all objects, profane or sacred, which occupy the reveries of men; even the sanctuaries of death must obey his brutal call. The candelabra bend their luminous heads in time, the stone tortoises which support the epitaphs clamp with slow steps; and the grinning skeletons, draped in winding-sheets, join in the fantastic round, waving round them with slow measure the paper aspersorium which chases away the evil spirits.

One can hardly imagine that nearly a third of the human race has no other religion but Buddhism, a religion without God, composed of nothing, invented by despair. One would like to persuade oneself that the multitudes under its dominion do not understand the doctrines which they profess, or refuse to admit the consequences of it. The idolatrous practices which are engrafted on the book of the law seem, in reality, to show that it has not been able either to satisfy or to stifle the religious sentiments innate in man, and constantly living in the breast of the people. On the other hand, we cannot deny the influence of the philosophy of final annihilation on a great many of the traits and customs of Japanese life. The children are taught by the Irova in the schools that life passes like a dream, and leaves no trace after it. When the Japanese arrives at mature age, he will sacrifice

his own or his neighbour's life with the most disdainful indifference—for the satisfaction of his pride, or for some trifling resentment. Murders and suicides are so frequent in Japan, that there are few noblemen who have not had some in their families; and they make it a point of honour to be able to exhibit at least one sabre which has been steeped in blood. Buddhism, however, has an advantage in some respects over the religions which it has supplanted. This relative superiority is owing to the justice of its starting-point, which is the acknowledgment of a want of freedom, based on the double fact of the existence of evil in man, and of a universal state of

that it is not in the abstract and philosophical form that it became so popular; and nothing shows this more than its present condition. In Japan, as in India, there have been some ascetics weakened by abstinence and lost in contemplation; but they have been certainly very few, and the most illustrious was of Hindoo origin. This was Boddhi-Dharma, the founder of the Sensju sect, who came to Japan in the year 613 A.D. He is represented in a legend as crossing the strait of Corea, standing on one of those large leaves of the tree called "aschi," or, what is even less probable, on a simple reed. He prepared himself for his mission by a retirement



BUDDHIST HIGH-PRIEST WORSHIPPED BY HIS SUBORDINATES.

misery and suffering in the world. The promises of the Kamis creed relate to the present life. The rules of purification serve to protect the faithful from the five great evils, which are, fire from heaven, sickness, poverty, exile, and early death. The pomps of the religious fêtes have no other end than the glorification of the heroes of the empire. But if patriotism be idealised to the quality of a national creed, it is not the less true that this natural sentiment, so precious and so respectable, does not suffice to fill the mind and satisfy all its wants. The human mind is greater than the world; it requires a religion which can detach it from earth. Buddhism, in a certain degree, responds to the aspirations of a nature till then not recognised. This circumstance alone would explain the success with which it has been propagated in Japan and elsewhere solely by persuasion. Nevertheless, one can well believe

of nine consecutive years, which he passed in the Corean temple of Schão-lin, seated on a mat, with his face invariably turned towards the wall.

THE BONZES.

Buddha had recommended to his disciples the exercise of the Dhyāna, or contemplation; and the bonzes, wishing to regulate the progress of contemplation, made the Dhyāna a sort of mystic scale in two stages, each subdivided into four degrees. In order to surmount the first step the ascetic ought to be free from every other desire but that of the Nirwāna. In this state of the mind he still judges and reasons, but he is safe from the seductions of evil, and the feeling that this first step opens to him the perspective of the Nirwāna, throws him into a state of ecstasy which soon allows him to attain to the second degree.

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PANORAMA OF BENTEN.

At this second step, while the purity of the ascetic remains the same, he has also put aside judgment and reason, so that his intellect, which no longer occupies itself with things, but is wholly fixed on the Nirvāna, only feels the pleasure of an inward satisfaction, without examining it, or even understanding it. At the third degree the pleasure and the inward satisfaction have disappeared, the sage falls into indifference with regard even to the happiness which till now remained as a proof of his intelligence, and the only pleasure which remains to him is a vague feeling of physical well-being which pervades his whole body. Meanwhile, he has not lost the recollection of the states through which he has passed, and he has still a confused consciousness of himself, in spite of the almost total indifference to which he has arrived. At last, at the fourth degree, the ascetic ceases to possess the feeling of physical well-being, even in this limited form. He has also entirely lost all recollection, as well as the feeling of indifference, and henceforth, free from all pleasure and all pain at any object whatsoever, he has become impassible, and as near to the Nirvāna as he can be during this life. The ascetic is then allowed to approach the second stage of the Dhyāna, the four transcendental regions of the world without form. He first enters the region of infinite space, from that he mounts a degree higher into the region of infinite intelligence, and having reached this height, he attains to a third region, that of absolute non-existence. But as in this abyss and darkness one might suppose that he would still retain one idea which would represent to him the nothingness into which he has plunged himself, he makes a last and supreme effort, and enters into the fourth region of the world without form, where he has no more ideas, not even an idea of the absence of ideas. Such are the mystic exercises of the Buddhist contemplation, and Buddha-Dharma was the promoter of it in Japan. The other apostles, his successors, walked in the steps of Buddha in the same way—that is to say, substituting, each in his own way, outward practices for spontaneous piety and the action of the intellect.

The master had said to his disciples, "Go, pious men, conceal your good works and show your sins." The bonzes accordingly instituted processions of penitents. Gentleness was one of the dominant traits in the character of Sākyamuni, and he extended his pity to all created beings. When his doctrine spread amongst the Japanese, they made a law forbidding to eat the flesh of any domestic animal, a custom which, amongst other economical effects, had the advantage of preventing the raising of the price of buffaloes, which in the rice-planting countries is absolutely indispensable to the poor cultivators.

Soon after, certain Buddhist sects went so far as to proscribe all other than vegetable nourishment. Sākyamuni counselled the abstaining not only from falsehood and bad conversation, but even from all idle words. Silence was added to the number of the monastic vows, and, in the same way, self-denial, purity of morals, patience, and perseverance were enjoined by ordinances which regulated in their minutest details costume, food, and the employment of the hours of day and night in the various conventual communities.

As Buddha had shown himself indefatigable in soliciting the commiseration of the rich in favour of all in adversity, they organised the brotherhood of mendicant monks. As he had declared that they would find him no less well disposed towards men despised by the world than towards those who were

respected, and that he would expound the law to the ignorant as well as to the learned, they made ignorance a cardinal virtue. Whilst, according to the Hindoo reformer, knowledge was allied with faith, this last virtue, in the judgment of the bonzes, dispensed with all the others. "With the exception of the Sensju sect," writes a Japanese author, "our bonzes keep the people, and above all the common people, in profound ignorance. They say that a blind faith is sufficient to lead to perfection. The great priest Foudaisi, who came from China with his two sons, Fousjoo and Fouken, invented a mechanical process calculated to dispense with the bonzes and to turn the wheel of the law according to the sacred direction in the mystical language of Buddhism, at the same time allowing them to accomplish this operation according to the letter of the law.

"He constructed the *rinsoo*, a kind of movable reading-desk, on which he placed the rolls of sacred books. His adepts received, according to the degree of their devotion, authority to make a quarter of a turn of the *rinsoo*, a half turn, or three-quarters of a turn; but they rarely obtain a whole turn, because that is considered to be as meritorious an act as to have recited all the books of the law from beginning to end."

The Sinran, bonzes, Nitziten, and about thirty others, have made a name as founders of sects, each one distinguished by some peculiarity more or less worthy of revealing the ingenious invention of Foudaisi. Thus a certain brotherhood has the monopoly of the working of the great family rosary. The Buddhist rosary can only display its virtue when told correctly. In a large family it is impossible always to avoid mistakes in using it, hence the want of efficacy sometimes urged against it.

Instead of recriminating in such a case, the wisest thing is to call into the house a bonze of the great rosary to set things right. This functionary hastens to the spot bearing his instrument, which is nearly the size of a boa constrictor. This he puts into the hands of the family as they kneel in a circle, whilst he himself assumes the same position in front of the altar of the domestic idol, and directs the ceremony by means of a bell and a little hammer. At a given signal the whole family—father, mother, and children—begin to chant with all their lungs the suitable prayers. The large beads and the little beads follow each other with a pleasing regularity of sound. As the hammer beats the circle gets animated, the cries become excited, arms and hands obey with the precision of a machine, till the work makes them hot and tired. At last the ceremony is concluded, leaving every one panting and exhausted, but radiant with happiness because the intercessory gods may be safely supposed to be satisfied.

Buddhism is a very flexible religion, conciliating, insinuating, and accommodating itself to the tastes and customs of people of the most opposite characters. From their first entrance into Japan the bonzes contrived to have some of the shrines and even some of the little chapels of Kamis entrusted to them to guard in their sanctuaries. They took care to add to their own ceremonies symbols borrowed from the ancient national worship, and at last, in order the better to blend the two religions, they introduced into their temples at the same time some Kamis invested with the titles and attributes of Hindoo divinities, and some of the Hindoo divinities transformed into Japanese Kamis. There was nothing inadmissible in such changes, which were all naturally explained by the doctrine of transmigration.

Thanks to this combination of the two forms of worship, to which they had given the name of Kioobon Sintoo, Buddhism has become the dominant religion in Japan. At a superficial glance it does not appear to do more than add its sanction to the ancient national memories, and some new objects of veneration to those which served for the devotion of the masses. At first they raised those colossal statues to the Buddha of India, of which the Daiboudhs of Kamakura present the most perfect type, and later the Japanese idea of a supreme divinity was personified in the fantastic image of Amida, who is represented under nine different forms, symbolising his essential perfections, one of which is expressed by the head of a dog.

Between the two auxiliaries who served as a medium for men in approaching the divinity, the people principally favoured Kwannon, who possesses the most frequented temple at Yeddo,

characteristic attribute by which he is distinguished from the others, such as the saint of the tortoise, of the tiger, of the kid, of the crane, of the crab, the dragon, the bamboo, the waterfall, the rainbow. But this is not all; the Buddhists have imagined a queen of heaven and guardians of heaven, some of which also figure as guardians of the temples; then, kings of the earth, kings of hills, spirits beneficent and avenging. It has put by the side of the ancient Japanese divinity of the sun, the gods of the moon, the planets, the signs of the zodiac, the spirits of rain, wind, and thunder. Lastly, it has given celestial patrons to all classes and all social professions—doctors, soldiers, grooms, and hunters. Amongst this multitude of images, grave or fantastical, which Buddhism displays before our eyes, it is not always easy to distinguish those which properly belong to it, some of them without doubt having been popular in Japan before its growth. The former, in the Chinese mythology, is overloaded with



REFECTORY OF A BUDDHIST MONASTERY.

and at Kioto, in the famous temple of the 33,000,333 spirits (pronounced in Japanese Sananan sansia sanbiak sansin santai), this divinity reposes on a lotus flower, the left leg folded under the body, and on the head a veil which descends to the shoulders, and ornamented with a necklace which falls over the breast.

The colossal idol of the Kwannon of Kioto has as many as forty-six arms, which are filled with all kinds of attributes symbolic of its power. The Bosats are also adored as divine beings. They are represented as seated, like the Kwannon, on a lotus flower, the head encircled by a ribbon which falls upon the shoulders, and the right hand bearing a lily or a lotus. Below them are the Arhans—who thousands of years ago had accomplished the cycle of the metempsychosis—the Gonghens, divinities who reappear under human forms, the Dsizoo, the Fôutoo, and others that it is superfluous to enumerate.

The Buddhists have, moreover, deified the Rakans, the eighteen principal disciples of Sâkyamuni; the Sennins, the most illustrious apostles of its doctrine; and the Mioôdzins, the throng of its martyrs; each of these individuals having a

attributes borrowed from the stag, the sparrow, and the leopard. In Japan it possesses only one leather bottle as Æolus, but the symbol-loving Japanese shows his superiority to the Greek by making Futen appear suspended in the air with his hair dishevelled and with the bottle poised on his shoulders. As it has two openings, he presses the two necks, one with each of his hands, thus making them play at his will, in an attitude and with an expression which are not devoid of a certain picturesque merit.

Kaiden, the god of thunder, is a grotesque demon, who is borne upon the clouds bearing a mallet in each hand, and beating half a dozen cymbals placed round his head. There is a great deal of uncertainty about the origin of the numerous fantastic animals of the Japanese mythology. I shall only mention those to which some artistic interest is attached. The Kirin has the head of a unicorn, the feet of a stag, and the body of a horse. It comes like a flash of lightning, its feet skimming the earth so that it would not crush even a worm; it is said that its appearance foretells the birth of one of the beneficent spirits, such as Sâkyâ, Dharma, or Sôtokdaisi.

Seven Months in the Balearic Islands.—II.

BY E. G. BARTHOLOMEW, C.E., M.S.E.

OLD ROMAN TOWN OF ALCUDIA—INCA—PALMA—TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—VISIT OF QUEEN ISABELLA—LANGUAGE OF MAJORCA.

AT the north-east end of Majorca there is a large tract of low land covered with reeds and swamps, called Albufera. In the hot season the air for some distance around this lake is most pestilential; and an old Roman town standing near it, called Alcudia, has become almost depopulated through the malaria which arises from it. Efforts have been and still are being made to drain and cultivate the district, the land which has been reclaimed being of immense value. A Spanish engineer was engaged in the work of drainage whilst I was in the island, and in his company I paid a visit to this locality, which is possessed of the highest interest. A regular series of straight ditches or small canals had been cut, traversing the marsh at right angles in all directions. We started from the extremity of one of these canals in a flat-bottomed boat, a man "punting" it along by a pole. The ground between the canals was covered for the most part with tall reeds at least twenty feet high, thus obscuring the view on both sides. Any one unacquainted with the various turnings and windings of the canals would soon be lost in the labyrinth. For three hours we continued slowly to glide along between the walls of reeds, until we at length reached an open part of the swamp. Throughout our entire course the water literally swarmed with fish, whilst the more open parts abounded in water-fowl of all kinds, the banks appearing alive with scorpions, lizards, and other interesting reptiles, and the air around us being noisy with the unceasing hum of innumerable insects. Certainly, if the place was not conducive to the existence of man, it was singularly favourable to the development of lower organisms. The labourers employed upon the work, standing as they had to do constantly up to their chests in water, were innocent of clothing, and the tanning effect of the sun caused them very closely to resemble Mexican Indians.

On the side of a hill near Albufera is an interesting relic of the early Christian inhabitants of Majorca. It is a subterranean chapel once beautifully carved, the whole, including the steps leading down to it, being cut in the solid rock which composes the mountain. The chapel is about fifty feet square and thirty feet high. The position and remains of the altar are still visible, and many pieces of carved stone are strewn around. The place is supposed to have formed a retreat for the Roman Christians when hunted and oppressed by the Moors; it must therefore be fully a thousand years old.

The poor deserted town of Alcudia affords evident proofs of what it once was. It was built by the Romans, and Roman remains in great quantities lie scattered around, far beyond the massive walls and deep moat which encircle the town, although these means of defence are of much more modern date. The walls are now covered with luxuriant vegetation. There is no difficulty in finding a place for shelter in Alcudia both for man and beast, for by far the greater number of houses are tenantless and doorless, and the traveller may walk, himself and his horse too, if he chooses, into any one of these without being questioned, and if he is provided with food he will be better off

inside four bare walls, with the dry earth for his seat, than in the filthy place known as the "Fonda."

To the south of Alcudia is the fine bay of the same name, semicircular in shape, and bounded almost everywhere by lofty perpendicular rocks. A considerable quantity of good coral is fished from Alcudia Bay, and costs even on the spot, when obtainable, four dollars a pound; it is not, however, easily to be purchased, as the whole is bespoken. South of the bay is a large natural cavern, or rather a series of caverns, approachable only by the sea, called La Cueva de la Ermita. This very beautiful natural formation abounds in rock crystal and immense stalactites, and extends to an unexplored distance inland.

Scenery of the boldest description meets the view on the eastern side of Majorca, varied by exquisitely beautiful valleys, magnificent contrasts of land and water, bare crags and forest-covered slopes; but it is time I pass on to other parts of the island, and we will proceed westward through it, choosing the main road to Palma. On this road stand some large and important towns. First is Inca, the second town in the island in size and commercial importance, standing in the midst of immense forests of olive trees, and the centre of the oil district. Inca is distant sixteen miles from Alcudia, and the road thence lies for almost the whole distance through a succession of olive groves, making it shady and pleasant.

Passing through this populous and thriving town, the well-constructed road conducts to the outskirts of Benisalem, a town lying off the road about a mile to the north, and situated on rising ground at the foot of the mountains. Adjoining the town is the estate of some marquis, whose name I have forgotten. He had recently discovered coal on his property, and was anxious I should inspect "la mina," with which high-sounding term he had invested the rabbit burrow he had scratched down into the earth. With great difficulty I groped my way down about fifty yards, but the entire absence of ventilation produced such an intense heat, that in the absence of any benefit likely to arise from a further exploration, I was glad to retrace my steps to daylight. I was, however, satisfied with the quality of the coal, and have no doubt that, properly developed, the pit would become a valuable property. The shaft was on a slope, the coal being brought to the surface in baskets by children, a plan still adopted, I am informed, in some Scottish collieries. A company has since been formed for working the mine, and it is, I believe, doing well.

What a busy road this is over which we have been passing! Ever since we left Inca a continuous stream of carts laden with country produce has been travelling in our direction, and continuing up to the walls of Palma, like some huge caravan. If we linger till night we shall meet this caravan returning empty, a ceaseless train, the whole night through. The drivers are all asleep, and trust to the sagacity of their mules for getting safely home. These animals usually know their proper side, but now and then some dull brute persists in keeping to the middle, and the loudest shouts will scarcely awake the sleepers. All the roads in Majorca are constructed by and at the expense of the government, and are models of

road-making, no expense being spared upon them. Valleys are bridged and rocks cut through to great depths in order to secure a fair level way, the greatest care being observed in the drainage. They are frequently planted on both sides at short intervals with trees, which become a great boon in the hot season. When finished, the road is divided into sections, over each of which is placed an inspector and a staff of labourers for its maintenance. One more stage along this busy road, and we arrive in sight of the fine old walls of Palma, the city itself, with the exception of a few church towers, being hidden until the portals and drawbridge are passed. The gate by which we enter bears the name of St. Anthony, the patron saint of Spain; there are seven others, all having different names, but by only one of these can the city be entered. Palma was built by Metellus the Bloody, 120 B.C. Since then the Moors have altered and enlarged it, and it now retains all the distinctive characteristics of a Moorish place. It is entirely surrounded by a massive wall at least twenty feet broad at the top, which forms an agreeable promenade. There is a well-made ditch on three sides of the city. The wall and ditch were constructed in 1562.

Palma, in addition to twenty-two parish churches, contains a fine cathedral, built close to the wall overlooking the sea. It is still unfinished, though commenced in 1230 by James I. The nave of the cathedral is remarkably lofty, and is supported by very slender pillars; the windows are small, and are placed so high above the pavement, that an air of gloom pervades the structure, which the scant number of worshippers frequenting the building does not tend to diminish. The organ is a splendid instrument, and is exquisitely handled. This cathedral suffered from an earthquake a few years since, the north end having been greatly injured. The celebrated tomb erected by Carlos III. to the memory of James II., which contains the mummy of the last-named prince, occupies the centre of the nave in front of the high altar.

The city of Palma contains 60,000 inhabitants, noted for their industry, and for their skill in the manufacture of inlaid furniture. The cafés are numerous, but only a few are good. The best adjoin the fashionable promenade of "El Borne," although why it is fashionable I could never understand, as there is a much more agreeable and shady promenade at another part of the town, called "La Rambla." Palma possesses a magnificent club-house, whose books contain the names of more than 1,000 members; strangers are freely admitted and kindly welcomed here.

The fondas or hotels of Palma are decidedly bad. The "Fonda del Vapor" is the best, but bad is the best. The tourist in Spain should, if possible, avoid the fondas, except perhaps in Madrid, Barcelona, and the large cities. It is still more necessary to do so in Palma; and he should obtain from the superintendent of police the name of a "casa de huéspedes" or boarding house. Those houses are all registered in the police books, and are highly respectable.

If I were to go twenty times to Palma I should always put up at the "casa" kept by my old friend Paola and her aged sister. I remained with them for several months, and have never in all my wanderings found their equals in kindness and attention. During Paola's daily rounds to replenish her larder and to cater for her lodgers' tastes, she occasionally brought a living bird, rabbit, or perhaps a hedgehog by way of a dainty, and tying one of their legs to that of her kitchen table, she

would feed them up to cooking pitch, and then turn butcher. I can testify to her skill in feeding and cooking. Poor old Paola's efforts at the production of a dinner à l'Anglaise were as unsuccessful as can well be imagined. For the especial benefit of some Spanish friends, I wished on one occasion to have a roast leg of mutton; perhaps the fault lay in her instructor, at all events, in spite of her earnest desire to do well, she signally failed in bringing to table an eatable joint; the thing was perfectly innocent of moisture, and not all her nervous fly-flapping over the table would make it even passable. Stewed hedgehog was a dish she understood—the dainty fat little joints being brought to table in admirable perfection. Cats are highly esteemed in Spain, but as I had most positively forbidden my "maestra" to give me cooked puss in any form whatever, I hope I have never tasted stewed cat; of course I cannot be certain, but the best plan to adopt upon the Continent is to eat and ask no questions.

Palma is a bishopric, and also the seat of the local government of the province. The "Gobernadór" here holds his court—a petty despot, a man often dangerous to offend. At Palma are also the head-quarters of the "Captain-General," a military official possessing authority second only to the Governor. The ill-fated Ortega held this position in 1859, and at the head of the soldiers whom he was bound to employ for the service of his Queen, he, with the secret connivance of the Governor, seized the mail steamers in the harbour, and started for the Peninsula, keeping his loyal troops in utter ignorance of their destination, and of the object of their sudden departure until their landing, when, at the shouts of "Viva Don Carlos" raised by himself and the few others in the secret, he found himself deserted, a prisoner, a felon, and finally a condemned traitor. The Governor, who contrived to get out of the scrape for awhile, retained his position during part of my stay in the islands. Having occasion to see him at various times, I found him invariably seated at a table with a large jar of tobacco before him, and the waste-paper basket beside him, puffing away at cigarettes manufactured by himself from the contents of both. His successor was a man of a very different stamp, with whom business was always the first consideration. Rather than delay me when compelled to see him at an unseemly hour, he had me brought to his bed-side, and apologised for the mode of reception.

My acquaintance with the islands was greatly facilitated by the Government placing at my disposal a small steamer and a special pass, which, although intended for business, was oftentimes available for pleasure.

I was desirous, on one occasion, to go with all haste from Majorca to Iriza, but, unfortunately, my steamer was under repair, and I had to "felucca" the passage. Those who know what it is to be becalmed in the tropics, with nothing but an open deck to remain on, can better understand the pleasure of my trip in this horrible boat, which took thirty-six hours in getting over seventy-five miles.

I had the good fortune to be in Majorca during the total eclipse of the sun on the 18th of July, 1860. The east end of Iriza lay in the direct centre of the belt of total obscurity, and had it not been for the accident to the steamer, which condemned me to a felucca on the occasion already mentioned, I had pursued finding business in that island on this day. However, the western side of Majorca was well inside the belt, and there I went, with a large party of friends and

others, in a steamer retained for the occasion. Myself and friends landed at Audraix Bay. We were provided with a tent to protect us from the heat, and ample supplies of provender. Never did the morning of a total eclipse open more favourably; and great was the excitement felt by us all to behold this magnificent spectacle in an unclouded sky. The eclipse did not occur till the afternoon, and the time between it and our arrival was occupied in a ramble over the neighbourhood, which of itself amply repaid our visit. It would be a difficult thing to fix the age of the grand old olive trees with which the locality abounds. The town of Audraix is a small, clean place, and, being aware of our coming, it was on this occasion decked out with flags, and exhibited other demonstrations of a holiday. The wretched springless "tartana," in which I risked my neck in going to the village, was discarded on my return. I infinitely preferred "footing" it back to the shore through gardens and groves, which are to be seen here in perfection. We returned to the shade of our tent, soon itself to be enveloped in a darker and more awful shadow. As the eagerly anticipated time approached, we anxiously looked, watch in hand, for the first indications of the eclipse. True to its predicted time, the first indentation of the sun's disc now became visible, and was soon sufficiently increased to enable us to feel satisfied that the line of progress would place us in total obscurity. The slowness of progression was, however, such that the eye became perfectly accustomed to the increasing diminution of light, and thus more than three-fourths of the sun was obscured without any very apparent decrease in the distinctness of the landscape. Now, however, the lessening of the sun's light became more and more sensible, and with the increased rapidity of change our feelings became more excited, and our anxiety about some clouds, which now began to appear, increased; and whilst I felt every moment becoming more precious, my desire to observe every change occurring around in things celestial, terrestrial, and aqueous, only increased my anxiety. Very soon all that remained visible of the sun was a curved line of light, and even this shed more brilliancy over the scene than the moon shining at her full. In an instant this line was broken up into what resembled a chain of diamonds, caused by the protuberances on the moon's surface overlapping the narrow line, and permitting the sun's disc to be seen only through the gorges between her lofty mountains—a beautiful fact, appearing thus to bring her wondrous physical geography almost within our grasp. Now the climax arrived, and I never can forget that precious moment when, the last sparkle of the sun being extinguished, in an instant the moon's large black orb stood out in bold relief in the midst of the starry heavens, she herself encircled by rays of glory which streamed and darted out from behind her on all sides, whilst the awfully sudden and preternatural gloom which immediately brooded over sea and land was accompanied by a stillness perfectly oppressive, broken only by the low murmur of admiration arising from the lips—I might almost say the *hearts*—of the spectators. "Mira! mira!" "Que preciosa!" and so forth, arose in subdued accents from my friends. Truly this was a sight one would wish to see. No natural phenomenon equals a total solar eclipse in sublimity. I paid special attention to the luminous appearance encircling the moon, in consequence of the variety of statements and opinions upon this point formed from observations on previous eclipses, and I can

only say that the movable character of the luminosity was very evident, although it appeared to be caused by the darting out of the sun's rays in lines of different and varying length, some being short and concentrated, others longer and fainter, the one being rapidly changed into the other. I am unable to reconcile the appearance of any light whatever around the moon's edge, when her bulk is apparently larger than that of the sun, and entirely overlapping it, with the non-existence of a lunar atmosphere. Those who witnessed the eclipse of 1706 have recorded the same opinion. For several minutes the gloom continued, and although I would willingly have prolonged the period for as many hours, yet ample time was afforded for making any observations desired. Having noted the position of many stars during the solar obscuration, I was enabled to keep them in view for a considerable time after day again broke. Myself and friends were singularly fortunate in our choice of a position to view the eclipse; others, the greater number of those who came from Palma, selected the summit of a neighbouring mountain for their position, and were deprived of the entire spectacle by reason of clouds.

The poor peasantry, who turned out in groups to witness they knew not what, were awe-struck at the gloom, calling on the Virgin for protection, and many and strange were their remarks as they observed the sun growing less and less. One old woman asked us seriously if he was being devoured!

During my stay in the Balears, Queen Isabella II. paid her first visit to the province. No Spanish sovereign had been in the islands for about 400 years previously, and this event was therefore one which called forth a great display of loyalty and rejoicing. She brought her entire family, and was escorted by a large body of troops, the presence of the latter being deemed necessary in consequence of Ortega's recent escapade. To feed Her Majesty and her retinue, the fat of the land was concentrated in Palma. Iriza sent felucca after felucca laden with the exquisite fruits of that fruitful island, which literally raised the prices of provisions there. When at Mabon an amusing circumstance occurred. The ex-Queen of Spain, as many are aware, is very stout, and having accepted an invitation from her officers to a grand fête on board the *Prince of the Asturias*, she was unable, owing to her extreme corpulence, to ascend the companion ladder, and thus ended the would-be loyal demonstration.

The inhabitants of the Balears are in no respect different from the Spaniards in the treatment of their dead. Whilst life remains no people are kinder to their sick than are the Spaniards; but the moment the breath has left the body, no more respect is shown it than for a dead dog. The corpse is laid in a rude coffin without a cover, the face being exposed, and in this condition it is carried by torch-light to the cemetery without ceremony, or any appearance of regret or respect. The cemetery itself is nothing more than a small square of ground, surrounded by a wall and entered by an iron gate, and resembles more than anything else I can suggest one of our old English pounds, for shutting up stray asses, &c. In one corner of this space is a shed; this is the bone-house, into which are flung the bones and skulls, when they have, by repeated interments, accumulated on the adjoining ground. The grave is only two feet deep, and the body is well covered with lime when interred. The result is that whitening bones and skulls are profusely scattered over the ground from the constant disturbance of the soil to construct fresh graves.

It is somewhat foreign to the subject to introduce some of the peculiarities of the Roman Catholic religion, but without going far into this subject I am unwilling altogether to omit mentioning the impression made upon me when I first observed the reverence shown by all classes for the viaticum in its passage through the streets to the house of some dying person. I was in Madrid, and staying with friends, when, sitting one day with them in *la famille*, one young lady playing, another singing, another working, I was startled by every one suddenly leaving their occupation, and dropping upon their knees, their faces to the window. In the midst of the ensuing silence, I heard what my innocence conjectured was a muffin boy's bell tinkling in the street below, forgetting that I was not in England. The sound of the bell having died away, my friends resumed their employments, and I then ascertained that the bell was the sign that a priest was passing on his way to some dying person's house, and carrying the consecrated wafer. The bell, which invariably precedes the priest upon this mission, is the signal for *every one* within reach of its sound to do homage to "*la majestad*." My friends watched for the return of the bell, and again prostrated themselves, although in their anxiety to do so a false alarm was given before the bell was again really heard. The like prostration occurs in the street; a regiment of soldiers on the march halts and kneels; the actors in a theatre stop their performance at the magic tinkling of the little bell, players and spectators alike falling down to do reverence.

The Exchange of Palma, called the house of "Constratacion," dates from the fourteenth century. It is built of stone, and is beautiful both externally and internally. Indeed, the elaborate character of the interior decoration, and the perfect symmetry of the architecture, places this building far above all others in Palma. It unfortunately occupies a most obscure position near the wall in the lower part of the city. The splendid roof rests upon the most exquisitely carved spiral columns. At present this building is employed for holding public entertainments. The town-hall is advantageously situated in the highest part of the town, and has over its front, and under the shadow of its superb cornice, a remarkable clock and sun-dial, said to have been placed in its present position by some Dominican friars in 1385, but its constructor is unknown. This wonderful piece of mechanism is known throughout the islands as the "Balearic Clock." I should be afraid to enumerate all the strange peculiarities of this timekeeper, or half of the curious combinations and complex indications attributed to it.

The houses of Palma are altogether Moorish in style. They are spacious, very handsomely carved and decorated, and constructed with great regard to coolness and ventilation. Some are built wholly of marble, and most of them are artistically decorated outside with painted fruits and flowers. To the north of the city, and standing upon an eminence, is the Castle of Belbez, the old residence of the Mallorquine kings, but converted by the Spaniards into a state prison. Arago the astronomer was confined within its dreary dungeons. He had been sent by Napoleon, in 1808, to assist Delambre in the measurement of an arc of the meridian. At this period France and Spain were in hostility, and the Mallorquines were especially bitter against everybody and everything French. In spite of his scientific mission the luckless Arago was seized and immured in Belbez. He was subsequently sent to Africa, and escaped thence with difficulty.

The language spoken in Majorca differs very considerably from Spanish. It is considered to be a mixture of Arabic, Spanish, Greek, and Romana Rustica, the latter better known in the south of France as the Simonsin. Mallorquine is much more difficult of acquirement than Castilian, there being more words employed to convey the same signification. For example, in Spanish the definite article is simply *lo, la; los, las*; embracing therein masculine and feminine, singular and plural; whilst in Mallorquine it is *lo, so; la, sa; los, sos; las, sas*; and another form also, *es, es*, for the common gender. Some valuable works on jurisprudence have been written by Mallorquines in their own language, which is possessed of a regular grammar and dictionary.

The money of Majorca differs in some respects from the Spanish coinage, coins which are current in the islands not being received on the mainland. All the copper coinage is different, being very ancient and extremely small.

The bold coasts of Majorca are well indicated at night by admirably constructed lighthouses, equal in every respect to those on our own coasts.

The small group of islands called Cabrera, lying to the south of Majorca, contains but little of interest. The nearest point of Cabrera is about eight miles from the southern extremity of Majorca, a stormy strait running between. Cabrera, the largest of the group, is three miles long, and not one mile in width. It is little better than a dry, barren rock, with no signs of vegetation upon it beyond a few fir trees growing between the rocks; and yet in this desolate place languished for three long years the poor Frenchmen taken prisoners by the Spaniards in 1808. They were brought here with nothing but the clothes in which they were captured, having no shelter prepared for them from the burning sun, and here were crowded no fewer than 5,000 at the same time. Their sufferings were intense; there was but one spring of fresh water upon the island, and this spring was guarded by the Spanish sentinels, who allowed no one to approach it by day, whilst by night the whole of the prisoners had to pass it in single file, and quench their thirst as they passed. Their food was limited to six ounces of bread and a handful of hard beans per day, which was brought from Palma in a vessel, in quantities only sufficient to last until her return every fourth day.

Once, owing to some neglect, the vessel failed to return for several days after her appointed time, and the starving men dragged their emaciated bodies up the rocks to look out for her; 150 perished at this time from starvation. Soon after their arrival on the island, these poor creatures constructed huts of the boughs of fir trees, to protect them from the scorching sun; but when the heavy rains set in, these frail tenements became useless, and they built more substantial dwellings of the trunks of trees already stripped of their branches. These huts soon became infested with rats, which, however, were hailed with delight by the prisoners, as forming a change of diet. Altogether, during this sad period, about four thousand out of eight thousand Frenchmen perished on this wretched spot.

The island is still a place of banishment for certain classes of offenders, and no spot could be more appropriate to render them weary of existence. There are many caverns around this and the adjoining islets, once the resort of corsairs, now only tenanted by wild fowl.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.—V.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER VII.

HILLAH—AL HHEIMAR—JEWS OF MESOPOTAMIA—BIRS NIMROUD—
THE TOWER OF BABEL—PRESENT DESOLATION OF THE SITE OF
BABYLON.

AFTER examining El Kasr, we pushed on for Hillah, thoroughly fatigued by the labour attendant on our researches. We were not sorry to take up our abode in one of the miserable khans in the eastern part of the town, resolving not to cross the stream until we had visited some ruined mounds which were supposed to mark the site of the walls of Babylon. Hillah, which was built in the year of the Hegira 495, is a miserable Arab town, containing some 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants, and surrounded by a wretchedly constructed mud wall. The whole of the place, which, for an Arab town, is of con-

interest, called Al Hheimar, or Hemera, distant rather more than ten miles from Hillah. Leaving our messmate behind—for he was too weak to accompany us—we mounted our horses, and taking an easterly course, arrived at the scene of our proposed research—though not before I had sustained a severe fall from my horse, who stumbled over some rubbish with which the whole plain is abundantly strewed. I was greatly bruised on my right shoulder, though I considered myself lucky in not having broken my neck. Remounting after a pull at a certain leather flask, which had a revivifying effect, we rode on past a ruined khan and a Sheikh's tomb, and arrived at the foot of the hill, Al Hheimar. We found it to be a high mound of rubbish, very steep and difficult of ascent even on foot. The hill presented at a distance the appearance of an irregular cone, with its



THE TIGRIS, NEAR HAMRIN.

siderable size, is constructed with bricks from the mighty city near which it is built. Part of Hillah is situated on the eastern and part on the western bank of the Euphrates. A mud wall lines each side of the road leading to it, and encloses a thick forest of date trees. That portion of the town which lies on the eastern bank of the Euphrates consists chiefly of one street, with small alleys leading out of it. The bridge of boats, which gives access from one side of Hillah to the other, is kept closed at both ends by a doorway. The chief building is a mosque in the gardens just without the town, called Mesjed el Shems, or the Mosque of the Sun—a name given to it from a tradition of its being built on the spot where Ali performed his devotions when the sun rose a couple of hours later than usual, to enable the Imaum, who had overslept himself, to worship at his usual hour. The few Turks that reside here are officials dependent on the governor, whose palace is in the western (or more considerable) portion of the town.

After resting at Hillah for two days, during which we did not stir out of the khan, but were employed nursing our naval comrade who had been suddenly taken ill, we set out for the purpose of inspecting some high mounds of particular

summit crowned by a long and low piece of thick wall like the battlements of a fortress. The circumference of the base at its eastern extremity appeared from 300 to 400 feet, with a thickness of from 80 to 100 feet; its height about 70 or 80 feet. The mass of solid wall at the summit measured, according to Buckingham, about 30 feet in length by 12 or 15 in thickness, though it must have been originally of a more massive character, for it is now broken on every side. The bricks used in the construction of this pile were of the usual square form and size, of a dark yellowish colour, but without any appearance of inscriptions. The cement, which was thin and of the same colour as the bricks, did not possess the same tenacity as distinguished that employed at the Kasr, though it has the peculiarity of an occasional layer of a curious white cement, which pulverises under the touch, and greatly resembles the substance stated by Herodotus as having been used in the construction of the city walls. On gaining the summit, the Mujillibe could be seen from hence about ten or twelve miles distant, with a compass bearing of W. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Turning our eyes to the eastward, the desert stretched before us in its seeming limitless extent, with no ruins to break its desolate monotony; looking in the direction of Hillah, on the contrary, the whole surface of

the country to the banks of the Euphrates presented a vast plain, filled with mounds and broken masonry.

There is some reason to believe that Al Hheimar, from which we obtained this extensive view, formed part of the celebrated walls of Babylon, of which Herodotus, Strabo, and other ancient writers have given elaborate descriptions, that test to the utmost the bounds of our credulity. The learned English antiquarian and geographer, Major Rennell, after weighing the statements of all these ancient authorities, assigns seventy-two square miles as the extent of ancient Babylon; while the Frenchman, D'Anville, places it at thirty-six square miles. Herodotus, in speaking of its extent, says, "The Assyrians are masters of many capital towns, but their place of greatest strength and fame is Babylon, which, after the destruction of Nineveh, was the royal residence. It is situated on a large plain, and is a perfect square; each side, by every approach, is 120 stadia; the space therefore occupied by the whole is 480 stadia, so extensive is the ground which Babylon occupies. Its internal beauty and magnificence

antiquity with exaggeration, when it is considered (and the fact might be easily overlooked by the untravelled English public) that without doubt two-thirds of the space enclosed within the walls of Babylon must have been laid out as gardens, or cultivated land, as is still the case with Bussorah and Baghdad. Indeed, Quintus Curtius expressly says, in his 5th Book, that the buildings do not adjoin the walls, but that considerable space was left around, so that in the event of a siege, the inhabitants might not be compelled to depend on supplies from without. The population of the city would be also, from the same cause, proportionally less when compared with its size than is the case in modern European cities.

The colony of Jews who inhabit Mesopotamia are supposed to be descendants of their countrymen of the captivity, who remained behind in the country of their adoption. It was Seleucus Nicator who first gave to the Jews settlements in the provinces of Asia east of the Euphrates, as a reward for having been faithful and serviceable to him in his wars. Babylon was the place where he laid the foundations of his power, and



VIEW ON THE TIGRIS, NEAR DJEBAR.

exceed whatever has come within my knowledge. It is surrounded by a trench very wide, deep, and full of water; the wall beyond this is 200 royal cubits high and 50 wide."

The height of 200 cubits equals 300 feet, and this certainly seems prodigious for the wall of any city; but when we consider the pyramids of Egypt, or the gigantic remains of which we have been speaking in Babylon itself, it is not beyond the bounds of credibility. On the other hand, the height given to the walls by Quintus Curtius is 150 feet, and by Strabo 75 feet only; so a great discrepancy exists, though this may perhaps be accounted for from the fact that they write at different periods, when the walls may have been reduced in height. The same diversity in statement exists as to breadth, Herodotus placing it at 75 feet, Curtius and Strabo at 32; though this may be explained by the fact that as the wall was built on an inclined slope, the former computation may have referred to its base, and the others to its average thickness. This estimate would tally with the present aspect of Al Hheimar, if we conclude it is part of the famous wall, for it measures 70 or 80 feet in height, and from 80 to 100 feet in thickness at the base, this being considerably increased by the rubbish fallen from above. We ought not hastily to charge the writers of

the Jews in those parts being numerous and most likely friendly to his interests, he ever after showed them much favour. The Jews are said to number 10,000 in the city of Baghdad in the present day, and, as is their habit elsewhere, do not intermarry with other nationalities. Benjamin of Tudela, a traveller who visited Baghdad in the twelfth century, and gives an interesting account of the city, was himself a Jew. He speaks of the great consideration shown to his brethren of the Hebrew persuasion by the reigning Caliph, Abassidas Ahmed. Not only was this sovereign a great friend to the Israelites, but he understood their language, which he read and wrote perfectly, and was deeply learned in the law of Moses.

Our last day at Hillah was spent in inspecting the Bir Nimroud, believed by some writers to be the Tower of Babel of Scripture history. It is situated on the western bank of the Euphrates, about six miles from Hillah. The Bir Nimroud or Tower of Belus, which we now set out to visit, is beyond doubt the grandest monument of the might of ancient Babylon, in this carrying off the palm even from Mujillibe. Having been provided with an escort of eight horsemen from the Governor of Hillah, for whom we had received letters of introduction at starting, but who did not favour us with an

interview, we set out at early morning, and took a westerly direction, keeping close to some long mounds which appeared to have once formed the banks of a canal leading from the Euphrates. The intervening plain is covered with nitre, and is intersected at intervals by dry canal-beds and small pools of water, with the bittern for their sole inhabitant. The Tower was visible during the whole course of our march towards it, looking in solitary grandeur on the dreary waste which stretches to the southward as far as the eye can reach. On gaining its foot we clambered up the western side, over a steep acclivity formed of broken fragments evidently fallen from the top. All around us lay the desert or morasses; no buildings, not even the remnant of a wall, met the eye. What a history of great events would not this silent mass recount, were it gifted with a tongue! Here, on the summit of this very building, Alexander the Great sacrificed to the god Belus, as stated by Justin. On Alexander's marching from Arbela, after the defeat of Darius, straight to Babylon, the gates of that vast city were thrown open, and processions of the priests and chiefs of the people went out to meet him, offering great gifts, and delivering the city, the Tower, and the royal treasure into his hands. Alexander, entering the city, commanded the Babylonians to rebuild the temples which Xerxes had destroyed, and especially the temple of Belus, whom the Babylonians worshipped as their chief god, and to whom he himself, by the advice of the Chaldean priests, offered sacrifice.

Mr. Rich, in his "Second Memoir on Babylon"—a valuable contribution to science, long out of print—describes the Tower, and though I might do so in other language, there would be no advantage gained by adopting such a course. He says, "The whole height of the Birs Nimroud, above the plain, to the summit of the brick wall, is 235 feet. The brick wall stands on the edge of the summit, and was unbroken the face of another stage, is thirty-seven feet high. In the side of the pile a little below the summit is very clearly to be seen part of another brick wall, precisely resembling the fragment which crowns the summit, but which still encases and supports its part of the mound. This is clearly indicative of another stage of greater extent. The masonry is infinitely superior to anything of the kind I have ever seen, and leaving out of the question any conjecture relative to the original destination of this ruin, the impression made by a sight of it is that it was a solid pile, composed in the interior of unburnt bricks, and perhaps earth or rubbish; that it was constructed on succeeding stages, and faced with fine burnt bricks, having inscriptions laid on a very thin layer of lime cement; and that it was reduced by violence to its present ruinous condition. The upper stories have been forcibly broken down, and fire has been employed as an instrument of destruction, though it is not easy to say precisely how or why. The facing of fine bricks has been partly removed and partly covered by the falling down of the mass, which it supported and kept together."

The total circumference of the base of the Birs is 762 yards. The western face is the most destroyed, being worn down into a deep furrow. The whole structure rises in stages which may be distinctly traced, and which peculiarity forms the distinctive feature whereby its identity with the Tower of Babel is traced. Speaking of these stages, Buckingham, who carefully surveyed this remarkable ruin, lays stress on the fact that they recede one within another in a proportion of width

about equal to their respective elevations. The first or lowermost of these discloses some of its interior work, in a spot where a pit has been formed by the clearing away of the rubbish; an inspection of the bricks shows that, though large and well made, they are sun-dried, and covered with bitumen or mortar, while those in the outer facing alone are furnace-baked. The second stage, which recedes within the first, is also composed of the same description of bricks, as is likewise the third stage on the exterior, though the interior of the "mountainous mass," as Josephus calls it, is probably made of sun-dried bricks and loose earth. Above them all rises the Tower itself, which is a solid mass of the finest kiln-burnt masonry, with a circumference of ninety feet. What remains of it forms a solid wall of brick about fifty feet in height, measured from the lowest part of its base on the eastern side, with a breadth of thirty feet, and a thickness of fifteen feet, though these last dimensions lessen gradually as the Tower assumes a pyramidal shape towards its summit. The upper edge of this wall is so broken and irregular as to prove that it did not terminate the pile, but that above this there were other stages, which time and the violence of man have brought to the ground. The wall of this ruin—for as a round tower it does not exist—is rent by a large fissure, which extends through nearly half its height, and has been caused doubtless by some violent agent rather than the gradual operation of time; and it is pierced both longitudinally and transversely with small square apertures, running all through the building, probably for the purpose of ventilation, and of preserving the fabric from the influence of damp. It is the western side of the Tower that remains standing, though even this face is not complete, as both of its edges have been broken away. On the north and south the walls are broken down, and their material dispersed, though the line occupied by them can be traced; on the east, the fallen masses which once formed that side of the Tower still remain on the spot.

The bricks used in this pile are furnace-baked of the ordinary description, and resemble those at Al Hheimar, rather than the finer ones at the Kasr. Mr. Rich, writing of the mortar, says, "The fire-burnt bricks, of which the ruin at the summit of the Birs was built, have inscriptions on them, and so admirable is the cement, which appears to be lime mortar, that though the layers are so close together that it is difficult to discern what substance is between them, it is nearly impossible to extract one of the bricks whole." The other parts of the summit of this hill are occupied by immense fragments of brickwork, of no determinate figure, tumbled together and converted into solid vitrified masses, as if they had undergone the action of fire or been blown up with gunpowder, yet the layers of the bricks are perfectly discernible. The appearance of these great black and brown masses of masonry, looking at a distance like so many edifices torn up from their foundations, is very singular and weird; it seems as if the Titans had broken loose, and in their gambols had been playing at pitch and toss with the gigantic lumps of masonry, which are generally of an irregular shape, while some rest on mere pivots, like the Druidical remains in Britain. Before examining them closely, one might be led to conclude that they were masses of black rock; some of them measure, according to Captain Mignan, twelve feet in height by twenty-four in circumference. Their present aspect must be attributable either to their having been scathed by lightning, or subjected to the action of a fierce and continuous

application of fire. It seems probable, therefore, that all other means of destruction having been found ineffectual, owing to the solidity of the brickwork, the aid of fire came into request. An effect similar to that now exhibited in the splitting of one portion of the wall into a deep fissure, and the breaking down of the other into large masses, would be produced by that element when employed on a closed building, and well fed with inflammable material, as naphtha. In furtherance of this view, it may be stated that Diodorus, in a quotation, relates that about 130 years before Christ, a king of Parthia, who captured the city and removed the Babylonians into slavery, burnt the former and some of the temples of Babylon, and demolished the best parts of the city. From the summit we could discern some vestiges of an enclosure round the whole pile, as noted by Mr. Rich, the general distance of which from the base appears to be about 100 yards. In an eastern direction, and separated from it by a clear space of about 100 yards, lies an immense mound, which stretches away north and south to a breadth of 450 yards, when its extreme points curve and meet to the eastward. It occupies a space of 650 yards, and has a height of fifty-five feet; on its summit is a Mohammedan building or Koubbe—meaning, in Arabic, a cupola or dome—called after Abraham, because, according to a tradition of the Arabs, Nimrod, "the mighty hunter before the Lord," ordered a fire to be kindled on this spot, for the purpose of immortalising that venerable patriarch. A little to the south stands the ruined portion of another koubbe, regarding which the Arabs have of course another tradition; but as the individual treated of does not bear the same historical importance as Father Abraham, I will not trouble the reader with the legend.

The whole summit and sides of the Birs are furrowed by the weather, or by human violence, into deep hollows and channels, completely strewn with broken bricks, stamped with from three to seven lines of writing, together with stones, glass tiles, cakes of bitumen, and vitrified substances. When you consider this venerable structure, truly its aim and object form a deeply interesting problem, not only to learned men, but to every reader of history, if we are to conclude that it really is all that remains of that Tower of Babel which, the Mosaic account tells us, the perversity or the impiety of man reared with the avowed object of scaling the heavens, and reaching the presence of the Almighty. That the Birs Nimroud and the Tower of Babel are identical may be justly gathered from the following facts enumerated by Buckingham, who agrees with Mr. Rich in taking this view of the question:—"The square of the temple, says Herodotus, was two stadia (1,000 feet), and the Tower itself one stadium; in which Strabo, who gives the exact elevation of the Tower, agrees. The former adds:—"In the midst a tower rises, of the solid depth and height of one stadium, upon which, resting as a base, seven other turrets are built in regular succession. The ascent is on the outside, which, winding from the ground, is continued to the highest tower, and in the middle of the whole structure there is a convenient resting-place." Strabo says that the sepulchre of Belus was a pyramid of one stadium in height, whose base was a square of like dimensions, and that it was ruined by Xerxes. Arrian agrees in this particular, and Diodorus adds that on the top was a statue of Belus, forty feet in height, in an upright posture; from which Major Rennell has inferred that the tower must have been about 500 feet in height, corresponding to the dimensions assigned by the other authorities.

Its destruction by Xerxes must have taken place before any of the writers, whose descriptions are cited, could have seen it. Both Strabo and Arrian say that Alexander wished to restore it: the former asserting that he found it too great a labour, for it was said that 10,000 men were not able to remove the rubbish in the course of two months; and the latter stating that it had been begun, but that the workmen made less progress than he had expected. From this the following facts may be gathered:—First, that the Tower of Belus was of a pyramidal form, composed of eight separate stages, successively rising above and retiring within each other; secondly, that its whole dimensions were a square of one stadium or 500 feet at its base, and its height exactly the same; thirdly, that it had around it a square enclosure of two stadia, or 1,000 feet for each of its sides; and fourthly, that attached to this was a temple, the relative position and dimensions of which are not specified, though its ruins were very considerable. To all these features the remains of the Birs Nimroud perfectly correspond.

We descended from this stupendous ruin, cogitating on the numberless generations of men who have climbed its furrowed sides since the terrible day when it was given to the flames, and we speculated curiously on the countless generations of men who would yet be born to survey from its summit the dreary and saddening landscape presented therefrom. The time of its destruction dates from the earliest period of reliable history, and yet these ruins stand out in the plain, proudly defying, as it were, the vicissitudes of the elements, and scorning even to yield to that Time which, though called the "devourer of all things," has been unable to digest this toughest morsel of man's handiwork. Writing of the day when it became "as Sodom and Gomorrah," the accursed cities of the plain, Bishop Newton, in his work on the Prophecies, says, "Babylon never recovered its ancient splendour after it was taken by Cyrus; but upon the removal of the seat of empire from thence by the Persians, it by degrees decayed, till it was at last reduced to an utter solitude. Berosus, in Josephus, says that Cyrus ordered the outer walls to be pulled down. The Persian kings ever regarded Babylon with a jealous eye. Darius Hystaspes, upon a revolt, greatly depopulated the place, lowered the walls, and demolished the gates; Xerxes destroyed the temples. The buildings of Seleucia, on the Tigris, exhausted Babylon by its neighbourhood, as well as by the immediate loss of inhabitants taken away by Seleucus to people his new city. A king of the Parthians soon after carried away into slavery a great number, and also destroyed the most beautiful parts of the city. In more modern times St. Jerome (who lived in the fourth century) mentions Babylon as nothing more than a chase for wild beasts to feed and breed there for the King of Persia's hunting. The place thereabouts is represented as being overrun with serpents, scorpions, and all sorts of venomous and unclean creatures." In this he is wrong, for no animals of the nature he specifies are to be found in the ruins of the city. The place is a solitude in the strictest sense of the word.

Before finally leaving the subject of Babylon, I ought to say a few words as to the Babylonian bricks, and the character of the inscriptions on them, as they form one of the most interesting features of the remains of this most wonderful of all cities. A description of these, as well as of the "cylinders," or cylindrical-shaped bricks, I reserve, however, for the next chapter.

Captain Faulkner's Expedition up the Shiré River.

By recent accounts from the Cape of Good Hope it appears that the expedition led by Captain Faulkner, which had in view the ascent of the Shiré, and the navigation of Lake Nyassa, has met with the ill fate which has so frequently befallen African explorers. Captain Faulkner had previously made this journey as a volunteer under Mr. Young in the Livingstone search expedition of 1867, and on his return conceived the project of revisiting the country, with a small party in a steam-launch, hoping to be able to reach the northern end of the lake, which is still unknown, and enjoy the sport of elephant-hunting in the prolific country along the banks of the Shiré. Among the gentlemen who volunteered to share the dangers of such a journey were Captains Casement and Norman, and a crew, guides, and interpreters were picked up at the Cape, and at the small Portuguese settlements near the mouth of the Zambesi. Unfortunately, the season for ascending the rivers was ill chosen. In the dry period of the year, from July to December, travelling is comparatively easy; the country is dry and healthy; the numerous streams passable; and the level lands and swamps, swarming with game, afford a firm footing to the huntsman. It is the season, too, of abundance; the crops of corn ripen, and the natives in many of the villages, especially in times of peace, have a superfluity of provisions to dispose of to passing travellers. It was during these months that Mr. Young accomplished his rapid and successful journey, his previous two years' experience with Dr. Livingstone on the Zambesi expedition having shown him that his only chance of a successful trip to Lake Nyassa and back, was to time his movements so as to ascend the Shiré before the waters were too low at the commencement of the dry season, and return to the ship of war waiting for him at the mouth of the Zambesi before the rains set in. Nothing short of actual experience can give an adequate idea of the desolation of the country during the wet season. Many of our readers will remember the disasters of the Universities Mission under Bishop Mackenzie in this same region, and the descriptions given in the published letters and books on the subject. The moisture-laden winds from the tropical part of the Indian Ocean sweep over the plains from the east, and condense into torrents of rain on the high lands bordering the great lake; with the heat and moisture diseases often decimate even the hardy negro tribes, and Europeans have slender chance of escaping them. Lacking this experience, the enthusiastic band of young Englishmen advanced up the river towards the end of last year, and were caught by the rains on the Shiré. News of what befell them was brought by one of the party, who tramped the distance by land between the Shiré and the Portuguese settlement of Quillimane, and returned to England via the Cape of Good Hope. It appears that the party succeeded in ascending, in their steam-launch, a good distance up the Shiré, with the remainder of the fine season. The weather then changed, and heavy rains set in, which continued with such fury that before many days had passed the country on both sides of the river was inundated. It soon became a matter of difficulty to find a dry position for the encampment, and still worse to go any distance in search of food. At first they had tolerable success in hunting, but with the increase of the flood it was scarcely possible to find game of any sort, and they were reduced to a miserable diet of Kafir corn. Day after day, the floods from

the rain and the overflow of the river increased in extent, and the weather-bound travellers prepared for the worst. At length, exposure to wet, cold, and hunger brought on fever; and fever, in some of the party, developed into virulent small-pox, which grew gradually worse. Captains Faulkner and Casement were more severely attacked than the others; the latter gentleman gradually sank under the disease and died, leaving his companion also in a dangerous condition. Captain Norman, who suffered the least, acted as nurse and doctor to the rest. The bearer of the news stated finally that Captain Faulkner was in a fair way of recovery when he left, and intended, as soon as circumstances permitted, to proceed further up the river, with a view to carrying out the objects of the expedition.

Height of Forest Trees in South America.

DR. R. SPRUCE, a distinguished botanical traveller, has recently given, in the "Linnean Society's Journal," some account of the height to which trees grow in the equatorial forests of South America, about which an erroneous impression has hitherto prevailed. According to him, the loftiest forest trees of the Amazons Valley do not exceed 200 feet in height. The tallest tree from which he ever gathered flowers was about 140 feet; but he had measured a prostrate tree that was 157 feet long, without the upper branches, which were broken off, and which would have made the entire length probably about 170 feet. Several colossal forest trees, however, were considerably taller than this, especially the Brazil-nut tree (*Bertholletia excelsa*), a tree of lofty and elegant form, and the silk-cotton tree (*Eriodendron lomauma*), which rises like a cathedral dome over all the other trees. He was never able himself to measure a tall specimen of either of these, but had been assured they had been cut down measuring fully 200 feet. From these and many other instances he concluded that the real patriarchs of the primeval forest ranged from 120 to 200 feet high. With regard to palms, an erroneous idea prevails that in the South American forests they tower up above the other trees, writers having rashly assumed that to be a universal characteristic which Humboldt related only of some points of his South American journey, namely, that the crowns of palms stand out so completely above the general height of the other trees as to give the idea of "a forest above a forest." This is true only of the low bushy woods near the coast towns, where the cocoa-nut palms tower up above spreading mango and inga trees that nestle at their base. If a traveller leaves the coast, and penetrates the virgin forest beyond, he will see that the loftiest palms do not usually exceed the exogenous trees of average height; it is very rarely, in fact, that palms domineer over all other trees. The tallest palms Dr. Spruce ever cut down for the purpose of getting at their flowers measured about eighty feet. He never, however, felled the tallest specimens, some of which, measured with the sextant, proved to be 120 feet high. It would appear from these statements that none of the trees of the equatorial region of America, where heat, humidity, and fertility of soil combine to produce the largest extent of continuous forest on the surface of the globe, reach the height of the great conifers of California, the *Sequoia gigantea* and *sempervirens*, the former of which when full-grown attains an average altitude of from 200 to 300 feet; and sometimes, according to late authentic measurements, reaches the extreme height of 325 feet.



ENGLISH TRADING SETTLEMENT ON THE GABOON.

The Gaboon.—II.

BY DR. GRIFFON DU BELLAY, SURGEON IN THE FRENCH NAVY.

CHAPTER IV.

FISHING AT IGONGO—TEXTILE PLANTS—HEMP—WAY IN WHICH THE GABONESE UNDERSTAND TRADE—SLAVERY—CHIEFS OF VILLAGES—KING DENIS.

THUS, sleep for the man, and the preparation of food, the cares of dress, and intrigues, more or less open, for the woman; for all, the pipe and tobacco—these form the elements of home life amongst the M'pongwés. Visits from hut to hut, perpetual gossiping, various transactions with the Europeans, a little fishing, and as small an amount of fatigue as possible, form a picture of village life. The cultivation of the ground on a larger scale is carried on in the vicinity of the larger dwellings, the collection of india-rubber takes place in the woods; the trade in ebony, elephants' tusks, and red-wood is carried on in the villages of other tribes, who inhabit the region which produces them. Fishing is now carried on with nets, but a short time ago a method was employed, which has its counterpart in some parts of Europe, and which consists in poisoning, or more or less intoxicating, the fish with vegetable substances, which do not, however, render them uneatable. In Europe it is a shell-fish found in the Levant which serves for this purpose; at the Gaboon, it is sometimes a creeper called Onono, but more frequently a pretty leguminous plant, with yellow flowers, which they train on their houses, and which, without doubt, has accompanied the tribes on their migrations from the interior. Nothing is easier than to fish in this manner. I tried the experiment one day in a large sheet of water left amongst the rocks by the receding tide. Some handfuls of leaves were worked up for that purpose. All the small fry to be found there came immediately to the surface and died. A moment after, a kind of lamprey came to breathe the upper air, and allowed itself to be taken with

the greatest ease. The pool contained nothing more, and in spite of this rapid poison the fish were excellent. It is easy to perceive that this mode of proceeding is not practicable in the sea, nor where the rivers are very rapid; so that the Gabonese have almost discontinued this practice since Europeans have taught them to weight their nets with lead, and thereby made them much more useful. These nets in general are made of the fibre of the anana, well twisted, and edged round with a strong cord made of the fibre of the magnificent hibiscus, "evenone," a beautiful plant, well worthy of examination, which grows abundantly on the sea shore, and whose sulphur-coloured flowers call to mind those of the cotton tree.

The materials for all textile fabrics abound here, as in all hot countries. Bromelias shoot out leaves more than six feet in length; the bark of the beautiful "ojono" is used in making mats. Hemp, even, thrives very well: it is true that it is not cultivated by the natives for manufacturing purposes, but only for the sake of smoking the leaves. I have mentioned the products which form the trade of the Gaboon—a trade in which the M'pongwé is, in reality, only a medium—a carrier between the European and the tribes inland. This intermediate traffic is the bane of trade all along the coast. The tribes in the interior, who are the only producers, have much difficulty in coming into immediate contact with us, nor have they the wish to do so, for the inhabitants of the coast have inspired them with an actual dread of the European. Brazen-faced liars, these men represent themselves as the victims of our tyranny, offering, moreover, themselves as mediators, and naturally make their victims pay dearly for their kind intervention. Those with whom they trade, in their turn, use the same tactics, to the cost of the more distant tribes. So that an elephant's tusk, which has come a distance of forty leagues,

has passed from hand to hand, not having been sold to each holder, but simply entrusted—a circumstance which warrants each one who possesses a claim upon it to demand a commission, according to the especial doubtfulness of his actual payment at last. Merchandise, then, arrives at the coast enhanced in value, in consequence of successive dues not yet actually paid, and which have increased its price a hundredfold. Then the price at last paid by the European to the carrier is not in money, but in various commodities—hardware goods, and woven fabrics. When it comes to the hands of the person who has the first claim, it must be very much diminished in amount, when we call to mind the several abatements it has suffered *en route*. In short, the trade carried on by the Gabonese consists of cheating without shame the producers, whether Pahouins or Bakalais, and robbing not less impudently the European buyer—not exactly the traders at the factories, who can purchase at leisure, but the captains of vessels who conduct their own business while on the move. Many of the captains traffic systematically with these porters, and give them merchandise on account, under promise of receiving the products of the country of an equal value at a specified time. Rarely are these compacts faithfully executed. When the captain returns he finds only a part of his consignment, the rest is still in transit, if it is red-wood or ebony. They ask for continual delays, he loses his time and his health, and often sees that the best thing for him to do is to sacrifice what he has advanced and depart. In the part where the French authority is exercised these frauds are held in check, for the porter very well knows that he must answer in person if he fails to complete his engagement; but beyond the limits of French jurisdiction the captain is very frequently robbed. If he wishes to buy on account, the plan of the native of the Gaboon is very simple. He pretends that he is short of goods, hides, if he finds it necessary, what he has, wears out the European by a delay which is fatal to his goods and to himself, full of danger to his vessel if winter is coming on, and he is obliged at length to purchase at whatever cost. By these rascally proceedings the M'pongwe does not grow rich; to do so requires an activity which he is unable to keep up for any length of time. It is a matter that involves no small effort to go in his canoes, and often to a great distance, in search of red-wood and ebony, and then bring them alongside a European vessel; so if he has made a lucky hit in trade he soon realises the benefits of it—that is, he purchases slaves and wives, and then takes his rest. Perhaps some may feel astonished that such an investment of capital should take place in a part of the French dominions, but we must not forget that this authority has been established through amicable arrangement and not by right of conquest, and that we are therefore bound to respect the institutions of the country, and to be satisfied with the prevention of all flagrant irregularities. It must, moreover, be allowed, as regards slavery, that, with the exception of a few tribes who are more than ordinarily cruel and warlike, we rarely find that this institution amongst the Africans assumes that singularly oppressive character which has been too often given to it by the pitiless harshness of the European.

The distance which separates the slave from his master is in this country not very wide, and the boundary line is not impassable. One black is perhaps the slave of another black, though never of a mulatto, without losing his standing as a

man. They have not been purchased, as the slaves of whites have, to work in large plantations, but simply for the purpose of assisting their master in the not very arduous labour of his house and trade.

These slaves are therefore seldom very harshly treated, and, in fact, they form a part of the family. Such is their actual condition; but it has its disadvantages. The master is superstitious; he believes in poisoning and sorcery, and his slave is often the victim whom he sacrifices to his religious fear. French authority has done away with such frightful practices wherever its power is really established, but still there can be no doubt that sometimes the distant forests hide under their shadow the dreadful scenes of religious sacrifices. Mostly, the slaves of the Gabonese come from the interior and from the banks of the Ogo-wai; some formerly came down this stream by the river Nazareth, the northern branch of the delta which it forms in its approach to the sea, and by this means they reached the Portuguese and Spanish stations which long existed at Cape Lopez. It is there the Gabonese go now to buy them; others are brought directly from a point higher up the stream, amid the woody plantations which separate it from the tributaries of the Gaboon. There were to be found formerly amongst these both Pahouins and Bakalais, but the near neighbourhood of their tribes rendered their escape easy, and the M'pongwes, being unable to keep them, have been compelled to give them up to the Portuguese slave-dealers. There is no doubt that this traffic is carried on sometimes close to the French settlement, but few individuals are affected by it. Owing to the vast extent of forest by which the country is covered, as well as to the great length of sea-coast, those who are engaged in it contrive sometimes to escape the strict surveillance which the French authorities exercise.

Notwithstanding the really close resemblance which exists between them, the children which are the fruit of the inter-marriages between the M'pongwes and their slaves are never placed upon terms of equality with those of the pure race. If they wish to marry a M'pongwe woman they are but ill received; if they wish to engage in a commercial transaction, however active and intelligent they may be, they are but indifferently trusted, and meet with little success. The original taint is even transmitted to their sons; and whatever these may accomplish, however successful they may be in their enterprises, they are never looked upon as belonging to the superior class, and form, in fact, a separate caste. We Europeans trouble ourselves little about obtaining an accurate acquaintance with the habits of the Gabonese, and can only with difficulty understand the slight difference which serves to establish amongst them this kind of social hierarchy. These differences, however, exist, and the few M'pongwes who can boast their descent from ancestors, amongst whom are to be counted neither the Boulous nor slaves, plume themselves with a peculiar vanity upon the aristocratic purity of their race. There are only a few families, to whom the chief authority has been entrusted for a long time, who can really establish such pretensions. It is, therefore, fortunate for them that tradition alone is employed in transmitting the recollections of the past.

I shall have sufficiently explained the organisation of Gaboon society when I have said that the superior power is vested in chiefs. Each village has its own chief, who assumes without ceremony the title of king, and who is besides, equally

with the humblest of his subjects, a simple trader, formerly a slave-dealer, and now a dealer in all kinds of commodities. But amongst these chiefs or kings there are only two or three who hold a really important position. They exercise over the others a kind of moral sovereignty, which has neither money nor arms to support it, but which is, nevertheless, to a certain extent held in respect.

These chiefs do not reign by hereditary right; they are elected by the votes of their fellow citizens, and are always chosen out of royal families. The elections used almost always to give occasion to a certain amount of disorder, and it appears that not unfrequently the adherents of the several candidates came to blows. These quarrels, however, were never of a very serious character, for the Gabonese, who are at the present time distinguished by mildness of disposition, never possessed great warlike instincts, even in the times before they sought shelter under European protection. The elections are still conducted with turbulence, but, being carried on by common consent under the paternal superintendence of French authority, it is seldom that they are attended with any serious strife. When an important chief is in question, able to secure the respect of his countrymen, it is generally the French commandant who nominates him, and it is he who really gives him the office. This meddling with native concerns was not foreseen by those who framed the terms of the French settlement in the country, but it is the natural consequence of the desire by which each candidate is actuated to secure French support, and of the hope which he entertains of finding his complaisance rewarded by some valuable present. His installation into power is not unattended with disagreeables for the newly elected, for often on the eve of triumph his future subjects cause him to suffer by blows and injuries for the obedience which, with the utmost possible sincerity, they will offer him the next day. This singular method of imprinting upon the memory of their chiefs a recollection of their humble origin and of their common equality, proves that if the Gabonese is but an indifferent courtier, he does not lack, as a kind of set-off, a certain amount of practical philosophy.

The authority of the M'pongwé chiefs is limited to minor affairs, now that the French authorities prevent any possibility of squabbling between the inhabitants of the different villages. In each of them a police force is established, and the regulation of any little dispute which may arise amongst the inhabitants is so much the more easy, as some of them who are the heads of a numerous progeny supplement the power given by election by their authority as patriarchs of the family—an authority which is always treated with respect. As to the difficulties from without, these are generally adjusted by the French commandant, and his office as chief judge is by no means a sinecure; for his subordinates, who pay but little respect to the rights of other people, are ready to cheat the inhabitants of distant villages, reckoning upon the impunity which is but too often assured to them by distance, and by the want of a well-organised police force.

King Denis is the most important Gabonese chief at the present time—an old man, held in reverence by his countrymen, and respected by the Europeans. Speaking more or less perfectly, as is the case with many chiefs on the African coast, several foreign languages—French, English, Portuguese, and a little Spanish—he has had transactions with all the people who trade with the Gaboon, and to all he has had an opportunity of

rendering some little service. He facilitated the establishment of the French by his personal influence over his tribe, and has always used it in their favour. The French Government, in return, has rewarded his zeal by granting him the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Rome has in like manner recognised by a decoration the assistance which he has afforded to the Catholic Mission, to which he had entrusted the education of some of his children. Denis, notwithstanding, still remains as great a devotee of fetichism as ever, and I would not undertake to say that he does not occasionally turn slave-trader when it suits his purpose. These decorations are not the only testimonials of European approval which he has received. The English have presented him with a medal, and with several splendid suits of uniform; France in like manner has not forgotten to add to his wardrobe, and few persons can boast of being able to dress themselves so magnificently. Very recently, when the question was agitated whether French authority might not be extended over the inhabitants of Cape Lopez, amongst whom he possesses great influence by reason of his reputation for prudence and wisdom, the task of negotiating the treaty was entrusted to him, and on this important occasion he was able, for nearly a fortnight, to appear before his astonished subjects each day in a fresh dress, and each day more splendidly attired than on the one preceding. One day he appeared as a French general, the next as the Marquis de Molière, and then as an English admiral. His head was invariably ornamented with a wig—a part of his costume which he prized by no means the least, for this article of attire has not yet become amongst the native chiefs so common as military uniforms.

Such is the person whose portrait we have endeavoured to give (page 293). The expression of his countenance is quick and lively, combining at the same time slyness and good-nature; his deportment is marked by real dignity, such as we do not often find amongst aged negroes, who, for the most part, mistake for this sentiment a grotesque exhibition of vanity. These characteristics stamp the portrait of the Gaboon chief with an individuality sufficiently striking. Accustomed for a long time to European habits, he knows how to carry his magnificent costumes easily and without embarrassment.

Although Denis lives generally in a most unpretending manner, suitable to the narrowness of his income, yet he delights in showing hospitality, entertains heartily those who visit his humble dwelling, and knows perfectly well how to distinguish the motives by which his several European visitors are influenced—whether they are actuated by feelings of sympathy with him, or whether they have intruded themselves upon him from simple curiosity. He lives on the left bank of the bay, and is the most influential chief there. If, through the French preferring the other side of the bay, King Denis lost the benefits which the immediate neighbourhood of the Europeans would have conferred upon him, he has assuredly gained greater tranquillity and a more complete independence. Perhaps this privilege goes far to enhance the respect in which he is held by the natives—a respect which he obtains by his great age, and which extends further than one would imagine. I have been sometimes astonished to find that his name was pronounced with the utmost respect in many villages of the Ogo-wai, with which neither he nor his people have much connection.

When I was in his village with M. Serval, in 1862, it was easy to perceive that the very friendly terms upon which we lived with the old chief, and which were made known to the inhabitants by our interpreters, helped to increase no little the estimation in which we were held by our hosts.

By the side of Denis is the portrait of his principal wife, who, in virtue of the privileges accorded to her position, has the management of the cultivation of the land around the principal dwellings entirely in her own hands, and resides there almost constantly. As regards King Denis himself, he is

moderate use of spirituous liquors and an unbridled sensuality must, to a great extent, account for it. Whatever it may be, this decrease in the population of the M'Pongwés is real and rapid. It strikes with astonishment most of the naval officers, who saw the Gaboon when the French first established themselves there, when they see it now. This state of things, moreover, is not peculiar to the tribe in question. The Boulous, who are their immediate neighbours, exhibit unmistakable marks of the same decline. Fortunately, new blood appears to be likely one day to restore this weakened



MISSION-HOUSE OF THE CATHOLICS AT THE GABOON.

attached, from long habit, to an old ruined hut, hoping, doubtless, that it will stand as long as he lives. He remains there with half-a-dozen of his wives, and refuses to take possession of any of the more comfortable huts which his sons have built for him in the neighbourhood. Perhaps he thinks that this half-ruined house is in more complete keeping with that double ruin which seems to threaten his fortune and his race. In times past the slave trade made him rich; now he lives but poorly, though helped by the French Government; and he sees the M'Pongwé people gradually dying out around him. In fact, all primitive races seem to decay and disappear as soon as they come in contact with the European.

What are the causes of this decay? Those which are generally adduced appear in this instance to be insufficient. There have been no disastrous wars with the neighbouring tribes, no epidemic diseases, and no real misery. An im-

moderate use of spirituous liquors and an unbridled sensuality must, to a great extent, account for it. Whatever it may be, this decrease in the population of the M'Pongwés is real and rapid. It strikes with astonishment most of the naval officers, who saw the Gaboon when the French first established themselves there, when they see it now. This state of things, moreover, is not peculiar to the tribe in question. The Boulous, who are their immediate neighbours, exhibit unmistakable marks of the same decline. Fortunately, new blood appears to be likely one day to restore this weakened

CHAPTER V.

RELIGION OF THE GABOON NEGROES—GODS AND FETICHE HUTS—MALE AND FEMALE FETICHISTS—THE SICK AND THEIR DOCTORS—GABONESE FUNERAL—POISONERS AND SORCERERS—TRIAL OF ICAJA—A WAR FETICHE—THE GOD OF THE WHITES AND THE GOD OF THE BLACKS—THE SHARK'S COUSIN.

THE Gabonese are votaries of fetichism; and by the Gabonese I must be understood to mean all the tribes who live in this part of Africa. We must not, however, take the word *fetich* too literally, and in the restricted sense which has been given to it by some writers.

The simple worship of inanimate objects, without attri-

buting to them any symbolical value, is much more rare than one might suppose. Understood thus exclusively, fetichism is not the religion of the Gabonese; for they believe in evil spirits, and hold in awe the souls of the dead. They have, it must be allowed, but a very imperfect conception of superior beings; they invest them with a material form, but it is very doubtful whether any abstract idea of the immaterial has ever entered their minds. But however vague their conception of the supernatural may be, they entertain at least some notions about it; and these are sufficient to raise them, to a certain extent, in the intellectual scale of humanity.

If to the respect, or, rather, I should say, to the fear, with which the wandering souls of the dead inspire their minds—to this belief in the existence of genii as possessing great power of inflicting evil, and yet little solicitous about conferring good—we add an implicit belief in the virtue of a multitude of talismans and of fetiches which possess the power of preserving them from sickness or from the accidents of war, we seem to have everything contained in their theology. It is in the more distant villages that these beliefs exercise a real sway. The inhabitants of the coast have lost, in their intercourse with the Europeans, at least to a great extent, confidence in the powers of their gods, without having received as yet any higher system of belief in exchange; so that we may look upon them at the present time as practically without religion. They are all more or less superstitious.

The two words *fetiches* and *fetichists*, are ever on the lips of the Gabonese. With them everything is *fetiche*. *Moondah*, the word which expresses this idea, appears to be as the “taboo” of the Tahitians—the foundation of their language. The little ornament of tiger’s claws which the women wear round their neck, is called *moondah*; the elegant and finely-cut plate with which fishing-tackle is carefully adorned, is called *moondah*; the particle of the burnt ashes of a leopard’s brain which the warrior hides under his cotton drawers, and grasps at the

moment of battle to give him courage, is also *moondah*. This is regarded as a powerful *fetiche*; but there is one which they consider as more powerful still. It consists of the ashes from the burnt flesh or bones of a white man. This is a talisman infallible in war.

But these, after all, are only amulets; their real gods are representations, more or less grotesque, of the human form. Their idols are often fashioned to represent the features of a European, with aquiline nose, thin lips, and light colour. Is

this a mere freak of fancy? Is it a kind of homage paid to the superiority of the white man? I cannot say; but in any case I think that there is no good ground for accepting the view expressed by a traveller in the last century, who having remarked the same circumstance on the Congo, and having observed that the course of emigration brings the people of the interior to the coast, was of opinion that the features and colour given to their idols pointed, perhaps, to the existence of a white race in the centre of the continent.

These fetiches are sometimes to be seen in their dwellings, especially in those of their chiefs, where they are supposed to exercise the same tutelary power which was assigned to the Lares by the ancient heathen. But this is not where we usually

find them. In every village a little hut is set apart for their especial use—a modest temple, sometimes of such small dimensions that the worshippers are scarcely able to enter without crawling; but in the larger villages its appearance is more imposing, more in keeping, in fact, with the importance of the guests for whom it is designed. The inhabitants do not readily admit Europeans into the *fetiche* hut. In a village of the Ogo-wai, inhabited by a people of the same race as the Gabonese, I was permitted to enjoy this honour by a chief, in his delight at receiving a visit from a European for the first time.

In a hut of moderate pretensions, three fetiches, a god and two goddesses, their faces bedaubed with red and white



AKERA, A YOUNG GIRL OF THE GABOON.

paint, and their bodies unpretendingly draped in European cotton, reclined on a kind of bed or altar. Articles of different kinds were suspended around them—cotton drawers, for instance, and skins of wild beasts; there were, however, no scalps, no spoils taken from enemies, nothing repulsive. The articles were votive offerings, no doubt, but altogether of a peaceful kind. The fine and manly form of my entertainer seemed to expand at the sight of these wooden gods. Was I in the temple of a savage, or by the side of a great child smiling at his puppets?

I cannot say exactly what ceremonies are practised inside these fetiche huts; they cannot be very imposing. A few prayers, perhaps, or invocations to the god for preservation from sickness, protection from the vengeance of enemies, and, above all, a request that the suppliant may be fortunate in some contemplated commercial transaction. On fête days these idols are paraded with great pomp through the villages. On these occasions every one daubs his body with painted figures of the most grotesque character, and follows the procession chanting and singing in most discordant tones. When a village engages in a great religious ceremony of this kind, the king himself is the leader, as holding the highest authority in both political and religious matters. A long belt fastened to the edge of his sleeve is the mark of his dignity. Every one bows before this sacred symbol, and there are but few refractory ones who refuse to acknowledge its power.

But independently of the kings, there are those who have the title of fetichists, many of whom have but little of the religious character about them, and are principally sorcerers and doctors. These are supposed to possess the power of entering into communication with the spirits at will. When they are appealed to in order to decide some disputed matter, they shut themselves up in a fetiche hut, or retire to some solitary wood, and seat themselves at the foot of a tree, which is moonadah, and there, after having remained in retirement for some hours, they pronounce judgment. Sometimes they are invited by husbands to interfere in domestic quarrels. Then, strange nocturnal scenes take place, in which ventriloquism, and other tricks of the same character, appear to play an important part.

Once, when passing the night in a village on the banks of the river Remboé, I was awakened by piercing shrieks, which seemed scarcely human. Then a solemn voice re-echoed through the silence which succeeded. Its accent was stern, and seemed to breathe forth anathemas. I was aware that some diabolical ceremony was being practised, and that the cries which I had heard were only a kind of summons to the neighbourhood. I was about to rise, in order to better observe the proceeding, but my host, who was the king of the country, prevented me.

"It is nothing," said he; "it is only a neighbour who is making fetiche about his wife."

This did not much enlighten me, and I was going out, in spite of his entreaties, when he assured me that the face of a white man would drive away the spirits. They had wished, he told me, to await my departure before practising this invocation, but the fetiche, who was only stopping there on his way to some other place, had been paid and was in a hurry. I of course took care not to disconcert his arrangements.

He continued for more than a quarter of an hour his exhortations and reprimands, which the king explained to me

at length. All the women in the place must have been in a terrible fright, for the subject of inquiry was a serious case of conjugal infidelity, and the divine voice did not point to any culprit in particular. At length groans and sobs were heard close to my hut; they proceeded from my neighbour's wife, who was being soundly chastised by a hand at once rude and sacred. Divine vengeance was satisfied; the other women might sleep quietly; for this night at least they were safe.

This religious correction has a double advantage; it reaches the guilty party, and at the same time it inspires all others with a salutary terror. It may easily be supposed that it produces a great effect.

The old chief who explained to me this nocturnal scene, pretended that the fetichists were only useful to keep up in the minds of the women the feeling of respect which they ought to entertain for their lord and master. Where next will scepticism find a resting-place for itself?

In speaking of the male fetichist we must not forget the female. I have only seen one of these women, and that was on the river Ogo-wai, where European influence has not as yet extended so far as to obliterate all traces of distinctive national habits.

M. Servat, a lieutenant in the navy, and myself had just arrived at the village of Avenge-wiri. Our appearance in the midst of these people, who had never before seen any European, did not produce its usual effect. A vast crowd, assembled round a hut, from whence issued a most execrable din, made up of the sounds of the "tam-tam" and shrill cries, seemed scarcely moved at the sight of us. Evidently something important was going on there. We entered the house, not without considerable difficulty, and became eye-witnesses of a scene which was at the same time hideous and grotesque. In the middle of a large room a young woman, with her body almost naked, and tattooed with all kinds of figures, while her face was painted in four different colours like a quartered escutcheon, was dancing to the beating of the tam-tam in a state of absolute frenzy. From time to time a young negro detached himself from the circle, placed himself before her, and watching with a kind of anxiety the wanton movements of her limbs, tried himself to imitate them as he followed the sound of the tam-tam. As soon as he became fatigued by this rough exercise he gave place to another, whilst the indefatigable vixen, excited by the deafening strains of the music, tired her second partner. In the estimation of the spectators she was an inspired woman, "she saw the spirit." I have seen the tumbling and howling Dervishes at Constantinople, the infernal sect of the Aissaouas in Algiers, and I shall see some day, perhaps, the "Convulsionnaires," for they have not died out even in Europe; but the female fetichist of Avenge-wiri appeared to me to belong to the same class.

We can readily imagine that persons so easily affected by superstitious notions would not regard sickness as a natural derangement of a machine more complicated and consequently more fragile than all others. They look upon it as the effect of poison or sorcery, or the vengeance of some offended deity, and the fetichist is the proper person to apply to for a cure. The most celebrated are those whom a life passed in the solitude of the woods has surrounded with a certain prestige. Amongst these the Boulous have the greatest reputation for skill. A wounded Gabonese will readily apply to a European doctor; but for any internal malady he places implicit confidence in the fetichist.

This is logical too—sickness, being a kind of demoniacal possession, must be amenable before anything to exorcism.

Whenever a sorcerer of reputation—that is to say an oganga—is called upon to practise his art, it is regarded as a most solemn transaction. Dr. Ricard, a naval medical officer, gives us the following description of the mode of proceeding when any chronic disease requires treatment:—

"The fetichist, before he undertakes the case, requires a short time in which to make a perfect diagnosis of the disease. If he is a skilful hand, he begins his operations as soon as the violence of the malady appears at all to abate, otherwise he temporises. As soon as the day is fixed, a large hut is erected in the most public place, in which, according to the number of the patients (who are for the most part females), one or more beds, formed of bamboo, and provided with mosquito-nets, are placed. This hut becomes the meeting-place for all the women in the village; the idle loiter about there, and occupy themselves either in talking or playing. The patients pass a part of the day in having their bodies rubbed with powders of various colours, and each day the nature of this decoration is altered. Every morning and evening they go out attended by a retinue of women. This promenade, which does not at first extend beyond the precincts of the village, is afterwards prolonged to a distance of many leagues; in the evening they dance to the sound of the tam-tam. From time to time the fetichist comes and inspects them by the help of a looking-glass, to ascertain the effect of his treatment, and these visits being continued till he has discovered that some improvement has taken place, he is, of course, generally successful. Often the patient has a relapse, and then the fetichist consults the spirits again. Sometimes he declares that the prisoner must die; at other times he foresees so many difficulties in the case, that he demands a fee for the cure too exorbitant to be given."—*Revue Coloniale*, 1855.

We have here, as M. Ricard remarks, a mode of treatment which, by a graduated system of exercise and the profuse perspiration which it excites, may really have an advantageous influence upon certain chronic affections. But it cannot be applied to all diseases, and it is abundantly evident that in many difficult cases the oganga succeeds by the application of remedies, the nature of which he is at great pains to conceal. I myself have never had the opportunity of carefully observing one of these black doctors at his work, but I have more than once marked their failure. I have also known difficult cases which they have successfully cured.

In connection with this subject, I will describe a scene in which I bore a part, and which is not without its value. It was not a regular consultation. The oganga, a Boulou of my acquaintance, had come the preceding evening; he had left his prescription, and the patient had followed it. The sufferer was an aged chief, named Kringer, who appeared to be affected with disease of the heart. One day, as I passed through his village, I found him, about noon, seated in the middle of the street in a complete state of nudity. Close by him was a large vessel full of hot water, in which a quantity of herbs were soaking. A kind of holy water sprinkler was immersed in this decoction. All the people in the village had just ranged themselves in a single line, and were singing some monotonous chant. The procession was on the point of starting when I arrived.

His "principal wife" headed the file; she took hold of the wet broom and sprinkled the patient twice, pro-

nouncing, at the same time, a form of exorcism against the evil spirit; she then waited until all who were in attendance had repeated this formula, after which she spat on each side of the patient, as expressing a wish that in a like manner he might cast out the evil spirit by which he was possessed, and then solemnly passed the instrument to her eldest son, who followed her. This ceremony was repeated until the whole village had filed past. It was a long and tedious affair. The poor old chief shivered and shook, and from time to time urged in an imperative voice the procession to greater activity. When the ceremony was finished, he, in his turn, spat twice, muttering at the same time some exorcism; and then, as a finale, his wives rubbed him for a long time with prepared leaves. What was this preparation? It was very complex, and although I recognised certain elements from having seen them in my botanical excursions, the greater part of them were unknown to me.

However, when I saw Kringer some weeks after this occurrence, I cannot say whether he had succeeded in spitting out the evil spirit, but he seemed to be very much improved in health. Had he really disease of the heart? I very much doubted it then, and I regret now that I did not ascertain the fact by examining the patient myself.

This was a great success, but fetichists do not cure all their patients. When one of them dies, his wives put on mourning; they shave off their hair, and for a month or two leave off all their ornaments; they assemble with their female friends in the hut in which the corpse lies, and where it remains exposed for three days. The neighbouring people assemble there to reproach the departed for having given up his life and forsaken his family. As there cannot be a réunion without drinking, eau-de-vie is passed round amongst the assistants. The firing of guns is heard outside. A coffin is made out of some of the boxes belonging to the deceased; in this he is deposited, with one or two of his household utensils, not forgetting, above all, his glass and his pipe. On the third day the corpse is carried to a burying-ground, hidden in the woods, far away from the sight of man, and especially from Europeans. A small retinue, consisting of his parents and a few slaves, attends him to his last resting-place. If the village is near to the sea, the inhabitants assemble upon the shore at the time of interment. The exact moment when the body is committed to the earth is marked by the firing of a gun, and, on hearing the signal, all throw themselves into the water, taking care to fall upon their backs, in imitation of the poor man who has just been buried. On other occasions, if the deceased person has occupied a position of importance, he is not interred without the sacrifice of some of his slaves, to be his companions. Since, however, they have held intercourse with Europeans, this barbarous custom seems to have disappeared; but, in spite of the watchfulness of the French authorities, it probably still exists in the more distant villages.

When this ceremony is over all is not, however, completed; the fetichist is there, and he stoutly maintains his own infallibility. As soon as he has seen his patient pass away, he hastens to announce that he has been poisoned or bewitched. The next step then is to punish those who have been guilty of the crime, and the task of discovery devolves upon himself. This is by no means a difficult matter to effect, for all around him are credulous in the extreme, and he is a master in the art of deception.

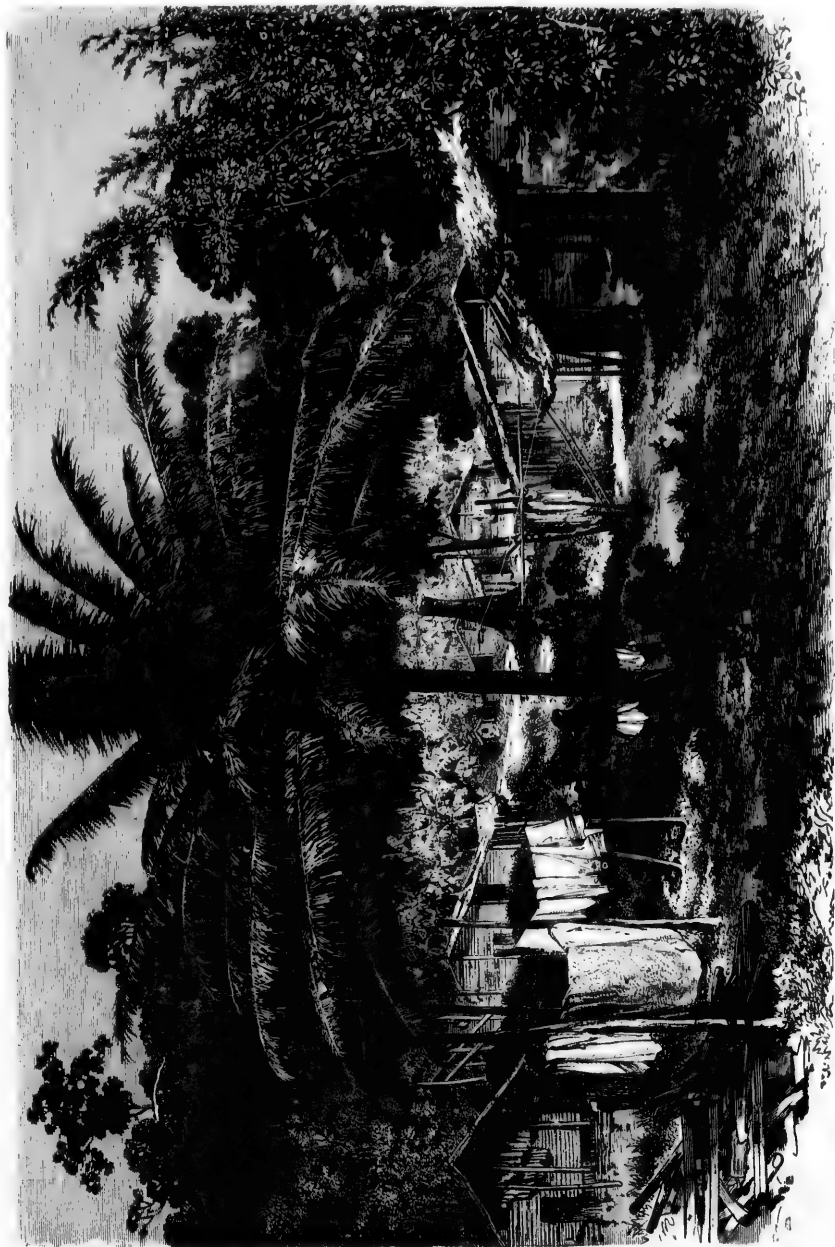


THE CHIEF KRINGER, AND HIS FAMILY.

I have taken from the notes of Captain Vignon, who has been for a long time in command of the Gaboon, and who has collected many very interesting facts, an account of a scene descriptive of the mode in which the black art is practised, and with which no European was in any way connected. If at our factories there are any who still believe that sick men die by the spells of sorcerers, at least they leave the sorcerers alone.

"On the day of the funeral, as soon as night sets in, the people of the neighbourhood meet together at the house of the departed, which is lighted up with torches; the fetichist stands in the midst of them. At a given signal, all the assistants begin to sing to the sound of the tam-tam; the

fetichist alone dances. This part of the ceremony lasts until near midnight; then the fetichist orders the lights to be put out, and when everything is enveloped in darkness, he invokes the spirits, and entreats them to make known to him the guilty person. These adjurations ended, the torches are re-lighted, and the singing and dancing resumed until day. The fetichist then takes from underneath his clothes the skin of a little animal called 'Eninea,' walks with it round the room, and throwing it down at the feet of the unhappy wretch whom he has previously marked out as the victim, calls out his name, and shouts out in a loud voice, 'Behold the poisoner.' If the selected person is a slave (it is generally upon some one of this class that the fatal verdict falls) he is immediately seized



A VILLAGE ON THE GABOON.

and carried off to some more distant dwelling, there to suffer the punishment due to his crime. Sometimes he is tied to a tree and cut to pieces with knives, at other times he is given up to the Boulous, who burn him alive. If he is a free man, the sentence passed upon him cannot be carried into effect upon this evidence alone; he must submit to the ordeal."

This ordeal is the direct judgment of God upon him, and is of a most dangerous character. The pretended sorcerer is compelled to drink a strong poison. If he succumbs to its effects, his guilt is evident; if he survives the trial, he is pronounced innocent. This poison is extracted from a shrub called at Gaboon icaja, and at Cape Lopez m'boundou. It seems to belong to the family which contains *Nux vomica* and the bean of St. Ignatius; strychnine is its most powerful ingredient. I have found some specimens of it in the marshy forests of the Gaboon. It is a shrub of about six to ten feet in height, not very branching, with few leaves and a long tap-root, which is covered by a bark of a bright red colour. It is this bark which possesses the active properties. It has been analysed by M. Martin, a chemist attached to the navy, who found that it gave all the reactions characteristic of strychnine. When wanted for use, the root is scraped until sufficient is obtained to fill about a third of an ordinary sized glass, then about half a pint of water is poured upon it, which rapidly assumes the colour of the bark. When the infusion is completely coloured, the poison is fit for use.

M. du Chaillu is the only traveller who has taken part in the administration of m'boundou in the inland villages. In one instance, of which he states he was himself a witness, death ensued five minutes after the poison had been swallowed. Blood poured from the eyes and ears of the sufferer—an effect which, to say the least of it, seems very extraordinary. On another occasion he saw an old fetichist named Olanga take it of his own accord, in order to enhance his own credit; for any one who drinks this poison with impunity is supposed infallibly to acquire the gift of divination. I give the story in the words of the traveller himself.

"The poison was prepared, but not in the presence of Olanga. He was not allowed to take any part in its concoction, but two of his friends were deputed to watch over his interests, and see that everything was done according to rule. When the preparations were completed, he was called. He drank the contents of the cup at a draught. At the expiration of five minutes, its power began to show itself. Olanga began to stagger, his eyes became bloodshot, and his limbs were contracted by convulsive movements. He manifested, at the same time, one symptom which enabled the bystanders to foresee that the poison would not prove fatal. This symptom is a profuse liquid evacuation, without which a favourable result is not to be anticipated. The movements of Olanga resembled those of a drunken man. He spoke in the most incoherent manner, so much so that every one imagined that he was under the influence of inspiration, until at last he fell, to all appearance completely intoxicated. It is said that this old doctor was able to swallow the poison in large doses, without feeling any effect from them, except that of profound intoxication. This power has naturally procured him a great reputation."

The description thus given by M. du Chaillu coincides with the accounts given by the inhabitants themselves, whenever they can be induced to talk upon the subject at all, and

it reminds us of the principal effects produced by preparations of strychnine. But it is evident that the individual who has been accused of sorcery, and who has been condemned to death by anticipation, is either compelled to drink a stronger dose than that given to the fetichist, or else the latter is in possession of some antidote, by which he is able to neutralise its fatal effects. It is supposed that if a large quantity of palm oil has previously been swallowed, it is sufficient to neutralise the action of the icaja. This antidote is probably not infallible, for when a Gabonese in good circumstances is accused of sorcery, he does everything in his power, by means of presents, to procure exemption from this terrible ordeal.

It must not be thought that this kind of judicial poisoning, the natural consequence of a savage and stupid superstition, is peculiar to this part of the country. A few degrees further to the north, at the mouth of the Niger, the same practices are met with, and the bean of Calabar, one of the most deadly poisons known to us, is the agent employed. In other places some other substance is used, and it is probable that this terrible custom prevails more or less throughout the whole of the African continent, for, with respect to superstition, all negroes are about on a par. The intercourse with Europe, and especially the authority which we are able to exercise, mitigates the cruelty of those who dwell in our immediate neighbourhood; but it is very doubtful whether intercourse with civilised nations really eradicates the original credulity of their nature. I wish it to be understood, however, that I make an exception of those who have been really regenerated by a thorough European education.

The African negro believes in sorcery. Brought, as he is, when quite an infant to our colonies, reared, or, it may be, born amongst us, surrounded by the influences of our religion, but without being withdrawn from the people of his own race, he believes in the existence of "Zombis" (the name given to ghosts at the Antilles), and he always carefully keeps about him some fetiche to protect him. Should one of the ministers of our religion take from him his talisman, and give him some holy relic in exchange, you may be sure that he will fail to understand its symbolic signification. And when he perceives that his new medal fails to preserve him from the evils from which he dreamt that he would be exempted by his own charm, without questioning the sincerity of the missionary, he will return to his national fetiche, making the remark to himself that "the missionary's fetiche is very good for the white man, but it was not intended for the poor black." At the same time, he is not at all astonished, for he is convinced that our God, who has given us so much power and so much wealth, cannot be at the same time the God of the black man.

He appears to think, moreover, on the other hand, that his gods take little interest in us, and that the power of his fetiches is not transferable to us, and therefore he sometimes gives them to us with but little hesitation. I bought one day, for a few rolls of tobacco, one of those strange little figures which are to be found in every village, with a bit of glass inserted in its breast, and a circlet made of the feathers of the touraco round its head. The bargain was a long and difficult matter to arrange, for this grotesque little god, fixed at the end of a stick, was a great war fetiche, whose value had been proved by long service. The warrior in whose possession it was, fixed it in the ground by his side when he went to sleep, and then slumbered free from all anxiety. We can easily understand that the happy

possessor of such a talisman would hesitate before he parted with it. He let me have it in the end, but he would not have sold it to a black man at any price. He was willing to part with that which ensured his own invulnerability, because it would be of no value to the person to whom he transferred it; but he would not have been so foolish as to give it up to any one on whom it would confer protection, and who might, perhaps, one day be his enemy.

This belief in the existence of different gods for the two races both comforts the black man and feeds his vanity. The superiority of the European in what we may call the world of material facts is overwhelmingly evident to him; but, with this exception, he refuses to acknowledge it. When he sees us smile at some of the strange dreams which his superstitious imagination has conjured up, he gently reproaches us with our incredulity, and tries to make us understand (not without a certain air of pride) that the God of the white man, who has shown himself to be so generous to him in some respects, has, notwithstanding, concealed from him more than one mystery, the secrets of which the black man has been able to penetrate.

Such was the nature of the reply once made to my friend M. Serval, under rather odd circumstances, which deserve narration. He was at that time in command of a small despatch boat, the *Pionier*, the crew of which was composed mainly of blacks—not Gabonese and fetishists, but inhabitants of Senegal, and Mahomedans, and consequently in all respects superior to them. One day, one of these laptots, whilst bathing close to the vessel, had his legs bitten off by a shark, and died almost immediately. A few days after, the men had the satisfaction of harpooning one of these dangerous creatures, and they naturally regarded it as the murderer of their comrade. They had already hoisted it on deck, and felt assured that the moment for wreaking their vengeance had arrived, when one of their companions, who had been busy on the lower deck, presented himself suddenly above the hatchway, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy. At the same instant the shark made a violent effort, and succeeded in freeing itself from the hook, and fell back into the sea. To men exasperated, and who believed that they had their enemy safe, there was something altogether unnatural in the event. The laptot who so inopportunistly made his appearance unfortunately belonged to a tribe which was held in but little esteem, and which was strongly suspected of sorcery. His sudden appearance, and the cry which he had uttered, seemed to make the matter clear. He was evidently in league with the shark, and, following out this idea, they presently discovered that the master of the deep was his cousin, who had put on this form for the purpose of performing his part in some terrible piece of witchcraft. The crew, furious against their companion for making his appearance so unseasonably, wished to throw him overboard to keep company with his cousin, and such would have been his lot if the gourmet had not protected him. The gourmet is the chief who presides over every company of laptots, and who is often appointed at the moment of embarkation. He is chosen from amongst the most intelligent, is held in much esteem, and his authority is always respected. But on this occasion his voice was treated with contempt; besides, he was himself but half assured of the innocence of the accused, and consequently he did not protect him very zealously, more because he felt

constrained to enforce discipline than for any other reason. At length, he went to the captain to tell him of the disturbance. M. Serval, who knew him to be an intelligent man, tried in vain to reason him out of his folly; he would not be convinced, and cut short every argument with this unanswerable piece of reasoning, "White men know a great deal—much more than black men; but there are some things which they are quite ignorant about, and which black men understand perfectly." He meant, of course, the works of sorcery. What reply could be made to this? None. M. Serval succeeded in keeping things quiet for three or four days by reason of the respect in which his men held him, but the position of the poor sorcerer was untenable, and it was necessary to put him on shore.

Such, then, are the blacks—I mean the better sort of them. Civilise them as much as you will, and develop their good qualities, but if you do not withdraw them from the influence of their race, your real success will, I fear, be but small. They will become little better, after all, than what many of them are already—children of nature, gentle and good, simple minded, endowed with moderate inventive powers, imitative to a very great extent, capable of devoted attachment, and brave at times; but the old negro nature lives, and will ever live, under the black skin, and you must not be astonished if one day he escapes from you, and, under the influence of some dark superstition, reveals himself in his true and natural colours—shows himself, in fact, to be plainly, what in reality he has never ceased to be—trustful as a child, and equally cruel.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE FIELDS—NATURAL PRODUCTS—OLEAGINOUS AND AROMATIC PLANTS—RICHES OF THE FORESTS.

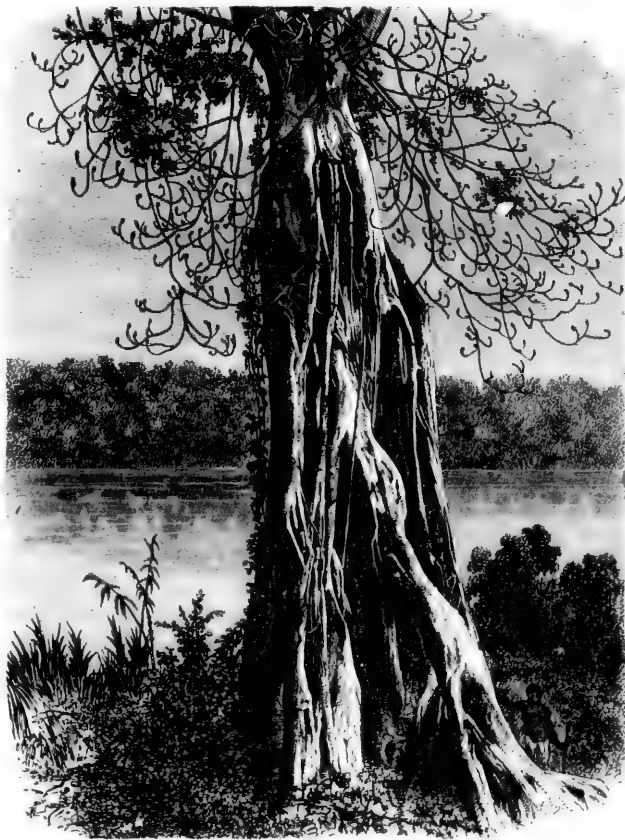
If the social and intellectual life of the blacks has always its interesting side, we can scarcely say the same of their material life. I have endeavoured to describe the dress and the dwellings of the Gabonese. Their intercourse with Europeans has given them a taste for a certain degree of comfort in this respect; but as regards their food they are much as they ever were. Although nature exhibits on all sides a wonderfully prolific power, they have barely sufficient to supply their own wants, and absolutely nothing for foreigners. Even in the immediate neighbourhood of their own villages we scarcely see anything but a few beautiful tufts of bananas or manioc; and in their interior some sacred trees in the close vicinity of a fetiche hut, and some ilangas—a liliaceous plant, supposed to possess the power of keeping off lightning. The mango, imported by the Europeans, is beginning to be found here, but the bread-fruit tree does not succeed so well, in spite of the vigorous efforts of the French missionaries.

Round the country dwellings the banana, manioc, yams, and maize, are cultivated on a larger scale, and the sugar-cane in small quantities, with a few aromatic plants. The place in which these are grown is frequently changed at the expense of the neighbouring forests. The clearing of the woods is not effected without considerable labour. The inhabitants of the villages go out together en masse for the purpose, and encamp in the open fields. They put up rude shelters covered with the leaves of a tree very frequently met with, called the ogongou. Some of the women occupy themselves in cooking, whilst others, with their children on their backs, are engaged in assisting the men to cut up the trees which have been felled.

In the evening they dance to the sound of the tam-tam, for this is the conclusion of all their occupations, whether of work or of pleasure.

The fires burn brightly in the forest and cast a vivid reflection on the energetic movements of the dancers, whilst their skin absolutely shines with the perspiration resulting from their violent and wanton movements. Night and day are

I have never met with the banana except in places which have been at some period or other under cultivation. This tree is of immense value to the country. I have heard of nineteen different kinds, and I have myself transmitted specimens of several varieties to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, at Algiers. Some of these bear fruits of an enormous size, but none possess that delicate taste peculiar to the little banana, so well known

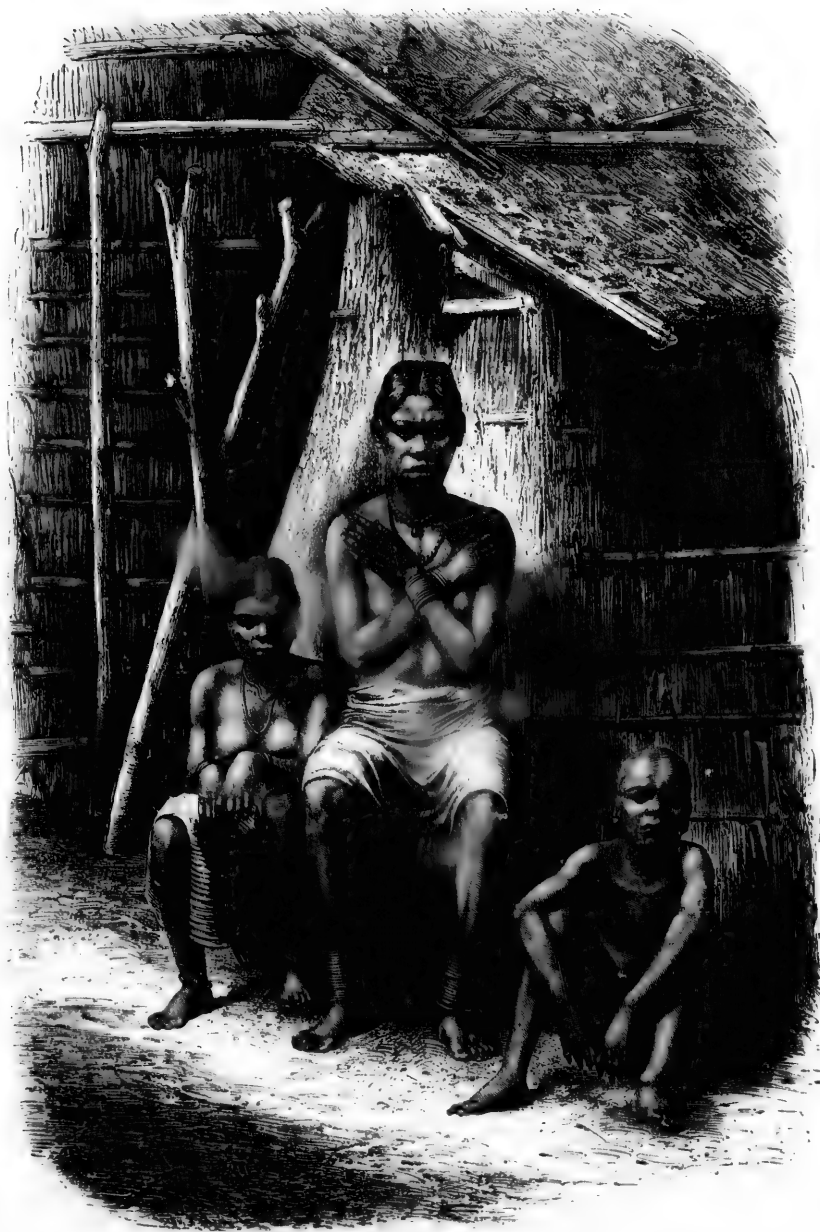


TRUNK OF THE OVOÛCHUA, A SPECIES OF "FICUS."

filled with activity; there is an animation and life which is unknown in their villages. Every one seems to have thrown off his natural idleness, and to be bent upon vigorous exertions. But as soon as the ground is really cleared and the great task completed, their natural instincts at once resume their sway—the men go home to repose after their unusual fatigue, and leave to the women the work of sowing, without assistance, the ground which has been cleared by united efforts. It is, in fact, the banana and the manioc which arouse them to this unwonted activity. Both of these trees seem to be indigenous, although

to our colonies under the name of the fig banana. The manioc has a great advantage over that of America in not being poisonous. It is prepared in a peculiar manner, and reduced to a paste called gouma, after a preliminary course of maceration, which produces a certain amount of fermentation and a sharp and nauseous flavour, and which, notwithstanding, is highly appreciated by the natives. This, with dried fish and the banana, baked before it comes to maturity, forms the staple of their food. Nor are sauces wanting for this simple diet. There is perhaps no country richer in oleaginous products,

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which have never been made use of. With the almond of Oba, which is a beautiful mai tree natural to the country, a paste called dika is made, in flavour and colour very much like chocolate; a remarkable production, which M. Aubry le Comte, who is at present manager of the Colonial Exhibition, was the first to bring into notice. Two trees belonging to the sapota family, the djavé and the nongou, supply, the former a kind of semi-fluid oil, and the latter a fine fatty substance, of a pure white colour. A tree which grows to a great height, called m'poga, produces an excellent kind of oil; but it is difficult to extract, owing to the excessive hardness of the fruit which contains it. A leguminous flowering plant, the owala, bears a huge pod, the seeds of which are oleaginous and eatable. If to this very imperfect list we add the palm oil, which is not very common, and the arachide, of which the natives think but little, because its cultivation calls for a certain amount of labour, we may see how rich this country is in vegetable products, and what immense resources its inhabitants have at their command, if they were willing to take the trouble to cultivate them. In fact, cultivation is scarcely necessary, and they are only required to multiply and group together the more useful kinds.

We must not close this account without speaking of the more highly-flavoured condiments to be met with in the Gaboon, of which, however, but little use is made. First on the list stands the maketa, or golden ginger, excellent in quality; next, the yan-gue-bere, the enoné, and many other plants belonging to the cardamom family, whose hot and aromatic seeds are well known as articles of commerce under the names of malaguettes, Guinea pepper, and grains of paradise, &c., and which have been sometimes used by us both for chemical and culinary purposes. There is also a tree called ogana, which bears pods of a somewhat strong aroma. Nutmegs are not, I think, produced in the country, but we found there, however, nutmeg trees of two different kinds, called the combo and the niohubé, the nut of which is without perfume, but very cleaginous. The vanilla tree is common, but not its aromatic pod. I have, indeed, often seen the plant, but never the fruit. The women, who make use of the leaf in preparations for the toilet, are altogether unacquainted with its pod or its perfume; it is therefore probable that this plant, in its natural state, produces fruit less frequently than those of the same species found in America.

The Gabonese is, like all Orientals, sensual in his temperament, and pretends to be in the possession of remedies for the cure of impotence. The aphrodisiac most in repute is the root of the iboga (*Taberna ventricosa*, belonging to the order of *Apocynaceae*). This is a kind of general stimulant, taking the place of coffee, and the natives make use of it in their long canoe excursions to prevent them sleeping and to revive their energies. The fruit of many other plants possesses similar properties; the one held in most repute is the red orendé, another, the ombené (the *Sterculia acuminata* of Palisot de Beauvois), is well known under the name of colat, or gourou. Its rough, sweet taste strongly affects the papillæ of the tongue, and renders them for the moment insensible to disagreeable flavours: brackish water then appears fresh and sweet, a valuable property, which causes this fruit to be much in request in the Soudan, where it is an important article of commerce. There is not a single person who has travelled in

this country since the time of René Caillé, who has not spoken of the excellent properties of this plant.

None of these products cost the Gabonese any labour; the forests in the midst of which their cultivated fields are situated, supply them in abundance. These forests are in appearance as grand and majestic as we should expect to find them in a country where the sun is so powerful, and the rain so abundant. Around these trees, which grow sometimes to an immense height, climbing plants of the utmost variety entwine themselves: innumerable leguminous bindweeds of a thousand colours, passion flowers, *Combretaceae*, trumpet flowers of all sorts; two or three kinds of vines of immense size, whose grapes, which have a very tolerable flavour, although rather pulpy, would no doubt be very much improved by judicious cultivation; *Apocynae* of all kinds, some secreting, like the inéé, a dangerous poison, others, like the n'dambo, yielding at the same time delicious fruits and great quantities of india-rubber.

A mere list of the botanical riches of this country would be almost endless. I must not, however, omit to mention the ogina-gina, a tree producing a kind of gum, the okoumé, or candle-wood, a gigantic tree which secretes a kind of resin in abundance, and out of whose trunk their largest canoes are formed; fig-trees producing in greater or less quantities a species of India-rubber, which is turned to no account, and woods used in the making of furniture, many interesting specimens of which were sent to the Paris Exhibition.

I shall, I hope, be excused for giving these botanical details, if my reader will only call to mind that the principal beauty of this country consists in the rich mantle of verdure with which it is perpetually clothed, and which affords almost its only attraction to those Europeans who are unable to penetrate into the interior. The fauna is much less varied in character, and presents less to attract the curious. The natives themselves, with their habits and manners strangely altered, though often not much for the better, by intercourse with Europeans—with their vices, rendered no less revolting, although to some extent excusable on account of the rough and savage condition in which they live (I speak, of course, of the tribes on the coast)—scarcely suffice to excite the curiosity of the traveller on his first arrival amongst them. After a time he feels nothing but indifference.

The vegetable world alone, so different from everything amongst ourselves, and at each step assuming such new features, presents a spectacle so essentially varied to eyes capable of appreciating it, that it affords the weary mind an inexhaustible and welcome source of occupation.

For myself, I feel that in endeavouring to convey to others the impression produced upon my mind by these magnificent forests in which I have wandered as a novice, admiring the beauty and riches of the vegetable kingdom here so profusely displayed, rather than as a scientific inquirer, I only try to discharge a debt of gratitude I owe to these scenes. The greatest boon that a European can expect in a country so little suited to him by its climate and social conditions, is to find so much agreeable mental occupation presented by the inexhaustible variety of its natural productions. My rambles in the woods daily offered me something new to admire and investigate; and it is saying much, after a residence of several months in such a region, to confess that I never suffered from ennui, nor was ever depressed with the feeling of home sickness.

A Journey up the Orinoco to the Caratal Gold Field—Raleigh's "El Dorado."—III.

BY C. LE NEVE FOSTER, B.A., D.SC., F.G.S.

CHAPTER IV.—(continued).

THE MINES.

THE next day was devoted to an excursion to Panama, which is the name given to a little clearing about two miles to the west of the town. It is reached by a path through the forest, which brings one suddenly upon a few miserable hovels, the abode of a few miners, who have been getting gold from loose quartz blocks that strew the hill-side, as well as by quarrying away the outcrop of lodestones. To lessen the labour of breaking the rock, the miners have called in the aid of fire, for burning renders the quartz far more friable. The miners never work upon any quartz which does not contain visible gold. All quartz which shows small particles of gold is pounded up by hand in iron mortars; or, if the miner is poor, he simply buys an iron pestle, and burning out a hole in the stump of a tree, uses that as a mortar, and rigs up a stamping apparatus by the side of his hut. The gold is easily got from the powdered auriferous quartz by amalgamating it in a batea. The batea is a wooden pan, which is partly filled with the powdered ore; water and a little quicksilver being added, and the whole kneaded up carefully, the gold unites with the quicksilver, which is thus reunited into one mass by washing. Squeezed through a cloth, the quicksilver leaves a solid mass of amalgam behind, and, on heating this on a shovel, the quicksilver is driven off, and a cake of gold left behind. It is in this manner that all the gold quartz is worked. At present the most important workings in the district are at Callao.

On leaving Nueva Providencia by a mule-path to the north, you pass through plantations of sugar-cane, plantains, maize, and the cassava plant, for the distance of about a mile, and then enter the forest, which continues for half a mile, till the Callao clearing is reached. Here, indeed, we have a specimen of a rough mining village. We first come upon some fenced clearings, where the charred trunks of trees and heaps of white ashes show that the timber has been recently felled, and has to be burnt to be got rid of. The path soon brings us to the village itself. Even here we see evident proofs that what is now a scene of active industry was forest a few years ago; for stump after stump of the original timber remains standing in the street, forming a number of natural posts. Stores are numerous. Many of them are open booths, and in this respect impart to the village the look of some of the Continental fairs. I need hardly say that at Caratal the billiard-table is not wanting, and close by is another table covered with a white cloth, where gambling is constantly going on. Crowding round it are negroes and Venezuelans of all classes, satisfying their passion for the national vice, which is really the curse of the diggings. To give some idea of how much it prevails, I may state that one man in Nueva Providencia does nothing else but manufacture dice. I have passed his cottage day after day between six and seven in the morning, and have always seen him hard at work cutting out and marking the little ivory cubes. The large consumption of dice is in part due to suspicions of unfair play, for you may see an unlucky gambler rush out into the street, dice in hand, and

smash them between two stones, to see whether or no they have been loaded.

Signs of mining are apparent everywhere. Shaft after shaft is met with, where negroes are hauling up gold quartz from a depth of thirty or forty yards, and from the sheds which cover the pits comes the clank of the pestle and mortar. Women and children gather round the heaps of refuse, and, thanks to the keenness of their vision, can manage to pick out a good many pieces of quartz, with small specks of gold which had escaped the eyes of the miners. This affords them the means of easily earning a little money; and each one pounds the quartz himself, or even rubs it fine between two stones, amalgamates the powder, and gets out a little cake of gold, which he sells at one or other of the shops. The Callao miners are working a quartz vein, or "reef," which has furnished extraordinary riches: most beautiful specimens, showing coarse pieces of gold, are obtained every day, and masses of pure white quartz, dotted over with lumps and streaks of virgin gold, show how much money may be earned in some cases even where everything is done by manual labour. Still, if the Callao lode is to be worked much deeper, the miners must inevitably have recourse to machinery. The deeper pits are much troubled by water, which at the present time has to be hauled out by means of buckets.

After Callao, the most flourishing diggings are at Chile, about four miles from Nueva Providencia. As we leave the town on the south, some of the tierra de flor workings may be noticed. Just under the soil, a layer of red earth is often met with, which contains nuggets of gold. The earth is dug up, washed in a batea, and the nuggets are found in the bottom. The largest nugget yet obtained in the district, one of fifteen pounds weight, was found in the tierra de flor, at a stone's throw from the town. Close by are some old alluvial diggings, and great care is required as you ride along, so as not to fall into one of the numerous old pits with which the surface is riddled just like a sieve. The path winds in and out between these open pits, and where the clayey soil is wet and slippery, an accident might easily happen. In crossing the Mucupia, if the dry season is not too far advanced, you are sure to come upon miners washing gold-bearing earth which they have dug up in the neighbourhood. Seated on a stone in one of the pools to which the brook is now reduced, and without other clothing than his drawers, the miner mixes up the auriferous dirt with water, and by a skilfully-imparted motion, manages to wash away the lighter particles, and leave the gold behind. The ride through the forest offers no feature of peculiar interest till the Aguinaldo diggings are reached, in a little valley about two miles from the town. Here the clear and beautiful note of the minero, or miner-bird, is sure to greet the traveller. It is often heard in other places, but along the Chile road you are invariably favoured by its song. The miners say that it is never heard unless there is gold close by; and in this case, at all events, they say so with reason. The Aguinaldo diggings are very shallow. After making a pit some six or eight feet deep through coarse gravel, the pebbles often being as big as one's

head, the miner reaches the "pay dirt," from which the nuggets and small grains are extracted by simple washing in a batea. The adjoining "Peru" valley, through which the path leads, is also dotted over with numerous pits, and ere long we reach a little clearing, with a few huts known as "Peru;" and then, climbing rather a steep hill, we drop down upon Chile. The workings here are perhaps the most striking in the district, as there is now a great chasm in the hill-side, caused by the falling in of the workings a year or two ago; and the miners have been forced to abandon the system of quarrying away the "reef" or vein, and now work it by means of shafts. These are pretty numerous for a distance of about a quarter of a mile, and a great deal of rich gold quartz has been obtained from veins and branches at Chile. A fortunate Frenchman actually obtained 110 pounds weight of gold, worth between four and five thousand pounds, from one pit in a very short space of time.

It will be seen from the various statements I have made, that nearly all the Caratal gold is obtained from quartz veins or "reefs." The alluvial diggings, or tierra de flor, at the present moment are not very much worked, and it is only in the dry season that anything can be done in the present river beds; though these for a long time formed the only source of gold that was known. The total annual production is but small—only about 30,000 ounces; but it must be remembered that every bit of quartz has been pounded by hand, and every particle of alluvial gold washed out in a batea.

Having visited the principal workings in the diggings, I began to make excursions into the forest in all directions, so as thoroughly to explore the gold-bearing region; and here I met with little to interest the general reader. The forest is not usually too thick to prevent one's walking; but still a large knife is often wanted to cut the way through occasional dense portions where the undergrowth is very thick. Having read such glowing descriptions of the forests of South America, where vegetation was so luxurious, so gorgeous, and so striking, it was not without disappointment that I traversed the forests of Caratal. There is an absence of striking tropical features, a dearth of palms, orchids, and large ferns, which I expected to find. You have fine trees, it is true, furnishing good and useful timber; but to the general observer there is nothing particularly tropical in their look, excepting the numerous lianas which hang down everywhere like ropes. The chain liana, bejuco de cadena, is said to furnish an extract with properties similar to those of sarsaparilla; and there are many plants to which the Indians and natives ascribe important medicinal properties, and probably not without reason.

I quite expected to have found plenty of game and animals of all sorts in the Caratal forests; but I was forgetting that so many of the miners carried guns, and had been destroying game for the last ten years. The hunter may get deer, and have good sport in shooting the peccary, or wild pig; but these animals were far more abundant ten years ago, though they may still be found in fair quantities in any unfrequented part. The American tiger, or jaguar, has been killed at Caratal, and hence the name "Tigre" given to the hill close to the town. It is a rare animal in the district; the puma and tiger-cats are

also rare. The so-called urso, or bear of the country, is simply the ant-eater. I happened to see one in the savannah near Guri. The large tapir (*danta*) still roams through the forest; but I was never lucky enough to meet with one. It is far more commonly the case to hear than to see monkeys, and the howling of the araguate (*Simia ursina*) often startles one in the solitude of the forest. Birds are numerous. The large pauji or curassow, the pava or paba (Penelope), the gruya, and a kind of partridge, may all be shot in the Caratal forests, and are all very good eating. Parrots, paroquets, wood-peckers, doves, toucans, orioles, and humming birds are common; and I have already spoken of the minero.

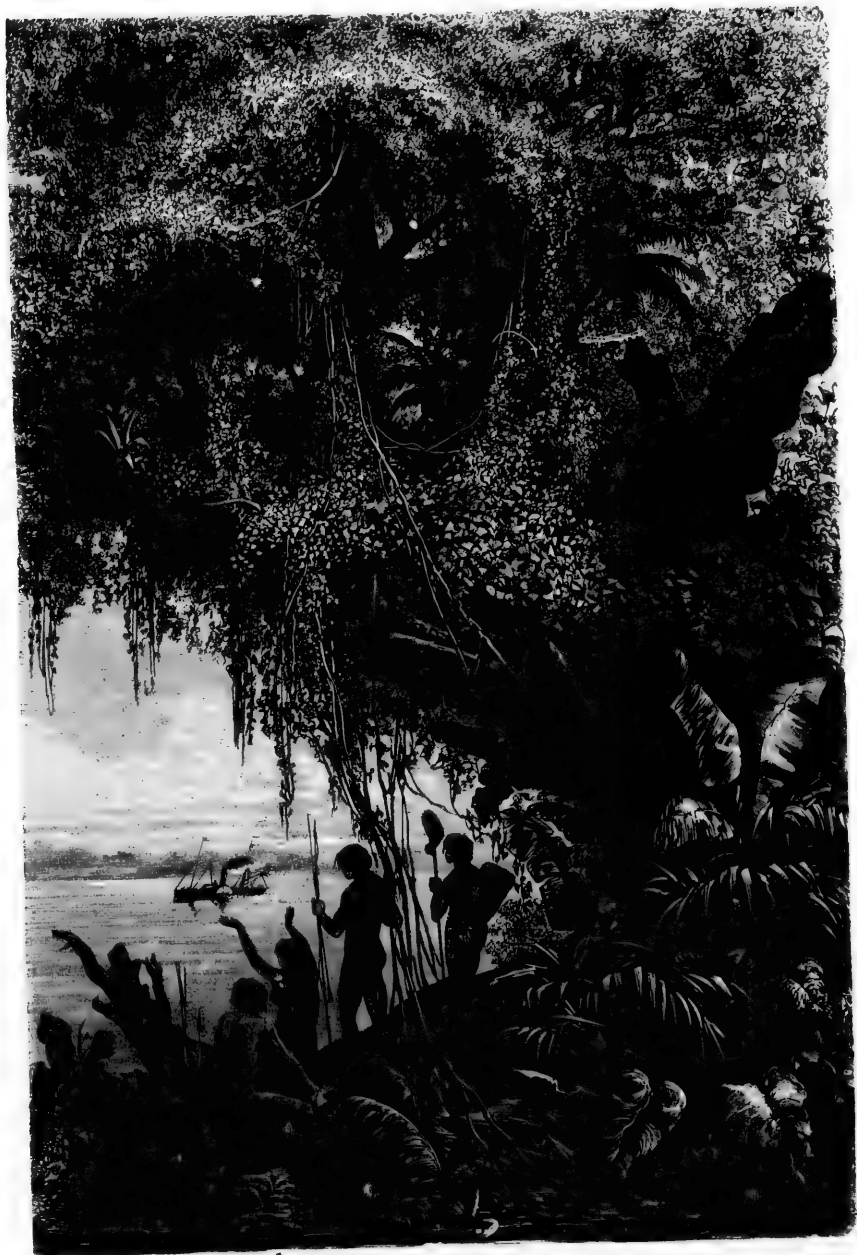
Snakes are far from being common. I have heard of rattlesnakes near Guasipati, but not in the neighbourhood of Nueva Providencia; and though I was more than two months in the district, and in the forest every day, I only saw four snakes. Of these, two belonged to a species of whipsnake, and one was the beautiful but deadly coral; this I was fortunate enough to kill.

There is but little fishing carried on in the Yuruari and its tributaries, though fish are not uncommon. It is somewhat curious to the European to see crabs, large enough to be eaten, living in fresh water—for instance, in the Mucupia brook. I was disappointed with regard to the insects; they do not strike one as being numerous or attractive for size and beauty. I suppose this must be accounted for by the absence of flowering plants. It is true I did meet with a few large and gorgeous butterflies, and managed to secure several species, but still not so many as I had expected. There is one insect, however, which is universal in the forest, and that is the troublesome tick called garrapata by the Spaniards. It attaches itself to your clothes as you walk through the forest, and quickly finding some means of getting to your skin, there buries its proboscis and fattens away at your expense. It produces only a very slight irritation of the skin; but when on returning from a walk, and finding from one to five dozen of these insects adhering to the skin on all parts of your body, you are apt to get fidgety till you have dispatched the very last. Another insect pest is the jigger, chigoe, nigua, or *Pulex penetrans*, common here as in the West Indies generally. I did not see or hear a mosquito all the time I was at Nueva Providencia, but of course a few are met with in the rainy season.

The climate of Caratal during the months of October, November, and December is uniformly warm, but not oppressively hot. The extremes of temperature that I noticed were 68° Fahr. and 92° Fahr. On getting up in the morning I usually found the thermometer at 75° Fahr., and it would rise to 88° or 90° in the afternoon. The diurnal range was very small. In the forest itself you are not exposed to the direct rays of the sun, and during the dry months these temperatures, as might be supposed, are very far from being unpleasant. In October, November, and December the weather on the whole was dry; from the 20th of November to the 20th of December there were thirteen days on which rain fell, but as a rule the showers were very short, and appeared to be very local. This rain is called that of the Norte, or north winds. I am told that January, February, and March are dry months, and very pleasant. The rainy season begins at the end of April or early in May, and lasts till September.

At the present time it cannot be said that the climate of

* For further information about the geology of the district, and mode of working the gold deposits, I must refer the reader to my paper "On the Caratal Gold Field," read before the Geological Society of London, June, 1869.



FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE ORINOCO.

Caratal is perfectly healthy. Many persons suffer from an enlargement of the spleen, and more still fall ill of intermittent fever, which is rather troublesome than dangerous. With proper care it may be cured in a few days, and as far as I know, no one died of fever whilst I was in Caratal. I knew one man who did all he could to aggravate his illness, which, in spite of his folly, did not carry him off. No doubt, care and temperate living will enable a man to resist it, at all events, for a time. I am glad to say that I never enjoyed better health in my life than I did during my stay in Nueva Providencia, and I may add at the same time that I never took a grain of quinine all the time I was in the country, though I was asked by people at least three times a week, "Have you had the fever yet?" as if it were a matter of course that I should have it.

The cause of this fever is not to be found in swamps and marshes, for I saw none in the neighbourhood. It can only be attributed to the decomposition of vegetable matter during the clearing of the forest, and the want of freer ventilation. At the present time the mining settlements are shut in by the forest on all sides, and if miasmata arise there is no draught to carry them off. A hot sun pouring down upon wet, decaying leaves, lying on a clayey soil, is surely a sufficient cause for the production of malarious emanations, and if these are not speedily blown away they may be expected at any time to produce fever.

If this theory be correct, the remedy is simple; extend the clearing so as to let in more air, and burn the leaves and boughs, instead of letting them rot away. Dr. Stevens, the manager of the American Company, told me that he had reduced the sickness among his men fourteen per cent., by

building sheds over the barrancos where they worked; his men were thus kept dry, and not exposed to the sun.

In procuring information about the climate, the *granum salis* is all-important. One man will tell you that a place is not fit for a dog to live in, whilst another will say he has enjoyed perfect health there for the last twenty years; so much depends on the individual. I met a man one morning in one of the Nueva Providencia stores, carefully wrapped up in blankets, and suffering from fever, and I naturally condoled with him on his ill luck. "Oh," said a friend of mine, to whom I was mentioning the fact shortly afterwards, "you don't know the whole story; the man had too much bitter beer last night, and it is all his own fault." The fact is this: slight excesses, which in Europe would simply give one a headache the next morning, will often bring on fever in the tropics.

To show how men will lay the fault on the locality and not on themselves, I may here relate an anecdote about a man who happened to be in Caratal during the early part of my stay there. He came home drunk one night, and it was some time before he could find his hammock. At last this feat was accomplished, and he tried to take off his big riding-boots. This was quite beyond his powers, and after many fruitless efforts he lay down in his hammock and soliloquised: "Well, I have travelled all over the world; I lived five years in Brazil, ten in Cuba, four in Jamaica; I have travelled through Spain and Portugal, I have been in Africa; but I never yet was in such a d— country, where a man is obliged to go to bed with his boots on." This story, of course, became the joke of the place, and Venezuela was always known as "the country where a man must go to bed with his boots on."

Seven Months in the Balearic Islands.—III.

BY E. G. BARTHOLOMEW, C.E., M.S.E.

MINORCA—DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVELLING—MAHON—IVISA, THE PEARL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN—HISTORICAL SKETCH.

LEAVING Majorca, and the small adjoining group of Cabrera, I pass now to Minorca, the second in importance of the Balearic Islands. I shall proceed thither by way of Ciudadella, because it is the nearest point to Majorca; this island will, however, receive a smaller share of notice than its larger and more important neighbour, though it is not devoid of interest in many respects. Its ancient history, no doubt, closely resembles that of Majorca, but we are led to this belief rather from the relics of antiquity which have frequently been met with, than from written records. Some ancient remains exist in the "termino" or district of Alayor, which are supposed to have been a Druidical altar. A vast number of coins have at different periods been dug up, amongst them Carthaginian, Celtic, Greek, Phœnician, Macedonian, and Roman—those of the latter kind being principally of the time of the Emperor Constantine, while in addition to there a few silver Arabian coins have also been met with.

It is certain that the Carthaginians possessed Minorca at

one time; in fact, Mahon, the largest and most important town in the island, was named after Mago, the Carthaginian general who founded it. The Romans wrested Minorca from the Carthaginians, and they in their turn yielded it up to the northern barbarians, who gave way to the Moors, who were themselves subdued by the king of Majorca in the eleventh century; and the island continued part of the kingdom of Arragon till 1375, when, with Majorca, it became united to Spain.

Minorca has played no inconsiderable part in the great drama of events which have transpired in Europe within the last 150 years. In 1708 it was taken from Spain by the British, who held it till 1756, when it was captured by the French. It was restored to Britain by treaty in 1763, was taken by Spain in 1782, and re-taken by Britain in 1798. During the American war Minorca was again captured by Spain, and finally ceded to her in 1814. The cause of the repeated efforts made by England to retain this island has been the facilities it afforded the government for keeping the Algerines in restraint; its possession induced those pirates to pay more

deference to the English flag than to that of any other nation, and secured a stricter observance of treaties.

Before I visited the island, I had been led to believe there yet remained in Minorca many of the inhabitants speaking English. In this I was disappointed. A few of the "oldest inhabitants" remembered the occupation by the British, fifty years before, and I was gratified at finding my countrymen spoken very highly of, to the disparagement of the Spaniards and their government.

The general aspect of the country bears an unfavourable comparison with the other islands; its scenery is much less diversified, and the island is, for the most part, badly cultivated. There are a few exceptions to this, the most fertile districts lying along the northern coast. In the centre of the island there are also a few pretty valleys, called "barancoes;" but the whole of the south and west parts are low, sandy, and unproductive. The highest hill in Minorca (1,206 feet) is situated near the middle of the island, and is surmounted by a convent dedicated to "Our Lady of the Bull." The island is so barren, and so badly cultivated, as scarcely to yield sufficient food for the inhabitants. The absence of mountains prevents the formation of currents of cool air, and the excessive heat of the summer so relaxes the energies of the inhabitants that, although both copper and iron exist here, the people are too lazy to work the mines. There is a curious subterranean lake within a cave near Cava Perella; besides this, there is nothing in the country districts worthy of note.

A very well-constructed road runs completely through the island, from Ciudadella to Mahon, a distance of nearly thirty miles. Half the battle of a journey may be said to be overcome when the road is good; but your enemy will gain the victory, in spite of the road, if the conveyance and motive power be no better than that which I had to endure in my journey over this thirty miles of really good road. The carriage was devoid of springs, and the two unequally-sized mules had, without doubt, been already doing duty for many long hours before their owner offered, for not a very small sum, to convey me to Mahon. Ignorance of the capabilities of the animals was in my case bliss; so, delaying my departure till the cool of the day, myself and my companions rested for an hour or two; and then, resigning ourselves to the guidance of our driver—I was going to say our Jehu, only his mules prevented his being that—and making ourselves comfortable in the straw of the tartana, we started on our journey. In some respects it was fortunate our animals were fagged, as high-pressure speed would have been unbearable; as it was, the accommodating pace enabled me to walk nearly the whole distance, paying, nevertheless, for the escort and the carriage of the luggage. So well arranged was the speed, that I could without difficulty make an advance of a mile or two, and then rest on the bank and "wait for the wagon." Whatever desire we might have had to accelerate matters, neither threats nor cajolery could move the wretched animals one step faster. The reader may naturally remark that such conduct from mules is only to be expected; but a Spanish mule is a very differently constituted animal to an English mule. A Spaniard does not expect stubbornness from his mule any more than we do from a horse. A good mule is more highly valued than a horse in Spain, and far more trouble is taken with him. The coat—that part, at least, which is allowed to grow—is as glossy as silk; and it is usual for the wealthy classes in many parts

of Spain to drive mules in their carriages in preference to horses—in fact, they are fashionable. But the Spanish groom has a ridiculous habit of shaving the legs and the lower half of the animal's body, leaving an horizontal line between shaved and unshaved all round him. From four p.m. till two a.m. the next morning we continued our journey; and expressing a wish to put up at an English hotel, which, I was informed, existed in Mahon, we succeeded in gaining admission; and never have I more enjoyed the luxury of an unprepared bed than I did upon this occasion, in spite of mosquitoes, which, as I felt in the morning, had enjoyed themselves too.

Mahon, or more properly Port Mahon, the second town in the Balears in size, and in some respects more important than Palma itself, stands at the head of an inlet of the sea about three miles long, forming a splendid harbour, reckoned the best in the Mediterranean. In this almost tideless port there is in some parts seventeen fathoms of water; at the entrance is ten fathoms, and close to the town six. The town derives its name, as I have stated, from Mago, the Carthaginian: that a chief of that ancient naval power should have fixed on this locality for the site of a town is a proof of the sagacity which characterised his nation. The harbour contains a dockyard without ships, a lazaretto generally without patients, and, I might almost add, fortifications without guns. This is the only quarantine station the Spaniards possess in the Mediterranean, the other being on the Atlantic coast at Vigo, and, being at an inconvenient distance for vessels touching at Valencia or Alicante, it is proposed to establish another near Cadiz. In speaking of the lazaretto at Mahon, I am led to the mention of an incident which shows the absurdity of Spanish quarantine arrangements. During my stay at Palma, a few cholera cases occurred at Valencia, which port was in consequence declared "infected," the mail steamer running between it and Palma being there at the time. When she arrived at Palma—at which place the authorities are rather particular, and where the unfortunate official of "la sanidad" has to remain in an open boat near the infected vessel to prevent communication with the shore, and, from being unaccustomed to the undulatory movement of the sea, is generally unable to maintain a full stomach—she could not land her passengers, nothing but the mail-bags being permitted to leave the ship, the usual fumigation and punching through of every letter to allow the smoke to enter and the plague to depart being adopted. The steamer had immediately to sail to Mahon to perform fourteen days' quarantine, and then, the owners having learnt that Alicante had received no intimation of the infected state of Valencia, or, if it had, decided not to notice it, they sent the vessel to fulfil her engagements at Valencia with orders to touch at Alicante for papers en route to Palma; the result was that she was freely admitted at Palma, though only one day later from Valencia than if she had come direct. As regards this same declaration of infection at Valencia, it was thought that the governor of the province, who was an Alicante man, had made it in order to draw the shipping to Alicante; and he risked his life by the act, as his residence was mobbed, and he only escaped by the help of the military. To return to Mahon. At each side of the mouth of the harbour is a fort, whose cross fire would effectually command the entrance. There is often a heavy sea here, which sets in from the Gulf of Lyons. Near the harbour's mouth, on the south side, is the castle of St. Philip, a fort built by the

English for the lodgment of their troops, and now a ruin. More than £2,000,000 was expended by this country upon the harbour and fortification of Mahon and the neighbourhood. It was off this harbour that on the 20th of May, 1756, an action between the French and English fleets occurred, when the latter, under poor Admiral Byng, was defeated in attempting to reinforce the garrison of St. Philip.

There is a fine open street in Mahon, in which stands the best hotels; these are good, and enjoy a large patronage from the vessels (chiefly English and American) which put in for water, &c. Mahon possesses a good reading-room, where a few Mahonese, proud of their ability to speak English, assemble, and who are gratified at introducing an Englishman. The cathedral of Mahon is large and imposing; the organ was the finest in Spain until the new one was erected at Valencia in 1861 at a cost of 40,000 dollars.

Leaving Mahon in a gun-boat, I returned to Palma, and had an opportunity of examining the low sandy beach which forms the entire south and west coast of the island; and, what is far more interesting, I was able to admire from the sea the northern coast of Majorca—that magnificent range of beetling crags I have once before spoken of. I feel drawn to these bold eminences by unusual attraction. I once climbed to the summit of one, but, difficult as was the ascent, the coming down was worse. Several times I had to ascend a second time a considerable distance, having lost my path, and meeting an obstacle altogether barring further descent. Swinging from the stems of mountain bushes, or sliding down with a mass of loose stones which, disturbed by my weight, came down as fast or faster than myself—this was the only way in which I could descend. Whilst on a narrow ledge near the summit, resting to enjoy the view, a splendid eagle, near whose eyrie I suppose I was, sailed slowly and majestically in front of me, and so close that I could see his bright eyes fixed on me. Had he chosen to make a trial of strength with me, I should never have penned these lines, for my footing-place was too small and insecure to afford me a chance of coping with his agility in his native element, and help was out of the question; for although I could hear very plainly the ascending voices of my friends 2,000 feet below me, every effort of mine to attract their attention failed.

Throughout Minorca are scattered great numbers of shells and fossil débris; among the latter is a stone known as "serpent's tongue," and another which the Minorcans believe is produced in the head of the toad, and called "toad-stone." Venomous reptiles are common in the island, although, fortunately, olive oil, the antidote, is generally at hand. The beautiful "rock fish" abounds on the coasts, its colours vying with those of the rainbow. Then there is that wonderful mollusk the *Pholas dactylus*, whose home is within the solid rock, and whose means of subsistence is a mystery to naturalists. It can only be found by breaking in pieces its house, the submerged block. There is a shell yielding mother-of-pearl of very large size, and the *Murex purpura*, producing the celebrated Tyrian purple; also a species of the genus *Pinna*, said to be sometimes three feet long. This must be the *Pinna rotundata*, of whose beard gloves and stockings are made. In many of the sheltered beaches which exist around the coasts both of Majorca and Minorca, the ground seems composed almost entirely of small and beautiful shells, of an immense variety of form and colour; some almost as transparent as

glass, but so minute as only to be found by gathering a handful of the surface, and separating them from the grains of sand.

I now with pleasure take leave of Minorca, for it is, in my opinion, the least interesting of the three principal islands, and I am going to introduce my reader to the fairest of them all; the most varied in scenery, the most interesting in its inhabitants and their habits, the most fruitful, and yet the least known of the Balears—Iviza, the Pearl of the Mediterranean.

A native poet has written of his island—

"Dirigiendo su canto solo á Iviza
 Á Iviza, que envidiada y no envidiosa,
 Su orgulla ostenta en undulosos mares;
 Perla brillante en su valor gozosa,
 Que en hechos mil ennobleció sus lares:
 En producciones y clima tan hermosa,
 Que es digna la memore en mis cantares."

Much of this praise is true, yet the voyager touching at the port of Iviza, as the mail-steamer usually does in passing from Valencia to Palma, would form but a poor impression of the real loveliness of this island. My own notions were that the dirty village, the real "Ciudad" of the island, was only less uncivilised than filthy. Some ecclesiastical students I fell in with have searched into the early history of Iviza, and, assisted by their efforts, I give it in a condensed form.

An idea prevails that, although separated from the continent by more than fifty miles of water, Iviza was once connected with the coast of Denia. The adjacent land corresponds, and the Cape of St. Antonio stretched out from the mainland in the direction of the island. Geologists even maintain the possibility of all the Balearic group having been at one period of the earth's history connected together and with Spain.

The group which is composed of Iviza, Formentera, and several small islands adjoining, is marked on the maps as the "Pityusas," anciently so called from the large quantity of pine trees which once grew upon them. They were also called "Gymnesias," which, according to Diodorus Siculus, was because in his days the inhabitants went naked. Iviza, from its nearness to Spain, as well as from its fertility, was eagerly coveted, and its possession contested by those nations who made the Mediterranean the arena of their struggles. The Carthaginians, in their turn, formed a settlement here, although they never held entire possession of the soil, or undisputed sway over the people. I believe the original inhabitants were never dislodged, and to the present day the descendants of the primitive stock remain the holders of the land. Nearly 700 years before our Saviour's birth the fleets of Carthage came to Iviza to recruit after a repulse experienced at Majorca; but the native slingers went to oppose their landing, and after destroying some of their vessels, compelled the rest to return to Carthage. For nearly 150 years the lesson thus taught them was remembered; and then, attracted by the position of the island, the bravery of its inhabitants, its natural wealth, and the abundance of its salt, the restless Carthaginians determined to return and effect a lodgment at all costs, so that from thence, as a base for their operations, they might more easily carry out their designs upon the Peninsula. They therefore, in 539 B.C., sent a large fleet and army to Iviza, and, effecting a landing, placed the yoke of slavery upon the inhabitants. Grievous complaints were made by the Ivizencas against the overbearing conduct of the Carthaginians, and at length a general was sent with instruc-

tions to cultivate the friendship of the islanders, and to reconcile them to the rule of Carthage. In this he succeeded, and even secured their assistance in repelling Dionysius the Elder, who attempted an invasion of the island, and, with the help of the celebrated slingers, gained a complete victory over that tyrant.* An outbreak ensued after this, and the islanders expelled their quondam friends. Hamilcar Barca† succeeded in regaining the lost affection of this singular people, and married one of the islanders, having issue Hannibal the Great,

* It is recorded of the Ivizencas that with the view of perfecting their children in the art of slinging and throwing stones, they would only supply them with food after they had dislodged it from a ledge on which it was placed, by the hurling of a stone.

† Said to be the founder of Barcelona.

who was born, according to some, on the Isle of Tricudra, though more probably on the Isle of Hannibal, which, together with Tricudra, says Pliny, existed opposite Palma; but both have now disappeared. To him succeeded Hasdrubal. The friendship between Iviza and Carthage was now cemented, and when Scipio attempted to land there en route to Tarragona, the islanders joined their allies in opposing him. Their united efforts were useless, and the Romans became part possessors of the soil. During their occupation the Carthaginians built a temple to Mercury, which stood at the foot of the range of hills to the north of the city. This the Romans destroyed, and fragments of its columns, statues, &c., are sometimes met with. Marcus Aurelius had it rebuilt in the Ionic style.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.—VI.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER VIII.

BABYLONIAN BRICKS AND CYLINDERS—JEREED THROWING—DEPARTURE FROM HILLAH—LOWER COURSE OF THE EUFRATES—SHEIKH EL-SOOKH—VISIT TO AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT—FUTURE OF MESOPOTAMIA.

CHESNEY states that the Babylonian bricks vary in size from eleven to thirteen and a half inches square, their thickness being three and a quarter inches; they are sometimes, however, much smaller. The cement used was common clay, but in the foundations and exterior parts of the great city, bitumen appears to have been extensively employed. One face of each brick had on it an inscription, and sometimes a figure, and in some instances it was also glazed; this face was placed downwards, the cement being usually found adhering to the upper surface. Another, and inferior, description of bricks is rather larger than the kiln-dried variety, being nearly four and a quarter inches deep, and from eleven and a quarter to fourteen inches square. The larger ones weigh thirty-eight pounds eleven ounces (avoirdupois), and were formed of the pure clay of the country, rendered more tenacious by being mixed with a little sand and some coarse straw or fine reeds; these bricks, when dried in the sun, become very hard and durable in this dry climate. The writing on the bricks from Al Hheimar consists of ten lines in an upright column, with many stamped across to the angles of the brick; while that at the Birs Nimroud, the Mujillibe, and the Kasr is limited to between three and nine lines in number. The characters are those known as cuneiform, the deciphering of which has for so long a time baffled the learning of Oriental scholars. Exclusive of the space left on the margin of the brick, and the figures of lions and other animals which are occasionally introduced, a face of each brick presents a written page of twelve or thirteen inches square, and so exactly do the same letters resemble one another that, when repeated, slight flaws or blemishes are found in all of the same stamp: from which circumstance it may be gathered that movable type was used, and that the bricks were stamped when in a soft state. This

kind of printing, however, is not confined to the larger type on the common bricks, but was employed in the still more curious and interesting cylindrical-shaped bricks which are also found in the ruined structures of Babylon. This variety is a barrel-shaped cylinder of baked clay, four and a half inches long by two and a half inches in diameter in the broadest part, the centre, and one and a quarter inches in diameter at each extremity, and having the whole surface covered with small arrow-headed characters. The Arabs call it a firman, and, according to local tradition, it was baked in order that the intended edict might not be changed. The figures and writing engraven upon the cylinders, as well as the testimony of Herodotus, prove that engraving upon metal and stone must have been employed at Babylon previously to its destruction. These hieroglyphics are supposed in many cases to constitute astronomical records, for the compilation of which the astrologers of Babylonia were remarkable. Pliny mentions that in the time of Epigenes the records embraced a period of 720 years. Some of these cylindrical bricks may be seen in the British Museum—two of them the gift of the lamented Mr. Rich. Cylinders of a similar character, but smaller, have also been found in the ruins of Babylon. They are perforated through the centre or sides, and were worn as amulets or necklets.

During our short stay at Hillah we were not favoured with an interview by the Lieutenant-Governor, but our wishes as to escorts, to enable us to visit the lions of Babylon, and on other points relating to our creature comforts, were invariably complied with. On one occasion—it was while returning from the Birs Nimroud—we were amused by our horsemen exercising at throwing the jereed. This instrument, which is made of any heavy wood, is about a yard long, and the thickness of that useful domestic implement, a broom—if I may be pardoned for comparing a warlike weapon to so humble an article. One horseman first gallops forward, and with loud shouts and menacing gestures challenges his comrades; to him an opponent offers himself in the mimic game of battle; as these retire the new champions match themselves. The object is for

one party to pursue, and the other to fly and try to elude a blow from the jereed; this is managed by the person pursued throwing himself completely out of the saddle at the moment the weapon is hurled, and clinging to the pig-skin either by the heel or lower part of the leg. If the jereed strikes him—it is blunt, and cannot do much damage—he is obliged to pick it up, which he generally does, not by dismounting, but by throwing himself out of the saddle as before, till his hand touches the ground; on the other hand, if the jereed misses him, the thrower picks up his own weapon, and in turn becomes the party pursued. I have witnessed this manly amusement on the plain outside the walls of Baghdad, and nothing can be more picturesque than the scene presented by two parties of horsemen when they charge at full speed into one another, with lances ready to launch at the foe each man singles out, much after the fashion of the tournaments of mediæval times in Europe, of which we read in Scott's romances. The flowing dresses and turbans, and the wonderful grace and dexterity with which these desert cavaliers manage their high-mettled steeds, add greatly to the stirring character of such a scene. Superb as was the horsemanship of many of the Arab jereed-throwers, I remember few among them could rival my friend, the captain of the *Comet*, in the management of his charger, whether in racing or in the splendid sport of hog-hunting. One of Captain —'s common feats was picking up a handkerchief from off the ground while riding at full speed.

On the sixth day of our stay at Hillah we bid adieu to the miserable town, and embarking in a boat with our baggage, we set off down the Euphrates on our return to Marghill.

We gave a "last long lingering look" at the world-famous Birs Nimroud, and with a feeling of melancholy, induced by the reflection that we were gazing for the last time probably on the plain which once resounded to the tramp and echoed to the voices of myriads of the human race, turned our thoughts to the new scenes about to be opened to us, and to the petty cares of every-day life.

Soon after leaving Hillah, the Euphrates begins to assume that appearance which may have caused Herodotus to say that it differs from all other great streams by becoming smaller towards the lower than in the higher part of its course. The numerous canals drawn from each side, at short intervals from each other, in order to irrigate the fields, as well as the date groves and pomegranate gardens near the villages here, covering both banks, produce a change in the appearance of the country, which, although very gradual, becomes sufficiently evident. About seventy-five miles from the bridge of boats at Hillah, the canal of old Lemlum is passed, and here the river is no more than 120 yards in width, having an ordinary depth of twelve feet, with a current of about three miles; and it contains but one island in all that distance, between the point of our departure and the commencement of what was at one time the Chaldean Lake. At the north-western extremity of the plain, the Euphrates forms two branches, from which smaller ones and numerous canals diverge. These reunite at some rising ground near El Karaim, which is situated on both sides of the main trunk, and thus is produced what Chesney calls a delta, since the obstruction here offered during the season of floods causes the water to spread for thirty miles—that is, from the north-western to the south-eastern extremity of the basin; the latter extending in width from ten to fourteen miles west-

ward of the main channel, and to a much greater distance on the opposite or eastern side. On the right bank of the smaller branch stands the town of Lemlum, consisting of about 400 houses, constructed entirely of reeds. Nearly a mile below the separation of the Lemlum branch is a canal, branching off in the opposite or western direction. The main channel flows along with a diminished volume by a number of very deep short bends in the marshes, near the extremity of which it is rejoined by the canal on the western side. Seven miles lower, or forty-two miles from the bifurcation, it again receives the eastern branch coming from Lemlum, having previously received on both sides the remains of what had been by different channels conveyed from it for the purpose of irrigating the villages and rice grounds. Thus reunited to its former waters, and at the same time free from the marshes which absorbed so much of its contents, the Euphrates reappears in its majestic proportions, and sweeps grandly on between high banks covered with jungle. About fifty miles from the Lemlum marshes it averages 200 yards in breadth, and contains nine small islands. The greater branch has in the marshes, and during the season of floods, a bare average breadth of about sixty yards, with an ordinary depth of eight feet. Like the parts of the country adjacent to the river on both sides, the left bank is covered with a shallow inundation, amidst which numerous villages—consisting of houses formed of reeds, covered with mats of the same material—appear here and there in the more elevated spots of ground, which are all but hidden by the water.

The course of the river is now tolerably straight, and it flows through a fertile country, abounding with villages, surrounded by date groves. The largest of these Arab encampments is at Al Kut, the residence of the sheikhs of the powerful tribe of Montafik, or Montafge, and which is situated on the left bank, eight miles above Sheikh el Sookh, or the Sheikh's market. From Al Kut to Sheikh el Sookh, the average width of the river is about 250 yards; its ordinary depth is twenty feet, with a current of two and a half miles in the season of floods, according to Chesney, though other writers have placed it higher. The town of Sheikh Sookh is of considerable size, and lies on the right bank of the Euphrates; it contains about 1,500 clay-built houses, and nearly as many of mats. Wellsted mentions that Sheikh Sookh was built about a century ago by the chief of the dominant Arab tribe. It is enclosed by a mud wall, having flanking towers for musketry. The site is admirably chosen, being nearly midway between the Hye Canal and the confluence of the two rivers, thus forming an entrepôt for what little commerce the surrounding country furnishes. Its bazaars are pretty extensive, and present a gay scene in the variety of costume of the natives of distant towns, who are constantly arriving and departing. Wellsted computes the population at 70,000, which is, however, a greatly exaggerated estimate.

For some distance below Sheikh Sookh the river flows through a bed higher than the level of the surrounding country. Great facilities consequently exist for irrigating the land, though this has its serious disadvantages, for in case of heavy freshes or summer rains, the waters either flow over or burst the banks, causing thereby great loss of life and property. On the 10th of April, 1831, a catastrophe of this nature occurred. The water began to rise with great rapidity; in twenty-four hours it had gained its usual height, but the flow continuing, it burst its

boundaries, and inundated the whole country. From its elevated position Bussorah was saved, but the intermediate country between it and Baghdad, a distance of over a hundred miles, presented the appearance of a vast lake. According to the same traveller, in the latter city, which is low seated, 15,000 people in one night were either drowned or killed by the falling of their houses, the foundations of which the waters of the river had sapped or rent away. Other portions of the country on the banks of the river became converted into bogs and quagmires, in which numbers perished; while those who with their domestics were herded together on mounds, were compelled to witness their date trees—on which, in the failing of their crops, they are accustomed to depend for their subsistence—swept away in the general ruin. Similar floods are often alluded to by the earlier writers, and a most destructive one, we are told, happened about the time of Mohammed.

Little rain falls in Mesopotamia in ordinary seasons, and the country, like Egypt, owes its fertility to its rivers. The permanent flooding of the Euphrates is caused by the melting of the snow in the mountains along the upper part of its course. This takes place about the beginning of March, and increases gradually up to the time of barley harvest, or about the last days in May, when it is usually at its greatest height; the river continues very high, and its course very rapid for thirty or forty days, and then there is a daily decrease, which becomes very small and regular towards the autumn. From the middle of September to the middle of October the Euphrates may be said to be at its lowest; it then seems to be stationary until the rains commence towards the end of October, when there is a perceptible but variable increase, which continues till the frost checks it in December, and causes its waters again to subside. From this time until the beginning of March it is subject to slight alternations of decrease and increase.

On one occasion we landed, and having received an invitation from an Arab sheikh, who was chief of the tribe to which one of our attendants belonged, we paid him a visit, and were hospitably entertained. The great man received us with every token of regard at the door of his tent, and returned the usual salutation of "Salam Aleikoum," with the rejoinder, in a deep-toned voice, "Aleikoum Salam." We then entered the temporary residence of our host, where we found several men of the tribe waiting to greet us with a like pious ejaculation; and seating ourselves at his request, were entertained with a meal of camel's flesh and sheep's head, together with rice saturated with butter, jars of milk and butter-milk, dates and figs, barley cakes, and other condiments, in the profusion so truly characteristic of Bedouin hospitality. Of course we had to partake of these delicacies according to old-established desert custom, with the instruments made and provided by Dame Nature, that is to say, having a due regard to the old adage, "Fingers were made before forks." We boldly plunged our hands into the savoury mess, and bolted together the food and all compunctious visitings that might, and I may say did arise, at the sight of long dirty fingers, and of nails that—bah! but I will drop the painful reminiscence. Water was brought for us to perform the necessary ablution, and what ought to have been the first act on the part of our hosts, was our last. We bathed our hands, partook of coffee, and then, at the invitation of the sheikh, seated ourselves in front of his tent. We witnessed the jereed throwing, which I have already described,

and which was very spiritedly carried on, and also a sort of war-dance, of which Wellsted gives a description in his "Travels in Arabia." A circle is formed, and within it five or six of their number enter, and leisurely walking round for some time, each challenges one of the spectators by striking him gently with the flat of his sword. The adversary thus selected leaps forth, and a feigned combat ensues. They do not parry, either with the sword or shield, but avoid the blows by leaping backwards, or springing on one side with great agility. Their swords are about three feet in length, straight, and thin bladed. The shield is about fourteen inches in diameter, and is generally used to parry the thrust of the spear or "jainbeer." They also entertained us with foot-races and wrestling, and with a camel race, which last was very entertaining. Two swift camels were matched and ridden with nose-strings as well as bridles; the sport somewhat resembled that in vogue in certain fairs in England, when donkeys are pitted against each other, to the intense amusement of bystanders, and to the manifest disgust of the quadrupeds, who seem to take the pastime in very ill part. The camels at first "wouldn't go," and when they were induced to start did not attain a very high rate of speed. On quitting the encampment we expressed ourselves as highly delighted with the entertainment we had received, and made, according to Oriental custom, some little sort of an acknowledgment in the presentation of cotton, cloth, and navy buttons.

It is not a pleasing reflection to think what these Bedouins are, and what they might become with all their noble qualities physical and moral; for though they hold human life cheap, and have many other of the ineradicable vices of the savage, yet are they generous, and hospitable, and brave, and much might be made out of a race possessing these virtues. Not only the character of its rulers, but the whole condition of the country appears to be altered from what it was in ancient times, for Alexander speaks, in his account of his advance through it, of vast forests that had to be cleared in his march. When the "Euphrates Valley Railway" scheme has passed out of the domain of theories into that of accomplished facts, when the capital of that high-sounding company has been all subscribed, the line surveyed and constructed, and when the engine goes puffing past such stations as Nineveh and Babylon, who knows but that in those halcyon days the ancient glory and greatness of the kingdom of the Chaldees may return? We do know that when the great Napoleon entertained his scheme for the conquest of India, he inserted in his treaty of Tilsit with the Emperor Alexander, a secret provision, in which they undertook to effect their object by marching their troops through this country. Reflecting on those possibilities, one is inclined to speculate on what Mesopotamia might be, were European capital, that has already regenerated so many lands, to flow into this once highly favoured country; not only railways, but what is a greater necessity—irrigational works, might be constructed, thus forming a network of veins through which the life blood of commerce would flow, once again transforming this desert into the garden of fertility and plenty of which Herodotus writes. All these Utopian schemes, as they now seem, cannot happen till the "Sick Man" of Turkey, who has sat like a nightmare on the chest—or, rather, to use an Eastern metaphor, has clung like Sindbad's "Old Man of the Sea, round the neck of the good genius of Mesopotamia—has relaxed his grip of the country.



FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—VII.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

BUDDHIST PRIESTS AND JAPANESE LITERATURE.

WHEN Buddhism was at its height in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the bonzes worked with their own hands when they wanted to build a temple, or to ornament one with pictures or sculpture. But if they have made some progress in the arts indigenous to Japan, particularly sculpture and architecture, we cannot say much for their literary productions. One might suppose that this is owing to the monastic lucubrations in thousands of volumes "on the lotus of the good law," "the twenty-eight subdivisions of contemplation," "the twelve glories of Buddha," besides the miraculous lives of ascetics, saints, and martyrs innumerable! The distinction of such a literature is to be absolutely unreadable to all the world except that part composed of the population of bonzeries, or the regular dependants of these establishments. However, one title to glory may be claimed by the Japanese bonzerics; two or three of them were in ancient times the scene of laborious researches and patient efforts, which, though perhaps originally without any other motive than curiosity, ended in making some discoveries of great social value. At one period, when they had only the Chinese characters to write in, a scholar of the sect of Youto, named Kibiko, thought of abridging the complicated forms of those large

square characters, and of reducing them to forty-seven simple elements, unchanging and easy to recognise. This Primer, which they made use of from that time for notes, criticisms, and explanations, they call the Katakana.

But the bonze Kokai, who was born in the year 755, and was the founder of the sect of Singu-sju, went still farther in his views on the simplification of the Chinese signs; he also chose forty-seven of them, as suitable for representing the Japanese syllables; he deprived them of their figurative or metaphorical value, and adapted to them the simplest amongst the various styles of Chinese writing, and thus composed the Primer which they call the Hirakana. This is the manual which women and the common people, and even the literati themselves, use in writing the most ordinary things, and composing works of light literature, such as romances, songs, and comedies. All the Japanese women learn in their infancy the Hirakana, and it is the only elementary book which they are taught. The men also possess it, but they learn the Katakana besides; the literati add to this the knowledge of a more or less considerable number of Chinese signs. The result of this wise combination is, that the men can always read the writings of the women, but the women can read the writings of men only when the latter condescend to use the Hirakana Primer. Of all the



CEMETERY OF NAGASAKI

host of Buddhist saints there is not one who is more universally respected than good Father Kokai—and the popular instinct is not deceived in putting above all the wonder-workers of legends, the modest inventor of cursive writing. From one end of the empire to the other, they render him divine honours under the title of Kobo-daisi, "the great master of the infinite religion."

CIVIL WARS.

THE civil wars which caused the ruin of Kamakura have little interest in themselves. The empire of Japan presents from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century the spectacle of an increasing anarchy, which threatened the fabric of political centralisation established by Yoritomo. In the very heart of the Dai-ri a domestic quarrel forced the legitimate sovereign to abandon Kioto to his competitor, and during a period of sixty years six Mikados, one after another, usurped the pontifical throne, whilst the true descendants of the Sun had to submit to hold their court at Yosino, a little town situated south of the capital, in the province of Yamato. At last a family arrangement put an end to this public scandal, and the hundred and first Mikado of the south took possession of his see in the holy city, and solemnly restored the fiction of his theocratic sovereignty. On the other side, the power of the Siogouns was the object of ardent rivalry, and in order to satisfy it they ravaged Kioto and Kamakura with fire and sword, and did not even recoil from fratricide. The feudal nobles profited by the general confusion to make one more attempt to free themselves from their obligations as vassals to the crown or its lieutenants, and in the year 1573, when the vigorous Nobunaga was surprised and massacred with all his family in his palace at Kioto, the empire seemed shaken to its foundations.

There was at that time living in the house of a high functionary of the Dai-ri a groom named Faxiba, son of a peasant, a grave, taciturn servant, whom his master honoured with peculiar confidence. He was often to be seen near his horses' stalls, seated in the manner of the people of his class, his arms extended on his knees, absorbed in a deep reverie. Suddenly he was called to the service of the Dai-ri. He entered the military house of the Mikado, and at the end of a few years Faxiba became Siogoun, and commanded under the name of Fidé-Yosi the troops sent into the provinces of the grand vassals who had revolted. Two years sufficed for the suppression of the rebellion. His return to Kioto was a veritable triumph; the Mikado solemnly invested him with the highest title of the Dai-ri, that of Quambuku, and proclaimed him his lieutenant-general. Fidé-Yosi then transferred his arms to another field of disorder, which was that of religious dissension. Each of the thousand divinities of the Buddhist mythology had obtained a place in Japan. There were temples, statues, and monasteries. Bonzes, monks, and nuns abounded throughout the empire, but especially in the centre and the south of Nippon. Each convent struggled with its neighbour in procuring the richest patronage. By degrees, however, the rivalry became so ungovernable that jealousy, bitterness, and hatred sapped the friendly relations of some of the powerful and ambitious orders. From invectives they passed to blows. The imperial police interfered in the first mêlées of these tunsured heads, but they were soon unable to oppose an obstacle to the torrent. On various occasions furious bands in frocks and cassocks, armed with staves, pikes, and flails, made a

raid during the night on the property of the fraternity who had offended them. They ravaged everything they could meet with, maltreated, killed, or dispersed the victims of their onslaught, and did not depart till they had set fire to the four corners of the monastery. Sooner or later retaliation would fall on the aggressors, who had to submit in their turn to the same treatment. Six times in the course of the twelfth century the monks of the convent on the Yéisan burned the bonzerie of Djensjosi, and twice the monks of the latter convent reduced to cinders the convent of Yéisan. Similar scenes were repeated in divers parts of Nippon. At length, in order to protect their convents against sudden attacks the rich priors converted them into fortresses, and their audacity increased with the incapacity of the Government. The enemies met in arms on the borders of the temples which they possessed in the capital. A part of the Dai-ri was plundered in 1283, at the end of one of these skirmishes. In 1536 a fire, lit in a temple of Kioto, spread to the neighbouring quarters, and occasioned a terrible disaster.

The efforts of the Siogoun Nobunaga to keep an insurgent brotherhood in order, proved unsuccessful against the intrenchments behind which they resisted him. Fidé-Yosi resolved to put an end once for all to the monks and their quarrels. He surprised the most turbulent monasteries, demolished their defences, and transported to some distant island the monks who had been guilty of attempts on the public peace, and subjected all the Japanese clergy indiscriminately to the watch of an active, severe, and inexorable police. He decreed that from henceforth the bonzes should be simple occupants of the land, and that the Government should be the proprietors, and should reserve to itself the free and entire disposition of it. He commanded that the clerical dignitaries, both regular and secular, should confine themselves strictly, with their subordinates, to the sphere of their religious duties. This is a law from which the Japanese priests have never since departed. In the interior of their chapels they officiate at the altar under the eyes of the people in the sanctuary, which is separated from the crowd by a rood screen. They only address them in preaching, and that only on fête days specially set apart for this exercise. Processions are permitted only at certain periods of the year, and with the concurrence of the officers of the Government placed in charge of public shows. As for their pastoral rôle, it has been confined within such limits that I can find but one word to characterise it, that of undertakers' men. In short, the bonzes are restricted to the performance of the sacramental ceremonies, and the Japanese do not care what sect or custom accompanies them in their last moments. It is they who conduct the funeral cortège, and who preside, according to the wishes of the friends of the defunct, at the interment or burning of his remains, also at the consecration and keeping of his tomb. But although everything connected with the dead is given up to them without reserve, still the police keep a strict watch upon their intercourse with society. Most of the secular priests are married, and live in familiar intercourse with a little circle of their neighbours; but the means taken to prevent their committing any offence are all the more rigorous. I have seen, in the principal marketplace of Yokohama, an old bonze exposed for three consecutive days on his knees in the heat of the sun on a wretched straw mattress, having nothing but a little crape handkerchief, with which he wiped the perspiration which rolled from his bald head. The cause of this was explained on a board, placed a

few steps in front of him, which informed the people that this miserable creature, having devoted himself to the secret practice of medicine, the justice of the Taikoun had condemned him to transportation for life, preceded by public exposure.

In the year 1536, soon after Fidé-Yosi had delivered the empire from its monastic troubles, some strange news attracted his attention to the island of Kiusiu. Hitherto the commerce of Japan with the ports of the Archipelago and of the continent of Asia had met with no hindrance. The Prince of Bungo, about forty years before, had received the Portuguese adventurers thrown by a tempest on the shores of his provinces, had furnished them with the means of returning to Goa, and invited them to send a ship each year, loaded with merchandise suited to their market. In this way the friendly intercourse between Portugal and Japan commenced. In one of these first voyages the Portuguese ship, when setting sail for Goa, gave refuge secretly to a Japanese nobleman who had committed a homicide. The illustrious Jesuit, Francis Xavier, who had recently arrived at Goa, undertook the religious instruction of this Japanese fugitive, and baptised him. In 1549 the first Jesuit missionaries installed themselves in the island of Kiusiu, under the direction of Francis Xavier himself, and assisted by Hansiro, the Japanese nobleman. The missionaries were struck with surprise and terror, when they met in Japan a number of institutions, ceremonies, and objects of worship, almost the same as those which they were themselves bringing. They declared, quite forgetting the greater antiquity of Buddhism, that this religion could only be a diabolical counterfeit of the true Church. However, they were not long in discovering a means of drawing some profit from the circumstance, in the interest of their propaganda. There was nothing in the doctrine of Buddhism opposed to the admission of Jesus amongst the number of Buddhas who during a number of centuries have appeared on the earth. There was no insurmountable difficulty in giving to the Virgin the precedence of all the queens of heaven. The ancient pantheon—in short, the prevailing worship—offered several advantageous points of contact, and all kinds of pretexts for entertaining the matter. This first mission was wonderfully successful; and what has occurred since then authorises us in saying that by his zeal and powers of persuasion Francis Xavier gained in all classes of Japanese society numerous sincere converts to Christianity. Some of the Buddhist dignitaries, feeling uneasy about their religion, made some humble remonstrances to the Dairi. The Mikado asked them how many sects they estimated to exist in his states. They replied instantly, "Thirty-five." "Very well," replied the good-natured emperor, "this will make thirty-six." But the Siogoun Fidé-Yosi regarded the question from another point of view; he was struck by the circumstance that the missionaries not only applied themselves to spreading their doctrine among the people, but endeavoured to gain favour with the grand vassals of the empire. While the tendency to anarchy in the latter was nurtured by the priests, he discovered that they were dependent on a sovereign bearing a triple crown, who could at his pleasure depose the greatest princes, distribute to his favourites the kingdoms of Europe, and dispose even of the newly-discovered continents. He reflected that already the emissaries of this mighty ruler of the East had created a party at the court of the Mikado, and had built a house in the capital: that the ancient Siogoun Nobunaga was openly showing himself their friend and pro-

tector; and that in his own palace he had reason to believe that there were dark plots and intrigues going on amongst the suite of his young son, the heir-presumptive of his power. Fidé-Yosi communicated his observations and his fears to an experienced servant, to whom he had already entrusted some very delicate missions. The gloomy and profound intellect of this confidant, who became celebrated in the history of Japan under the name of Hiéyas, was applied without delay to sound the depth of the danger. An embassy of Japanese Christians, conducted by Valignani, superior of the order of Jesuits, was on their way to Rome. Hiéyas furnished his master with proof that the princes of Bungo, of Omura, and of Arima had written on this occasion to the spiritual emperor of the Christians, Pope Gregory XIII., declaring that they threw themselves at his feet, and adored him as their supreme lord, in his capacity of sole representative of God upon earth. The Siogoun restrained his exasperation, but only in order that his vengeance should be the more striking. He employed nearly a year in organising with his favorite the stroke which he meditated. At last, in the month of June, 1587, his troops were at their posts, distributed over all the suspected provinces of Kiusiu and the southern coast of Nippon, and in a state to repress all attempts at resistance. On the same day, and from one end to the other of the empire, an edict was published by the Siogoun, by which he ordered—in the name and as lieutenant of the Mikado—the suppression of Christianity in the space of six months, prescribing, as measures for carrying it out, that the foreign missionaries should be banished for life, under pain of death; that their schools should be immediately shut, their churches destroyed, the cross thrown down wherever it was found, and that the converted natives should abjure the new doctrines before the officers of the government. At the same time, to establish the harmony between the two powers, the Mikado paid a solemn visit to his lieutenant, whilst he, in order to recompense the services of his faithful Hiéyas, raised him to the rank of prime minister, and appointed him governor of eight provinces. All the measures ordained by the edict of the Siogoun were accomplished with one exception, and that was the one which, to the mind of the *ci-devant* groom of the Dairi, ought to have caused him the least trouble. To his great astonishment, the native Christians of every class, sex, or age, absolutely refused to renounce their faith—accordingly, he seized the lands of those who possessed any and enriched his officers with the spoils. But these examples of severity did not produce any effect. They were then threatened with death, but they submitted their heads to the sword of the executioner with a resignation hitherto unknown; and the proofs which they showed of their faith in many cases attracted the sympathies of the people. A variety of punishments were tried—funeral piles were lighted, such as were made by the emissaries of the Portuguese inquisition at Goa, and a great number of victims suffered crucifixion. The Japanese martyrs recall in the constancy of their faith the first confessors of the Gospel. The Dutchman, Francis Caron, an eye-witness of the last phases of the persecution, said that the few examples of abjuration which came under his notice were owing principally to the employment of a torture still more frightful than the punishments of the cross or of the funeral pile. It consisted in suspending the victim, head downwards, in the interior of a cistern, the feet remaining above the lid, which they closed with

planks in order to make the well quite dark. It was generally six or eight days before death released the sufferer from this dreadful torture. For three consecutive years the fury of the officers of the Siogoun was expended in these and similar refinements of brutality, during which they tortured more than 20,500 victims—men, women, and children. Suddenly the persecution abated. Fidé-Yosi called to arms the banished feudal nobility, and sent an army of nearly 160,000 combatants to the coasts of the Corea, with which country Japan was then at peace (1592). His generals challenged the Coreans to join them in attacking the dynasty of the Mings. The Chinese army marched out to meet the invaders, but sustained such a decided defeat that the Emperor of China hastened to offer peace to the Siogoun, with the title of King of Nippon, and first vassal of the Celestial Empire. Fidé-Yosi replied proudly, "I am already King of Nippon by my own making; and I shall be able, if I choose, to make the Emperor of China my vassal." In the year 1597 he carried out his threat by sending a second army of 130,000 men. But he died before the end of this new campaign, and the two empires, equally tired by such an unjustifiable war, became reconciled, and recalled their armies. These two expeditions to China, as well as the edict of persecution, appear to have been premeditated acts of Fidé-Yosi, resolved on that he might attain the double end of his ambitious dreams—the extinction of the feudal nobles, and the erection on their remains of a monarchical dynasty.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

THE aspect of China reminds one continually of a crumbling, ruined edifice watched over by a guard of invalids. Japan, on the contrary, exhibits no signs of decay, and the fresh vegetation of its evergreen isles is in keeping with that appearance of perpetual youth which is transmitted from generation to generation among the inhabitants of this fortunate country. They adorn even their last home with the attributes of eternal spring, and their cemeteries are always gay with grass and flowers; the tombs, which are merely commemorative slabs, preserve the memory of the departed, without the addition of anything which recalls the idea of destruction; every family possessing a separate enclosure, and each grave being marked by a stone, the roll of the departed unfolds itself from hill to hill, scattered amongst the sacred gardens and groves as far as the outskirts of

the towns and villages. At Nagasaki the effect is very striking; the town extends to the foot of a chain of mountains, the lower slopes of which, being abrupt, are hewn into flights of steps, and form a vast amphitheatre of funeral terraces, especially around the eastern quarters. There are, as it were, two cities in the plain, that of the living, with its long, wide streets of frail wooden dwellings, inhabited by a short-lived race, and that of the dead on the mountain, with its walls and monuments of granite, its venerable trees, and solemn stillness. The inhabitants

of the town must be constantly reminded of the generations which have lived and died before them, and the departed spirits may seem to their imagination still to be hovering, mute but watchful, over the busy city. Once a year the whole population holds a solemn festival—about the end of August—to which the spirits of the departed are invited, and which lasts for three consecutive nights. On the first evening the tombs of persons who have died during the past year are illuminated with paper lanterns of various colours, and on the two following nights all the tombs, without exception, are similarly decorated, and the inhabitants of Nagasaki install themselves in cemeteries, and indulge in copious libations in honour of their ancestors. Loud bursts of gaiety resound from terrace to terrace, and rockets sent up at intervals awaken the echoes of the celestial vault, which mingle with the voices of the human crowd. The vessels



FAXIBA, AFTERWARDS FIDÉ-YOSI.

in the harbour are crowded by the European inhabitants who wish to enjoy the fairy-like spectacle presented by the illuminated hills. About two o'clock on the morning of the third day long processions of people, carrying lanterns, descend to the edge of the bay, while the mountain gradually becomes dark and silent. The spirits must depart before the dawn, and numbers of little boats made of straw are launched for their accommodation, and stored with fruits and small coins; these frail barks are also loaded with the coloured lamps which had illuminated the cemetery, and when their little sails are spread to the morning breeze they are quickly dispersed, and soon catching fire, the last trace of them has disappeared before morning. In ancient times, when the worship of the Kamis was the only religion of Japan, personages of importance were honoured with a special place of interment distinct from the common cemeteries. For this purpose a conical hill was chosen, enclosed by walls of immense strength, and generally surrounded by a wide ditch; a *torii* placed at the entrance of the bridge, which connects it with

the plain, marking the sacredness of the spot, which received the name of Yasiro, "fortified place." The coffin was deposited in a stone sepulchre, like a cenotaph, protected by a little wooden building, resembling a Kami chapel in appearance. The funeral procession resembled the triumph of a hero; the coat of mail, arms, and most valuable possessions of the departed, and his chief attendants, were interred with him, and

pictures, and amateurs especially prize those which ornament the leaves of certain state screens in use at the court of Yèddo; they sometimes form a part of the presents offered by the Taikoun to foreign courts. This style of drawing does not seem to have been favoured by the Mikado, while miniatures became more and more fashionable. The miniature paintings of Kioto are not unlike the missals of the middle ages; they



LAYING-OUT THE DEAD.

his favourite steed was sacrificed to his manes. But these barbarous customs were abolished in the first century of our era; lay figures were substituted for human victims, and a rough sketch on a plank of white wood, representing the companions of his triumphs, took the place of the living horse amongst the objects enclosed in the tomb.

Native artists displayed a degree of skill and animation in the execution of these Yémas, or sketches of horses, which has made them one of the artistic curiosities of Japan. They are to be found in various chapels both in town and country in the form of native

are done on the same sort of vellum paper, with the same misuse of gold ground, and the same luxuriance of colouring. Manuscripts ornamented with vignettes in the text, are rolled on an ivory cylinder, or on a staff of valuable wood with metal ends. Almanacks, collections of litanies and prayers, romances and poetry, are generally bound up in the form of volumes, and the fashionable worshippers make use of the most microscopic editions of the offices in their devotions. But the ladies and poets of Kioto use the calendar of flowers as their only almanack.

The First Journey of Exploration across Vancouver Island.—IV.

BY ROBERT BROWN, F.R.G.S., ETC., COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE RETURN TO VICTORIA.

AFTER two days' easy travel through the usual wooded country, we reached a swift, narrow river flowing to the southward. This we concluded to be the Nittinat River, which, according to the chart, must debouch into a lake. We now set to work to build a raft out of the dry cedar trees on the shore, with a view to descend it, as the banks were high in some places, and densely wooded with huge pines and underbrush. In one place I measured a Menzies

spruce (*Abies Menziesii*) 28 feet in circumference, and high in proportion; and a cedar 45 feet in circumference, or 15 feet in diameter—just half of the diameter of the huge Wellingtonias (*Sequoia*) in California. Though the river was swift, yet it was shallow, and at the lowest state of water now; so that, after we had secured our packs on it, and launched it, frequently it stuck fast on the gravel bars of the river, and then all hands sprang into the water up to the middle, and pushed it off. Gaily and with loud shouts we descended the river,

until we found that the raft was proceeding rather *too* swiftly, and almost before we could spring ashore, we heard the roar as of a cataract. In another minute the raft would have been sucked into a cañon of the river, and undoubtedly every one of us must have been drowned or dashed to pieces. We were, however, in time, and drew our raft into a quiet haven, where, I suppose, it is still lying. We now took to the banks, and were apparently again approaching human habitations, for a trail led along the banks of the river until it ended at a little Indian lodge, uninhabited, among bushes by the river side. Here we found an old canoe, which we patched with old flour-sacks and pine resin until it was floatable. Next morning Mr. Barnston and I set off in this frail craft down the river, to settle matters with any Indians whom we might meet, and try to arrange about the others following, leaving them in the meantime to build a raft and make the best of their way down the rapid stream, which was now deeper than before, and broader also. The morning was dull, but off we started with a cheer, sweeping down the river at a fine rate, Barnston steering, while I knelt in the bows and staved her off rocks and logs, which threatened every moment to destroy our frail craft. The river was a continuous succession of ripples and rapids, with remains of salmon weirs, and calm, deep, lake-like reaches, through which we had to propel it with paddles. It was remarkably clear of trees, there not being more than one or two stoppages from that cause. On one occasion we ran over a rapid, in the middle of which was a tree, forming a bridge, with the lower branches depending in the water, between two of which we ran with great rapidity. We managed, however, to do so without touching, but it was a very close shave; to use the language of our steersman, it was "spitting through a keyhole without touching the wards." The river was very winding, and at every bend it seemed to be going to end; but as we swept round some wooded point, again we were disappointed. We passed many Indian lodges on either bank, but chiefly on the right; but all now deserted, though in the autumn, when the river is alive with swarms of salmon, they will be inhabited by Nittinat salmon fishers from the coast. In all, we passed eleven lodges, all separately situated, inhabited by many families, each of them surrounded by more or less open land, or shaded with mossy maples (*Acer macrophyllum*), and embosomed with salmon-berry bushes* laden with their pleasant fruit, the entrances, however, being everywhere choked with thickets of nettles. They were backed by magnificent forests of hemlock,† spruce, and cedar, though as a rule the timber decreased in quality as we approached the coast, and the forest became denser, with an undergrowth of salal (*Gaultheria shallon*) and other creeping shrubs. Several well-defined hills, though all wooded to the summit, lent variety to the scene. All day long we paddled, with only one halt, and the sun began to set, and there seemed no end of the river, though I calculated that we had followed its windings for more than twenty geographical miles.

*The canoe leaked abominably. I was nearly up to my middle in water, and we had every now and then to get out to ease it over some shallow. If the cartography of the river is not very perfect, any one who has ever sketched in such circumstances will readily forgive what he can appreciate. We were about giving up all hopes of seeing the end that day, when to our delight the current decreased and a strong sea breeze began to blow; the downward current was stemmed

by a slight upward one, and soon we sighted a lake-like sea, with large trees which the spring and winter freshets had brought down. We here drew our canoe ashore and lit a fire; and as night closed in we got anxious for the safety of our companions. Just as we were rolling ourselves up in our blankets, we were aroused by shouting on the river, and starting up in fear of Indians, we could scarcely credit our eyes when Whympy* and Macdonald landed from a raft, all safe, but drenched to the skin. They had built a raft, and this being found too small for the whole party, Buttle and Lewis had started down the river bank, and hoped that we would send succour to them, as they had no food whatever. It was hard to get to sleep, for Macdonald (who was an old sailor) "yarned" until morning about the wonderful descent of the river they had—on two boards out of the Indian lodge, tied together with their blanket ropes, the holes being made by firing pistol bullets through. Indeed, so wonderful was the adventure, that we have hesitated to relate it before, in case the discovery of the source of the Nile and the descent of the Nittinat, all in one year, might upset the geographical world! We were up by early dawn, and Barnston and I started off in our little canoe to seek Indians to go after Buttle and Lewis and take us all to the Nittinat village. Rounding the first point, we came right in front of an Indian village of four or five large lodges. As our canoe was leaking badly, we drew in to see if we could get another. The whole place was deserted; but in the chier's house, known by a ring of red on the outer wall, we found a tolerably good canoe, which, after the free and easy style of the north-west, and in the name of Her Majesty the Queen and her faithful deputy Arthur Edward Kennedy, we pressed into the service of the Expedition. It was rather a high-handed act, but necessity compelled it, and, moreover, the law of the stronger dictated it. We were not long in finding Lewis and Buttle, sitting rather dolefully on a "sandbar," making a meagre breakfast of salmon berries. They said they had "had a hard old time of it," and their torn clothing and woe-begone appearance did not belie their words. We were only sorry that our larder—now *sans* meat, *sans* bread, *sans* tea, *sans* everything—could scarcely supply them with anything better, but, like Mr. Squeers' boys, we adjourned to the woods after breakfast to supplement our meagre fare with a little vegetable diet in the shape of berries. Next day we spent in patching up our canoes to face the sea, for we now perceived that the inlet we were on was no lake, but an arm of the sea;† and on the 29th of the month we were up by three a.m., and started off before the wind—as it generally blows seaward before the sun gets fully risen, and the opposite direction afterwards. We passed a village on the right, and a little further on another, built on each side of a stream, with a stockade in front. All were, however, deserted. We erected a blanket for a sail on each canoe, and we went gaily along, the artist's gorgeous railway rug, which was officiating for a sail on the first canoe, giving quite a grand appearance to our tiny fleet. At the mouth of the river the salt taste of the inlet

* Mr. Frederick Whympy, now in San Francisco, known as the author of "Travels in Alaska" and as a contributor to ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

† In my map of Vancouver Island (*Petermann's Geographische Mittheilungen*, 1869), anxious to keep up the Admiralty nomenclature, I have called this inlet Nittinat Lake. The name seems to have misled the engraver, for he has represented it as fresh, though the text expressly describes it as salt water.

* *Rubus spectabilis*. Dougl.

† *Abies Mertensiana*. Lindl.

was not perceptible, from the large quantity of fresh water which was pouring in, but now sea-weeds began to appear, and the inlet to narrow. The water was also thick with *Medusa*, and the rocks clustered with mussels. Indian villages, tastefully situated, were common, but hitherto we had seen no inhabitants. However, towards evening, we drew into the side, prepared our arms in case of attack—for the Nittinats bear a most infamous reputation—and after a short paddle we came to a narrow entrance, eighteen miles from the Nittinat river mouth where the sea ran through with great force. Outside we could hear the glad sound of the Pacific, and all our faces brightened at the knowledge that we had crossed the colony through a narrow and hard line of travel. "Eh! Captain," Lewis asks me, "Πολυφλοσβοιο θαλασσης?" Lewis is the scholar of our party, and we indulge him any such cheap display of pedantry. We see a man cutting firewood, who at the sight of us darts off to a village we see smoking on the cliff. With strong paddling we drew into a cove out of sight of the village; but we had scarcely drawn them up on the beach than we were sighted, and in five minutes surrounded by a crowd of painted savages, their faces often besmeared with blood, others blackened, but not, I was glad to see, with the war black, and nearly all with pieces of *haliotis* shells in their ears and the septum of the nose; all professing great joy at the arrival of white men at their village. Moquilla, the chief, was, as I expected, from home; but his deputy was excessive in his friendship and offers of assistance. I, of course, professed to believe them all, and though he assured me that his people were of the most virtuous and honest description imaginable, I ordered all our stuff to be got under cover as soon as possible, and a sharp look-out to be kept on them; but notwithstanding all our vigilance, we discovered a few hours afterwards that they had managed to steal several articles of value. Their blankets (the sole dress of most of them) give every facility for making off with small unconsidered trifles. The women mostly wore a blanket of cedar bark, nicely woven, and a girdle of the same material, with pendant stripes, in the form of an apron. The Indian would not hear of his good friend King George's* great chief encamping outside his village; and though I knew what his object was, as I had some favours to get from him before I left, I had to comply with as good a grace as may be, and pitch our tents in the village square. The village was perched up on the rocks around, and soon we were surrounded by a crowd of men, women, and children, squatting in front of our fire, begging, pilfering, and trading.

The Nittinats were once a powerful tribe, but the same decadence as among other tribes is everywhere perceptible, and they do not now number over 400 fighting men. However, their village is almost impregnable from the sea, the waves rolling in high breakers on the beach, and the sea entering the inlet through a narrow strait, only passable at certain stages of the tide. They are great canoe builders, and their little craft in all stages of finish were lying about the village. It was the midst of the halibut season, and numbers of these fish, sliced or drying, were lying about on frames. The whole place smelt fishy and disagreeable, and we were glad when night closed in and we got clear of some of our unwelcome visitors. For the first time I considered it necessary to post sentinels, as I apprehended mischief. The lights burnt in the village all night, and stones were thrown down above our watch-

men. It afterwards came out that they had intended attacking us in the dark, but were afraid of our rifles and revolvers. In the morning they were of course all sweet and pleasant; but it was with difficulty that I could obtain a canoe, and then only at a very stiff price. Every objection was thrown in our way. They could not leave; there were no Indians where we were going; and the trader in whose charge our stores were expected to be was away; but, finding that we overruled all these obstacles, we finally got off, after "podatching" (or making presents to) half the village, and buying dried halibut against famine to a good extent. I never was so glad to get quit of an Indian village, and felt exultation as we rode through the breakers, and raising the mat sail, scudded along the coast, past Kloos (*Klathus* "the other" [*house?*]), Quamadoa, Echwatess, Karleit, and Wawahadis, all villages of these people, standing in little bays on sandy beaches.

By evening we enter Port San Juan—an inlet of the sea off De Fucas Strait, along which we are sailing. On the opposite side is Washington Territory, United States, and the snow-capped Olympian range can be seen in the distance, with Mount Baker's white head towering to the eastward. In Port San Juan we see no sign of vessel with stores for us, nor of our companions, whom we had expected to meet us here. Rounding a point, we come into a little cove, when our fears of starvation are at least staved off by the sight of Indians, and out of a little block-house comes a short, merry-faced fellow, who hails us as we enter with all sorts of witticisms. This is the Indian trader, who for many long years has lived all alone here, though earlier in life he was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, under Sir John Franklin. The story of this waif of civilisation is a long one, and as we sit round his fire we hear bits of it, mingled with many a wild story of the life he has led here. We pitch our tent in front of his door, and accept his apologies for his want of hospitality. A few days afterwards a ragged figure comes down the San Juan river—a mountain stream which flows in here—which we recognise to be one of our companions of a week ago. He is very hungry and very tired, and has a long tale to tell of the rough mountains they have travelled over from the Cowichan Lake to the sea. A few days afterwards the Indians find the rest, and once more we are all together in the rendezvous at Port San Juan. To tell their story would be to occupy too much space. Neither can I follow our subsequent career: how we discovered the gold placers of Leech; how we crossed the country by many routes and with many fortunes—good, bad, and very indifferent; and, finally, how, as the snows were covering the hills, we landed once more in Victoria, there to receive the "thanks of Parliament," and the congratulations of our friends. The object of this article has not been to describe geographical data—these I have published elsewhere—but to attempt a little sketch, so far as our space would permit, of one of the pleasantest of our many journeyings and explorations—sometimes alone, at other times, as in this case, with companions—all over the wide region west of the Rocky Mountains. Pleasant as are the recollections of this journey, a more agreeable feeling still remains to him who conducted it; and that is, that during many trials, the early friendship which united us all has never been dissolved; and that, scattered as are the companions of these days through many lands, there is none who does not look back with pleasure on his early co-partnership in North-Western travel.

* The general Western Indian name for an Englishman.

The Island of Réunion.

RÉUNION, or Bourbon, as it used to be called, is the largest of the Mascarene group of islands in the Indian Ocean, lying just within the southern tropic, about 400 miles east of Madagascar, in latitude 21° S., and longitude 53° E. of Greenwich. The Portuguese, under Pedro de Mascarenhas, discovered these islands in the middle of the sixteenth century. At that time (1545) the prospect to colonists proposing to settle there must have been very discouraging. The whole island, little more than a rocky mountain, a terrible volcano, with inaccessible peaks, and its inhospitable shores covered with huge rocks and boulders, must have been the reverse of inviting. Although there were no human inhabitants, there certainly were birds, including the almost fabulous solitaire (*Pezophaps solitarius*), sea and water fowls, fish in abundance, turtle, and immense land tortoises (*Testudo tricarinata*); but there were no mammals, with the exception of the tanrec (*Centetes caudatus*), a species of hedgehog, and flying foxes (*Pteropus*). There was neither grain, fruit, nor vegetable food, except the cabbage-palm. Consequently, all the domestic and other animals, fruits and plants, were introduced from foreign shores, and have become naturalised in what is now an earthly Paradise. From the absence of convenient harbours, and the comparatively small extent of its sugar plantations, the commercial importance of Réunion is much inferior to that of Mauritius; nevertheless, it has been a most flourishing little colony.

Bory de St. Vincent declared "that the island of Bourbon appeared to have been created by volcanoes, and destroyed by other volcanoes," and there appears to be much truth in what he said. The island, about forty miles long by thirty broad, and almost oval in shape, is, in fact, composed of two groups of mountains, joined by a table-land called the Plaine de Caffres, at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the sea; the largest group of mountains (the remains of extinct volcanoes) to the north culminates in the Piton des Neiges, 11,000 feet above the sea, and the southern group in an active volcano of 7,000 feet elevation.

Another natural division of the island is caused by the protection afforded by the high mountains from the constant south-east trade winds, separating it into the windward and leeward divisions. Each of these two last divisions is arbitrarily divided into four cantons, each possessing a chief town with a resident justice of peace. The cantons, at least the larger ones, are subdivided into communes and sous-communes, under commissaries of police.

St. Denis is the principal town, and seat of government. It is conveniently situated on the north of the island, has no harbour, and a dangerous exposed roadstead. It numbers some 36,000 inhabitants. St. Pierre is the chief town on the south, where a small harbour is in the course of formation, and, including the adjacent commune, numbers nearly 20,000 inhabitants. The population of the island may be roughly computed at upwards of 200,000 souls, of whom 135,000 are native-born creoles, and the remainder emigrants. Of the creoles born, but a small proportion are actually white, the majority being composed of a mélange of negroes, Madagasscs, Caffres, Mozambiques, Abyssinians, and Arabs; whilst the immigrants are chiefly Indian—either Malabars, Bengalis, or Tamils—and Chinese, with latterly, since the Cochin-China war, not a few Annamites. It may be here mentioned that the

resident English Consul is *ex officio* the protector of immigrants, the majority of whom are from Her Majesty's Indian dominions. These immigrants have only been imported since the emancipation of the slaves, which took place in the year 1848. The climate of Bourbon is most healthy, and it is only since the introduction of Indian immigrants that cholera has been known. The fever which has so disastrously afflicted the sister island of Mauritius is unknown here.

A large portion of the country surrounding the still active volcano is uninhabited and uncultivated. It forms a vast desert of ashes and scoria, and every alternate year is traversed more or less by streams of molten lava. This part is called the Grand Brulé. The volcanic vents are steadily changing their place in a southern direction, and the island is visibly extending on that side. The remainder of the island, by its varied temperature, different altitudes, and alternate wet and dry seasons, offers a vast field of study to the botanist. The littoral zone may be said to contain, besides its indigenous vegetation, the majority of its cultivated plants. Above this we find the broad belt of forest vegetation up to some 3,000 feet, beyond which is the zone of tree-ferns, bamboos, and other reeds and grasses, with tamarinds. Higher up still are shrubs, then stunted bushes and heaths, with the beautiful satin-leaf plants; whilst finally the summits on which the snow rests in the winter present blocks of lava and basalt, sparsely covered with mosses and lichens.

On the coast the cultivation of sugar is carried on to a great extent. Vanilla is cultivated in gardens, about thirteen thousand pounds weight of the pods being yearly exported. Cacao, cloves, and cotton, which used to be grown largely in the island, have given way before the more remunerative sugar plantations; and in the mountains coffee and wheat are still grown, but not to such an extent as formerly. The coffee of St. Leu has the best reputation, and is grown chiefly for local use.

The government of the colony of Réunion, according to the terms of a decree of the senate in 1854, is administered by the governor as representative of the Emperor and Minister of Marine. This high functionary is responsible for the administration of the colony, and the military and naval forces are entirely at his disposal. The chiefs of the colonial administration under him are the Ordonnateur, the Directeur de l'Intérieur, and the Procureur-Général, besides a Contrôleur, who corresponds direct with the Minister de la Marine. There is a colonial privy council, consisting of the above heads of departments, with two resident notables and the bishops, of which the governor is president. Besides, there is the Conseil Général, of which half the members are named by the Government, and half elected by the respective municipalities of which the Directeur de l'Intérieur is president, and represents the Government. The military force at the disposal of the governor is composed of a battery of artillery, a detachment of sappers, and a company of marines. These are regulars. There is also a militia composed of all the white inhabitants, but it is inefficient.

The agricultural interests of Réunion have suffered, of late years, more than those of our own colony, Mauritius. The quantity of sugar exported has fallen from 68,400 tons in 1860, to 36,000 in 1867; the value of imports has fallen from 42 million francs in 1860, to 26 millions in 1867; the total imports in the same time from 38 million francs to 20 millions, and last year a further reduction has taken place.



VILLAGE ON THE GABOON.

The Gaboon.—III.

BY DR. GRIFFON DU BELLAY, SURGEON IN THE FRENCH NAVY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BOULOUS OR SHEKIANIS—OIL OF TERMITES—THE BAKALAS
—THE MANGROVE COUNTRY—CONSTRUCTION OF HUTS—WILD
ANIMALS—SINGULAR ANTS.

THE invasion of the Shekianis or Boulous stopped short at the Gaboon. This tribe was originally very formidable, if we may place confidence in the accounts given by the M'Pongwés, who fear them still, although they affect to despise them. In the estimation of these M'Pongwés—to a certain extent refined by intercourse with the civilised world, and proud of their connection with the white man—the Boulou, the man of the woods, is a savage with whom they are never voluntarily on good terms, and with whom they never form any connection except as a matter of profitable speculation. In this they show their taste. The Boulou, without being very black, is darker than the M'Pongwé; his skin is rough and cadaverous in its appearance, the projection of his jaw-bone is more marked, the expression of his face often little better than brutish. Generally speaking, he is frightfully ugly. His migratory habits have given him decidedly nomadic tastes. The scantiness of his personal property, and the very small scale upon which he practises agriculture, render it very easy

for him to move from place to place. He is, in fact, a thorough vagabond. He loves marauding. He robs the Gabonese, who are afraid of him; the victim does not complain, but, like the trader he is, tries to do business with the robber, and to indemnify himself by overreaching him.

The huts of the Boulous are small and badly built, inconveniently arranged, and, like the owner himself, very dirty. It would be difficult to say exactly how he lives. The M'Pongwé, though practising agriculture, does so but to a limited extent; and the resources thus acquired, eked out by the produce of his fishing, are barely sufficient to keep him from starving. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that the Boulou must at times be in still greater difficulties. It is true that, living as he does continually in the woods, he knows how to turn its resources to the best account; and he is reputed to be a skilful hunter. His tastes, too, are by no means refined.

I have placed in the Colonial Museum at Paris a specimen of the oil with which he prepares his food—a substance so filthy that it could not fail to excite disgust in the least squeamish stomachs. This oil is prepared by boiling in a large pot a termite, with a black head and a soft, bluish-coloured body, the appearance of which reminds one of a large dog-tick. This oil is limpid, and of a fine opaline colour. Its taste is

not disagreeable, as I know from experience, for I swallowed some before I discovered its disgusting origin.

The retired and solitary life which the Boulous leads, often in the midst of woods, has surrounded all his race with a kind of mysterious prestige. Like the old charcoal-burners in the forests of France, he is something of a doctor and an accomplished sorcerer. The forest has no secrets for him; he knows where to find useful herbs, and, more easily still, dangerous poisons. He is, in a word, a great fetchist.

It is upon the banks of the river that we must look for the Bakalais or Akalais, the tribe which, next to the Boulous, most frequents the French factories; and a journey there is by no means refreshing, for the traveller does not pass beyond the belt of muddy alluvial soil where the waters of the sea mingle with those of the rivers. This is a country of mangroves, and nothing else but mangroves; for the region of mud and slime is the exclusive kingdom of this singular tree. It seems to take possession of the ground by the thousand roots which shoot out from its trunk, by those which descend like long hair from its branches, by its numberless fruits, which, before falling, send forth a great root, and then, dropping into the water by thousands, support themselves there in an upright position like a brine-gauge; and, kept steady by the weight of their roots, are at length carried by the tide to take possession of some bank of mud which they meet with on their course. This aggressive tree raises on the banks of rivers an impenetrable wall of greyish verdure, all the more gloomy since there is nothing to diversify its wearisome monotony; for in this part of the world all nature seems inanimate. Here and there a beautiful kingfisher may be seen; sometimes a parrot or a touraco raises its hoarse and disagreeable cry; or perhaps a foliotocolle, perched at the top of a tree, betrays his presence in the breeding season by some piercing note; but, hidden in the midst of the foliage, we are not allowed to admire its rich green plumage, nor the exquisite beauty of its metallic sheen. These signs of life, however, seldom disturb the repose of these solitudes.

The stagnation of nature in the midst of a vegetation so prolific, and which is altogether so contrary to what one would naturally look for, produces a painful effect. We cannot help but feel that a country where vegetation is so abundant, but where at the same time animal life is so scarce, was never intended to be the abode of man, and there is no place for him more deadly. From time to time the half stagnant waters, so soon as the sea retires, expose to view inaccessible mud banks; the half rotten roots of the mangrove appear above the water covered with oysters and mussels, and, running about amongst them in the most impudent manner, are a multitude of little black crabs, which might be mistaken for spiders.

Sulphurous gases, which the pressure of the water prevents from being exhaled, escape from this vast swamp, and, arising continually on the surface like soap bubbles, diffuse around a pestilential odour. During the night also, in addition to these exhalations, which are the origin of all kinds of fever, a penetrating moisture prevails, which makes one shiver, whilst millions of mosquitoes fill the air and rush upon their prey. Such a country as this was never intended to be inhabited by Europeans; even the natives themselves are continually subject to attacks of fever.

As we proceed further into the interior, the aspect of nature changes; the horizon expands, and vegetation becomes more

varied. Trees like the aguirgui (*Aricennia tomentosa*), which seems to unite in fantastic forms the mangrove and the ordinary shapes of arboreal vegetation, conduct us gradually into a different state of things. We meet first with the enimbas in great profusion, a large kind of palm tree, the fruit of which is dry and produces but little oil, and is therefore of but little use to the natives in a culinary point of view, but it furnishes them instead with planks ready made for the construction of their houses, and with shingles, which are easily prepared for the purpose of roofing. These planks are the branches of the enimba themselves, or, to speak more correctly, the ribs of its leaves, about eighteen feet in length, thick, narrow, level on the side, and perfectly straight. All that is therefore requisite to adapt them for building purposes is to strip them from the leaves and they are ready for use. The leaves themselves are used in the place of tiles, and are ranged side by side, and fastened together with wooden pegs. We may remark, however, by the way, that, correctly speaking, we ought not to talk of *building* a Gabonese hut; it is, in reality, constructed by sewing it together, bit by bit, without the use of either nail or hammer. The thread which is used for this purpose is a kind of long liana, easily bent and very strong, called ojong, belonging to the inexhaustible tribe of the palms. It is a species of rotang, very disagreeable to meet with in the woods; for it is armed with a kind of bent hook, placed in pairs on each side of the stalk, like the flukes of an anchor, and which, when they lay hold of the passer-by, seem unwilling to relinquish their prey.

The first villages of the Bakalais are to be met with in the midst of these enimbas, which they cultivate and sell to the Gabonese, and the tree forms, with sandal-wood and ebony, their chief article of commerce.

These people are not very numerous; they seem to be the advanced guard of a large tribe which dwells on the banks of the Ogo-wai. Their onward march appears to have been arrested, and they are now retreating continually before the advancing Pahouins, who are gradually dispossessing them. Their loss, however, is scarcely to be regretted, for, whilst the Bakalais are in appearance as ugly as the Boulous, they share also all their faults. They have all the tastes peculiar to a nomadic race, and have also but little respect for the rights of others; they are, however, more industrious, for they weave out of vegetable fibre, with considerable skill, a kind of cloth, which is certainly stronger and more durable, though less prized, than a great deal of the European calico of which their drawers are made. They have, besides, more taste for music than their neighbours, and manufacture musical instruments, some of which resemble the harp, others the guitar.

We must not quit the forests of the Boulous and the Bakalais without making some mention of the other inhabitants who share their possession of them. These are rare, however, and the hunter finds little game; but the naturalist has less reason to complain, especially if he is willing to devote himself to the world of small creatures.

On the hill-sides, which extend from the bottom of the bay, a wild buffalo is occasionally met with—the niaré—and more rarely the white-faced wild boar, of which animal I once met with a tame specimen; the warted snout, eyes surrounded by long bristles, and long ears fringed with hair, like a brush, give to this animal a singularly novel appearance. There is, moreover, a kind of sloth—*Ferdicticus poto*, called by the natives

ekanda, also a nocturnal, climbing animal, the youko. These are very curious-looking creatures, not often met with, and seldom to be found in any European collection. The pangolin, the civet cat, the palm rat, the ant-eater, the daman, are, with the panther and several kinds of monkeys, the chief representatives of the family of mammalia. The elephant and the gorilla, the largest of all the quadrumana, are now rarely seen, save in the distant forests where the Pahouins live. The panther is not much more common. According to the testimony of M. Vignon, it sometimes follows the track of persons who pass through the woods, and prowls about but seldom attacks them.

The serpents are more dangerous; they are more common, and all exceedingly venomous, with the exception of the great boa—the python—whose huge size is alone sufficient to render it formidable. Pythons often come gliding about the huts to catch stray fowls, and they will even pursue the rats into the leaves which form the roof. The most remarkable is the *Echidna Gabonica*; this is a large viper, with short horns and without a tail, which attains a length of about seven feet, and whose scales, of various colours, are arranged in lozenge-shaped patterns, with singular regularity and elegance of design.

In addition to these dangerous animals I must not forget to mention the ant, that plague and pest of warm countries. From the little, familiar, and diminutive insect, so small that a whole republic might live in the crack of a table, to the huge red ant, whose habitat is in the forests, and which is an object of terror even to the largest animals, we meet with no less than twenty different species. Some live in our very midst; they are to be found in our houses—take up their quarters in our boats, and confer upon us some slight services in return for their incessant depredations. Like the homeless dogs of Constantinople, to whom the Turkish police wisely surrendered the office of scavengers—a work which they themselves would not perform half so well—the ants clear the house which they have selected as their home of all impurities.

These are only an annoyance. There are others who have fangs capable of inflicting a severe wound. One of the most singular in its appearance is a large, light-coloured ant, with a long body, which makes its nest in the trees. It draws together, with an immense number of threads, clusters of leaves at the end of the branches, and out of them forms a kind of pocket, tolerably well secured, in which it establishes its brood. On some trees these nests are to be counted by thousands. The intrepidity of their occupants is perfectly surprising; on the slightest interference they pour out in hot haste, and without a moment's hesitation rush head-first upon the enemy.

Another is still more remarkable—a large red ant, which is often to be seen marching through the grass or across the path in close column, and observing a peculiar order of advance. The division proceeds in two compact rows, with the claws so well intertwined the one with the other, that the whole troop may be raised at the end of a stick in masses like balls; they form also two long parallel walls, two or three inches in height, and equally distant the one from the other. Between these two walls—as it were between two high banks—a perfect river of ants flows on, carrying provisions or larvæ, which are, perhaps, the spoil of some hostile republic. In the midst of those who are thus engaged in work, are to be seen others, whom we may describe, on more accounts than one, as the thick-headed males, unencumbered with any burden, and to whom appears to have been assigned the task of directing and

accelerating the march. The grotesque disproportion between their heads and their bodies exactly resembles some of those caricatures in which a head of colossal size is represented fixed upon the shoulders of a figure of microscopic proportions. They possess a formidable pair of pincers, and discharge the office of policemen for the colony, and watch over its safety. On the flanks of the double wall before mentioned they act as scouts—collect fugitives, urge on those who lag behind, and repel the attack of every enemy. As regards the latter office, however, they have but little to do, for there are very few who feel disposed to molest them. The negroes, to whom the luxury of shoes is unknown, do not hesitate to tread upon and crush them.

There are other reasons besides for the respect which is paid to these travelling ants. I was one day walking with a chief, when we encountered one of these voracious armies crossing the path. Just as we were clearing it my companion stopped short, proceeded to gather a leaf from the nearest tree, placed it gently on the ground, and then passed on. I was convinced that some mystery lay hidden in this little act. I accordingly asked what he meant by paying toll, as it were, in this singular fashion.

"My wife," replied he, "is *enceinte*, and I do this to secure her against any misfortune at the time of her confinement." I could scarcely keep my countenance when this droll explanation was given me. The man was annoyed, and said, in a somewhat satirical tone, that I did wrong to laugh at him, for, after all, if we whites were not afraid of the ants, there was no merit in that, since we never brought our wives to the Gaboon. It must be allowed that this was an argument which it was impossible to gainsay.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO THE FANS, OR PAHOUINS—SIMPLICITY OF DRESS—CURIOUS WEAPONS—POISONED ARROWS—WAR-DANCES—CANNIBALISM—THE GORILLA—MODES OF KILLING ELEPHANTS.

THE villages of the Bakalais are in close proximity to those of the Pahouins. The first which I visited, in the year 1862, in company with two naval officers, was a new settlement on the banks of a winding stream, one of the affluents of the river Como.

After wandering about in numberless directions in this kind of watery flat, we at length arrived at our destination. The single hut which we first came upon might have been supposed to belong to some native lover of solitude, but it proved to be the outpost of a village which was hidden from our view by the surrounding trees, and which had thus been placed in an attitude of defence. We had frequently been told that the Pahouins were a truly warlike tribe, always on their guard, and not easily taken by surprise. This soon became evident to us, for an eminence hard by was speedily covered with a host of warriors, large and small. Children even rushed to join the throng, brandishing sagayes suited to their height. In the midst was the chief, who carried javelins and war-knives sufficient to stock an arsenal. He was a man of about forty years old, cast in a large mould, muscular and hard-featured, with a projecting forehead, and his hair so cut as to give his head an appearance of great width at the temples. He had a well-built frame, his arms were long and lank, and his breast was tattooed in a particularly ugly fashion. His only garment

was the shaggy skin of some animal, wrapped round the waist. He received us in a most freezing manner, but the eloquence of our interpreter, and, above all, the hope of obtaining presents, altered his demeanour. Besides, although these people may never have come into actual contact with white men, they are not ignorant of their existence, and consequently our visit, without being expected, was, as it were, only half a

were placed in two long parallel lines on either side of a wide street, which was barricaded at each end by a guard-house. Its inhabitants were very remarkable, and of quite a peculiar type. It is impossible not to be struck at the very outset by the Pahouin tribe. The children are quick, sprightly, and intelligent, with regular features. Their heads are long, their foreheads large and prominent, and their eyes large and



PAHOUIW WARRIORS.

surprise. The distribution of some tobacco-leaves to the assembled company put them all in good humour. They began to smile kindly upon us, and in doing so exhibited formidable rows of teeth, filed and pointed, the appearance of which suited but too well the reputation for cannibalism which this tribe has already gained. The ice was now broken, and we were permitted to enter this savage circle.

The village, which was close at hand, might pass, like the greater number of those belonging to the Pahouins, for a kind of fortress. The 200 or 300 huts of which it was formed

soft. But, unfortunately, these good looks gradually disappear as they grow older. By the time they have arrived at the age of fifteen or sixteen years—a period when their passions develop themselves—the type of the tribe becomes marked. Their plumpness disappears, the cheek-bones stand out, the temples become hollow, and the forehead more and more prominent. All these marks give to the Pahouins a peculiar stamp of countenance, which prevents them ever being confounded with the M'pongwés, or any other tribe of the Gaboon.

The women have also the long head and projecting

forehead, but they rarely have the hard and thin features characteristic of the Pahouin. They are inclined to corpulence—too much so, perhaps—but without ever becoming obese, a fault almost unknown amongst the black races. Their hands are often astonishingly beautiful, small in size, and delicately set on. Notwithstanding all this, however, these brawny, scantily-clothed beauties appear absolutely ugly, with hardly any exception, upon a nearer view. Unfortunately for them, art helps nature to look worse instead of better. It is not that they do not care about dress. They cover their bosoms with

turkey. If that bird were found in the country one would naturally suppose that it had served as a model to the inventor of this strange fashion. This stout, pliant stuff, dyed red with an extract of sandal-wood, is taken from the emvien, which is none other than the fig-tree—that tree which tradition has handed down to us as having provided garments for our first parents, and which supplies, even at this day, the clothing of a people who are almost as nearly in a state of nature as they were.

Such were the singular people amongst whom I found



THE SACRED ISLES OF LAKE JONANGA.

necklaces, after the fashion of the Gabonese, and hang to their hair numerous strings of fine white pearls, which fall upon their shoulders and before their eyes, dangling against their faces; an ornament altogether unique and effective. On their arms and legs they wear bracelets made of copper or polished iron, which look like long spiral coils. The young matrons disfigure themselves still more by smearing their bodies from head to foot (I know not why) with a decoction made from red-wood. A strap, entirely covered with cowrie shells, is passed across their shoulders, and in its fold their infant reposes. Of garments, properly so called, these ladies have none, and it is only figuratively that we can speak of their being dressed at all.

But they wear the ito, an ornament which they highly prize. This is a little piece of plaited red bark, which is tied round the waist, and the end spreads itself out fan-shape in the middle of the back, like the expanded tail of a strutting

myself for the first time; I have visited them frequently since, but generally in the villages in the vicinity of French establishments, where they soon begin to lose their original characteristics. Hunters and warriors, the first thing Pahouins ask of the European are guns, then manufactured goods and grotesque ornaments, which latter always give such intense gratification to negroes. In one of these villages, where the original habits of the natives have to a certain extent been altered by contact with white men, M. Houzé de l'Aulnoit has sketched the illustration which we present to our readers on the previous page. The chief, whose head is dressed in a Kolbach, has the peculiar characteristics of his race; but how infinitely preferable his ridiculous costume is to the native war-dress of the primitive Pahouin!

The weapons of this tribe are not less characteristic than their dress. Skilful in working in iron, an art unknown to

other tribes, they make sagayes, great war-knives with fine points, and of an elegant shape—an instrument which ought to be formidable when wielded by a brave man—shorter knives made for different uses, adzes, and excellent hatchets of a remarkable shape; and lastly a very singular weapon, hatchet or knife, whichever you like to call it, which accurately represents the profile of a bird's head set on a very arched neck; the latter serving as the handle, while a groove which divides the beak into two parts, and a hole to represent the eye, leaves no doubt as to the intention of the designer. M. du Chaillu says that this strange weapon is thrown from a distance at the head of an enemy. I, on the other hand, have heard it asserted that it is a kind of sacrificial knife, used for the purpose of immolating human victims—victims sacrificed not to the gods of a barbarous religion, but simply to gratify the appetites of the sacrificers themselves. A single blow on the temple inflicts a mortal wound, and the bent part serves afterwards for the work of decapitation.

All these blades are of good workmanship, and much better than the greater part of the sabres and knives which are supplied by foreign merchants to the Africans. They are moreover chased with ornamental devices, and are sometimes even inlaid with copper, in a way which bears witness to the taste of the workmen. Their stock of tools is of the most simple character. It consists of small portable anvils, one of which is fixed in the ground, whilst the other serves as a hammer, and they heat the iron by a wood fire, which is kept alight by a pair of double bellows of a very ingenious structure. It is a piece of wood, several inches in height, in which two parallel cavities are cut, of a cylindrical form, each of which is fitted at its extremity with a tube to convey the blast. Each of these cavities is covered with a very flexible skin, to which a wooden handle is fastened, and the covering, as it is alternately raised and lowered, draws in and gives out the air. Thus, they form two pumps combined, the alternate play of which produces a continual blast of air. These bellows, so simple and easy in their structure, appear to be known over the whole of the African continent, for Captain Speke mentions having found them in use amongst the inhabitants on the east coast.

But the most dangerous arm of the Pahouin, and the one most peculiar to him, is the cross-bow, with which he shoots small poisoned arrows of bamboo. This weapon requires great strength on the part of him who uses it, for it demands the whole power of the body to set it; but as it is discharged by a slight pressure, it can be fired from the shoulder like a gun, and it shoots with great precision. The effect of the poison with which the arrows are steeped is terrible. It is always advisable to accept with some reserve the statements of the natives, as well as those of travellers on such points, but a skilful physiologist, M. Pélikan, helps me in this instance by a communication which he has recently made to the Academy of Sciences. He has analysed this substance, a specimen of which I have deposited in the Colonial Exhibition at Paris, and he has recognised in it one of those poisons which have a great and violent effect upon the heart. It is the extract of a climbing plant called *inée* or *onaye*, which belongs to the family of the *apocynæ*, or perhaps to the genus *echites*, and which is very rare, or at any rate seldom to be met with in our shops.

The bow with its poisoned arrow is more used in the hunting-ground than on the battle-field; for the necessity

of being seated in order to *load* it, makes it awkward in a struggle.

When we had been through the village, my companion and I rummaging in all the huts, and at each step seeing arms and different objects unknown to the Gabonese, we returned to the chief's dwelling. Tam-tams were speedily brought, as well as other musical instruments, made on the principle of the harmonica, and the whole village began to dance. Those women ornamented with the *ito* had taken especial care to spread out their tails; it is evident that upon the proper fluttering motion of this piece of dress they rest all their hopes of success. Two long rows of dancers, men and women, each conducted by a leader, wind about before the orchestra, follow and retreat from one another by turns, wax more and more animated, and at last finish by the most extravagant gambols.

A people eminently warlike, the Pahouins have a characteristic dance, which I myself have never seen, but which has been several times described to me by my colleague, Dr. Touchard, who lived for some time in their neighbourhood, and to whom I am indebted for more than one interesting account. Two warriors advance one towards another. They are fully armed, and their heads crowned with a large tuft made of the feathers of the touroco or the *merle métallique*. Round their neck is a collar made of tiger's teeth; from the left shoulder a large war-knife is suspended, encased in a sheath of serpent-skin; round their waist a skin of some wild animal, and from it hangs a short poniard; in the left hand a sheaf of sagayes, in the right a large thick shield made of elephant-skin. When these men, equipped with these formidable weapons, proceed to an encounter, their nostrils dilate, and they seem to sniff war. Their mouth is half open, displaying their sharp-edged teeth; and one feels oneself to be amongst a people of extraordinary energy.

Europeans who have lived amongst them are unanimous in holding this tribe (notwithstanding their cannibalism) in higher estimation than any other on the Gaboon. We can by no means believe that this cannibalism is committed simply to gratify a degraded appetite. M. du Chaillu, in his account of his travels amongst the Pahouins, or Fan, as he more justly terms them, appears to me to have much exaggerated this appetite for human flesh. According to him, the single village which he visited was a vast charnel-house; everywhere were strewn human bones and quivering flesh. He has evidently overdrawn the picture. There are French officers acquainted at the present time with many Pahouin villages, and they have seldom met with any traces of cannibalism. In the villages adjacent, those who eat human flesh hide themselves, not from any fear of French interference—of that they have no dread—but from a feeling of shame, which prevents them indulging their hateful tastes before men who do not share them, or even before their children. This very remarkable reserve, which has also been observed amongst some of the tribes of the Pacific Ocean, affords further proof that cannibalism is essentially unnatural—that it found its first excuse in actual famine, and ought to disappear with it; or at least, that it should occur only in exceptional cases, under the influence of religious or warlike excitement.

The Pahouins come from some distance inland. Their skill in hunting, their total inability to manage canoes, prove that they have inhabited the high forest land in the interior

of the country, and probably have exhausted its resources. They have brought thence and preserve still the aptitude for turning to account all that they find. Serpents, insects, meat in a state of putrefaction—nothing comes amiss to appetites obliged to appease themselves with what we should call refuse. Cannibalism is almost a necessary consequence of the scarcity of food. But this barbarous custom, which exists also among the Bakalais, will gradually die out as these tribes lose their nomadic habits, and settle down in permanent establishments round our posts.

In their organisation they do not differ essentially from that of the neighbouring tribes. As amongst the ancient Germans, their criminal code is based upon the principle of compensation; blood is not paid by blood, but by an equivalent satisfaction. Polygamy does not exist amongst them to the same extent as amongst the M'pongwés. Marriage takes place at a less early age, and morality is less lax. Their religion appears to be a kind of moderate fetishism.

They devote themselves to some extent to agriculture; but the chase is their principal resource, and at the same time their chief pleasure. Amongst the denizens of their forests there are two animals, now almost unknown in the neighbourhood of our stations, which are well calculated to excite their ardour for the chase. I speak of the elephant and the gorilla.

The gorilla, or d'ginna, is a gigantic ape, found only in this tract of country, and which had never been heard of or seen by Europeans before the establishment of the French settlement. Several of these creatures had already been sent to the collection at Brest and the Jardin des Plantes by officers, and principally by surgeons in the navy, before public curiosity was so highly excited several years ago by the accounts which M. du Chaillu gave of his hunting expeditions, and by the resemblance which was pretended to have been discovered between the gorilla and the human race. Such a comparison cannot be received with much complaisance. Here, in a few words, is a portrait of this strange member of the quadrumana.

Its height equals, or even surpasses, that of a man; its shoulders are double the size, consequently the development of the chest is immense; the head is extremely large, sunk between the shoulders, and marked by a massive facial expanse, while the skull is small in proportion; above this a lofty crest serves as an attachment for powerful muscles, employed in moving a jaw of prodigious strength; the nose is flat, the forehead receding, and the brain small and imperfectly formed; the arms are tremendously strong, and reach down to the knees; the lower limbs are too short; the hands well made; the hinder part of the foot is massive, but ill developed, and unsuited for long maintaining an upright position; short black hair covers the whole body.

Such is this monster ape, which the blacks fear as much as they do the most ferocious beasts. It plays an important part in the superstitions of the country. Like others of its species, it is not carnivorous, and will not interfere with men unless it is first attacked. It allows the hunter to approach near, happily for him, for he would assuredly lose his life if he failed to kill his prey at the first fire. The huge body yields its life easily, for those which I have seen have died from wounds which would not have proved immediately mortal to a man. The breadth of its chest, and a peculiar formation of the larynx, give to its voice a startling power; but the

moaning of the little gorilla resembles the fretful complainings of an irritated child, and were it not that its body was hairy, it might be mistaken at first sight for a little negro. It has been found impossible hitherto to rear the young ones, and equally impossible to capture alive these creatures when fully grown.

At the present time the Pahouins are the best traders in ivory. When they made their first appearance on the Como, they hunted for the benefit of the Bakalais, who furnished them with guns, and kept for themselves only the flesh of the animals which were killed. Now the Pahouins are armed, and can do without their neighbours. Their mode of hunting elephants requires an intimate knowledge of their habits. These animals usually live together in large herds in the woods, and do not move far from their favourite haunts. The hunters take advantage of their quasi-sedentary habits. If they do not find a sufficient number collected together, they have a grand battue; they disturb without frightening them, and gradually get them concentrated on one spot. When this is accomplished, they enclose them in several fences made of bindweed—an insufficient barrier certainly for such powerful creatures, but strong enough to impede their flight. When all is thus prepared, the surrounding villages unite, and with guns and spears commence a massacre, which is not without danger for the aggressors. Often they have recourse to poisoned food; sometimes also to traps. The method most in use is to make a hole in a thicket, through which the stupid animal will try to escape, and to hang above it a heavy pointed stake, which falls on the elephant as it passes, and breaks its spinal column.

Such is the Pahouin tribe, which is the most interesting of all those which dwell on the Gaboon, and which will soon be the most important, for they are advancing with great strides towards the French settlements. They will be welcomed there with pleasure, for if it is possible to do anything with that country, it must be by means of the races who are sufficiently acclimatised. At the same time, the French must not deceive themselves. They will find them restless subjects, and auxiliaries very difficult to manage. If they are as a rule gentle and hospitable, they are also suspicious and fickle, but possessed of an industry and energy rarely met with amongst the black race.

CHAPTER IX.

RIVER NAZARETH AND THE OGO-WAI—NATURE OF THE SOIL—LAKE JONANGA—ASHIRAS—FETICHÉ ISLANDS—MIRAGE.

I HAVE already said that the treaties made in 1862 with the chief at Cape Lopez had placed this part under French rule. It is situated in the delta formed by the different mouths of the Ogo-wai, a river at that time almost unknown. The Nazareth, its northern branch, became then a French possession.

Admiral Didelot, who was at that time commander-in-chief on the African coast, was desirous to plant the French flag there, and make a rapid exploration of the Ogo-wai, and of the means of communication which might exist between this river and the affluents of the Gaboon. He confided this duty to M. Servat, captain of the *Pionnier* and myself.

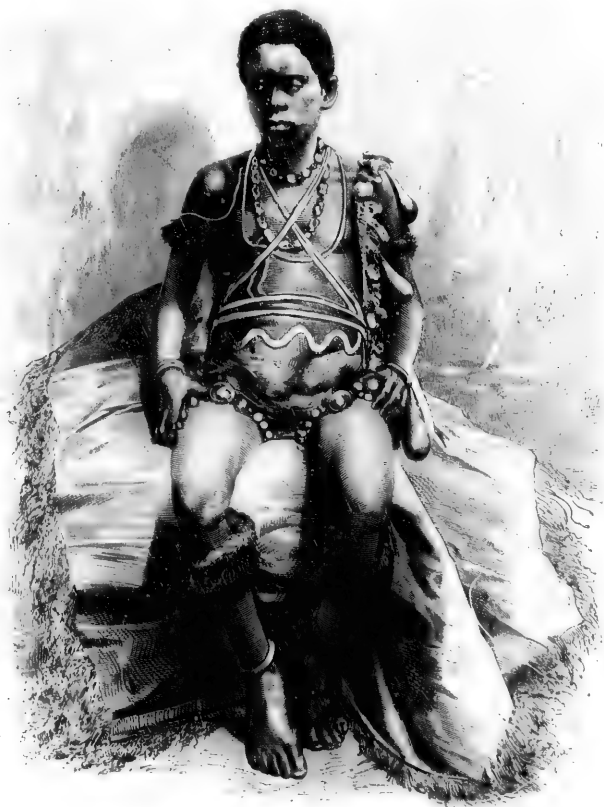
On the 18th of July—that is to say, in the middle of the dry season—we entered the river Nazareth. Unfortunately for

us, it had fallen about six feet since the end of the rainy season, and was still falling; so that, notwithstanding the *Pionnier* drew but little water, the following day she grounded on a sandbank about sixty miles from the entrance. The expedition began therefore under bad auspices. We were not then in the Nazareth, but in the Ogo-wai itself, which, spreading over a vast surface, afforded us a splendid view. To the

ventured further he might be obliged to leave his vessel on some sandbank until the return of the rainy season.

It only remained for us to continue our voyage in canoes—a troublesome method exceedingly slow, and one which put us at the mercy of the inhabitants, whose hostile feelings we were soon to verify.

The village of Dambo was, happily, well disposed towards



THE YOUNG FETICHIST OF LAKE JONANGA.

mangrove-tree had succeeded pandanus and yuccas, a great number of oil palms and enimbas, and, in fact, all the luxuriant vegetation of the forests of the Gaboon.

But in the midst of this beautiful panorama navigation was a difficult matter. Islets and sandbanks began to obstruct the course of the river, and one on which the *Pionnier* had run aground was only the first of many and more serious obstacles. The next day we succeeded in reaching the village of Dambo, about sixteen miles from the point where we first grounded, and it then became evident to M. Servat that if he

Europeans. Its chief—N'Gowa Akaga—received us cordially, paid us all the honours, and in the evening visited the watanga, the great ship of the white men. He did not show much astonishment, and was reserved in his expressions of praise, which showed great discretion on his part, for praise from the blacks is often a cloak for covetousness. We placed at our disposal one of his largest canoes, with two men of his village, and on the morrow M. Servat and myself set out, taking with us several black sailors. The *Pionnier* turned back to await our return in deeper water.

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I will not relate all the incidents which occurred during this fatiguing voyage, which, it is true, did not last more than twenty days, but during that time we had no interval of rest.

We always started at an early hour in the morning, stopping during the intense heat of the day at some village, and then going on again, passing the night at another further on. Our appearance caused quite a commotion in those parts. Urged by curiosity and allured by the hope of presents, all the chiefs were determined to see us, and we soon found that it was not prudent to disappoint them. We had chanced to pass by the important village of Aroumbé without noticing it, and had stopped to allow our men some repose, when there appeared half a dozen canoes filled with armed men. They came to invite us to retrace our steps, and were prepared to compel us if we made any objection. A few minutes after there arrived from the opposite side canoes from a village which we did not wish to visit on account of the delay it would cause, and they had anticipated us. There then ensued a great palaver between the two companies, and we feared at one time that this discussion, arms in hand, might become serious. At length they calmed down. The people of Aroumbé excused our visit until our return, but they went away in a bad humour, and it was clear that we should be liable to these unpleasant interruptions each day if we did not visit all the important villages.

We visited successively Gamby, Atchanka, and Igané, all of which are peopled by the original inhabitants of the coast, who have evidently come by the southern branch; whilst those of Dambo and Aroumbé, whom we had met with on the right bank, were clearly related to the Gabonese, and must have ascended the river by its northern branch, the Nazareth. At length we found ourselves in the midst of the Galloise race, the most important, perhaps, on the Ogo-wai, who believe themselves, and appear in reality to be, different from the others, though speaking nearly the same language.

I took advantage of our short stoppages to explore the environs, and I found everywhere the same kind of cultivation as at the Gaboon. I also saw several fine tobacco plants, cultivated as an ornament, for the inhabitants do not know the use of them. They had been brought from the Congo.

I could only make these observations during the brief time we rested at the villages, and that was just the hottest part of the day. It was still less easy for me to examine the animal kingdom, for one could not hunt at such an hour. It was therefore impossible for me to procure specimens of several interesting animals peculiar to this part of the country, particularly one, a giant ant-eater, which Dr. Touchard speaks of as a new animal.

I was also unable to see much of the nature of the soil, in a country where the earth is hardly scratched even for cultivation, and where the rocks which appear above the surface are covered by a thick mantle of vegetation. The subsidence of the waters fortunately left the banks of the river exposed to view, and the formation of this natural valley, which is almost uniform for a very considerable distance, enabled us to determine the structure of the country itself, or at least of its outer crust.

Beyond the marshy flats on every side, the banks present thick beds of an argillaceous sand, more or less compact, of an ochre colour, in which are embedded great lumps of iron-

stone, with rounded projections on the surface, hollow inside, and varying from the most complete friability to metallic hardness. With these are often mixed fragments of red porphyry or quartz, and sometimes the clay changes its appearance, becomes finer and whiter, and finally passes into marl. In those places where the bank rises, the lower strata consist of conchiferous chalk (limestone?), or beds of clay full of ammonites. No minerals are known to the inhabitants, not even iron. The weapons and instruments which they possess are either of European manufacture, and are obtained through the medium of traders on the coast, or else they are those made by a more distant tribe, the Ashébas, who, like the Pahouins, are acquainted with the use of iron.

We proposed to ascend the Ogo-wai up to the point where the two rivers Okanda and N'gounyai join. We hoped that we should there meet with new tribes, with the Enincas, who appear to be in direct communication with the affluents of the Gaboon, and perhaps the Oshebas, who resemble very closely the Fan-Pahouins. Unfortunately, the information we were able to gather on this subject varied every moment, and this object of our pursuit seemed to fly before us. At the same time, the reception which we met with showed that there was every day an increase of bad feeling towards us, and the property which our canoe contained, or which we carried on our persons, excited their envy more and more. At Aroumbé a discussion took place during the night amongst the people, and the conclusion they came to, as reported by our interpreter who overheard it, was that, although they were not strong enough to plunder us themselves, yet, as the large village of Bombolié, at which we were to arrive the next day, was close by, the best thing for them to do was to follow us in canoes, and share the booty.

The result of such an attack, unhappily, could not be doubtful; if made during the day it would not be without its dangers to the aggressors, but if during the night nothing could be easier. It seemed useless for us to plunge ourselves into serious difficulties for the purpose of prosecuting geographical researches, the result of which was uncertain, and we therefore fell back upon the Lake Eliva, or Jonanga, which we had passed on our right without exploring; to tell the truth, its inhabitants were not much more to be trusted, but it was almost necessary to make some researches there, and we were, moreover, likely to be amply repaid for our trouble.

Many considerations urged us to do this. The people of the Ogo-wai, especially the Galloise, had perpetually spoken to us about the extent and beauty of this lake, and besides everything else it was in their estimation a mysterious lake, the sanctuary of their religion. Proof of this had been given, they said, by extraordinary appearances. The great ships of the white men, which passed Cape Lopez (that is to say, more than 120 miles from the spot) might there be seen in the clouds; powerful and jealous genii lived there, and if any profane person dared to approach the sacred islands, which they had chosen for their home, his canoe would be capsized and he would assuredly meet his death. The fact of our being tanguis—that is to say, white men—would not preserve us from this melancholy fate; on the contrary, we could not possess a worse passport for such a voyage than the colour of our skins. These strange accounts, which we had at first received as mere freaks of imagination, were told us by the natives as far as the villages on the banks of the N'goumo, a

river by which the Lake Jonanga empties itself into the Ogo-wai. There could be no doubt about the matter; Eliva was most certainly an interesting spot, and in all respects well worth a visit.

We soon crossed over the N'goumo, a pretty stream of water not more than a mile and a quarter in length, and we pushed forwards to reach the island of Azinguibouri, where we proposed to pass the night, and from whence we could very well ascertain the conformation of the lake.

Infinitely varied in form, it baffles all description. At the bottom of the different gorges numerous torrents carry down the waters from the surrounding heights, but not a single river of any importance falls into it. Its depth varies from twelve to nineteen feet during the dry season, and its waters are perfectly transparent, while those of the Ogo-wai are of a singular reddish colour. To the east the ground rises rapidly and forms a series of elevations culminating finally in the mountains of Ashaukolos, which shut in the horizon, and through which the Ogo-wai forces a passage. A luxuriant vegetation covers the banks. The obas attain great beauty there, and the caoutchouc grows in great abundance; oil palms are more rarely met with. The shores are covered with grasses; close to the water a very pretty dog-lily displays its white flowers, but no rushes are to be seen, nor any of those plants usually found in stagnant waters, which at once reveal the muddy nature of the soil, and betray at first sight the unhealthiness of a country. The region of Lake Jonanga is therefore, I believe, a healthy one.

The population, which is very scattered, is of the Galloise race. Further distant, behind the Ashaukolos Mountains, dwell the Ashiras, of whom we saw two representatives. Their narrow and receding skulls, and their heavy and prominent features mark the inferior rank which they hold in the intellectual scale. They appear to be industrious, however, and manufacture for the greater part those fine and pliant mats known to the trade as matting of Loango, or Loanda. Like the Pahouins, they have their teeth filed to a point.

We were cordially received in the village of Azinguibouri. The king, in order to do us honour, had arrayed himself in his best apparel. This consisted of a pair of cotton drawers, not over clean, and a white hat of European make, which seemed to have paid by its long service beforehand for the present honour of covering a royal head.

The next day we took the route which leads to the famous fetiche islands, which the natives so incessantly talked to us about, or rather to the island of Aroumbé, which alone is inhabited.

We were received on the shore by a dozen intelligent-looking children, consecrated to the service of fetichism, and dressed accordingly, in a very strange costume. Their principal garment was a pair of Bakalais drawers fastened round the waist by a belt of white pearls, and ornamented with arabesques, some with pearls, others with a kind of red chenille, and from the sinuous and festooned border hung clusters of blue pearls and small bells. Necklaces of large pearls of all colours hung round their necks or were worn crosswise; bracelets of red chenille adorned their arms and legs; while rings of brass on their wrists and ankles completed this unique costume. The little fetichists are kept up to the age of seventeen or eighteen, at which period they are initiated into the mysteries of their religion. "They see the fetiche," to use their own

expression. Up to this time celibacy is strictly enforced. Once initiated, they obtain the title of fetichist, and return to ordinary life.

Accompanied by these "Levites" of a new order, we ascended to the village of Aroumbé, where we waited, as the king wished to honour us with a visit. He required some little time to array himself in his robe of ceremony, which certainly was deserving of notice. This was a uniform—but to what army it had at one time belonged I am at a loss to say—adorned with epaulettes of yellow wool and spangles, corporal's braiding and buttons, upon which were embossed three cannons, with this motto, "Ubique" (everywhere). Was ever a motto more applicable? Who can say through how many hands this corporal's uniform had passed before it arrived at this sequestered lake, to serve as a court dress for an old negro king?

Yondogowiro, as this strange personage calls himself, is in reality the great religious chief. The person who exercises the highest authority (the value of which it is difficult to estimate) lives in a village on the Ogo-wai, and is rarely seen at Aroumbé. Both these men belong to sacerdotal families, and in order not to derogate from his noble origin, Yondogowiro married a cousin of the supreme fetiche, who himself married N'Gowa, a daughter of his new cousin. These two ladies, who happened to be then at Aroumbé, afforded us perfect specimens of the coiffures in vogue in that country—a mode which differs from that of the Gabonese; in one the hair was massed up on each side of the head, in the form of long, broad horns.

From the hut where we received the king we witnessed a very curious scene. A group of bananas, planted in the middle of the village, had been selected as a domicile by a little bird, which had built its nest there at the expense of the tree itself. The banana-leaf, as is well known, has a long mid-rib, edged on either side by numerous fibres, which together form the level portion—the limb of the leaf; it looks, in fact, like an immense plume with the feathers glued to each other. The bird separates these fibres one by one without detaching them from the stalk, and then plaits and felts them together. Each leaf thus dealt with furnishes materials for a dozen such nests, which hang suspended from the mid-rib. Nothing can be more pleasing than this winged republic, which seems as if it would fain pay by a cheerful gaiety the hospitality of the village.

Accompanied by Yondogowiro and Queen Agueille, we paid a visit, in the course of the afternoon, to the sacred islands, and I must say that, in spite of sinister predictions, we found it as pleasant a journey as could be made in a canoe at the equator, where the temperature was about 103° Fahrenheit, under a cloudy sky.

Let us picture to ourselves two islets, or rather two immense patches of verdure, placed in perfectly limpid water, and absolutely covered with a cloud of birds of every size and variety of colour, freely enjoying themselves amidst the most profound security. The great ibises, with their red heads, perched on the peaks of the rocks, looked down upon us as we passed at the distance of six or ten feet, and raised themselves to the full height of their long thin legs and flapped their rose-coloured wings, bordered so beautifully with black embroidery. Below, a species of yellowish-white vulture—large black birds, of lofty flight—and kingfishers flew to and fro. A group of pelicans of

a quieter disposition had taken up their abode in some large trees, which paid dearly for the honour of affording them a lodging. Stripped of their leaves, and burnt by the guano with which they were covered, they would never bear leaf again; they were only like immense perches, from which the pelicans watched the water, their heads half hidden in their feathers, and their crops hanging down on their breasts.

It is scarcely probable that these sacred islands owe their gloomy reputation to these peaceable inhabitants. With them or in them, perhaps, the mysterious genii live. Our Galloise guide had prudently remained at Aroumbé. Our Laptots themselves, notwithstanding their being Mahometans, of which they make such boast, thought it their duty to give us some sage advice; but Yondogowiro, the great fetichist, was there to appease the anger of the genii. It was, indeed, a curious sight to see this little old man in his uniform, too high in the collar, too short in the sleeves, raise himself in his canoe and stretch forth his hands supplicatingly to the pelicans, the bird best adapted to receive with becoming gravity this religious homage. With one hand he rang a little bell—an emblem of his sacerdotal authority—with the other he crumbled a quantity of biscuit into the lake, then he invoked the genii in the following words:—"Here are white men, who come to visit you; do them no harm. They bring you presents of biscuits and alougou. Preserve them from death, and ensure their safe return to the Gaboon."

The prayer was simple, and appeared to be sincere; it was only effectual, however, in my case, for M. Serval, less favoured by the gods of this Olympus, did not return without fever. The presents mentioned had been liberally given. After the distribution of the pieces of biscuit, Yondogowiro filled his mouth with alougou—the name given to the trade-brandy of the country—and dispersed it to the winds in a manner dangerous to those near him. He did not perform this operation without having first swallowed part of the offering on his own account. He deducted a tithe. At several places this ceremony was repeated—prayers, sacrifice, and a little taste for himself. Seated before her royal husband, Agueille smoked her pipe. As the privilege of landing on these islets belongs to the great fetichists alone, we did not insist upon doing so; and after we had gone round them, we went to the entrance of the lake which connects the extremity of the Lake Jonanga with a smaller one, Eliva Wizanga. It is close to the entrance of this canal where the apparitions are seen, about which we had heard so much. We did not wait to witness them—they only appear in the rainy season; but we hoped that the mere sight of the place would give us a key to a phenomenon, to the existence of which we were obliged to attach some credit, since so many people had spoken to us of it without any mistake as to time or to place, and without ever varying from one another as to the details.

The account given to us by the natives was this: During the rainy season, if they place themselves, a short time after sunrise, at the entrance of the canal, with their eyes turned toward the west, they see in the clouds white forms, which those people who have been to the sea-coast pretend to recognise as ships passing Cape Lopez. They declare they see them tack, furl the sails, fire the cannon, and then suddenly disappear. Without admitting all these details, might we not believe that there lies some truth at the bottom, and that in

spite of the distance, these vessels are seen to pass here by some powerful effect of mirage?

After this hasty and singular excursion we escorted back to Aroumbé the great fetiche and his royal consort.

CHAPTER X.

THE HIPPOPOTAMI OF BANGO—LAKE ANENGUÉ—FOREST OF RUSHES—JOURNEY TO OGO-WAI BY LAND—CONCLUSION.

OUR visit to Lake Jonanga was now ended, and we took leave of its inhabitants, not without several palavers, and followed the course of the Ogo-wai.

We heard by the way that the people of Aroumbé intended to make us pay a ransom on our return, and to do some harm to our pilot, to whom they attributed our refusal to pay them a visit on a former occasion. In order to avoid any altercation with this quarrelsome village, we passed it during the night. By daybreak we were five miles beyond it, at the entrance of the Bandou, or Bango, the first great branch which leaves the left bank of the Ogo-wai to fall into the sea, and which consequently forms the southern limit of its delta.

Some hours afterwards, we re-entered the village of our friend N'Gowa Akaga, King of Dambo. This excellent man viewed our return with unfeigned delight, for he knew of the hostile feelings entertained by some of the chiefs against the King of Cape Lopez, whose recent treaty with us now began to be known, and he was aware also of their eagerness to obtain European products, so that he was not without some anxiety on our account.

After we had rested several hours in this hospitable village, we followed the route of the *Pionnier*, which, having returned on this side of the sandbanks, awaited our arrival near to the village of Niondo. On the morrow we once more set out, this time in a whaleboat, to pay a visit to Anengué, a village described by M. du Chaillu, who assigns it an important part in the future commercial development of the country. We re-ascended the Azin Tongo, an affluent of the Ogo-wai, which flows eastward; then a narrower channel, the Gongoni, which brought us to the Bango. We were told that this river had several communications with the lake. We had, indeed, only to cross in an oblique direction in order to find the most important—the little river Guai-biri.

Our sudden appearance on the Bango disturbed for a moment a troop of hippopotami which were disporting themselves near to a sandbank. We had numbers of times met with these huge animals on the Ogo-wai, where the banks in every direction show traces of their footsteps; but they had always been in solitary couples, and in the water, so that their heads and the higher parts of their huge hind-quarters were alone visible above the surface, and they disappeared at the slightest sound. A bullet fired into the midst of the herd made them dive instantly, but we had scarcely crossed their play-ground when they all reappeared. Notwithstanding the bad reputation these animals have gained of attacking those who thus venture amongst them, these particular ones had the goodness to wait in the water whilst we fired at them from a distance.

We arrived at an early hour on the Guai-biri, and attempted to enter the lake without further loss of time. But we had barely got two miles, when the canal suddenly contracted, and we found ourselves in a ditch of stinking mud, surrounded on all sides

by rushes, and without any apparent opening. We were obliged to retrace our steps.

The following morning we set out in a small native canoe, and having reached the point of obstruction, entered a winding, tortuous ditch, whose existence it was impossible we should have suspected, and along which we could only advance by cutting away, as we went along, the immense rushes which obstructed our passage. Soon the water disappeared and dry ground showed itself. But we had provided for this difficulty; large cross-pieces of wood were laid down to make the ground firmer, and our canoe, transformed into a sledge, was vigorously pulled along on this kind of ladder. Whilst the blacks attended to the canoe, we endeavoured to make our way through the rushes in advance of them, supporting ourselves by their prismatic stems—which were as strong as those of young trees—kept from sinking by the close network which

After having devoted a day to this hasty exploration, made still more fatiguing by the intense heat of a burning sun and the perfect stillness of the air, we left without regret this melancholy morass. My travelling companion carried back with him a violent attack of fever, and I myself a certain degree of disenchantment. I cannot, in fact, share with M. du Chaillu the hope of one day seeing this muddy plain transformed into rice fields, and steam-vessels traversing waters which must be so extremely unhealthy. With this short expedition ended our voyage. Had it been undertaken before the sinking of the waters, it would doubtless have been a most successful one; it has not, however, been without good results, and affords landmarks for the future.

Several months after its termination, M. Servat and I reconnoitred the routes which place one of the affluents of the Gaboon, the Ramboé, in direct communication with the higher



FETICHE BANANA TREES.

their roots form on the surface of the mud, and sheltered from the sun by the splendid globular umbels which crowned their summits at the height of some ten feet. This beautiful plant must be nearly akin to the papyrus of the ancients, which has given its name to paper. Closely pressed one against another as they are, the number of these rushes must indeed be prodigious.

After a toilsome journey of three hours, now in the canoe, now out of it, always in the mud, we at length came upon Lake Anengué. Its approach had not deceived us; it is in reality nothing less than the lowest portion of an immense swamp, not deep, haunted by crocodiles, and which we had probably entered on its muddiest side. Hills of considerable height shut in the southern side; and between these elevations the moving plain formed by the tops of the rushes shows the continuation of the swamp. The inhabitants of the few villages which crown the higher grounds, appear to have held for some time communication with Europeans settled at the entrance to the river Fernand-Vaz, whom they supply with elephant tusks, and more especially palm-oil and india-rubber.

Ogo-wai. We crossed magnificent forests, where are to be found more gorillas and elephants than human beings. A distance of about twenty-five leagues had to be traversed by difficult paths; but the permanent places of shelter which have been put up along them, show that the route is habitually made use of. We had proved, in fact, by this that commercial intercourse between the two rivers had been established by this channel, and we felt no doubt that it would be possible to turn this to greater account, and to make it profitable to the French settlement on the Gaboon. Overcome by a serious illness, which I had for some time felt coming on, I was prevented going as far as the Ogo-wai, and was held prisoner by fever in a Bakalai village. My companion, however, reached it at a higher point than we had been able to get by canoe, about sixty-five leagues from the sea coast. The river there was still more than half a mile in breadth. It is, then, really an important stream of water. But from what source does it come? This is a question which the future must solve.

I will end this description of the Gaboon with one question. What use can be made of a country that has not one regular

product? Its trade in ebony, dyewoods, and ivory is not of any great importance. It can only be increased by the more rapid exhaustion of its resources, since it destroys and does not replace. To attempt to introduce some agricultural industry—the cultivation of cotton, for instance—would be to yield, I fear, to a generous illusion. Europeans cannot work in such a climate, and native labour counts for nothing.

Perhaps, however, in spite of these drawbacks, we might gain something from the natural resources of the country, and particularly from its beautiful oleaginous plants. If we encourage the increase of these precious trees, we shall obtain from the natives the only exertion which appears to be compatible with their nature, that of cutting down each year that which they have not had the trouble of cultivating.

Journeyings in Mesopotamia.—VII.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW, LATE INDIAN NAVY.

CHAPTER IX.

KOORNAH—THE SHATT-EL-ARAB—RETURN TO THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER—HOG-HUNTING—CONCLUSION.

AFTER leaving Sheikh Sookh, the Euphrates takes a bend to the eastward, and the banks being very low, it again forms a kind of delta, extending to Koornah, a distance of sixty-three miles by water. The walled town of Koornah I have already described; it extends along the right bank of the Tigris, and the left of the Euphrates. A line of walls denoting the site of the ancient Apamea may still be seen extending across the peninsula formed by the confluence of the two rivers. On passing Koornah, we sailed down the commingled waters known henceforth as the Shatt-el-Arab. This noble stream, which has a breadth of half a mile, flows in a straight course towards the sea. After receiving a tributary called the Kerah, the banks of the Shatt-el-Arab present a more pleasing aspect, and are fringed with date groves and numerous villages. In the entire course between Bussorah and Koornah, a distance of forty miles, there are but two islands, both of them large; the river has an average width of six hundred yards, with a depth of twenty-one feet. Below the city of Bussorah, the width of this noble stream is increased to seven hundred yards, while it has a depth of thirty feet.

Near the earthworks of Mohamrah, the waters of the Karoon flow into the Shatt-el-Arab after a long course through Shastin, past Ahwaz, and other places. After this junction the main stream inclines a little more to the south, and during the remainder of its course passes many large villages, and almost a continuous belt of date groves. Between Mohamrah and the sea, a distance of forty miles, it has an average width of 1,200 yards. At length we saw the tall spars of our old ship, and it was like returning home again to find ourselves among our shipmates, who heartily greeted us on our return from our wanderings in Mesopotamia.

The *Comet* had not yet arrived with the despatches from Baghdad, and as the captain's orders were to wait until he had received them for transmission to the Bombay Government, a further stay at Marghill was the necessary result. At this we were not much grieved, for there was plenty of amusement to be had in shooting ducks and other wild fowl, and, what was still better, the swamps a few miles up the river were the favourite resort of the wild hog. As this sport has about it a spice of danger, it was patronised to a much greater extent

than the former. Hog-shooting parties were formed three or four times a week, and the captain himself, being an ardent sportsman, gave leave to the officers and men to indulge in the Englishman's known predilection for slaughtering something—from an elephant or a tiger in the jungles of India and the wilds of the country inhabited by the Hamran Arabs, to sparrow shooting as practised by the hobbledheys of an English country village. The day after my return to Marghill I eagerly joined a party of officers and men—the latter being a quarter watch that had been made up—to enjoy a day's hog-shooting.

All preparations were made over night; an ample supply of ammunition, consisting of ball cartridge for the quadrupeds and duck-shot for the feathered tribe, was laid in; rifles and fowling-pieces for the officers who were to form the party, and muskets for the sailors, were cleaned and placed handy; and last, but not least, sundry hampers and suspicious-looking bottles and flasks betokened that the inner man of "poor Jack" was not neglected. The *Medora* carried only a few rifles, the fire-arm provided for the general service being the old musket familiarly known as "Brown Bess." Part of the starboard watch sailors accompanied us, all of them armed with these weapons. It was necessary that we should have men to act as "beaters," and as the Jacks were desirous of taking part in the sport, they fulfilled at the same time the duty of beating up the hogs. The start for our day's sport was made from the ship about five o'clock in the morning, and the shooting party, consisting of fifteen sailors and four officers, myself among the number, "laid into" the cutter. The oars were quickly dropped into the rowlocks, and the boat shoved off.

It was a lovely morning, with the sun just peeping above the cloudless horizon. There was scarcely a "cat's-paw" on the water, so unruffled, even by a passing breeze, was the surface of the river; and the balmy breath of early morn, always delicious and refreshing in the East after the sultry, breezeless nights, had already given place to the fiery beams of the orb of day. The strict discipline enforced among the boats' crews of a man-of-war was on this occasion relaxed, and the men chatted and joked as they gave way with the long ash oar. The boat was pulled in-shore to avoid the current, and after a row of about an hour and a half the scene of our intended sport was reached. On the way we passed flocks of wild geese, flying however, too high in the air to be shot at; and also saw some hyænas which

had come down to the water's edge during the past hours of darkness, when they made "night hideous" and sleep impossible with their melancholy, wailing cry; but, at the sight of us, these creatures, which are very shy, trotted off at their best speed, and were lost sight of in the long jungle. We had brought three or four natives to point out the best shooting grounds, and these men also carried the provisions, and made themselves generally useful.

When the boat was run up in one of the small creeks with which the country abounds on either bank, a seaman was left to take charge of her, and the rest of the party, eighteen in number, struck out at once into the jungle. As we were now on the actual spot where the wild pigs "most do congregate," we looked to our arms, and prepared to commence the sport without loss of time. The *modus operandi* was simply as follows:—The sailors were formed in line at right angles to the river, extending across the scene of operations, and with intervals between each man, while the officers established themselves along the margin of the stream. When all had taken up their stations a signal was given, and the whole party advanced in line, keeping a sharp look-out for the animals. The belt of low land which fringed the river was about 600 yards wide, and consisted of soft, marshy soil, broken with deep ditches, or nullahs as they are called, sometimes dry, but generally half-filled with water; and was covered with a dense jungle of tall reeds, almost six feet high. This made our progress very laborious, and what with the swampy nature of the earth, into which your feet sank over the ankle at every footstep, and the difficulty of making your way through the thick mass of foliage, it was really very fatiguing work.

However, we knew before starting what to expect, and had come with our energies nerved for the occasion, as well as our feet and legs protected by huge boots (a pair of which I had had made for the purpose in Bushire) reaching to the top of the thighs. We had not been many minutes thus making our way with our rifles at the "ready," and all on the *qui vive*, when on the extreme left was heard a shout, and then three or four shots delivered in quick succession. Soon the cause of this excitement became evident, in the quick movement in the jungle ahead, but which was almost immediately lost in the distance, as the "suer," as the natives call the wild hogs, successfully made his escape. One of the officers who had fired averred that he planted a bullet in the hind-quarters of the beast; and this was very probable, as the tenacity with which these animals cling to life is remarkable. I have seen a wild boar knocked over, in whose carcase was discovered, when cut up by the ship's cook, no less than seven musket-balls.

We continued the sport, without any marked success, for two hours. Many of the animals were, indeed, struck, but seldom did any of us have an opportunity of inflicting a wound in any vital part. It was no easy matter to surprise them, for the "grunters" were gifted with a quick sense of hearing; and then, unless you got a shot at them while in a recumbent position, the chances were against your wounding them in the head or heart, for they made off at a surprising pace—now dashing through the jungle, and then, when coming to a nullah, taking the obstruction with a flying leap that would not have discredited an Irish hunter at a stone fence. I had a capital shot at a large boar while he was in the act of clearing one of these deep nullahs, and hit him in the side; the beast rolled over, but

long before we had come up to dispatch him he had regained his feet, and disappeared in the dense jungle. The thick forest of reeds was also a serious obstruction to our sport, for the bullets glanced off the tangled mass of stalks, which at the same time effectually concealed everything beyond a few yards from us.

We were rather disappointed at our want of success, when at length a shot fired by a petty officer, who was next to me, drew my attention in his direction. I fired at the spot where the rushes were violently agitated, for the animal was evidently not seeking to escape by diving into the jungle, as the majority of the others we had sighted had done, but was making for the river on my right hand. This drew upon him the fire of five of us, and, as he was headed off the stream, he turned back. I could not see any of our party, for we were all acting independently, but I gathered as much by the motion of the brushwood and the shouts from my right. I was not long in loading again, and, having advanced a few paces, found a space in front almost free from jungle. As I reached the spot, and looked in the direction I had heard the last shot, I saw an enormous boar charging back from the river, where his retreat had been cut off, and instead of "steering ahead," when we should have lost sight of him, bearing down along the line, and regularly running the gauntlet. He had been wounded, for blood was flowing from two or three places, and this rendered him savage and reckless. There are few beasts more dangerous than a wild boar when hard hit and unable to escape; in fact, there is a well-known proverb respecting the ferocity of a "wild boar at bay," and as this gentleman came tearing along, with his head slightly lowered, like a mad bull, and his white and gleaming tusks churning and snapping with fury, he presented a very formidable appearance, and clearly meant mischief. At that moment a "maintop-man," an Irishman, a very strong, broad-set little fellow, made his appearance to my left, rushing out with great eagerness, and having his musket with the bayonet fixed, as he afterwards expressed it, when interrogated as to his impetuosity, "Bedad! to let the blaggard have the baggonet." I stood still, and waited until the animal came near me, for I felt that, if he selected me for his victim, it would require all the ounce of lead in my rifle to settle him. The infuriated boar was dashing at me, when O'Callaghan obtruded his comical visage to the front. Whether it was that the enraged "porker" was exasperated at this exhibition of ill-timed levity (for he doubtless considered it no laughing matter), or for some other occult reason, is uncertain, but directly Paddy showed himself (wildly gesticulating and hurrahing the while) the boar, attracted by the noisy demonstration of welcome, swerved a little, and, passing me at a terrific pace, singled him out.

I was perhaps a little flurried, for my aim, directed at the head, was not very accurate; nevertheless, when I fired, the ball struck him full in the flank, the force of the blow knocking his "after-part" on one side. It slightly checked him in his onward course, but only for a moment. Furiously the brute dashed at the plucky native of Erin, who, nothing daunted, "let him have it," or rather, didn't let him have it; for, although O'Callaghan's fire was delivered close enough to have scorched the bristle of the "pig's cheek," the bullet struck the stock of a sailor's musket in quite a contrary direction. This wonderful performance was a great subject of merriment for many a day among his messmates, but at the time it nearly

cost the Tipperary boy his life, for almost at the same instant that I heard the report, I saw poor O'Callaghan high in the air, legs uppermost, and with the musket flying about his head like a shillelagh in a faction fight. The boar was upon him, and would most certainly have made an end of the brave fellow if an old petty officer—who had profited by the practice at a mark at which the crew had lately been exercised, and had reserved his fire—had not planted a shot in the eye of the savage beast, just as he had turned again and was about to rip up his unlucky and defenceless opponent. It was done well, and not a moment too soon; for, although we were all running up to the assistance of our shipmate, our guns were unloaded, and the pig had it all his own way. The shot, penetrating to the brain, took instant effect, and the animal dropped dead on the spot. Poor O'Callaghan was set on his legs again, and found to be none the worse, beyond a few bruises, for his involuntary somersault; he had luckily received the charge of the pig on the most convenient part of his person, and never experienced any ill effects from the collision. There was nothing after this event worth mentioning; we had, on the whole, pretty good sport, and at the end of a very fatiguing day, succeeded in killing and securing four pigs. No correct estimate could be formed of the number wounded. Two out of the four animals slaughtered were very fine large boars, and "all

hands" had pork for breakfast, pork for dinner, and pork for supper, during the following week, besides the daily rations of meat.

Ten days after my arrival at Marghill, the *Comet* returned with despatches from the Consul-General at Baghdad. I bade good-bye to my kind friend and late host, the captain of the armed steamer, and then the old ship sailed for salt water, at which our mess was not sorry; for we began to regard ourselves somewhat in the light of the fresh-water sailors of London, who, dressed in the rig of seafaring men, are for ever pestering one with offers to take you for a pull on the Serpentine, or the more adventurous souls who loaf about the Thames above the bridges. Indeed, there was a grave possibility—unless we soon had a taste of the roaring nor'-westers of the Persian Gulf—of Marghill, with its attendant good fare of wild ducks and fresh pork, becoming a very Capua to our jolly tars; and so we bade adieu to Mesopotamia. But before taking leave of the gentle reader, who, I fear, has been bored at times with my dulness, I must express my acknowledgments to General Chesney and Messrs. Buckingham, Wellsted, and Mignan, to whose valuable works I have so frequently had recourse, in reviving half-forgotten reminiscences of scenes and places witnessed and visited during the pleasant days of my Journeyings in Mesopotamia.

Seven Months in the Balearic Islands.—IV.

BY E. G. BARTHOLOMEW, C.E., M.S.E.

ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS AT IVIZA—HISTORICAL SKETCH— CONCLUSION.

ABOUT 100 B.C. Iviza yielded wholly to the Romans; they sought to exterminate the aristocracy living on the island, and to make the inhabitants tributary to their court at Tarragona. I cannot relate all the skirmishes which took place between Marius and Sylla, and other well-known Roman generals, in most of which Iviza and its brave inhabitants bore a part; Iviza declared for Pompey, and suffered the indignation of Cæsar. At this period this beautiful isle was a centre of luxury, and famed in science, art, industry, commerce, and agriculture. Proofs of its greatness in former times are often met with; coins, monuments, statues, sepulchres, and utensils being numerous. Amongst other relics are the following:—At the sides of the principal gate of the fortifications separating the port from the city are two statues, believed to represent persons of high rank; they were decapitated by the Vandals. That at the right of the gate is of marble, well cut; the nearly obliterated characters on its pedestal are as follow:—

CIVLIOCFAL
TIRONI
GAETVLICO
QVESTVRB
TRPLPRAETORI
AMICO OPTIMO
LSEMPRONIVSLFOVIR
CENECIO.

The statue on the left hand resembles a priestess, and has the following inscription under it:—

NONIVET
REGINAE
LOCVLATIVS
QVIR REGIVS
ET. . . EMINA. . . CF.
RESTITVTA. . . R
ET. . . LOCVLATIVS
QVIRREGIVS
SVIS. D. S. R.

Inside the gateway is a niche holding the statue of a priest, much mutilated, and without an inscription. At a short distance from the city, by the roadside, is a square stone resembling a pedestal, on which evidently a statue once stood. The inscription is very legible, and is as follows:—

L. OCVLATIO
L. F. QVIR
RECTO
AEDILI. DIVIR
FLAMINI
L. OCVLATIVS
L. F. QVIR.
RECTVS. F
PATRINDVLGENTIS
SIMO POSVIT.

I copied many other ancient inscriptions, the details of which I need not give here.

Sepulchres are met with in many parts, and prove by their remains and contents that the Romans occupied nearly the

whole island, which they devoted to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. They made sugar, and exported it to the continent, drinking-vessels, &c., which obtained notoriety, and manufactured cotton. Besides these works of handicraft, they explored the soil for minerals, and dug mines which amply repaid their labour. Iviza was once truly the priceless pearl of the Mediterranean—the envy of the surrounding nations and now she has lost all but what nature has left her. Poor Iviza! beautiful even in her ruins. During the Roman occupation of Iviza our Saviour was born. St. Paul preached the Gospel here in the year 60. In the fourth century the disciples of Augustine, perhaps St. Augustine himself (for he was born at Thagaste, near Carthage, and educated at Carthage), established monasteries in the islands of Iviza and Formentera.

In 426 A.D. Genseric took possession of the island by means of stratagem: under cover of night he came upon the unsuspecting inhabitants, and slew great numbers of them. Some fled to Tagomago, a mere rock rising a few hundred feet out of the water, but being blockaded, were compelled to surrender, and those who would not embrace idolatry were persecuted. Genseric continued the terror of Iviza until his death; his son Huneric succeeded him. He was a strict Arian, and banished to Carthage the bishops of Iviza, Palma, and Mahon; Hilderic, in 522, ordered their return. In 711 the Moors obtained possession, and held the island till driven out by Charles the Great in 900. In 1000 they again took it under Muguid, the Moorish King of Majorca. Albulanazer, surnamed the King of the Pirates, was governor in 1114. At this time Pope Pascal, acceding to the proposal of the city of Pisa, organised a crusade to deliver the Ivisencan Christians from the clutches of the pirate wolf. Peter, Archbishop of Pisa, was appointed commander of the expedition, which, consisting of 300 ships, sailed from Pisa on the 6th of August, 1114. The number of ships gradually swelled, until on arriving at Iviza it amounted to nearly 500 sail. The magnitude of the armament frightened the Moors, but their overtures of peace were rejected, and in the ensuing contest the governor was slain, and the Christians, after destroying the fortifications, started off to the conquest of Majorca, which they accomplished. They returned to Pisa in 1117, carrying with them the widow and son of the Mallorquin king and King Burabé, who had come over from Africa to the assistance of the Moors. The widowed queen and her son and Burabé became Catholics, and the young prince was raised to the dignity of a canon.

In 1147 Iviza again became subject to the Moors, and so remained till in 1213 James I. of Arragon freed the whole of the Balears from the yoke of Mahomed, and became King of Majorca; subsequently it fell under the dominion of Spain, and has since remained a part of that kingdom. The Spanish rule has, indeed, done little for this now neglected isle. It contains 100 square miles of surface, more than two-thirds of which are capable of producing abundant crops, and yet not one-tenth is brought into anything like a cultivated state; still, the words of the poet will apply to Iviza—

" 'Tis a goodly sight to see
What heaven hath done for this delicious land,
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand ! "

The next line is not applicable: it says—

" But man would mar them with an impious hand. "

VOL. I.

And yet, as a proof of how little is known respecting Iviza, I quote from Hugh Murray's excellent geography, published in 1834. "Iviza," he says, "is a small isle of rugged surface, which forms one immense mountain, shooting up with a variety of summits."

There are a few villages scattered over the island, but all insignificant. "La Ciudad" contains about 7,000 inhabitants, and is divided into an upper and lower part, separated by a well-constructed wall with ramparts and bastions. Most of the good houses are in the Upper Town, where stands on very elevated ground a small cathedral, the view from which cannot be equalled. There is little to be said about the place, except that the inhabitants, as well as their houses, retain strong traces of the Moorish occupation. One thing is common to both divisions of the town, that is, bad smells, and it is difficult to say in which part they most abound. I would suggest the early morning as the best time for going to the market-place, where will be seen the best-flavoured fruits which grow on the three islands, and as cheap as good. The nut-bearing pine grows abundantly in Iviza, and here they will be found all ready shaken out of the fir-cones in donkey-loads. The market occupies the centre of an open square, and around it are several platerias, or shops of workers in silver and gold, who drive a large trade in fabricating ornaments for the countrywomen, with whom such decorations form a necessary part of their church-going attire.

My duties rendered it necessary that I should remain for some time in the country, and I was thus enabled to form a fair estimate of the character and habits of the country people, and become acquainted with the lovely scenery with which the island abounds. The panegyric I have quoted and applied to Iviza is applicable only to the country.

The population scattered throughout the isle is considerable; it amounts to about 22,000, which you would hardly credit, so dispersed are the cottages. The habit is for the children to remain after their marriage with their parents until the house becomes too small to hold the increasing numbers, or circumstances induce them to remove. The family groups thus collected are often highly picturesque, and there is but one drawback to the beauty of the picture, which becomes very evident in this hot climate, affecting the nose rather than the eyes—it is the utter disregard of ventilation, and the huddling together of men, women, children, dogs, ducks, fowls, fuel, and eatables. On my journeys I travelled as follows:—Selecting a strong steady ass for my own use, I had piled upon his straw saddle sundry blankets, a pillow, sometimes a mattress, and mounted myself on the soft heap. This precaution was necessary, considering the nature of the ground I had to traverse. My attendant, who acted in the double capacity of groom and cook, followed with another animal for his own use, and a third, on whose back was a confused heap of bedding, pots, kettles, baskets, meat, and anything else likely to prove useful in the unfrequented districts I had to traverse. Arrived near a suitable house, Pedro would pass on and solicit permission, on behalf of "el Señor Ingles," to use the fire, and to spread the mattresses under the porch for the coming night. I often had my bed placed on the house-top, and if not dreaming of Pedro, often thought of him. I slept more free from disturbance in the open air than if I had ventured into the house. I only once attempted the latter arrangement; I had reason to repent of my rashness before

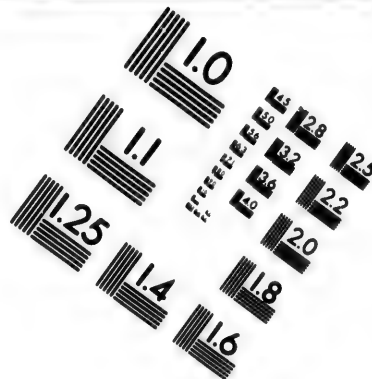
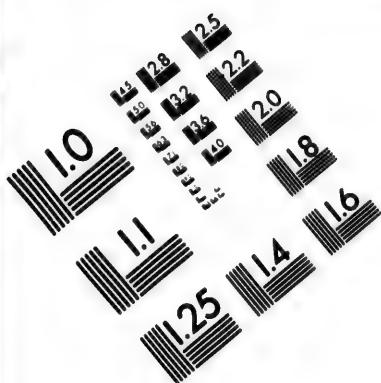
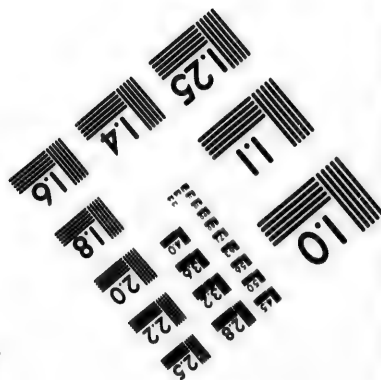
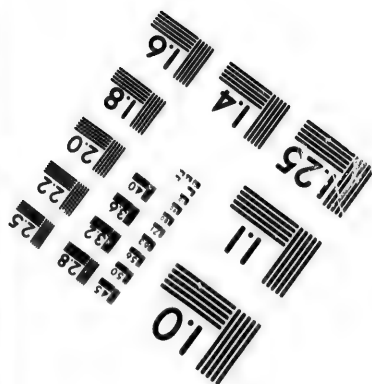
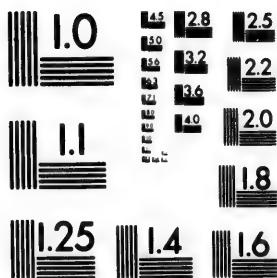


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morning. It is extremely pleasant to sleep in the open air, and to wake with the sunrise, whilst sweet scents, "the dew of herbs," known only to morning, are wafted from the pine woods before the scorching sun has dried up the moisture. It is a little difficult to arrange one's toilet under these circumstances, the last thing a Moor thinks of is to wash himself, and he cannot understand that others should wish to do so. Never travel without soap in Spain; this adage equally applies to her islands. If a stream runs near you, all the better; if not, a bowl of water suffices. From day to day, and from week's end to week's end, my dinner consisted of a mixture of fowl's limbs, tomatoes, hard-boiled eggs, sometimes potatoes, and always garlic; the whole stewed with water in an earthen pipkin; and in spite of its sameness, and, as some would say, of its garlic, I can speak to its power of appeasing the keenest appetite.

In some cottages wine was procurable, some of the native wines of this island being peculiarly fine in flavour. It is quite white, and can be taken with impunity in large quantities. I once tasted home-made wine of a different character at a country blacksmith's; it was pressed from grapes sun-dried almost to the condition of raisins, and possessed the fullest and richest flavour of any wine I have tasted, combined with very great strength. Speaking of grapes leads me to say a few words about the vines which rather grow than are cultivated in Iviza. Before the oidium made its appearance, every farmer cultivated sufficient plants to supply the requirements of his family for the ensuing year; since then the grape has been almost entirely neglected, for the poor peasantry have no money to buy sulphur, and, being unwilling to root up the vines, you may pass over hundreds of acres of vine-planted land, every plant being either barren or dead. I am now speaking only of the vines in the open country, the real vineyards; in the woods and sheltered spots they present a very different and an extremely beautiful appearance. Clinging to large trees near whose roots they have been planted, they are to be seen in full strength and fruitfulness. I have seen a large fir-tree having every one of its wide-spread boughs intertwined with the branches of a vine springing from a single stem, and dotted with immense bunches of the richest grapes; and I remember one such tree on a bough of which I lay and feasted without trouble upon the cooling clusters. Greatly did I regret having to cut down this same tree to allow my telegraph wires to pass free. A stranger is always welcome to help himself to fruit of any kind, but the same hospitality is not extended to a fellow-countryman.

The algarroba-tree is very abundant, and springs up spontaneously both in Iviza and Majorca. The fruit resembles a long, brown, flat bean, and possesses a sweetish-sour taste. It has of late years been imported into England, and is better known here as the fruit of the carob-tree. In the Balears and south of Spain it forms a large proportion of the food of horses and other animals. A Spanish proverb says it is certain death to sleep under an algarroba-tree. I have proved the fallacy of this statement by experience. The foliage of this tree gives out a very peculiar and unpleasant odour, and it is so powerful, that you know of the existence of an algarroba at a distance of at least 200 yards.

The prickly fig, or higuero de Moro, called so because first planted in Spain by the Moors, is a remarkable plant. It resembles a gigantic cactus, and when in flower looks pretty. After these fall, the fruit forms. It is cool but tasteless, though

a favourite food with the Spaniards. Another Spanish saying is, that death is the consequence of drinking spirits or wine after eating a prickly fig. I did not venture to test the truth of this statement. I was surprised at the ease with which this plant is propagated. A single leaf, or even a part of a leaf, will take root if stuck in the ground, and no locality seems too arid or dry to afford nourishment for its growth. It will thrive admirably on a stone wall, and this is the more curious since the whole character of the plant is highly succulent, from its thick fleshy leaves to its very juicy fruit.

Of the common fig there are two kinds—the black and the white. The former is not much valued, being smaller and not so rich in flavour as the white, and it does not dry well. It is seldom exported, but the islanders dry large quantities, and store them for winter use. The white fig is a delicious fruit when it grows in such a climate as the south of Spain, but nowhere does it reach to such perfection as in Iviza. When ripe it is like a ball of honey, and deliciously cool. This fruit satisfies hunger better than any juicy fruit I know. Some of the white fig-trees are perfect marvels of vegetable growth. I have seen a single tree whose branches covered a circular spot of ground nearly 400 feet round; the shade of such a tree is most refreshing. The fruit is regarded as unwholesome if gathered whilst the sun shines on it; but perhaps this also is a fiction. A large quantity of dried white figs are exported from the island, whilst an immense quantity of the most delicious undried fruit is given to fatten pigs, who make a fearful mess of the dead ripe figs by trampling them into the mud. The fig-tree bears two distinct crops of fruit, the first of which is not good enough for drying.

One word about the melons. Another Spanish proverb says, "A woman and a melon are best known after trial." I can testify to the truth of this saying as respects the melons, perhaps some of my readers can with regard to women. It is a singular fact that from the same stalk you may cut a dozen melons, every one of which shall have a totally different flavour: the shape, size, colour may be precisely similar, and yet one may not be eatable, and of the other you can eat almost the seeds and skin. The finest flavoured melons should possess a taste of aguardiente, as the Spaniards call brandy, though not brandy as we mean it, it being flavoured with aniseed. Aguardiente is an intolerable poison to an Englishman, and yet, strange to say, a very similar flavour in a slight degree gives a melon a richness which must be tasted to be appreciated.

Almonds and olives are grown in large quantities in Iviza, and the comparatively small quantity of oil which is made in this island fetches a higher price in the market than any other. The oil-presses are rough and primitive, and much oil is lost through want of care. The crushed olives are mixed with warm water and placed in flat bags laid one over the other, a flat board terminating the pile, which is placed under an immense wooden beam near its fulcrum, a screw acting upon the outer end. The board on which the pile stands has a groove or channel cut round it, into which the expressed oil and water runs, and an opening at one side carries it into a large hollow cut in a stone. Here most of the oil separates from the water, and floating on the surface, flows off through a channel cut in the upper part of the stone basin, whilst the redundant water passes away through an orifice at the bottom; but owing to the oil not having time wholly to separate itself

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from the water, much is wasted by passing away with it. I collected some of the waste many yards away from the building, and proved to the owner how much he was losing. There are not many oil-mills in the island, and those who require their olives crushed pay in kind for the use of the mill, the proprietor of which makes a good thing out of his machine. In England we regard the olive as a hard, salt kind of berry, indigestible though palatable, and entirely devoid of any flavour of oil. This is the unripe fruit. When ripe and fit for crushing, olives turn black and fall from the trees; in this state they form an excellent relish when eaten with bread and salt. I have often enjoyed a lunch of this kind, finding it wholesome, agreeable, and satisfying. In bruising the fruit for the press, the stones and all are crushed.

But I must close my remarks on Iviza, and with it on the Baleares generally. There are many other islands, more or less insignificant, connected with the group, but scarcely any of

them are deserving of notice. Formentera, lying to the south of Iviza, is the largest of these satellitic isles, but it is a place of no importance; the only communication kept up with it and the rest of the world being by a felucca once a week, "weather permitting," between it and Iviza; and the passengers usually consist of a few peasants, who exchange the produce of their ground for clothing, and articles not obtainable in Formentera. The island contains a very scattered population of 1,350 souls. Although not a large number, it is sufficient to disprove the ridiculous assertion that Formentera is deserted on account of the number of serpents upon it. It is, however, a singular fact that, although the two islands are separated by a channel only a mile and a half broad, venomous reptiles exist on Formentera; they are, however, not only unknown in Iviza, but are unable even to live there, the cause of this favoured singularity being ascribed to the saltiness of the soil.

A European Sojourn in Japan.—VIII.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. AIMÉ HUMBERT, SWISS MINISTER IN JAPAN.

JAPANESE ORNAMENTATION—THE QUEEN'S COURT.

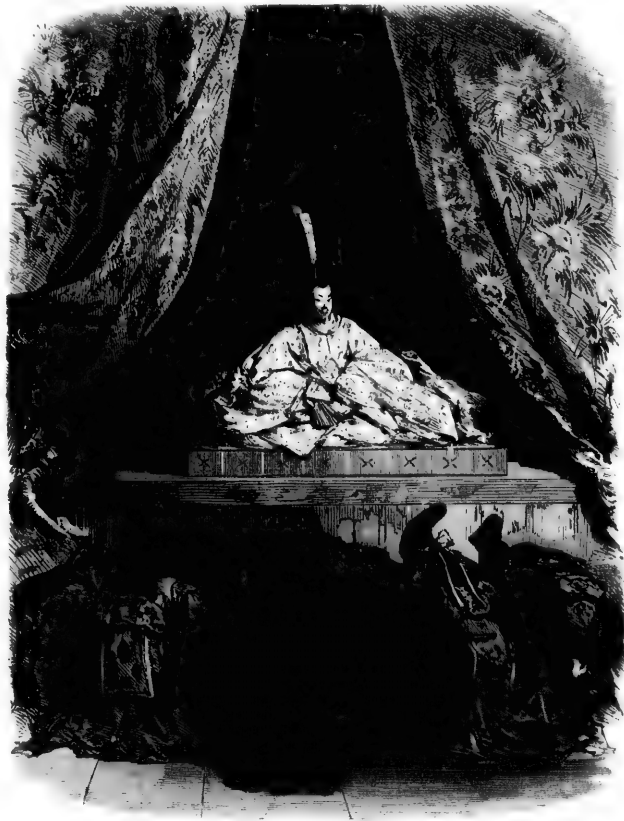
THE architecture of the Japanese, and all their works both of industry and art, denote a certain pursuit of the symbolic, added to great purity of taste in the imitation of nature. In the framework of the roofs of temples and palaces, there are ornaments sculptured in wood, representing a bank of clouds, above which rises the pediment of the building. The staid entrance of the daïri is ornamented with a golden sun, surrounded by the signs of the Zodiac. The porticoes of the Buddhist temples are surmounted by two elephants' heads, to denote that this religion has its origin in India. The weight on a carpenter's plumb-line represents the sun descending to the horizon. The favourite subjects of their mosaic and wood-sculptures are sea waves crested with foam, basaltic rocks worn and hollowed by the sea, cranes and bats with extended wings, and groups of trees and reeds in various combinations. There are also many ornaments whose signification we do not understand, such as that seen in the enclosure of the daïri, a kind of vase of bronze, with a rough representation of a bird of the size of a man. This is one of the most ancient monuments of native art, and is called the *Tori-Kamé*, but its origin and use are unknown. Other vases of great antiquity, mounted on tripods and used for burning perfumes, have carvings of the head or scales of the crocodile, an animal quite unknown in Japan. The tortoise and the crane, which are frequently introduced on the sacred chandeliers and perfume vases, are emblems of immortality, or at least of longevity. The *Foô*, the mythological bird common to China and Japan, is placed on the lintels of the daïri, and on the top of the Mikado's palanquin, as an emblem of eternal happiness. These symbolic images, and others, which it would take too long to enumerate, are introduced in the designs of the rich silks figured with gold and silver, which are the glory of the Kioto weavers, as well as into the engravings and

carvings on the plates of gold and silver, brass and steel, with which the native jewellers decorate the hilts and scabbards of swords and other articles; they use them also in adorning the pieces of plate and works of art in porcelain and lacquer, which form the chief decoration of Japanese establishments.

It was once remarked to me, in a warehouse full of curiosities produced by the workshops of Kioto, that not one of the articles displayed was of a purely rectangular form. I examined a number of cabinets, caskets, paper boxes, and other varnished articles, and found that none of them had a sharp angle, all the corners being slightly rounded. This may be nothing more than a peculiarity of taste; but there is another fact which has probably a symbolic significance, namely, that all Japanese mirrors have, without exception, the shape of a disc, which seems to confirm the opinion of Siebold, that the mirror in the Kami temple is an emblem of the sun's disc. It would be more difficult to divine the reason of certain fashions in Kioto, if, indeed, there is any reason in fashions. Ladies of the court pluck out their eyebrows, and replace them by two large black marks some distance higher on the forehead; perhaps it is that these high-cheeked beauties fancy they improve the oval of their faces by this little feminine artifice, which tends to raise the eyebrows, which nature has placed rather too much in the centre of the face. With the exception of a few locks plastered with wax, and arranged in rings on the forehead, the hair is quite smooth and flat on the head, and hangs down on the back, where it is confined in a knot, which conceals certain mysterious combinations, as all the great ladies display a thick head of hair flowing amid the folds of their mantles. The amplitude of this rich brocaded garment leads one to believe that feminine happiness in Kioto is measured by the amount of yards of material which it is possible to display. We were at first puzzled to know the meaning of the two long flaps which on each side fall below the

flowing hem of the mantle, and when the wearer is walking follow the motion of the feet, and give the impression that she is advancing on her knees. Such, indeed, we discovered, is the effect intended to be produced, as it is necessary that the ladies of the court who are admitted to the presence of the Mikado, should appear to approach his sacred majesty on their knees. In the interior of the palace there is no sound to be

An odour of scented woods, of fine mats, and fresh stuffs, mingles with the pure air which penetrates on all sides through the open screens. The young girls of the palace present tea from Oudsji, and sweetmeats from the Empress's refectory. The Empress, or Kiseaki, who rules over the other twelve legitimate wives of the Mikado and his crowd of concubines, is seated in solitary state, at the head of a flight of steps



A RECEPTION BY THE MIKADO, IN FORMER TIMES.

heard but the rustle of silk on the soft carpets which cover the mats; bamboo blinds soften the daylight, screens ornamented with wonderful pictures, damask draperies, and velvet curtains enriched with loops of silk cord and flaming artificial birds, form the partitions and doors of the reception rooms. There is no furniture, but here and there in the corners a porcelain aquarium, surmounted by natural flowers and shrubs arranged with great taste, or a cabinet inlaid with mother-of-pearl, or shelves containing the voluminous poetical anthologies of the old empire, one of which was printed on golden leaves.

leading to a dais, which extends along the whole apartment. Her ladies of honour and attendants squat or kneel behind her at a respectful distance, in groups, each wearing the costume and colours proper to their rank, and look like a parterre of gay flowers. As to the dress of the Empress herself, its folds are arranged with so much art that they envelop her like a corolla of gauze and brocade, and the three spikes of gold which surmount her diadem look like the anthers of some gorgeous flower.

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VISIT OF THE TYCOON TO THE MIKADO, AT KIOTO.

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are ranged in concentric semicircles, opposite the sovereign, and at a sign from her the ladies-in-waiting prostrate themselves before her to receive her orders before proceeding with the entertainment. The Kisaki's court is the chief school for the Japanese floral games. On the third day of the third month all the wits of the court assemble in the blossoming orchards of the palace. Saki is handed round, and a playful combat waged between nobles and ladies as to who can produce on the classic fans of white cedar, ornamented with ivy leaves, the most poetic stanzas in celebration of the return of spring. But the Empress's court used not to be confined to literary entertainments. She had her orchestra, composed entirely of stringed instruments, and also theatrical representations, in which a corps of young comedians acted or performed dances in character, some slow and measured, requiring the use of a mantle; with a train and long hanging sleeves, others quick, lively, and fantastical, in some of which the effect is heightened by the dancers assuming the wings of butterflies or of birds. The court ladies had, besides, their latticed boxes, not only at the imperial theatre, but at the circus for wrestlers and boxers attached to the Mikado's court, in virtue of privileges granted twenty-one years before the Christian era. They were also fond of having cock fights in front of the verandahs of their villas. These manners and customs still prevail at the court of Kioto, with the exception of the literary and artistic element, which has quite vanished. It was the last vestige of the civilisation of the ancient empire, which is now concentrated in one place, where it remains as stationary as the tombs on the funeral hills. However, all around the ancient Miako a new civilisation is progressing in the towns and country districts, the Tycoon is developing a network of civil and military institutions, and even already the smoke of steamers announces the advent of western civilisation. These circumstances lend a kind of tragic interest to the present position of the hereditary theocratic emperor of Japan, the invisible Mikado, whom there is no opportunity of describing, even when speaking of his court; but he too will eventually be extricated from the mysterious shade which envelops him, and brought into the full light of contemporaneous history.

THE TWO EMPERORS.

During my stay in Japan, the extraordinary event took place of a visit of ceremony from the Tycoon to the Mikado, which caused a great sensation, and afforded many subjects for the pencils of the native artists. To foreigners this was an excellent opportunity of studying the relative positions of the two potentates, which is a matter of extreme interest.

In the first place, the Mikado enjoys the superiority of an uninterrupted descent from the gods, demi-gods, heroes, and hereditary sovereigns who have ruled in Japan since the creation of the empire. He is the supreme head of its religion, however varied the forms with which it is invested by the people, and officiates as the sovereign pontiff of the ancient Kami worship. At the summer solstice he sacrifices to the earth, and at the winter solstice to heaven. One of the gods is supposed to have the special care of his precious destiny, and from the temple which he inhabits at the top of Mount Kamo, he watches over the *dairi* by day and night. At the Mikado's death, his name, before being inscribed in the temple of his ancestors, is simultaneously engraved at Isyé, in the temple of the Sun, and at Kioto, in the temple

of Hatchiman, as theocratic emperor and hereditary sovereign. The Mikado, without doubt, holds his power by divine right, but, in the present day, he has few opportunities of exercising it. Now and then he thinks fit to award pompous but purely honorary titles to some of the ancient nobility who have deserved well of religion. Occasionally also he gives himself the satisfaction of protesting against the actions of the temporal authorities when they seem to clash with his own prerogatives; and especially in regard to the treaties concluded between the Tycoon and some of the Western Powers, which he was afterwards compelled to sanction.

On the other hand, as every one knows, the Tycoon is the fortunate heir of low-born usurpers. The dynasty which he represents was founded by former subjects of the Mikado, who actually despoiled their master of his army, navy, possessions, and treasures, as if it had been their vocation to deprive him of all terrestrial objects of solicitude. Perhaps, indeed, the Mikado has too readily submitted to this arrangement. He has relinquished the manly exercises of hunting, hawking, and shooting with the bow, for the dignity of a chariot drawn by an ox, in which he takes his daily exercise in the grounds of his castle; and, in order to escape the fatiguing solemnities which obliged him to remain motionless on a dais to receive the mute adoration of the prostrate court, he has become entirely invisible, and, it is said, holds no communication with the exterior world except through the women who are charged with the care of his person. They have to dress and feed him, preparing a new costume for each day, and serving him in vessels fresh from the manufactory which has for centuries enjoyed the privilege of supplying him. His sacred feet must never touch the ground, nor must his head be exposed to the influences of the elements or the gaze of the vulgar.

The interview between the two princes could take place only at Kioto, for the Mikado is not allowed to quit the sacred city. His palace and the ancient temple of his family are all that really belong to him, for the town itself is under the power of the temporal sovereign, who condescends to appropriate the revenues to the expenses of the spiritual sovereign, and to maintain a permanent garrison for the protection of the pontifical throne.

All preliminaries having been completed, a proclamation announced the day on which the Tycoon was to leave his capital, the large and populous city of Yédo—a city altogether modern, and the centre of the political and civil administration of the empire, the seat of the military and naval schools, of the college of interpreters and academy of medicine and philosophy. He was preceded by a body of troops, equipped in European fashion; and while this picked troop of infantry, cavalry, and artillery marched to Kioto by the grand imperial road of Tokaido, the fleet received orders to sail for the interior sea. The temporal sovereign himself embarked in the splendid steamer *Lyermoon*, which he purchased from the house of Dent and Co. for 500,000 dollars. His escort consisted of six other steamers—the *Kandimarrak*, celebrated for its voyage from Yédo to San Francisco in the service of the Japanese mission to the United States; the corvette *Soembing*, a gift from the King of the Netherlands; the yacht *Emperor*, presented by Queen Victoria; and three frigates built in America or Holland by order of the embassies of 1859 and 1862. This squadron, exclusively manned by Japanese crews, sailed out of the Bay of Yédo, doubled Cape Sagami and the

promontory of Idsu, and, passing through the strait of Linschoten, and coasting along the eastern shores of the Isle of Awadsi, cast anchor in the harbour of Hiogo, where the Tycoon disembarked, amid salvos from the fleet. His public entry into Kioto took place a few days later, without any further military display than that afforded by his own troops, for the sufficient reason that the Mikado possesses neither cannon nor troops, except a mere body-guard of archers, recruited from among the families of his relatives or the feudal nobility. Even on this modest footing he finds it difficult to maintain his court, and is dependent on an allowance made him by the Tycoon from his privy purse, and also on a collection which the begging brothers of certain monastic orders make yearly, from village to village, even in the most remote parts of the empire, for his benefit. What most of all enables him to maintain his dignity, is the heroic disinterestedness of a great number of his high dignitaries, who serve him without any other remuneration than the gratuitous use of the rich regulation dresses of the old imperial court. When they return to their dwellings, after divesting themselves of their court suits, these proud noblemen do not disdain to exercise the vocation of weavers or embroiderers; and many of the rich silk stuffs to be seen in Kioto are the work of noble artisans whose names are inscribed in the Calendar of the Kamis.

But these circumstances did not prevent the Mikado from inaugurating the day of his interview with his royal visitor by the spectacle of the grand procession of the daïri. Accompanied by his archers, his household, his court, and his entire pontifical suite, he issued from his palace by the south portico, which, towards the end of the ninth century, was decorated with the historic compositions of the celebrated poet and painter, Kosé Kanaoka. He then passed along the boulevards to the suburbs, watered by the Idogawa, and returned to his castle through the principal streets of the city. At the head of the procession the antique insignia of his power were carried in great state. These were—the mirror of his ancestress, Izanami; the glorious ensigns, whose long paper streamers had waved over the troops of the conquering Zinmu; the flaming sword of the hero of Yamato, who vanquished the eight-headed hydra to whom virgins of princely blood were sacrificed; the seal which was affixed to the primitive laws of the empire, and the cedar-wood fan, which filled the place of sceptre, and for more than two thousand years had descended from one Mikado to another.

The largest and most picturesque band of the procession was formed by the representatives of all the sects who acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the Mikado. The dignitaries of the ancient religion of the Kamis could scarcely be distinguished by their dress from the great officers of the court; the Buddhist priests and monks formed interminable files of grave individuals, with tonsured or entirely shaven heads, sometimes bare, and sometimes covered with odd-looking caps or mitres; white cassocks, surplices, and mantles, of various shapes and colours, formed their costume. After these came the members of the Mikado's household. Polygamy being permitted legally only to the Mikado, his privilege was of

course displayed on this occasion, and a file of heavy carriages, each drawn by two black buffaloes, led by pages in white tunics, contained the empress and the other or legal wives, seated behind open-work doors. The favourite concubines, and the fifty ladies of the empress' suite, followed in norimons, or covered palanquins. The Mikado himself never leaves his castle except in his pontifical norimon. This palanquin, which is fixed on long poles, and borne by fifty bearers dressed in white, overtops the rest of the procession.

The native artists, whose pencils have commemorated the interview at Kioto, have caught its true signification; for instance, the return of the Tycoon to his capital forms the subject of a picture, which imparts a triumphant aspect to the steamer which conveyed the head of the state. The *Zyemmon*, at full speed, cleaves its way through the waves; the crew are all at their posts; hovering above, the artist re-



MAIDS OF COURT LADIES AT KIOTO.

presents Inari Daimiôdjîn, the venerable protector of the rice-fields, preceded by a band of white foxes, his crafty attendants, to ward off malignant influences from the traveller; and on his left, encircled by clouds, Konpira, the vigilant sentinel of the gate of heaven. Last of all is Marisiten, the god of battle, mounted on a boar in full career, and ready to do battle for his new protégé. It seems as if an opportunity may soon arise for realising this fancy of the artist. One of the most powerful federal lords of Japan, the Prince of Nagato, has attempted to restore the Mikado to his ancient theocratic omnipotence, and already the Tycoon has placed himself at the head of his land and sea forces, and transported them to the scene of this rebellion, to defend political rights against priestly domination.

Whatever may be the duration of this present crisis, we may well believe that its result will be the establishment of a pure monarchy liberated from all sacerdotal supremacy.

A Journey up the Orinoco to the Caratal Gold Field—Raleigh's "El Dorado."—IV.

BY C. LE NEVE FOSTER, B.A., D.S.C., F.G.S.

CHAPTER V.

VINDICATION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S STATEMENTS ABOUT GOLD IN GUIANA.

IN this chapter I propose briefly to set forth how the fact of the occurrence of gold in Guiana affects certain accusations which have been brought against Sir Walter Raleigh; and I do so all the more readily as in a "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh" published last year, I find that the author of the biography has not been able to throw any new light on our famous countryman's expedition to Guiana.*

Before proceeding with my argument, let me recall to the reader the main points of Sir Walter's history.

Born in 1552,† Raleigh devoted the early part of his life to arms, and took part in expeditions to France, the Netherlands, and Ireland. Projects for the colonisation of America, even as early as 1579, occupied his attention; and in 1584 two barks equipped by him discovered Virginia, and took possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth. Although he afterwards sent supplies to the infant settlement, and dispatched thither a second colony, Sir Walter Raleigh was not successful as the sole proprietor of the colony, and assigned the right of continuing the plantation to a company of gentlemen and merchants in London. In 1592 he commanded the expedition sent out against Panama, but which ended in the capture of the rich prize the *Madre de Dios* off the Azores. Passing over his marriage, we at last come to the expedition to Guiana. Raleigh left England in February, 1595, and on reaching Trinidad, seized the Spanish governor, who, like Sir Walter, was desirous of conquering Guiana, and possessing himself of the treasures of El Dorado. Finding nothing but shallow water at the mouth of the Orinoco, he left his ships at Trinidad, and went up the river in boats with a force of 100 men. He entered into friendly relations with the various chieftains of Indian tribes on the banks, and endeavoured to learn all he could about the country. The river Caroli (Caroni) was the farthest point reached by Raleigh and his companions. They visited the falls on this affluent, and found many stones, which they considered as giving promising indications of gold. Finding that with the means then at command he could do no more, Raleigh resolved to turn back, especially as the rainy season was at its height, and the men were beginning to complain. Descending the current of the Orinoco, he reached Trinidad; and after firing Cumana on his homeward journey, arrived in England "probably late in the summer of 1595."‡

This description of the expedition is condensed from Raleigh's own account, published in 1596. In speaking of this narrative Cayley says, "As the enterprise is of the last importance in his history, and in the end cost him his life, it merits the peculiar attention of the reader."§

* "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh." By James Augustus St. John. London: 1868. Preface, p. vii.

† This sketch of Sir Walter Raleigh's life is condensed from the "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt.," by Arthur Cayley, Jun., Esq. London: 1806.

‡ "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt." By Arthur Cayley, Jun., Esq. London: 1806. Vol. I., p. 263.

§ *Ibid.*, Vol. I., p. 136.

Raleigh's account of his journey called forth from the historian Hume* the following severe remarks:—"On his return, he published an account of the country (Guiana) full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind." And further: "Raleigh's account of his first voyage to Guiana proves him to have been a man capable of the most extravagant credulity or impudent imposture. So ridiculous are the tales which he tells of the Inca's chimerical empire in the midst of Guiana; the rich city of El Dorado or Manoa, two days' journey in length, and shining with gold and silver; the old Peruvian prophecies in favour of the English, who, he says, were expressly named as the deliverers of that country long before any European had ever touched there; the Amazons or republic of women; and in general, the vast and incredible riches which he saw on that continent, where nobody has yet found any treasures!"†

The vindication of Sir Walter Raleigh has been most ably undertaken by Sir Robert H. Schomburgk, in his introduction to the Hakluyt Society's edition of the "Discovery of Guiana,"‡ as well as by Cayley, in his "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," to which works I must refer all who are interested in the subject; but as these were written before Dr. Plassard's discovery of gold in the Yuruari,§ they can be supplemented on one very important head. To Cayley's and Schomburgk's explanations we may add the fact that there are workable gold mines in Guiana, and it can no longer be said that "nobody has yet found any treasures" there. If we take Raleigh's narrative itself and examine it carefully, we find that as far as relates to the manner in which gold occurs, there is no reason to doubt Sir Walter's veracity or good sense, but rather every inducement to admire his truthfulness and perspicacity.

In the preface "To the Reader,"|| Raleigh says: "But I was resolved that golde must be found, either in graines separate from the stone (as it is in most of al the riuers in *Guiana*), or else in a kinde of hard stone, which we call the white Sparre, of which I saw diuers hills and in sundrie places, but had neither tyme, nor men, nor instruments fitte to labour. Neere vnto one of the riuers I founde of the saide white Sparre or flint a very great ledge or barcke, which I endeouored to breake by al the meanes I coulde, because there appeared on the outside some small graines of golde. But finding no meane to worke the same vppon the vpper part, seeking the sides and circuite of the sayd rock, I found a clift in the same, from whence with daggers and with the heade of an ax, we gotte out some small quantitie thereof, of which kinde of white stone (wherein golde is engendred) we sawe diuers hills in euerie part of *Guiana* wherein we travelled."

* The "History of England." By David Hume, Esq. Vol. V., p. 377.

† *Ibid.*, Vol. VI., p. 558.

‡ The Discovery of the Empire of Guiana. By Sir W. Raleigh, Knight. Reprinted from the edition of 1596. Hakluyt Society. London: 1848.

§ Schomburgk says (*Ibid.*, Introduction, p. lxii.), "It cannot be doubted that Guiana possesses gold; there are various instances on record of this metal being found, but none where it has been met with in sufficient quantities to render its working profitable."

|| *Ibid.*, p. xi.

This account agrees fully with the facts observed by Dr. Plassard, myself, and others at the mines of Caratal. The sand of all the streams between Ciudad Bolívar and the mines is more or less auriferous, and I have already described the quartz lodes of which Raleigh speaks so plainly. It must be remembered that the word "spar" is still the miners' name for quartz both in Cornwall and Devon, and Raleigh, as a Devonshire man, would naturally know the term and apply it properly; and I myself have seen the outcrop of a quartz lode or "ledge," such as Raleigh describes, where there is visible gold at the very surface. Of course, Raleigh was never so far south as the Yuruari, and confined his explorations to the banks of the Orinoco; but it is far from improbable that he heard of the Yuruari gold from the Indians. For we read in Raleigh's narrative that Topiawari, lord of Aromaia, told him,* "that four days' journey from his own town was Macureguarai, and that those were the next and nearest of the subjects of Inga and of the Epuremei, and the first town of apparelled and rich people. And that all those plates which he scattered among the borderers, and carried to other nations far and near, came from the said Macureguarai, and were there made; but that those of the land within were far finer, and were fashioned after the image of men, beasts, birds, and fishes." Topiawari further stated, "that most of the gold which they made in plates and images was not severed from the stone, but that in the lake of Manoa and a multitude of other rivers, they gathered it in grains of perfect gold, and in pieces as big as small stones."†

Taking Aromaia as the country in the neighbourhood of the present port of Las Tablas (*vide* map at p. 261 ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS), we have a wonderful coincidence with regard to the distance of the gold region. Las Tablas is always reckoned as being from three to four days' ride from Nueva Providencia, and a man on foot can do the journey in the same time, for the postman who carries the mail bag from Ciudad Bolívar to Caratal never takes more than six days, and often less, for a much longer distance.

Topiawari's Macureguarai may therefore have been on the Yuruari. It is true that no remains of towns have been found in the district, but this could scarcely be expected, for the houses were probably built then, as they are now, of poles, sticks, and mud, and a settlement once abandoned soon becomes forest once more. I do not mean to say that a rich, well-built, and large town, such as Manoa was supposed to be, ever existed on the Yuruari, but that the Caratal forests were once inhabited is proved by fragments of pottery and stone hatchets which have been found when digging for gold or for agricultural purposes. I was unable to obtain any of the pottery, but Señor Roldent, of Nueva Providencia, kindly presented me with a stone hatchet which he had found in his garden. It resembles in type several hatchets from British Guiana, now in the Christy collection. The miners naturally place no value on such relics of antiquity, and they are usually thrown away as worthless. I heard of some curious drawings on some rocks in the Yguana valley, but was prevented by want of time from visiting them. However, enough has been said to prove the fact of the Caratal district having been peopled at one time, and we can hardly fancy that any tribes should

not know of the existence of gold in the neighbouring river bed, as they would be sure to see it sooner or later while fishing, fetching water, or perhaps when looking for stones wherewith to fabricate tools or weapons.

I think, therefore, it may be said that there are good grounds for believing many of Topiawari's statements, and Raleigh does not deserve to be accused of "extravagant credulity" for having published them in his narrative.

To complete the story, I must trace out the rest of the history of Sir Walter Raleigh. Soon after his return, Raleigh sent out a second expedition to Guiana, under Captain Keymis. This expedition found the Caroli occupied by the Spaniards, and Captain Keymis was unable to reach the spot where the white stones and ore were found in the former voyage; he returned to England the same year.

A third expedition in 1596—1597 did nothing more than explore a little. Cayley goes on to say,* "With the reign of Elizabeth the good fortune of Sir Walter Raleigh sank to rise no more."

In 1616, after an imprisonment of more than twelve years on a charge of high treason familiar to all students of English history, he obtained his freedom, and received a commission from King James I. for a new voyage to Guiana. Raleigh left England in 1617, but when he reached the Spanish main, being too ill to proceed, he sent Captain Keymis with five small ships and between two and three hundred men up the Orinoco, remaining himself at Trinidad with five other ships ready to prevent any Spanish force from going up the river. The Spaniards settled at St. Thomé (Guayana vieja), attacked the river expedition, whereupon Keymis assaulted the town and drove out the hostile force, Raleigh's own son being killed in the fray. Keymis did not succeed in reaching certain gold mines near the town, and returned without any samples of ore. Censured for this by Raleigh, he committed suicide. On his return to England, Raleigh surrendered himself in obedience to a proclamation issued by the king, and was afterwards sacrificed by James in order to retain the favour of Spain, the sentence of death passed fifteen years before being at length enforced, on the plea that he had never been pardoned.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY TO LAS TABLAS—CANDELARIA—UPATA—CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES—LAS TABLAS—CIUDAD BOLIVAR—TRINIDAD—ST. THOMAS—ARRIVAL IN PLYMOUTH.

IT now only remains for me to describe the journey from the mines to Ciudad Bolívar, via Las Tablas, and my return to England.

Starting one afternoon from Nueva Providencia, Dr. Plassard and myself reached Guasipati in a few hours, and were there most hospitably received by one of the American Company's officers, at the company's house. Early on the following morning we started for Candelaria, our party consisting of four persons, besides two peons, or native servants, and a pack-mule. We agreed to try an old route, which is said to be shorter than the ordinary track. Dr. Plassard, with another of our party and the servants, diverged from the path without perceiving it, and were lost for some time. The rest of us who kept the track, riding some distance behind our

* "The Discovery of Guiana." Reprinted in Cayley's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, Vol. I., p. 253.

† *Ibid.*, p. 238.

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* *Ibid.*, Vol. I., p. 352.

friends, did not fare much better. We came to a belt of forest, through which no opening could be discovered; and it was not until after riding about and scouring the country in all directions, that we met a man who was able to direct us. In company with our guide we bivouacked on the savannah, and, starting again in early morning, arrived at Candelaria at eleven a.m.

Late the following night one of the missing party arrived in the town. Like us, they had camped out on the savannah; and, what is more, they had had an adventure with a jaguar, which attacked their camp during the night, and which they fired at. It turned out, on comparing notes, that we had both camped on the banks of the same brook in the wilderness, and only about a quarter of a mile distant from one another. Dr. Plassard and the others did not make their appearance until after we had left the place, and pushed on for Upata.

I was amused at Candelaria, a settlement which consists of a solitary house, half farm, half posada, or inn, by the nonchalance of our host. As we rode up, he was lying in his hammock in the outer part of the building. He just got up for a moment to wish us good-day and shake hands, and then laid himself down again to watch us unsaddle, never dreaming for a moment of lending a hand. Still he was kind enough to point to a place in the savannah where he said we should find some good grass for our mules, and there we tied them up.

We had, however, a famous breakfast or lunch at this place, the principal dish being stewed morrocoi. The morrocoi is a tortoise found on the savannahs and in the forest, and is by no means to be despised as an article of food. The liver is a great delicacy; indeed, as my friend expressed it, "most elegant eating."

Our road lay along the valley of the Carichapo, and towards evening we came to a range of hills which form part of the Imataca mountain chain.

Upata, which we reached at eight p.m., is a town of about 6,000 inhabitants, surrounded by hills on all sides, except where a little stream finds its way out towards the Orinoco. It lies about 1,250 feet above the sea-level. The rocks seen in the neighbourhood are gneiss, micascist, hornblendeschist, itabirite, and magnetic iron ore. I have heard of a little gold being found near the town. Some years ago agriculture was flourishing at Upata, much coffee, sugar, and tobacco being grown; but at the news of the "diggings" the labouring population flocked to Caratal, and many plantations have since been abandoned.

We were lucky in getting to Upata in time to see a little of the Christmas festivities, which last for an entire week. There was a regular programme of entertainments for the week, all of which were carried out with great zest. The list showed considerable variety, including bull-running, amateur theatricals, balls, and cock-fighting. Unfortunately, as we were obliged to leave the day after Christmas Day, we saw nothing of all these gay doings but the bull-running and a theatrical rehearsal. A strong fence was erected at each corner of the plaza or square, which was constituted the arena for the games. A bull is admitted, and the young men of the place ride after him and try to seize him by the tail. This accomplished, the rider twists the tail round his hand so as to get a firm hold, and then, spurring his horse, actually pulls the bull off his legs and throws him. Of course, he stands the chance of being jerked out of his saddle and tossed by the bull. I heard that a man was killed in this way at the games of the previous Christmas.

One man was exceedingly dextrous, for not only did he throw several bulls, but he always managed to do it just opposite a house where a large party of the admiring damsels of Upata were assembled to witness the sports.

Among the various theatrical representations, one was to be given by children; and it was to the last rehearsal of this that we obtained admittance. The play represented various events that took place at the birth of Christ, and I must confess I could not help being amused at seeing some boys and girls come in as shepherds and shepherdesses, sing a very lively chorus, and then dance a waltz in the intervals of the singing. The idea of the shepherds waltzing on hearing of the birth of our Saviour was certainly somewhat ludicrous. The children acted and sang remarkably well, and I should have much liked to see the final representation.

I was sorry to miss the opportunity of getting such an insight into Venezuelan manners and customs as would have been afforded by the balls, theatricals, and cock-fighting; but we did not like to delay, for fear of missing the steamer at Las Tablas, though, as it happened, we had plenty of time to spare.

Just as plum-pudding and mince-pies are eaten in England at Christmas, so is the Ayaca the regulation fare in Venezuela. But in spite of the praises lavished on this dish, I must confess myself unable to appreciate it. It consists of minced meat, herbs, raisins, and, for aught I know, other ingredients, all made up into a thin crust compounded of flour of the Indian corn. The cake, when kneaded together, is then wrapped in a piece of plantain leaf and boiled. Ayacas are always eaten after mass on Christmas Eve and during Christmas week; but they are not quite unknown, any more than plum pudding, at other seasons.

We left Upata on the 26th of December. The road hence to the Orinoco has been made along the valley of the Upata river for a very considerable distance. Near the town there are numbers of farms, and further on there is a long ride to accomplish through the primeval forest, which in places shows plenty of bamboos and palm-trees, and so assumes a more tropical aspect than the forest of Caratal. About noon we reached the farm of Guacaima, where we had lunch, and stayed till four o'clock. Starting once more, we crossed a gently undulating savannah country, gradually falling as we advanced northwards, and finally reached a sandy plain some five or six miles broad, at the extremity of which lies Las Tablas. We found that a "balendra," or river-boat, was to start for Ciudad Bolívar that night, so we took our supper at once, and soon after ten o'clock were sailing up the river with a fair breeze. Unfortunately, the wind lulled in the night, and we did not reach the capital till three o'clock in the afternoon.

When the steamer arrived, it brought me letters which necessitated my return to England. I left Ciudad Bolívar in the *Regus ferrors* on the evening of the 2nd of January, and reached Port-of-Spain on the morning of the 5th. The English steamer was not due at this port for three days, so I had time, among other things, to see the well-known Pitch Lake of Trinidad, an interesting spot for geologists.

I finally left in the packet *Tamar* on the 8th, and, after touching at Grenada, St. Vincent, and other islands, we found ourselves in the harbour of St. Thomas on the morning of the 13th. Changing there into the *Atrato*, we departed on the following day, and after a smooth passage, landed at Plymouth on the morning of the 28th of January.

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